

Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Carrie Nation going on the stage? Say, she doesn't look it.

Skyscraper prices will doubtless be a feature of New York's new twenty-story hotel.

Kentucky has a new feud, which was started at a funeral. It is likely to end at several of them.

Great Britain is overjoyed to discover that the hostile mullah is not addicted to the kofie habit.

Numerous experiments show that tea can be grown at Manila. This ought to settle it with Boston.

A specialist advertises "red noses destroyed by electric needle." If you don't like your red nose have it taken off.

The sultan of Turkey is said to be an accomplished pianist. Wonder if he is responsible for the Turkish patrol?

St. Louis will sell its exposition gold dollars at \$3 apiece. That puts them in the same class with porterhouse steaks.

John L. Sullivan is reforming again. It is now claimed in his behalf that he doesn't begin taking nightcaps until after sundown.

A misunderstanding about religion has upset a wedding in Codrus, N. Y. Better so than to have it turn a home topsy-turvy later.

A man carrying six bottles of beer fell down the courthouse steps in St. Joseph and never spilled a drop. The guess why is easy.

Two members of the Austrian reichsrath have come to blows, but the government still declines to charge admission to the sittings.

The man who is expelled from the Chicago board of trade for "uncommercial conduct" must have allowed an unfeeced lamb to escape.

The kerosene habit is the latest. Kerosene may taste better when you drink it voluntarily than when you absorb a little of it by accident.

If the opera libretto left by Zola is anything like the dead novelist's works it ought to attract the bald-heads when it is produced at the theater.

Statistics show that every third man is afflicted with appendicitis. It is presumed that the other two have heretofore parted with their vermiform appendices.

A New Yorker who had been postmaster for seventy-four years, died the other day at a mature age. Your Ohio man is not the only patriot who has an unshakable grip.

King Edward has deprived William Waldorf Astor of his title of "honorable." The best thing that Willie could do would be to resurrect his title of American citizen.

They are building forts around London for the protection of that city. Can it be possible that John Bull thinks a hostile force might by any means land on his shores?

The Count de Castellane has been told to go way back and sit down, but he will not care, for he has been accustomed to receiving hints that he belongs to the superfluous class.

It is not so strange, after all, that Prince Cupid has won in the election for congressional delegate in Hawaii. The mischievous chap he is named after is noted for his winning ways.

There is trouble at Fort Sheridan over hash. Accidentally a soldier saw the cook making this mysterious article of diet. Some things must still be taken on faith, and hash is one of them.

The discovery of a female repeater at the polls in Denver opens the eyes to the perils of woman's suffrage. It gives a woman a reason for changing her costume half a dozen times on election day.

When a Gotham gentleman tries to raise money on \$2,000,000 worth of old masters, it is called "negotiating a loan," but if he gets \$2 on a watch the fact is described as "pawning." What's the difference?

A St. Louis millionaire has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for bribery. He hasn't announced whether he will write a play during his stay or merely permit himself to be forgotten.

Weyler claims he could have kept the Americans out of Cuba if he had not been recalled. These claims are easily made. Kruger might claim that he could have defeated the British in South Africa if he had been there.

A New England scientist was knocked senseless by the bursting of an ostrich egg. This incident, occurring right in the midst of the hunting season, may be classified along with the other cases of "didn't know it was loaded."

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR
Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.
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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
"Of all earthly things!" said Mrs. Gordon. "A letter from that poor child, Katherine Van Heemskirk. She has more wit than I expected. So her father won't let her come to me. Why, then, upon my word, I will go to her."
Capt. Hyde was interested at once. "You will go to-morrow?" he asked; "and would it be beyond good breeding to accompany you?"
"Indeed, nephew, I think it would. Be patient; to-morrow morning I will call upon our fair neighbor."

The next morning was damp, for there had been heavy rain during the night; but Capt. Hyde would not let his aunt forget or forego her promise. A negro woman was polishing the brass ornaments of the door, and over its spotless threshold she passed without question or delay.

A few minutes she waited alone in the best parlor, charmed with its far-off air and Eastern scents, and then Madam Van Heemskirk welcomed her. In her heart she was pleased at the visit. She thought privately that her Joris had been a little too strict. And Mrs. Gordon's praise of Katherine and her declaration that "she was inconsolable without the dear creature's society," seemed to the good mother the most proper and natural of feelings.

"Do but let me see her an hour, madam," she said. "You know my sincere admiration. Is not that her voice? I vow, she sings to perfection! And what a singular melody! Please to set wide the door madam."

