

Loup City Northwestern

GEORGE E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Charles M. Schwab is simply tired; tired spending money.

It is fortunate for royalty that anarchists are so frequently bad shots.

Sig. Marconi continues to send marconigrams across the ocean through his hat.

France is making the French duel a felony. Ping-pong will surely come in as a misdemeanor.

"Pennies long saved amount to dollars at last," said Franklin, and it is just as true to-day of cents.

A big sturgeon in the New York Aquarium is reported to have committed suicide. Sounds fishy.

The man who succeeds best is generally the one who has the talent to advertise himself most judiciously.

We probably have to do the things we ought to a great deal oftener than we dare to do the things we want to.

Sometimes, says the Homely One, I thank the Lord for that I am not good looking, for then I might also be a fool.

The football fatalities, appalling as they are, might have been worse. Several games were unavoidably postponed.

Chicago's gambling king is bankrupt. He admits, however, that other professional gamblers were the ones who got it.

Another diamond mine has been discovered in South Africa. Will some one please put an extra chain on the dogs of war?

King Leopold's blast of defiance to anarchists is doubtless made by his comfortable assurance that anarchists are poor shots.

An Eastern paper wants to know "What co-education has done?" Well, from all accounts, it hasn't done a thing to Dr. Harper.

Trains that can run a hundred miles in a hundred minutes are almost as common now as men who can eat thirty ducks in thirty days.

Gen. Uribe-Urbe has been sentenced to death. The wonder is how did he manage to live so long with a name to mention which is to disturb the peace.

The Brooklyn genius, who has secured a patent for a nursing bottle holder for baby carriages, dreams of millions like Col. Sellers with his eye wash.

Millionaire Clark offered \$1,000,000 for his first grandson, and his son W. A. Clark, Jr., has won the prize. Has the czar or King Humbert tried this plan yet?

The Scottish-American declares that the length of mourning for a mother-in-law is six months' crape and six months' black. What man would grudge the time?

Washington's theater managers have decided to stop wasting money. They have voted to abolish window lithographs and to advertise hereafter only in the newspapers.

Asia will probably derive more pecuniary benefit from the visit of President Schwab of the steel trust than America got from that of the Crown Prince of Siam.

Since President Elliot has made the amende honorable it seems to be up to Mr. Gompers to explain that his allusion to Judas Iscariot was meant in a Pickwickian sense.

"The greatest blessing in life, no doubt, is to give," says Dr. Lorenz. And yet young Mr. Vanderbilt complains that his father left him so much money that there is no mission in life for him.

Dried corn as an article of diet has caused the separation of a husband and wife in Ohio. But this is a mere patch on the trouble corn has caused throughout the world after it has soaked awhile.

The way to a masculine heart from time immemorial has been via the digestive apparatus, but it has remained for a Hoboken lady to love and marry a man because of the pies he manufactured.

A French army officer claims to have invented a gun that makes neither flash nor sound nor smoke. Now let us have one that makes no wound and we may listen for the coming of the millennium.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio, among other things, had seventy-two shirts and twenty-four dozen pairs of "quiet tinted" silk underwear. And yet they tell us it does not pay to write poetry!

John L. Sullivan is without his \$1,000,000. But the rich memories of the gorgeous time he had in blowing it in remain to cheer his declining years.

Expensive lingerie works not for modesty. When a girl is wearing the finest of silk stockings, every street crossing looks muddy to her.

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS



By BYRON WILLIAMS

The Year the Pieplant Froze.

Now is the time when the old residents recall the "awful winter of 1823"—or thereabouts. This was the same year the pieplant all froze. You will remember it, no doubt, by this trade mark even though you may not feel certain about how deep the snow was. The white haired natives saw a fearful blizzard begin on October 15th and continued until the next May, with slight interstices of clearness and sunlight! Even to think of it makes one shiver. It was "Snowbound," indeed! There were few spelling bees in the country school houses that winter and "thank-yemams" were as thick as sturgeon's eggs on a caviar sandwich. The ice froze so deep in the rivers the fish wore all the fins off their tails and snow shovels, controlled by a trust, were used only in the homes of the very rich. The young women painted summer scenes on the shovel blades and set them on the handle ends beside the mantels in the parlors. The snow was so deep very little courting was done and the heads of families saved greatly on the gas and kerosene oil bills. The roads were almost impassable and the horses got so frisky standing in their stalls that they lacerated their hip bones badly. For years afterward horse traders told the age of colts by the white hair that came in after the hips had healed, and even to this day may be seen an occasional old stud on the Lake Shore Drive of Chicago thus marked! It was a f-e-a-r-f-u-l winter! Ice froze in the refrigerator, and butter and beer were kept in the range ovens for weeks at a time. Wells congealed and cellars had to be steam heated to keep the preserves from bursting. Milk froze in the cows' udders and we went without ice cream throughout the long, lonesome days and nights of a calamitous season. But, praise be to Old Sol, the warmth came at last and by July 4 the old residents were as busy as ever asking casual acquaintances:

"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

Moral—It is always coldest just after the janitor takes one glass too many!

Someone is responsible for a proposal party fad. To all who are enamored we would respectfully warn of an old custom—that of burning bridges behind. It is well before attending one of these amorous affairs to look well to the backward track, that a reverse English may be used if desirable. Many a young man of bright prospects and happy-go-lucky associations has lived to be tongue-lashed by a modern Mrs. Rip Van Winkle because of a too early application of the torch to the bridges over which he has passed to the home of a fair enamora. As we understand this proposal party a careless man who enters there has little show of ever again seeing daylight as a Bohemian. He is saddled and bridled in the rosy effulgence of the back parlor and sent galloping out after the ring and a marriage license. He doesn't wake up until about six months later when his wife wants a new something that costs a month's salary. Then he can see it all—the dainty invitation, the unique wording, the novelty of the reception, the lights burning low, the incense, the tender, loving, cooing conversation, the glossy hair, the cheeks' glow, the warm arms—and rash capitulation. Like a simple ruralist he stood before the matrimonial fakir-wagon and bought soft soap! Sadly then he takes up the married man's burden and purchases a house on installments. Occasionally he wonders if Zantippe herself didn't originate this proposal party business, and mourns because he burned his bridges. Proposal parties are no end of fun if you leave your watch on the piano at home, keep your hand on your pocketbook and cut a loop-hole for crawling. Otherwise it is a serious business and means nothing more nor less than tacky benediction. Beware of the torch!

Who Invented the Proposal Party?

When doctors disagree it is time, ordinarily, to embrace a faith cure. In this instance, however, you cannot substitute faith for a bath and the alternative perishes. The man who has so soiled himself to cold baths that he can break the light ice scum on the bosom of the miniature lake with his bare heel, and tumble into Boreas' grip with one splashing gasp, is a brave citizen. He was nervous months ago and his physician prescribed the cold bath cure. At the outset he refused and beside the icy tub resolved to die rather than take the plunge. He sat touched the bottom of his foot to the water and shrieked. Then he tried getting into the frothy fluid by degrees and felt his heart jumping out of his mouth as he suffered himself to sink. Those were sad days of trial and not until he learned to hang over the tub with feet and hands and fall in all at once was he happy. Then he soured about, shook a bit, soured some more and got out into the warm air of the bath room feeling like a colt. His nervousness disappeared, but now he has the rheumatism and another physician tells him the cold baths close the pores, throw the waste back into the kidneys and cause his ailment. He has been told that warm baths are enervating and he is, in the inimitable words of Herr Wagner, the Prince of Pilsen, "Up against it!" He is thinking of trying the perfume habit and of abrogating baths entirely except on state occasions.

Men Work Hard for Power and Pelf and, occasionally, we see some provident fellow working in the sunset of his life through force of habit. Few men or women, however, love work for itself alone. Tom Sawyer much preferred going in swimming to white-washing the fence about his home, and many a boy has hoed potatoes with a heavy heart in sucker fishing time! To begin with, we don't take to work as we do to play, but as we progress through life's vale, we note that everything depends upon work—work with the hands or the brain,—but work for all that. Success is only attained through effort. Comfort, position, adulation of the many, are but the masterpieces of labor. We soon learn the lesson, set our eyes straight to the front and upward, and work! Many overwork in their zeal to accomplish great things, but these same toilers with the prizes gone would work little. The fact is joy of work, independent of results, is most exquisitely felt by those who don't have to toil! The hobo that dreamed he was working and awoke with a cry of consternation, is not a fit illustration, but the fact remains that none of us are too fond of work because it is work!

