

## Loup City Northwestern

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

The insurance companies think parlor matches are not to be made light of.

In Denver some of the lovely women are now referred to as "beautiful repeaters."

Senor Sagasta is far behind in filling King Alfonso's orders for new Spanish cabinets.

The Mollioux murder trial cost the public half a million dollars. Justice is an expensive luxury.

Let us hope that no recently elected legislators are getting new pockets sewed into their clothes.

This is the season when a pretty miss, ready for a kiss, is always near him who has the red ear.

London dispatches say it will cost \$100 a day to see the Indian durbar at Delhi. That will bar most of us.

The Romanoffs have dodged too many bombs to permit a member to introduce a Pistolcock into the family.

Paris is taking to educated cats. It will be a fine thing if the cat can be taught that back roofing is bad form.

Out in Kansas, whenever the young men appear to be rather shy the girls make traps and call them literary societies.

The people who believe that wisdom will die with them might have a different opinion if more of it lived with them.

Some of the people who think they were born to command do not discover their mistake until they get married.—Puck.

The Count and Countess de Castellane may have to pinch a little, but they will somehow manage to live on \$200,000 a year.

Sometimes the impossible happens. A cat so frightened a New York woman the other day that she dissociated her jaw screaming.

A Russian princess claims that she has discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Hope it will be catching like the Russian influenza.

The names of the new submarine torpedo boats are not particularly appropriate. Neither the adder nor the moccasin is a water snake.

Prof. Garner says that monkeys do not use grammar in their language, so that bad grammar cannot, after all, be called monkeying with one's English.

Bridgton, N. J., has a vigilance committee, formed to introduce union hours for "sparking." Lovers are expected to knock off work at 11 p. m. sharp.

These men who are offering prizes for love letters ought to have gumption enough to go out and earn them. They are better when they are secured that way.

Gen. Corbin recommends that American soldiers be taught to sing. He doesn't go so far, however, as to advise the use of the piccolo or the yellow flute.

A New York man who is seventy-two years of age has inherited \$15,000,000. He ought to be old enough not to let a little thing like that start him a-going.

The people down around the Isthmus could have blasted a ditch across with the powder they have burned in popping away at each other in the last thirty or forty years.

When a woman 52 years of age puts a valuation of \$30,000 on her heart in a damage case it is no wonder that the hearts of 17-year-old maidens are regarded by many as priceless.

A piece of pie has formed the basis for a divorce suit down in Indiana. Pie has been guilty of many misdeeds, but we do not recall that it ever before tried to disrupt a family.

An Iowa editor has been robbed of his revolver and his money. That is what comes of carrying a revolver. A man without one may be robbed, but the result will not be quite so humiliating.

T. "Pay" O'Connor has undertaken to give a list of the great men who have been unmade by their wives. This is a much easier task than to name those who have been made by their helpmates.

The Count of Flanders, who has given up his claim to the Belgian throne, may be one of those people who can look far enough ahead to see that the Belgian throne isn't going to be worth much to the claimant after awhile.

Our compliments to that German prince who has made an offer for Miss Golet, and we beg to say that our girls never marry unless they think they love, although, in the case of titled foreigners, they sometimes act on insufficient evidence.

## Services Suddenly Ended

Irate Father Breaks Up Religious "Revival" on Street—Meeting Was a Pronounced Success Until Interrupted.



HOOPEE! Hallelujah!" A slender maiden with very large eyes thus expressed her feelings in State street last Sunday. With her were four other women. One of them carried a guitar, but in the events that followed she was not seen to play it. She seemed to be what circus people call a "filler in the noisy"—that is, her mission was to pretend she was playing the instrument, while as a matter of fact she didn't know one string from another.

The shouts delivered by the slender girl caused something bordering on a panic in State street. Men who had



"Whoop-e-e! Hallelujah!"

been walking quietly along two blocks from the scene of the queer revival turned upon hearing the yell and ran as though they were following a fire engine. Within half a minute after the slender girl had expressed her feelings fully 200 persons were around the little missionary band, pushing for more room, treading upon one another's feet, and saying things not wholly in accord with a religious meeting.

It was a queer quintet that attracted the attention of the crowd. No one seemed to be leading the services. One of them would start up with a song and the others would join in. They stood near the curbing, three of them in a line, and the other two at right angles. One of those who stood at right angles was a small woman dressed in black. She was not very enthusiastic, but she seemed to take a keen delight in the shouting and dancing that was done by the others, for she smiled and clapped her hands whenever a particularly loud yell was uttered or a difficult gymnastic feat performed.