"It is the brave song of the brave men of Zealand, when from the walls of Leyden they drove away the Spaniards;" and madam stood in the open door, and called to her daughter. "Well, then, Katherine, begin again the song of 'The Beggars of the Sea.'"

At the second verse, Mrs. Gordon rose and said, "Indeed, madam, I find my good breeding no match against such singing. And the tune is wonderful; it has the ring of trumpets, and the roar of the waves in it. Pray let us go at once to your daughter's."
"At work are they; but, if you mind not that, you are welcome indeed." Then she led the way to the large living, or dining, room, where Katherine stood at the table cleaning the silver flasks and cups and plates that adorned the great oak sideboard.

Joanna, who was darning some fine linen, rose and made her respects with perfect composure. She had very little liking, either for Mrs. Gordon or her nephew; and many of their ways appeared to her utterly foolish and not devoid of sin. But Katherine trembled and blushed with pleasure and excitement, and Mrs. Gordon watched her with a certain kind of curious delight. Her hair was combed backward, plaited, and tied with a ribbon; her arms bare to the shoulders, her black bodice and crimson petticoat neatly shielded with a linen apron; and poised in one hand she held a beautiful silver flagon covered with raised figures, which with patient labor she had brought into shining relief.

Conversation was easily maintained. Madam Van Heemskirk knew the pedigree or the history of every tray or cup, and in reminiscence and story an hour passed away very pleasantly indeed. Then Mrs. Gordon, after bidding madam an effusive good-by, turned suddenly and said, "Pray allow your daughter to show me the many ornaments in your parlor. The glimpse I had made me very impatient to see them more particularly."

The moment the parlor door had been shut, Mrs. Gordon lifted Katherine's face between her palms, and said:

"Faith, child, I am almost run off my head with all the fine things I have listened to for your sake. Do you know who sent me here?"

"I think, madam, Capt. Hyde."
"Psha! Why don't you blush, and stammer, and lie about it? Now, Capt. Hyde wishes to see you; when can you oblige him so much?"
"I know not. To come to Madam Semple's is forbidden me by my father."

"Oh, indeed! Has your father forbidden you to walk down your garden to the river bank?"

"No, madam."
"Then, if Capt. Hyde pass about 3 o'clock, he might see you there?"

"Three?"
The word was a question more than an assent, but Mrs. Gordon assumed the assent, and did not allow Katherine to contradict it. "And I promised to bring him a token from you—he was exceedingly anxious about that matter."

Katherine looked thoughtfully around. There was a small Chinese cabinet on the table. She went to it and took from a drawer a bow of orange ribbon. Holding it doubtfully in her hand, she said, "My St. Nicholas ribbon."

"There, there! I can really wait no longer. Some one is already in a fever of impatience. Good-by again, child; my service once more to your mother and sister," and so, with many compliments, she passed chatting and laughing out of the house.

Katherine closed the best parlor, and lingered a moment in the act. She felt that she had permitted Mrs. Gordon to make an appointment for her lover, and a guilty sense of disobedience made bitter the joy of expectation.

But she kept her own counsel, and doubted and debated the matter in her heart until the hands of the great clock were rising quickly to the hour of fate. Then she laid down her fine sewing and said, "Mother, I want to walk in the garden. When I come back, my task I will finish."

"That is well. Joanna, too, has let her work fall down to her lap. Go both of you, and get the fine air from the river."

This was not what Katherine wished, but nothing but assent was possible, and the girls strolled slowly down the box-bordered walks together. When they reached the river bank a boat rowed by with two English soldiers, stopped just below them, and lay rocking on her oars. Then an officer in the stern rose and Katherine saw Capt. Hyde fling back from his left shoulder his cloak, in order to display the bow of orange ribbon on his breast.

Katherine went back to the house as merry as a bird. She chatted of this and of that and sang snatches of songs, old and new. And all the time her heart beat out its own glad refrain, "My bow of orange ribbon, my bow of orange ribbon!"

CHAPTER III. Joy in the House.

"Honored gentleman, when will you pay me my money?"

The speaker was an old man, dressed in a black coat buttoned to the ankles, and a cap of silk and fur, from beneath which fell a fringe of gray hair. The inquiry was addressed to Capt. Hyde. He paid no attention whatever to it, but, gayly humming a stave of "Marlborough," watched the crush of wagons and pedestrians, in order to find a suitable moment to cross the narrow street.

"Honored gentleman, when will you pay me my moneys?"

The second inquiry elicited still less attention.
"I do not wish to make you more expenses, captain," and Cohen, following the impulse of his anxiety, laid his hand upon his debtor's arm. Hyde turned in a rage, and flung off the touch with a passionate oath. Then the Jew left him and walked slowly towards his store and home.

