

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

A bad cold is the surest thing to be caught on a fishing excursion.

Apparently the bear that walks like a man also lies like a gas meter.

They've got now so that they simply ask, "What's the score?" They know who lost.

A woman considers that she has no clothes at all if some other woman has more than she has.

One of the important things in the education of a boy is that he should learn to keep his lips together.

The Reliance has been outtailed in a trial race, but perhaps they are merely trying to draw Sir Thomas on.

But isn't the news that "Russia takes Manchuria" something like the old joke about the Dutch taking Holland?

The sultan is fluently making promises. The trouble is that he isn't generally so fluent when it comes to keeping them.

The way a woman apologizes to a man is to think up something he has done which demanded an apology from him.

All Paul du Chailly's exploring expeditions sink into insignificance compared with the one on which he has departed now.

A special commission will soon have to be appointed to untwist the matrimonial tangles of the Belmont and Vanderbilt families.

If Joaquin Miller denies the rumor that he is dead his opinion should be accepted as conclusive. Joaquin is in a position to know.

Johann Most would tell you that New York city is going to the devil. The saloonkeepers there have abolished the free lunch.

The Turks have such an effective way of doing things. When they "suspect" that a village contains bombs they simply destroy the place to make sure.

William K. Vanderbilt says that inherited wealth is death to ambition. Possibly—to men of the type whose ambition would in any case end with wealth.

"A dozen college youths smothered in girls," says a news dispatch from St. Paul. What have college boys ever done to merit such sweet concentration?

Some men don't know enough to go in out of the rain, and women whose ankles are becoming to them sometimes know enough not to go in out of the rain.

Learning that "A Hot Time in the Old Town" is our national anthem and battle hymn, Frau Wagner greatly fears that "Parsifal" will be vulgarized in America.

The dome of the capitol at Washington is receiving a coat of paint, for the first time in nine years. This seems to put the finishing touch on the country's prosperity.

A New Jersey woman left \$50 for the purpose of a jollification over her corpse. The jollification was duly held, and the crowd got gloriously full with the drinks that were "on the dead."

A Pennsylvania congregation recently asked Mr. Carnegie for \$1,000 toward the purchase of a new organ—in fact, of a "kist o' whistles." Mr. Carnegie's reply was short, sweet and Scotch: "I wull."

A whole lot of anxiety has been dispelled by the announcement that the end of the world is not due until 2914. That leaves us all plenty of time to wind up our business affairs and lay out our best clothes.

Perhaps the ladies, too, will take an interest in the trouble in the Balkans when they learn that it is sending up the price of attar of roses, the making of which is one of the principal industries of Bulgaria.

Frank Sallen of Marlboro, Conn., won a prize of \$50 by sawing 17 cords of hard wood in five hours. This is believed to be the record, but if you have any doubt about it you can get a woodpile and a saw and try it.

The editor of the Hartford Post has had a sad experience. "One of the meanest feelings that man ever suffered," he says, "is when he wakes up from a snooze in church and suddenly realizes that folks are watching him."

A reward of \$5,000 was offered for the return of a lost rope of pearls by a New York woman. The working girl who found the jewels was given \$100, and now she is suing for the remaining \$4,900. Here's hoping she may get every cent of it.

When the Japan Mail of April 11 states that the Osaka copper mining company produced 1,400,000 kin in the last half year it says we know not what, but when it adds that the company will declare an 8 per cent dividend it speaks a universal tongue.

The Maiden of the Dove

A LEGEND OF A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL OF ANCIENT ROME



There lived in the golden long ago,
Before these days of strife,
A maiden mute, whose doves of snow
Made fair her crippled life.

High in the Martel tower she dwelt,
Above Rome's constant din;
A vestal in her tower she knelt,
Living the life within.

Tending her doves that from her hand
Feigningly and free;
How'er they flew across the land,
How'er across the sea.

Upon her head and round her all
Fluttered and preened their wing,
The air warmed by their tender call,
Their love-coo uttering.

No answering sound the maiden gave—
She could not speak nor hear;
Unhappy maid! until the grave
Sealed were her lip and ear.

A favorite of Caesar saw
And coveted the maid;
Reckless he trampled on the law,
Of Justice unafraid.

Down from the tower he dragged his prey,
Before the Adle swore
That she was bound to him for aye,
His slave forevermore.

The Adle paused awhile in thought—
He could not deem that eye,
So clear and childlike, hiding naught,
Could live an open lie.

There stood the maiden, meek and pale,
Pensive and wondering, too,
While around her in the courtyard jail
Chattered the Roman crew.

"The doves!" they cried, as from the sky,
Darkened by rushing wings,
Fluttered the gentle progeny
In spirals and in rings.

Amazed the people heard them coo,
Perching near where she stood;
"Tis proof that all the maid may do
Cannot be else than good."

The Adle to the suppliant turned,
He had slunk away;
His web of falsehood had been burned
As fire licks up the hay.

"Release the maid!" the Adle cried—
She was already free,
And to her Martel tower fled,
The doves her panoply.

—Willis Steel, in New York Herald.

JUROR WAS IN A HURRY.

Promptly Decided Case and Caused Its Postponement.

Serving on the jury in court 4 is Richard Conan, who believes in losing as little time as possible in deciding cases brought before him, says the Philadelphia Record. He happened to be empaneled to try the suit of the city against the estate of Richard J. Dobbins, which was an action to recover assessment bills for the laying of water pipe in front of the Dobbins property at Frankford. The defense was that the property being rural, no recovery could be had for municipal improvements.