Work Without the Prize Incentive.

Having successfully thwarted the liquor traffic in this country, it is said Carrie Nation will go abroad and hatchet the hydra-headed monster in England and elsewhere. We don't believe Carrie is really planning to do any such thing, but if she really is, we would respectfully notify her that a few remnants of the hellish traffic remain on the North Side of Chicago. Only last Saturday night we noticed a square box with handle-holes in the end being carefully carried through the rear door of an apartment house on Winthrop avenue. It may possibly have been mineral water, but the clinkety-clink of the mysterious contents did "listen" like beer bottles! And Sunday when we were out exercising our family rhinoceros on the Lake Shore Drive we saw a man hide behind a minnow pail and drink from a long, black bottle. Of course this isn't proof positive of liquor being sold in this country, but if the tip is worth anything to the Kansas reformer we are gratified. There is a man in Buena Park who has an awful red nose, too, Carrie! Don't desert us and quit throwing water on the fire of our thirst until it has been quenched indeed! But then, on to England!

Suspicious Still Linger Here.

The man who confessed to murder he didn't do explains he just couldn't keep from lying! If much murder is committed we feel sure someone should warn the department store salesmen to keep indoors for a few days until the matter blows over. Lying is said to be such sweet pastime with some people they prefer it to the truth. But of course we cannot all be in the newspaper business! Somehow we always feel sorry for the modern Ananias! Nobody expects him to tell the truth, and to be eternally lying is no easy accomplishment—I am told. Some men are natural born liars. They can lie from the first note of the thrush in the gray dawn until the cuckoo clock chimes the hours of the early morning. Many a wife unconsciously owes her peace of mind to the smooth alacrity and suave truthfulness of men assumed by her recreant husband. It is well! There is no possible excuse for stirring up family misunderstandings.

When Prevaricating Becomes Second Nature.

At last a genius has been born! He has invented a comb that will not fall from a lady's hair. No matter what the provocation is or how mussed up the fair one's crinoline, the comb, like the star-spangled banner, is still there! The frizzes may catch on Willie's shirt studs or in his elk-pin, but that precious comb sticks to its work like an organ grinder. Unexpected company may come, ma or pa may drop in almost unannounced—verily the comb keepeth its own secret and doth its mission well! The inventor bids fair to become very popular, while his grapple-tooth comb is already a joy and a Cupid's assistant. Now if the same genius will invent a bald cure for the shiny top of middle-aged bachelors he will have made good indeed!

An Inventor Who Makes Good.

Dr. Beddoe has said that there is a distinct relation between man's pursuits and the color of his hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark straight hair enter the ministry; red-whiskered men are apt to be given to sporting and horseflesh; while the tall, vigorous blonde man, lineal descendant of the Vikings, still contributes a large contingent to travelers and emigrants.

Not a Serious Drawback.

Terence's Love Still Strong Despite Loss of Tooth.

Bridget was engaged to be married to a young plumber, Terence Dolan by name, and when, two weeks before the day set for the wedding, she fell down the cellar stairs, she was in the depths of woe.

"I've broke out one o' my front teeth," she wailed to her mistress "and my teeth has been my best beauty, ma'am! Manny's the time Tirence has had me show 'em to his friends, and remarked how fine they were! Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

"Tell Terence all about it when he comes to-night, and I'm sure he'll say he's only glad you were not more severely injured," said her mistress; but Bridget shook her head and refused to be comforted.

"'Twould be better for me if I'd broke some o' my bones," she said gloomily, "and maybe all of 'em."

That evening, after Terence had come and gone, Bridget appeared before her mistress, the gloom gone, and her face set in a broad smile.

"I told him all about it," she said gaily, "and he says to me, 'What's a tooth more or less when it comes to cookin'?' he says, 'careless like, and passed on to Cassidy's wake as if 'twas no matter at all!'"—Youth's Companion.

MR. CANNON'S QUICK COUNT

Illinois Statesman Saw No Reason for Tedious Delay.

Last winter Speaker Henderson called Mr. Cannon to the chair on one occasion when a vote was to be taken on an amendment, the rejection of which was a foregone conclusion. It was one of those amendments to an appropriation bill which was made merely as a record, as the member who moved it had no idea that it would be passed. About six votes were in its favor and the balance of those to be cast were against it. Mr. Cannon began counting, the long forefinger of his right hand shaking over the House as he was telling them off.