He soon recovered the calmness which had been lost during his unsatisfactory interview with Capt. Hyde. "A wise man frets not himself, for the folly of a fool;" and, having come to this decision, he entered his house with the invocation for its peace and prosperity on his lips.

Soon there was a little stir in the street—that peculiar sense of something more than usual, which can make itself felt in the busiest thoroughfare—and Cohen went to the door and looked out.

"The Great Christopher" had come to anchor—Capt. Batavius de Vries.

There was quite a crowd on the wharf. Some were attracted by curiosity; others, by the hope of a good job on the cargo; others, again, not averse to a little private bargaining for any curious or valuable goods the captain of the "Great Christopher" had for sale.

Joanna Van Heemskirk had had a message from her lover, Capt. de Vries, and she was watching for his arrival. There was no secrecy in her love affairs, and it was amid the joy and smiles of the whole household that she met her affianced husband. They were one of those loving, sensible couples, for whom it is natural to predict a placid and happy life, and the first words of Batavius seemed to assure it:

"My affairs have gone well, Joanna, as they generally do; and now I shall build the house, and we shall be married."

Joanna laughed. "I shall just say a word or two, also, about that, Batavius."

"Come, come, the word or two was said so long ago. Katrinjette, mijn meisje, what's the matter now, that you never come once?"

Katherine was standing at the open window, apparently watching the honey-bees among the locust blooms, but really perceiving something far beyond them—a boat on the river at the end of the garden. So the question of Batavius touched very lightly her physical consciousness. A far sweeter, a far more preeminent voice called her; but she answered:

"There is nothing the matter, Batavius. I am well, I am happy. And now I will go into the garden to make me a fine nosegay," and she walked slowly out of the door and stopped or stooped at every flowerbed, while Joanna watched her.

Out of sight of the window, Katherine ran rapidly to the end of the garden, and, parting the lilac bushes, stood flushed and panting on the river bank. Capt. Hyde's pretty craft shot into sight, and a few strokes put it at the landing stair. In a moment he was at her side. He took her in his arms, and in spite of the small hands covering her blushing face, he kissed her with passionate affection, vowing with every kiss that she was the most adorable of women, and protesting "on his honor as a soldier" that he would make her his wife, or die a bachelor for her sake.

And who can blame a young girl if she listens and believes, when listen-

ing and believing mean to her perfect happiness? Not women who have ever stood, trembling with love and joy, close to the dear one's heart. If he be gray-haired, and on the very hoar of life, they must remember still those moments of delight—the little one, the fire-lit room, the drifting boat, that is linked with them. If he be young and lovely, and have but to say, "It was yesterday," or, "It was last week," still better they will understand the temptation that was so great for Katherine to overcome.

And, as yet, nothing definite had been said to her about Neil Semple, and the arrangement made for her future, so that in effect, she was still free, since Neil had not spoken.

On the night of De Vries' return there was a great gathering at Van Heemskirk's house. Conspicuous in the happy, chattering company, Lysbet Van Heemskirk bustled about, in the very whitest and stiffest of lace caps. Very soon after sundown, Elder Semple and madam his wife arrived; and he, elder, as usual, made a decided stir among the group which he joined.

"No, no, councillor," he said, in answer to the invitation of Joris to come outside. "No, no, I'll not risk my health, maybe my vera life, out on the stoop after sunset."

"Well, then, neighbors, we'll go inside," said Joris. "Clean pipes, and a snowball (gin mixed stiff with sugar), or a glass of Hollands, will not, I think, be amiss."

The movement was made among some jokes and laughter, and they gathered near the hearthstone.

Katherine came and stood behind her father's chair. She let her head fall down over his shoulder, and he raised his own to clasp it. "What is it then, mijn, Katrinjette kleintje?"

"It is to dance. Mother says 'yes,' if thou art willing."

"Then I say 'yes,' also.

For a moment she laid her cheek against him, and the happy tears came into his eyes, and he stroked her face and half-reluctantly let Batavius lead her away.

At that day there were but few families of any wealth who did not own one black man who could play well upon the violin. Joris possessed two, and they were both on hand, putting their own gay sprits into the fiddle and the bow. And oh, how happy were the beating feet and the beating hearts that went to the stirring strains! It was joy and love and youth in melodious motion. The old looked on with gleaming, sympathetic eyes; the young forgot that they were mortal.

Miss Katern Van Heemskirk and Mr. Neil Semple will now bid de honor of 'bigging de company wid de French minuet."