The girl who stood next to her was rather tall and very pretty. Next in line was the slender girl; then the woman with the guitar and at the foot of the line was an attractive looking brunette.

"Praise the Lord, I feel so good that



The Brunette's Shout Brought in a Batch of About Fifty Additional Spectators.

I wouldn't give up religion if I was threatened with eternal damnation for keeping it!" exclaimed the slender girl. Then she smiled happily at the crowd and began dancing.

"We will all feel better when we repent," sang the tall, pretty girl, and the others joined her in the song. The woman with the guitar moved her lips and worked her fingers, but no sign of a tune came from the instrument.

"Whe-ew!" suddenly shrieked the brunette. "Oh, it's such a pleasure to know your soul is saved!"

"Yes, and the Lord gives you that feeling," said one of the others.

The brunette's shout brought in a batch of about fifty additional spectators. She smiled as she saw them running toward the gathering, and then said:

"Come on! Come from all sides. We



The Little Woman in Black Saved the day.

want you to hear us, for the Lord wants your souls!" At this juncture the little woman in black knelt down and began praying. The crowd listened in respectful silence, half a dozen men taking off their hats. One of the women started up a hymn. When this had been finished the slender girl began jumping up and down.

dee. Hooray. My! How happy I feel," she shouted.

The singing and shouting continued for about five minutes, and then came a lull.

The missionaries had evidently exhausted their repertoire of songs. The slender maiden looked at the tall maiden and both of them blushed. The girl with the guitar suddenly discovered that it needed tuning. The brunette began tying her handkerchief into all kinds of knots. It was plain that the enthusiasm of the workers was in danger of dying out.

But right at this point the little woman in black saved the day. Advancing to the front of the line she raised her hand.

"Friends, it was not always thus with me," she began. "Once I was poor, and I suffered. Then I became rich and had all that the world could supply me with. Finally I found the Lord, and now I am happier than ever before in my life."

"Hoor-a-y!" shouted the slender girl. A horse that was passing the crowd reared up on its haunches when she screamed. Three men who were eating in a cafe across the street ran outside with their napkins around their necks. Even the little woman in black involuntarily caught her breath as the yell was uttered.

Just then a red-faced teamster drove toward the crowd and stopped his wagon back of the girl. He gazed at her intently for several seconds, and with an exclamation sprang from the vehicle.

"Now that I have been converted I want you all to know—"

"What on earth are you doing out here on the street, Florence?" It was the teamster, and he was very angry. Tears began welling into the large



Helped Her Up on the High Seat. eyes of Florence as she turned upon the man.

"I just wanted to do some missionary work, pa," she sobbed.

"Well, you just come home with me," said the teamster, and, seizing Florence by the hand, he dragged her through the crowd to the wagon, helped her up on the high seat, and drove away.

"Hoor-a-y!" shouted the pretty girl. But there was no response from Florence. Her face was buried in a handkerchief.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Letters Mark Twain Gets.

Mark Twain is long suffering in the matter of a correspondence loaded with requests for favors from unknown people. He has, consequently, received the impression that when people find time hanging heavily on their hands they sit down and write a letter to him asking for something. These requests are always preceded by profuse compliments. "In my judgment," said Mark Twain recently, "no compliment has the slightest value when it is charged for, yet I think I never get one unaccompanied by the bill." The latest letter he has received is somewhat in the nature of a climax even to those that have gone before. A school teacher asks for his portrait in oil. "There is nothing we would appreciate so much," wrote this admirer, with true naivete. "It could be used for years and years in the school." But the fact that it would cost the author a thousand dollars or so entered nowhere into the enthusiastic brain of the correspondent.

Claim Motto Is Welsh.

"Ich dien," the motto which belongs to the Prince of Wales, is usually translated "I serve," and tradition has it that it was taken by the black prince from the royal helmet of the blind king of Bohemia who was killed on the field of Crecy. It is a notable fact, however, that the late Dr. William Ihne, professor of English literature at Heidelberg, rejected this theory. He held that the motto was of Welsh origin and took its rise at the time when Edward I presented his new-born eldest son to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarban castle as their future sovereign. He held the child up in his arms and exclaimed in Welsh, "Eich dyn," meaning "This is your man." The explanation is accepted by many antiquarians.

Yale Man as a Missionary.

