

Loup City Northwestern

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

Once more it is up to Father-in-law Zimmerman.

Paris appears to like American Gas. Well, we have plenty of it to spare.

The poets continue to get there. A French one has pinked his man in a duel.

Practical politicians have to get pretty mad before they begin telling the truth.

As a result of the prize fight in San Francisco recently the other Corbett is still talking.

There are many things about that Buffalo mystery that could only be explained by Mr. Pennell.

Contractors are still remembering the Maine, for every little while they want some one to let them raise it.

Under the old blue law in Pennsylvania it is unlawful for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday—but the law stops there.

Nicholas II. has decreed religious freedom in Russia. Next thing you know the czar will be running on a reform ticket.

It may yet come to pass that in order to be an automobilist in good standing one shall first have to be killed in France.

A Connecticut man killed himself to avoid a surgical operation. This is a case in which the remedy and the disease seem to be quits.

Since the cable has been laid to Honolulu not many things appear to be happening over there that are worth 10 cents a word.

Would you live your life over again? That is the latest New York Sun conundrum. The majority of the answers are in the negative.

A magazine writer says that Massachusetts does the thinking for the United States. What a thoughtless people we must be as a whole!

The Oxford press turns out from 30 to 40 Bibles every minute in working hours, but it is hard to realize the fact in some parts of darkest London.

In this world there are only the sails of heredity, there are only the winds of environment; yet can the helmsman steer toward whatever port he will.

Surely it is only in France that lawmakers would need certificates of attendance at an all-night session to make it reasonably safe for them to go home.

Excluding new editions and text books, there are 2,000 or 4,000 books published in this country every year. Fortunately most of them are not worth reading.

The new Pennsylvania railway station in New York will settle all disputes as to which is the largest station in the world. It will be twice as big as any other.

Gustav Salary, a French playwright, committed suicide the other day because he found it impossible, owing to the meanness of the managers, to live up to his name.

After all he said about America cooking Dr. Lorenz is to pay the United States another visit. But perhaps he will bring his sauerkraut and blutwurst along with him.

In speaking of Gov. Francis as a "publicist," Richard Watson Gilder has given the lexicographers some encouragement to bring out a new edition of the dictionaries.

The lake divers have struck at Cleveland for \$10 a day. There is likely to be considerable trouble in getting green men to fill the places of the divers who dive no more.

The woman who has petitioned the mayor of Wilkesbarre for a curfew ordinance compelling married men to be home at midnight has an exaggerated idea of the power of the law.

Spain's minister of marine has presented his estimates of this year's expenses for building warships. Spain's navy has this advantage: It will be composed of brand new and up-to-date vessels.

Young John D. Rockefeller is distributing gold pieces among the poor people of Mexico. Perhaps he has found that the starving Mexicans understand his gold pieces better than his kind words.

The arrival in this country of the new Chinese minister, Sir Liang Tung Chen, Sir Liang Hung Chen and Sir Chen Tung Liang-Cheng, would seem to suggest an arbitration commission to decide as to the best way to spell him.

Courts declare that the pedestrian has the right of way on a street crossing. Nevertheless, when the pedestrian sees a full-sized trolley car preparing to dispute the point it is discreet policy on his part to waive the right.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER VII.

Arenta's Marriage.

For a few weeks, Hyde's belief that the very stars would connive with a true lover seemed a reliable one. Madame Jacobus, attracted at their first meeting to the youth, soon gave him an astonishing affection. She put aside her nephew's claims with hardly a thought, and pleased herself day by day in so managing and arranging events that Hyde and Cornelia met, as a matter of course. Arenta was not, however, deceived; she understood every maneuver, but the success of her own affairs depended very much on her aunt's co-operation and generosity, and so she could not afford, at this time, to interfere for her brother.

"But I shall alter things a little as soon as I am married," she told herself. "I will take care of that."

Arenta's feelings were in kind and measure shared by several other people; Dr. Moran held them in a far bitter mood; but he, also—envy-driven by circumstances he could neither alter nor command—was compelled to satisfy his disapproval with promises of a future change. For the wedding Arenta Van Ariens had assumed a great social importance. Arenta herself had talked about the affair until all classes were on the tiptoe of expectation. The wealthy Dutch families, the exclusive American set, the home and foreign diplomatic circles, were alike looking forward to the splendid ceremony, and to the great breakfast at Peter Van Ariens' house, and to the ball which Madame Jacobus was to give in the evening.