"One—two—three—four—five—" he counted, when the tediousness of the process seemed to flash over him as he looked over the House and saw nearly every one on his feet.

"Oh, h—, a hundred," he exclaimed to the clerk, who was watching him in order to take down the number.

Every one who witnessed the quick method of arriving at the vote enjoyed it hugely. It answered every purpose and no one offered the least objection to it.—Washington Star.

Six-Tenths Drunk.

The testimony of a policeman in the police court the other day caused quite a bit of laughter, a member of the bar said to a couple of friends yesterday afternoon.

"A man was on trial for violating the temperance clause of the vagrancy law, which means that he was charged with being an habitual drunkard.

"How drunk was this man when you arrested him?" the prosecuting attorney asked the officer when he was called on to testify against the man with the appetite for firewater.

"About six-tenths drunk, I guess," the bluecoat replied.

"How did you arrive at that conclusion?" he was asked.

"Well, I heard the judge say the other day that ten drinks would make a man drunk, and this man had taken about six drinks before I arrested him," the guardian of the peace answered in all seriousness.—Washington Star.

The Lord's Intermediary.

Along with the snug little fortune that Deacon Jones had accumulated as the leading grocer of Gooseville Cove, him bump of self-esteem, which was originally fairly large, had increased proportionately, until, as the richest man in the Cove, he felt himself entitled to considerable deference—its patron saint, in fact. When one day good old Parson Abbeck went to him for a subscription to home missions—which he got—he remarked:

"Deacon, I cannot help noticing that your fellow-citizens seem to hold you in high esteem."

"Wa-a, yis," replied the Deacon, complacently; "guess that's 'bout so. The Covers do look up to me, Parson, that's a fact; and I—well, I look up to God!"

The Worm Turned.

He loved her devotedly. He was also hogwadd. Both facts gave him pain at times.

He passed it by with a rueful smile, when she merrily said that his affliction gave him such an arch look, and that, after all, he was a pretty good sort when you got on to his curves. He bore it patiently when she referred to his walk as parenthetical progress. But he rebelled and broke the engagement when she talked her pet dog through the wicket formed by his legs.

"I may not be so overly ornamental," said he, "but I emphatically object to being made useful to unseasonably early in the game!"—Smart Set.

Occupations and Color of the Hair.

Dr. Beddoe has said that there is a distinct relation between man's pursuits and the color of his hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark straight hair enter the ministry; red-whiskered men are apt to be given to sporting and horseflesh; while the tall, vigorous blonde man, lineal descendant of the Vikings, still contributes a large contingent to travelers and emigrants.

On a Blockade Runner.

Sir William Allan's Experience in the Civil War.

When fortunes were being made by British merchantmen running the blockade of Southern ports during the American Civil War, Sir William Allan, who had served in the engineering department of the British navy, signed as chief engineer on a merchant steamer. London M.A.P. repeats a personal reminiscence of Sir William, which gives a good glimpse of those exciting times.

After a successful run into the Savannah river, the blockade-runner tried a second time, and met with disaster. One dark night, she was stealing, with all lights masked, into Savannah, and ran plump into the arms of a Federal cruiser that was waiting for her in the darkness.

"Stop your engines or we shall sink you!" was the summons from the cruiser, which had suddenly unshrouded her lights and thrust out her guns close alongside.

"I stopped the engines," related Sir William, "and began to blow off steam. A boat from the Federal ship had come alongside, and suddenly an officer rushed into my engine room and put a revolver to my head. He was in a rage, and told me I had opened the valves and was trying to sink the steamer. I must close them at once."

I asked him who he was, and he answered: "I'm the engineer of the steamer that has taken you."

"I can't believe you are the engineer," I said, "or you would have a spanner or an oil-can in your fist, instead of fooling about with a pistol, and you would know that I am only blowing off a bit of steam."

At this cool reply the officer dropped his pistol, and the two were soon good friends.

THE INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY.

Lillias Haggard, Aged Nine, is Now in Literature.