Dr. Samuel Guernsey of the Yale medical school, class of 1901, will go to Oomgalli, Rhodesia, South Africa, to become a medical missionary. He is the man who took charge of Cook, the smallest patient in Derby, two years ago, when no one could be found to undertake the nursing. For this he was presented with a gold medal by the legislature. The mission at Oomgalli is one of the most important in South Africa. Dr. Guernsey is now purchasing \$10,000 worth of equipment for the manual training school and hospital.

## Corset a Foe to Health

Writer Claims It Is Not Only Unsanitary But Disfiguring—At Best Its Constant Wear Produces an Inartistic and Artificial Shape.



OME time ago Dr. Philippe Marechale attempted to get a law into the French statutes giving the government control of the sale of corsets. He made it a misdemeanor for any woman under thirty years of age to wear one, imposing a penalty of three months in prison or a fine of \$200. He planned to have the manufacturer and dealer submit reports to the authorities of all persons purchasing them, on pain of having their property confiscated. Dr. Marechale evidently was fully aware of the opposition this attempted reform would arouse among women, and he framed the law so stringently that no one

rank. The Romans in their turn took up the fashion.

During the early middle ages the custom was not practiced, but about the eleventh century the power of fashion began to be felt and extravagant dress and tight bandaging increasing. A portrait of Henry III, son of Catherine de Medici, shows that tight lacing was also practiced by men.

After Napoleon's elevation to imperial power he adopted the most rigorous system of court etiquette. An attempt to resurrect the Medici corset was made by the ladies of Paris fashions, but it was opposed by the empress.

Napoleon said concerning the revival of tight lacing in 1810: "This wear, born of coquetry and bad taste, which murders children, tells of frivolous taste and warns me of approaching decadence." Bouchant, a writer of that period, says: "Stays are not composed of whalebone or of hardened leather, but of bars of steel from three to four inches broad, and many of them not less than eighteen inches in length."

The corset was introduced into England in the twelfth century, and at first was comparatively harmless. Its exclusive use characterized the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The body was incased in a stiff armor, and both men and women squeezed in their waists and swelled out their garments below.

This age of literature was the dark age of morality so far as the court was concerned. The folly in dress was unlimited. The ruffs for the neck were stiffened by metal wires and by colored starch. These were so immense that a spoon two feet long



The Catherine de Medici Waist

could escape. It did not pass, however, and women who are wedded to their corsets will not be divorced from them unless it should be decreed in Paris by the makers of fashion that suppleness, grace, natural curves and health should be among the requisites of a fashionable woman instead of the stilted, artificial, cramped deformities which the fashionable modiste now turns upon society.

Boys are allowed to reach maturity without being made over, but girls are not.

Education in the line of physical culture, however, is widening the horizon of American women, and many are adopting a healthful mode of dress and many more would if they could adjust their clothing properly. Discarding the corset is only half of the battle. If the heavy skirts hang from the waist and the bands are tight the discomfort is greater than the corset and the injury nearly as great. The muscles which have been weakened by the corset must be strengthened by systematic practice so that they will keep the body erect and firm and perform the office of the steel and whalebone.

Then, with underclothing and dress made to correspond to the law of beauty and natural form, the emancipated woman will grow strong, happy and attractive.

The degree of lacing in every country is like a barometer, indicating the artistic and moral condition of the epoch. The earliest mention of girdling was made by that first dress reformer, the prophet Isaiah. Israel, grown proud in prosperity, was given over to idolatry, social degradation and anarchy.

An artificial shape of the waist among the Egyptian women accompanied an age of extravagance. According to Rousseau and others, compression of the body was not prac-

was necessary to convey food safely to the mouth. The hair was colored in divers hues or was shaved to accommodate wigs of various colors.

The Puritans made bitter warfare on "devilish fashions;" the Puritan conscience banished these follies with the immoralities of the times, and our Puritan ancestors came to our shores without the stiff ruff and without the steel armor about the waist. As in other countries, the passing of simplicity and a vigorous industry marked the passing of sensible dress, and in 1829 a writer in Boston describes the practice of wearing the corset day and night, tightening it when lying down and again in the morning.

The corset of the present day is more flexible and less objectionable, yet it is still a relic of barbarism, writes Mabel Stillman in the Milwaukee Sentinel. The cheapness of it puts it within the reach of every class, and the yearly output, not including those which are imported, amounts to 60,000,000.

The Crown of Roumania.

The crown of Roumania has a unique place in the history of monarchies as the only crown which has been refused successively by father and son. When, within the memory of the present generation, Roumania became a kingdom, Prince Leopold, the elder brother of King Charles, was declared official heir, but the prince surrendered his rights to his son, Prince William, the renunciation being formally registered in the senate 22 years ago. For eight years the son was heir to the throne and then in 1888 the prince, treading in his father's steps, gave up his rights in favor of his brother, and the brother, Prince Ferdinand, is heir to King Charles today.