One morning, as Dr. Moran was returning home after a round of disagreeable visits, he saw Cornelia and Hyde coming up Broadway together. They were sauntering side by side in all the lazy happiness of perfect love and as he looked at them the sorrow of an immense disillusion filled him to the lips. He believed himself, as yet, to be the first and the dearest in his child's love; but in that moment his eyes were opened, and he felt as if he had been suddenly thrust out from it and the door closed upon him.

He did the wisest thing possible; he went home to his wife. "Where is Cornelia, Ava?" he asked the question with a quick glance round the room, as if he expected to find her present.

"Cornelia is not at home to-day." "Is she ever at home now?" "You know that Arenta's wedding—"

"Arenta's wedding! Bless my soul! of course I know. I know one thing at least, that I have just met Cornelia and that young fop George Hyde coming up the street together, as if they two alone were in the world. They never saw me, they could see nothing but themselves."

"Men and women have done such a thing before, John, and they will do it again. Cornelia is a beautiful girl, and it is natural that she should have a lover."

"It is very unnatural that she should choose for her lover the son of my worst enemy."

"I am sure you wrong Gen. Hyde. When was he your enemy? How could he be your enemy?"

"When was he my enemy? Ever since the first hour we met. And you want me to give Cornelia to his son! Yes, you do, Ava! I see it in your face. You stretch my patience too far. Can I not see—"

"Can an angry man ever see? No, he cannot. You feed your own suspicions, John. I think Rem Van

and if Cornelia is Hyde's by predestination as well as by choice, vainly we shall worry and fret, all our opposition will come to nothing. In a few days Arenta will have gone away, and as for Hyde, any hour may summon him to join his father in England; and this summons, as it will include his mother, he can neither evade nor put off. Then Rem will have his opportunity."

"To be patient—to wait—to say nothing—it is to give opportunity too much scope."

"Time and absence against any love affair that is not destiny! And if it be destiny, there is only submission, nothing else. But life has a 'maybe' in everything dear; a maybe that is just as likely to please us as not."

Then Doctor John looked up with a smile. "You are right, Ava," he said cheerfully. "I will take the maybe. Maybe have a deal to do with life. Yet, take my word for it, there is, I think, no maybe in Rem's chances with Cornelia."

"We shall see, I think there is."

Rem, with the blunt directness of his nature, watched with jealous dislike, and often with rude impatience, the familiar intercourse which his aunt's partiality permitted Hyde. He was, indeed, often so rude that a less sweet-tempered, a less just youth than George Hyde would have pointedly resented many offences that he passed by with that "noble not caring" which is often the truest courage.

But wrath covered carries fate. Every one was in some measure conscious of danger and glad when the wedding day approached. Even Arenta had grown a little weary of the prolonged excitement she had provoked, for everything had gone so well with her that she had taken the public very much into her confidence. And, as if to add the last touch of glory to the event, just a week before Arenta's nuptials a French armed frigate came to New York bearing dispatches for the Count de Moustier, and the Marquis de Tonnierre was selected to bear back to France the Minister's message. So the marriage was put forward a few days for this end, and Arenta in the most unexpected way obtained the bridal journey which she desired, and also with it the advantage of entering France in a semi-public and stately manner.

"I am the luckiest girl in the world," she said to Cornelia and her brother when this point had been decided. They were tying up "dream cake" for the wedding guests in madame's queer, uncanny drawing room as she spoke, and the words were yet on her lips when madame entered with a sandal wood box in her hands.

"Rem," she said, "go with Cornelia into the dining room for a few minutes. I have something to say to Arenta that concerns no one else."

As soon as they were alone madame opened the box and upon a white velvet cushion lay the string of oriental pearls which Arenta on certain occasions had been permitted to wear. Arenta's eyes flashed with delight. With an intense desire and interest she looked at the beautiful beads, but madame's face was troubled and somber, and she said almost reluctantly: "Arenta, I am going to make you an offer. This necklace will be yours when I die, at any rate; but I think there is in your heart a wish to have it now. And as you are going to what is left of the French court, I will give it to you now, if the gift will be to your mind."

"There is nothing that could be more to my mind, dear aunt. You always know what is in a young girl's heart."