At this announcement, made by the first negro violin, there was a sudden silence; and Neil rose, and with a low bow offered the tips of his fingers to the beautiful girl, who rose blushing to take them.

Neil's dark, stately beauty was well set off by his black velvet suit and powdered hair and gold buckles. And no lovelier contrast could have faced him than Katherine Van Heemskirk; so delicately fresh, so radiantly fair, she looked in her light blue robe and white lace stomacher, with a pink rose at her breast.

Neil had a natural majesty in his carriage; Katherine supplemented it with a natural grace. As she was in the very act of making Neil a profound courtesy, the door opened and Mrs. Gordon and Capt. Hyde entered. The latter took in the exquisite picture in a moment, and there was a fire of jealousy in his heart when he saw Neil lead his partner to her seat, and with the deepest respect kiss her pretty fingers ere he resigned them.

But he was compelled to control himself, as he was ceremoniously introduced to Councillor and Madam Van Heemskirk by his aunt, who with a charming effusiveness declared "she was very uneasy to intrude so far, but, in faith, councillor," she pleaded, "I am but a woman, and I find the news of a wedding beyond my nature to resist."

(To be continued.)

DEPEW TELLS SOMETHING NEW.

Latest Story Put Forth by the New York Senator.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew says that this is his latest, and he guarantees it to be new. He told it to a group of friends at the Chamber of Commerce banquet Tuesday night.

"I was walking down Wall street to-day," he said, "hastening to keep an important business engagement, when I was stopped by a man who said: 'Pardon me, senator, but I see you have been taking an active part in this state election, and I am anxious to learn what you think of the result.'"

"I am naturally much pleased by the election of Gov. Odell," I replied.

"But there was a big slump in the Republican vote in the city and Odell's plurality was very small. I was afraid that this might have a serious significance for the future of our great party."

"I replied that I did not think so and, remembering my appointment sought to get rid of my questioner, but he persisted:

"You greatly relieve my mind," he said. "You are sure you are pleased with the result of the election?"

"Quite so," I responded.

"Then you will be glad, I know, to lend me fifty cents."

"I said that there had been a slump in the stock market that day and could only let him have a quarter."—New York Times.

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

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, DEC. 14; I SAMUEL 3: 6-14—THE BOY SAMUEL.

Golden Text—"Speak, Lord; for thy Servant heareth"—I Samuel 1:3—The Childhood of a Great and Good Man.

The Historical Situation.—The Book of Samuel, I Samuel is named in the title in our ordinary Bibles as "otherwise called, the First Book of the Kings"; the two books of Samuel and the two of Kings forming one volume of four books of the Kings.

The Religious Conditions under Eli the Judge. It was toward the close of the long regime of the Judges, under the Theocracy, that is, a condition where God only is king; and while there were leaders and rulers there was no political unity except that of the laws and religion of God.

Hence it was that punishment followed so quickly after a decline in religion and character.

Eli was born about B. C. 1212, was high priest at Shiloh, became judge when 58 years old, acted as judge for forty years (I Sam. 4:18), and died at the age of 98 (I Sam. 4:15). He had been judge since youth when God called Samuel, and was therefore 73 years old, which fact must be borne in mind in judging of his relation to the character of his sons. Eli had many good qualities. At the same time, he had one grievous weakness which led him into great wrong to the nation and to his family. When he got to be an old man he grew far too amiable. He allowed his sons, the prospective high priests, to continue in their willful and public transgressions.

1. Samuel's Name. Samuel means "asked of God"; and he was so named because his birth was in answer to his mother's prayer.

2. His Ancestral Inheritance.—He was of the tribe of Levi, the religious and educational custodians of Israel. His parents were religious people, attending the great religious festivals.

3. His Home Influences.—Samuel was reared in his early life in a religious home. He lived in an atmosphere of prayer. Such a home is a blessing to both parents and children.

4. His Dedication to God.—He was dedicated to God from his birth, and he knew it. He lived under the Nazirite's vow (Num. 6:1-12; I Sam. 1:11).

5. Religious Influences.—Next to his home he spent his youth in the temple service, with the good old high priest Eli.

6. Three Phases of Religious Development.—Dr. C. S. Robinson in writing upon Samuel says that "there are represented three phases of religious experience in children. A study of this story will show parents and teachers much which ought to be supremely helpful in their dealings with those young persons who come under their care. First, conscientious routine; then, awakened responsiveness; and lastly, spiritual surrender to the full service of God."

Eli lived in some of the buildings connected with the tabernacle, and Samuel slept not far away ready for any call from Eli, who was old and partly blind. One night Samuel was awakened by a call. He ran quickly to Eli, answering the call. Eli replied that he had not called him, and sent him back to bed again.