Chinese Government Advancing.

The Chinese imperial government has taken another step in advance by appointing a Japanese scholar of distinction, Dr. Unokichi Hattori, to a professorship in Peking university. The doctor was in that city during the siege. He is to be dean of the school of literature. The appointment is a sequel of the visit of the famous Chinese educator, Wu Ju-lun, to Tokio to familiarize himself with Japanese educational methods.



HENRY III WHO WORE A CORSET

used by the Spartans. Women were considered part of the state and were placed under training scarcely less vigorous than the men; nor is there evidence of waist stricture in the succeeding period, that of the worship of the beautiful; but in the days preceding the destruction of the Greek republics, when patriotism and morals were forgotten, courtesans originating in this lowest order of society was adopted by women of

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Mrs. Fred Eberle, Bellaire, O., was for a long time severely troubled with Rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil instantly relieved and entirely cured her.

Rev. Dr. B. Pick of Rochester, N. Y., suffered so intensely from Rheumatic pains that he was unable to preach. Several applications from a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil "relieved him."

F. Radder, Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me of great and long-continued pain in my foot."

Messrs. C. L. Brundage and Son, Druggists, Muskegon, Mich., write:—"St. Jacobs Oil has a wonderful sale. We sold eight bottles at retail yesterday. This will give you some idea of how well it is liked in this section."

Mr. Louis Hinkel, of East Poesten, Kill, N. Y., says:—"I call St. Jacobs Oil the best liniment I ever used. It cured me of Rheumatism and pain in the back."

Herman Rittner, Manchester, N. H.:—"I have tried St. Jacobs Oil, and found it excellent. All those who have purchased it speak of it as 'simply incomparable.'"

Geo. G. Erffle, Palestine, Ill.:—"I was in bed suffering from a swollen leg. I used St. Jacobs Oil, its effect was wonderful. The following day I attended to my business again."

Dr. Otto Fuls, Reading, O., writes:—"The sale of St. Jacobs Oil is constantly increasing; it is praised by everybody, and never fails to give entire satisfaction."

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Never look like a bargain counter after the pick of the remnants is gone.

Ready to Die. Not long ago Senator William P. Frye of Maine was summoned to prepare a will for a man who was very ill. It was necessary, of course, to secure two witnesses, and they had to be sent for. While awaiting their arrival the invalid seemed to get worse, and Senator Frye thought it his duty, no minister being present, to talk seriously to him. He told him that he was very ill, and that it was likely he would soon depart this life. "And are you ready to meet the great change?" Frye asked him. "I will be," was the reply, "as soon as those d-d witnesses get here."

Premier Balfour's Musical Tastes. Arthur James Balfour is said to be the first musical premier England has had. He is an enthusiast for the art and is catholic enough in taste to like Wagner, although his idols are Handel and Bach. He is a friend of Mme. Wagner and has been Balreuth more than once. He used to make long journeys to hear the lesser known works of Handel and in January, 1887, the Edinburgh Review printed an article by him on that composer. He has been a subscriber of the Richter concerts for their commencement.

The Hansons Are Happy. Ashley, N. D., Dec. 8th.—Cured of that most dangerous of all Diseases, Rheumatism of the Heart, J. H. Hanson of this place loses no opportunity of singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am able to work again," says Mr. Hanson. "And am feeling better than I have for five years. Broken down and fairly used up and suffering from Rheumatism of the Heart and Dropsy I was in very bad shape. "Then I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills and—well, you can see how I look and I feel as well as I look. My Rheumatism is gone and the Dropsy with it. "I don't think they'll ever bother me again, but if they do I'll just get some more of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I know that will fix them."

Mrs. Hanson, too, whose health was far from good, took the same remedy and she joins with her husband in recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Old age would be bereft of a generous share of its comforts if it could not boast of when "I was young."

A mule or a woman could never be happy unless they could kick about something or other.

Lava Continues Hot. The lava streams from the eruption of Vesuvius in 1858 were so hot twelve years later that steam issued from their cracks and crevices. Those that flowed from Etna in 1787 were found to be steaming hot just below the crust as late as 1840. The volcano Jorulla, in Mexico, poured forth a lava that 87 years later gave off columns of steaming vapor. In 1780 it was found that a stick thrust into the crevices instantly ignited, although no discomfort was experienced in walking on the hardened crust.