Admirers of Rider Haggard's writings will doubtless be interested in knowing that his youngest daughter, 9-year-old Lillias, who strikingly resembles her father, already has developed a taste for writing. She has recently completed a romance in which most of the characters come to fearful ends. In this, her first attempt, she shows the influence of her father's weird romances, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Haggard family formed an interesting picture at an "at home" given by them recently at the Hall, Ditchingham, England. Mrs. Haggard, handsomely gowned; her eldest daughter, in white silk, embroidered with silver; the second daughter, Dolie, who will soon be presented; the little Lillias, and the writer himself formed the home party. One of the guests was a brother of Mrs. Haggard, who is Consul in New Caledonia, and the original of Captain Good, in "King Solomon's Mines."

The novelist, tall, loose-limbed, and with a peculiar swinging gait, looking not unlike one of his own heroes, took his friends through the hothouses to look at the orchids. The love of those flowers with him amounts to a passion. He would rather talk flowers or farming than of literature or art.

Colorado Celery for the East.

Colorado celery is this year for the first time being shipped East. From an insignificant business of a few years ago it has developed to an enormous industry. Three years ago such a thing as shipping celery to the eastern markets was unheard of. But a few enterprising spirits decided to make the experiment and were amply rewarded for their efforts. The returns were so large that the next year they shipped nearly their entire crop East. Since then the business has developed rapidly, and this year will be the banner season of them all. Nearly twenty-five cars have been shipped, and a conservative estimate for the season would be that not less than forty cars will be shipped altogether. As each carload will easily average 24,000 pounds in weight, it means that fully 960,000 pounds of celery will be used for export trade alone.

The Father's Hand.

I am a child in the darkness. A little frightened child. The winds are moaning about me. And the storm in my heart is wild. My fear would increase to terror. Only, wherever I stand, it is mine to feel, for my comfort, The clasp of my Father's hand.

Duty has ordered me forward, But I am afraid to go. The work is too great for my doing So little I see and know; And yet I can find my courage And obey my Lord's command, And I'm not afraid to go onward With the clasp of my Father's hand.

It is true that the end is coming. And my mystery, like a shroud, Hangs over the parting waters; I should fear to enter the cloud. But that this is my happy secret— As I wait awhile on the strand, Closer and yet more tender— Grows the clasp of my Father's hand.—Aarlane Farrington in Christian World.

Record of Life Saver.

Sixteen children have been rescued from drowning this season by Walter Turrell, a Yarmouth (England) ferryman, who has saved 29 lives altogether.

Our Losses in Spanish War.

The United States employed 274,717 men in the war with Spain. Her total losses were 107 officers and 2,803 men.

God's work must be done in God's way.—Ram's Horn.

RECORD OF THE PAST.

The best guarantee of the future is the record of the past, and over fifty thousand people have publicly testified that Doan's Kidney Pills have cured them of numerous kidney ills, such as common headache to dangerous diseases, and all the attendant annoyances and sufferings from urinary disorders. They have been cured to be cured. Here is one case:

Samuel J. Taylor, retired carpenter, residing at 312 South Third St., Chicago, Ind., says: "On the 25th day of August, 1897, I made an affidavit before Jacob C. Mann, notary public, stating my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. I had suffered for thirty years, and was compelled at times to walk by the aid of crutches. Recently passed gravel and suffered excruciatingly. I took every medicine on the market that I heard about, and some gave me temporary relief. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and the results I gave to the public statement above referred to. At the time, on the 19th day of July, 1897, I make this further statement during the five years which have elapsed I have had no occasion to use other Doan's Kidney Pills or any other medicine for my kidneys. The case affected was a permanent one."

FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Taylor 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.

Some men take a mean advantage of their wives by wearing their hair short.

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. 50 cents. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A piece of a woman's mind is not good for her husband's peace of mind.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

The receiver is sometimes as bad as the transmitter.

Plan's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Dealers in old saws invariably rope in the scenes of their childhood.

WHEN YOU BUY STARCH

Buy Defiance and get the best, 15¢ on for 10¢ cents. Once used, always used.

In congruous theories are often mistaken for great principles.

Many of us might be nappy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

There has been are bad enough. The might have been are worse.

THE ST. PAUL CALENDAR FOR 1903

66 sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—coin or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

The faster a man is the slower he is about paying his debts.

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Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by Dr. JACQUES OUI OF RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using Dr. JACQUES OUI. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

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Send 5 cents TODAY for our large General Catalogue No. 71. It gives pictures, descriptions and prices on almost everything you need, wear or use. Save 4 to 5 on everything you purchase by sending your orders to:

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