"First, listen to what I say. No woman of our family has escaped calamity of some kind, if they owned these beads. My mother lost her husband the year she received them. My Aunt Hildegarde lost her fortune as soon as they were hers. As for myself, they very day they became mine our Uncle Jacobus sailed away and he has never come back. Are you not afraid of such fatality?"

"No, I am not. What power can a few beads have over human life or happiness? To say so, to think so, is foolishness."

"I know not. Yet I have heard that both pearls and opals have the power to attract to themselves the ill fortune of their wearers."

"Do you believe such tales, aunt? I do not. I snap my fingers at such fables."

"Give them to you, I will not, Arenta; but you may take them from the box with your own hands."

The madame left the room and Arenta lifted the box and carried it nearer to the light. And a little shiver crept through her heart and she closed the lid quickly and said irritably:

"It is my aunt's words. She is always speaking dark and doubtful things. However, the pearls are mine at last!" and she carried them with her downstairs, throwing back her head as if they were round her white throat and—as was her way—spread herself as she went.

All fine weddings are much alike. It was only in such accidentals as costume that Arenta's differed from the few weddings of to-day.

New York was not then too busy making money to take an interest in such a wedding, and Arenta's drive

through its pleasant streets was a kind of public invitation. For Jacob Van Ariens was one of a guild of wealthy merchants, and they were at their shop doors to express their sympathy by lifted hats and smiling faces; while the women looked from every window, and the little children followed, their treble voices heralding and acclaiming the beautiful bride. Then came the breakfast and the health drinking and the speech-making and the rather sadder drive to the wharf at which lay La Belle France. Then the anchor was lifted, the cable loosened, and with every sail set La Belle France went dancing down the river on the tide-top to the open sea.

Van Ariens and his son Rem turned silently away. A great and evident depression had suddenly taken the place of their assumed satisfaction. They had outworn emotion and knew instinctively that some common duty was the best restorer. The same feeling affected, in one way or another, all the watchers of this destiny. Women whose household work was belated, had used up their nervous strength in waiting and feeling, were now cross and inclined to belittle the affair and to be angry at Arenta and themselves for their lost day. And men, young and old, went back to their ledgers and counters and manufacturing with a sense of lassitude and dejection.

Peter had nearly reached his own house when he met Doctor Moran. The doctor was more irritable and depressed. He looked at his friend and said sharply, "You have a fever, Van Ariens. Go to bed and sleep."

"To work I will go. That is the best thing to do. My house has no comfort in it. Like a milliner's or a mercer's store it has been for many



"It is the curse of Adam."

weeks. He suddenly stopped and looked at the doctor with brimming eyes. In that moment he understood that no putting to rights could ever make his home the same. His little sancy, selfish, but dearly loved Arenta would come there no more; and he found not one word that could express the tide of sorrow in his heart. Doctor John understood. He remained quiet, silent, clasping Van Ariens' hand until the desolate father with a great effort blurted out: "She is gone! And smiling, also, she went."

"It is the curse of Adam," answered Doctor John bitterly—"to bring up daughters, to love them, to toil and save and deny ourselves for them, and then to see some strange man, of whom we have no certain knowledge, carry them off captive to his destiny and his desires. 'Tis a thankless portion to be a father—a bitter pleasure."

Very thoughtfully the Doctor went on to William street, where he had a patient—a young girl of about Arenta's age—very ill. A woman opened the door—a woman weeping bitterly. (To be continued.)

THE POLICE OF NICE.

They Are Accommodating, but They Like to Talk.

The policemen of Nice differ radically from their colleagues in Paris. They are not so business-like and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer for a direction, he will say briefly, "Two streets ahead of you, first turning to the left." Not so the Nice policeman. I asked one the other day if he could tell me where the Rue Lamartine was.

"Why, certainly. Do you see that church with the two towers?"

"Yes. Is it on the Rue Lamartine?"

"No, that is the Church of Notre Dame, and opposite to it is—"

"Ah, I see—it is the Rue Lamartine."

"Oh, no, that is the Avenue Notre Dame. Well, you see, two streets this side of that avenue is—"

"The Rue Lamartine?"