"The Lord called yet again." "Samuel did not yet know the Lord." This was his first experience, and he did not know what it meant.

"The third time," God knew it was not from unwillingness to hear and obey that Samuel did not answer his summons from inexperience. Indeed, Samuel's prompt obedience to Eli's supposed call was the assurance that he would answer God's call whenever he recognized it. Obedience to parents and teachers is one proof of obedience to God.

"And the Lord came, and stood." The Hebrew is emphatic, "presented himself." Early Piety. Like Samuel, we should answer God's calls by "Here am I." (1) It is easier to be a Christian in youth. (2) Then it gives us a much longer time in which to serve God. (3) We may not live to be old, and thus by putting off our duty we may fall altogether. (4) We escape many evils and dangers. No one can sow wild oats in youth, and not reap a harvest of evil.

A New Life Begun. Yielding all to God (vs. 11-13). Eli. "And the Lord said to Samuel." Through Samuel, whom Eli loved, God sent a terrible message, similar to one which he had previously sent by a holy man (I Sam. 2:27-36), but which did not have sufficient effect to enable Eli to compel his sons either to live a different life, or to leave the pure service of God. "At which both the ears and the heart shuddered with horror and alarm."

"All things which I have spoken." By the mouth of the man of God, as recorded in I Sam. 2:27-36. "When I begin, I will also have an end." I will perform thoroughly, I will go through with the performance from first to last. "I will judge" (condemn to punishment) "his house for ever." See above under "Historical Situation."

"He restrained them not," and therefore he was in a measure responsible. "Shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever." Literally, shall not cover itself; shall not make atonement for itself.

Then the people tried to regain their lost cause by resorting to the forms of religion without repentance and return in heart and life to God. They persuaded Eli's sons to bring the ark of God from Shiloh to the battlefield at Ebenezer, near Aphek, at the pass of Bethoron, twenty miles southwest of Shiloh. Brave and desperate as the Israelites were, they were defeated with great slaughter. God would not defend the symbols of religion when the spirit of religion had departed. See Psal. 78:56-64. Hophni and Phinehas, in care of the ark, were slain in connection with the holy service they had defiled. The news came to Eli as he watched by the gate for news of the battle; and when he learned that the ark of God was in the possession of the enemy, and that his sons had perished, he fell backward from his seat and was killed by the fall.

Samuel bears the Message. It was a very hard thing for Samuel to be known to the aged Eli the message God had delivered to him. But Eli pressed and even adjured Samuel to tell him all, and Samuel "told him every whit."

Value of Hard Tasks to the Young. God often lays hard duties upon us, very near the threshold of the new life. They are useful as a test, a revelation, and a defense. So the best defense of the young against intemperance is to set them actively at work for temperance.

Bearing Another's Burdens.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." There lies the merit, in bearing not merely our own, but another's; in lifting up from the bowed and stooping shoulders the heavy load under which the bearer is ready to sink. Reach out your strong hand of helpfulness, and with a stout heart give a mighty leave and the added burden will seem light in your grasp. Do it, and the sunshine of heaven will irradiate nany a darkened home. Do it, and the angels will rejoice.

WONDERFUL WORK.

Case No. 18,977.—David M. Bye, P. O. Address, Box 297, Midland, Mich., says: "Three months I was almost incapacitated from labor; could not sleep at night; had to walk the floor, owing to terrible pain in the hips, in the small of the back, in my instep and ankle of the right leg.

I was treated for sciatic rheumatism in the hospital, but received no benefit. One month ago I returned home and was given a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. To-day residents of this city can bear witness to the fact that I am able to work, and can also walk to my work without the aid of a walking-stick or crutch.

In speaking of the immediate effect of Doan's Kidney Pills, I did not find them to deaden the pain, but quickly and surely to eradicate the cause of it.

I am of the opinion that Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for kidney ailments that can be procured.

I was especially careful in my diet, in order to give the treatment fair play.

In conclusion, I shall be pleased, at any time, to answer any inquiries regarding my case, from anyone desirous of obtaining it."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bye 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.

David's assertion in haste that all men are liars is invariably clinched round about election time.

Queer Firm Names.

William T. Gilmer, the inventor of bread-making machinery, has found some queer firm names in London, among them being "Pearce & Plenty, restaurateurs, suggesting peace and plenty; Allday & Onions; Cole & Wood; Savory & Moore, perfumers; Slippery Slipperm, surgeon." Imagine a man going through life with such a name," he writes the New York Press, "and suppose his knife should slip!"

Fate owns a large assortment of gloves.

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