"Oh, no, that is the Boulevard Dubouché. Well, you go up that boulevard for two blocks and then you turn to the left. Hello, Henri, how are you? Wait a minute till I'm through with this man. Want to talk to you. Lemme see. Where was I? Oh, yes, going up the boulevard. Well, you go up there for two blocks and turn to the left, and there you are at the Rue Lamartine."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Glad to be of service to you. A very good day to you. Et autrement." And the policeman turns and begins a conversation with his friend Henri, while a violent dispute breaks out between two cabbies, to which he pays no attention at all.—Jerome Hart in San Francisco Argonaut.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV., APRIL 26; ACTS 21:3; 12—PAUL'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Golden Text—"The Will of the Lord Be Done"—Acts 21:14—Faithfulness of the Apostle in the Path of Duty.

I. Views on the Voyage from Miletus.—V. 1. Having taken their leave away with reluctance and grief from the elders of Ephesus Paul and his companions proceed on their voyage.

Passing a Scene of his Former Labors. 3. "When we had discovered Cyprus," came so near as to render Cyprus visible, sighted it, but did not land there. "Sailed into" (unto) "Syracuse," of which Phoenicia was a part, and of which "Tyre" was the chief city.

II. Tyre and Its Associations.—Vs. 4-6. Paul Finds Disciples at Tyre. 4. "And finding" (the) "disciples." They inquired, when they landed amid the crowded streets of the still busy port, where the disciples they knew to be there could be found.

Practical. The apostle's example may well be followed by those who go from place to place in these modern days. Instead of waiting in silent obscurity till some Christian finds them out, let them search for the disciples, and seek to do Christian work, speak to Christians, take part in meetings, go to the Sabbath school, and then many a complaint will be removed, and many a dark day among strangers will be made light.

The Warning Prophecy. "Who said to Paul through the Spirit that he should not go up to Jerusalem." It was revealed to them, not that Paul should not go, but that if he went, he would go into bonds, prison, sufferings. But Paul recognized more clearly the voice of the Spirit, and his duty to proceed in spite of warnings and remonstrances.

For he had a clear vision of the great and glorious work to be accomplished by his visit. (1) He would unite the two great branches of the church, the Jewish and the Gentile. (2) In Romans, written shortly before this time, Paul expresses his intense desire for the salvation of his countrymen. Now he would make one last effort for them. It was his one opportunity remaining. (3) Going to Jerusalem was to lead through a thorny way to Rome; but it was the best possible way, far better than he had planned for himself.

Farewell Greetings. 5. "When we had accomplished those days. Went our way." Were going on our journey. "Brought us on our way." The expressions of sympathy and love must have cheered the apostle in these times of deepest anxiety.

6. "We took ship." Practical Expressions of Sympathy. Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and kindness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go.

III. Cesarea.—Vs. 7-14. 7. "And when we had finished our course." Our voyage by sea. "Came to Ptolemais." About thirty miles south of Tyre, the modern name, just north of Mount Carmel.

8. "And the next day we . . . departed." Probably by land. The journey was thirty or forty miles. The Roman name of the city, and the official residence of the Herodian kings and the governors of Judea. It was built and made a magnificent city and port by Herod the Great, and named after Cesar. It is seventy miles from Jerusalem.

Here Paul was imprisoned, a few weeks after the present visit, and remained in prison for two years, whence he was sent to Rome.

"Philip . . . one of the seven" deacons appointed at the same time with Stephen. He is to be distinguished from Philip the Apostle. "The evangelist." The word "evangelist" means a herald of good tidings.

The Four Virgins which did Prophecy. 9. "Had four daughters, virgins, which did prophecy." This does not necessarily imply a revelation of future events, but a consciousness of having some truth or message from God, which the prophet is impelled to utter. Virgins, married these women could devote their whole time to labors for Christ. Where they preached, whether in private houses, or to women only, or to public assemblies, they do not know. The records of the New Testament simply show the fact that God inspires women as well as men, and when he sends them forth they have a mission to proclaim the Gospel in their own womanly way.

The Prophecy Symbol of Agabus. 10. "As we tarried there many days." As they did not wish to be in Jerusalem till Pentecost, there were several days at their disposal. "From Judea a certain prophet, named Agabus." Probably the same who in Antioch foretold the coming famine (Acts 11:28). A. D. 43 or 44, fourteen or fifteen years before.

11. "He took Paul's girdle," like those used to bind the loose, flowing robes worn in Eastern countries. "Bound his own" (Agabus') "hands and feet." His revelation was made in that dramatic form which impresses the mind with a stronger sense of reality than mere words can do, and which was made familiar to the Jews of the time by the practices of the Hebrew prophets. "Thus saith the Holy Ghost." Through whom the revelations to the prophets of old were given (Acts 18:25). "So shall the Jews . . . bind." By investigating the Romans to do this act. The Jews were the real source of the persecution. It was in this same city that Paul was in bonds for two years.

12. "Besought him not to go." Inferring that this was the intention of the prophecy. "This false inference, here distinctly stated, explains v. 4."

Paul Goes on in Face of all Dangers and Persuasions. 13. "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" He knew the danger, he felt the power of their loving persistence, but he went steadily on in the way of duty. "For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die."

Compare the beautiful legend concerning Peter, centering about the little church Domine, Quo Vadis, near Rome. "Domine," tells us how much Christ was discouraged by the report of Timorous and Mistrust about lions in the way. So it was with Paul. On this journey to Jerusalem he was constantly meeting with people who said, "Don't go." And how many people there are who would have replied, "Perhaps you are right," and have laid down their bundles. Never do that, but persist in carrying your bundle to your journey's end, in doing your duty until it is completely done.—Rev. W. Wilberforce Newton, D.D., in Sermon to Children.

Importance of Early Training.

It takes a long time for the beliefs and superstitions in which men are reared to be completely removed from their minds. The heathen converts today find it hard to throw aside all their fear of evil spirits, all their dread of angry gods whom they once worshiped. Things that seem folly to us are very real to them, trained in them as they have been. So, how important the early training of children. How careful parents should be, and teachers, and all who have children under them.

BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE. "Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my back ached frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches."

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—Miss KATZ BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles.

Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.

Old Age at Ceylon.

Centenarians are fairly common nowadays, but it may be questioned whether any country can boast of so many as Ceylon, which, according to the recent census returns, has no fewer than 145 inhabitants over 100 years of age. Seventy-one of these are males and seventy-four females. Of these forty-three men and fifty-two women claimed to be exactly 100, while the highest age returned was 120.

Wages of Rulers.

Nicholas II, czar of all the Russias, works about six hours a day in connection with affairs of state, his salary for that time being in the neighborhood of \$80 a minute. The next best paid ruler is Franz Josef of Austria whose workday is good for about 335 per minute, just twice the sum Kaiser Wilhelm draws for a stunt of similar duration. On the basis of a six-hour day King Edward must get along on about \$15 per minute.

Stones in the Butter.

An extraordinary local fraud has been brought to light at the Flintona petty sessions, County Tyrone. A young woman named Rosa Galbraith was fined 40s and costs for having fraudulently prepared butter by placing a number of large stones in the center of the rolls. It was stated that this practice had been carried on in the district for months past, and that one butter merchant had to pay a claim of £11 made by a biscuit manufacturer, because the stones concealed in the butter had smashed the machinery in his factory.

QUIT AND EAT.

Some Coffee Tales.

Show a woman an easy, comfortable and healthful way to improve her complexion and she is naturally interested.

Coffee is the one greatest enemy of fair women, for in the most of cases it directly affects the stomach producing slight, and sometimes great congestion of the liver and therefore causing the bile to be absorbed into the system instead of going its natural way. The result is a sallow, muddy skin and a train of diseases of the different organs of the body which, in all too many cases, develop into chronic diseases.

A lady speaking of how coffee affected her says: "I was very fond of coffee but while drinking it was under the care of the doctor most of the time for liver trouble, and was compelled to take blue mass a great deal of the time. My complexion was bad and I had a pain in my side steadily, probably in the liver."

"When I concluded to quit coffee and take Postum Food Coffee I had it made carefully and from the very first cup we liked the taste of it better than any of the old coffee."

"In a short time the pain left my side and my friends began to comment on the change in my complexion and general looks. I have never seen anything equal to the good I got from making this change."

"A young lawyer in Philadelphia named —, whose life was almost a burden from indigestion and its train of evils, quit coffee some months ago and began on Postum Food Coffee. He quickly recovered and is now well, strong and cheerful and naturally loud in his praises of Postum."

"Another friend, an old gentleman of seventy, named —, who for years suffered all one could suffer and live, from dyspepsia, and who sometimes for weeks could eat no bread or solid food, only a little weak gruel or milk, quit coffee upon my recommendation and took up Postum. He began to get better at once. Now he can eat rich pastry or whatever he likes and is perfectly well."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.