Conan, his face a deep study, had listened attentively to the complicated contentions of opposing counsel, and when a lull occurred in the argument he arose, and addressing the court himself, said:

"Faith, your honor, I wud loike to ask a quisthun that goes to the tichical pint in the case."

"What is it?" queried Judge Audenried, surprised.

"Well, it's this: Is this property in the city limits or without?"

"Why, of course it is within the city limits, or the city would not be a party to the suit," explained the judge.

"Dthin we'll desoide that it's city property, subject to city improvements," quickly concluded Conan, without seeking the views of his fellow-jurors on the subject.

"But you cannot decide anything until you've heard all the testimony and the law explained in the charge of the court," advised Judge Audenried.

"Shure it's poor law, thin," muttered Conan, in a disappointed manner as he resumed his seat.

Every one in the court room laughed at the unusual incident, but the judge was somewhat provoked, as the case, which had been on trial for several hours, had to be discontinued in view of the expression of opinion from the juror.

PROFESSOR'S ERROR WAS FATAL

And So the Midnight Revels Went on Undisturbed.

Gov. Pennypacker's recent criticism of the ungrammatical construction of many of the bills sent to him by the late legislature recalls to mind the story related concerning a certain college professor whose "long suit" was grammar. He could forgive almost any error on the part of a student excepting the improper application of a word. Of course, night rev-

els in the dormitories of all well-regulated colleges are strictly against the rule. But if there is one thing that delights the heart of the average student more than another it is the violation of some pet mandate of the faculty.

One night at an hour when all good students of Blank college were supposed to be soundly sleeping Prof. Nightwatch detected untoward sounds issuing from one of the dormitories. Creeping stealthily to the door of the apartment, he confirmed his suspicions by applying his ear to the keyhole. He attempted to enter, but found the door locked. He did the next best thing and rapped loudly on the door.

"Who is there?" came the query from the interior in a disguised voice.

"Me," responded the professor.

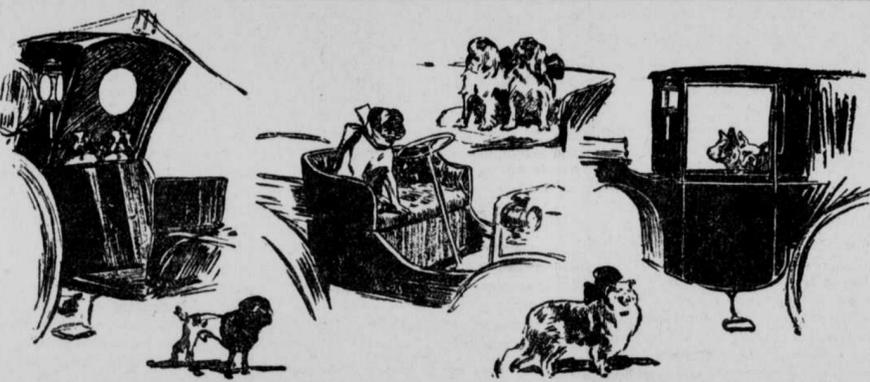
"Who is me?" was the next question from inside.

"Prof. Nightwatch," answered the professor.

"Ah, go on," responded the disguised voice. "Prof. Nightwatch would say 'I,' not 'Me.'"

Rather than expose himself the instructor returned to his room and permitted the midnight party to proceed undisturbed.—Philadelphia Telegraph

NEW YORK'S PARADE OF PET DOGS. FONDLED IN LIEU OF CHILDREN



The view from Fifty-second street, New York, looking down Fifth avenue on a bright afternoon is a moving picture of carriages. Handsome turnouts with elegantly gowned women and faultlessly attired men repeat the panorama of New York's gay life. Women accompanied by men, elderly women and young, breathe the exclusive air of Fifth avenue in each other's society, but in the victorias and broughams where the women ride without a grown-up human companion the place is filled by his majesty the dog. Dogs are the common sight in carriages, children a rarity.

Dogs of all kinds and sizes, accompanied by women of as many different types, but all bearing the stamp of luxury and wealth, take their daily outing on the avenue. As the carriages stopped at Forty-second street, waiting for the cross-town traffic, there was an excellent opportunity to observe the supremacy of the canine ruler of society.

A handsome victoria drawn by two blooded horses stopped at the policeman's whistle. In the victoria sat a woman of about forty, dressed in mourning. A small French poodle sat on the seat beside her, and on a cushion at her feet lay a decoratively sheared water spaniel. Both dogs were in mourning also and wore large black bows on their collars.

Two handsome turnouts, both going uptown, drew up beside each other as the cross-town carriages and cars had the right of way. In the vrougham sat a middle-aged woman

holding a frowsy Skye terrier in her lap. In the other carriage, a victoria, sat a young woman with a black and white, flat-faced little Japanese spaniel.

A heavy-jowled Boston bull, in a dog cart, with a smartly gowned young woman, looked stolidly and indifferently at the passing crowds as her mistress made her way up the avenue.

In one victoria sat a beautifully gowned woman of thirty or thirty-five. Her equipage was as perfect in detail as her gown was faultless. Every indication bespoke refinement and luxury. By her side was the popular companion of the society woman of to-day, a small lap dog. A ruby spaniel occupied the place of honor beside her, and around his neck was a beautiful filigree collar of gold set with turquoise.

A woman of twenty-seven or eight, who was greatly interested in a fluffy white poodle at her side, was carrying on a running conversation with her canine companion as the carriage stopped at Forty-second street.

In the hour's observation it was noticeable that the victorias claimed most of the canine pets of fashion. Tiny lap-dogs, sitting up beside their mistresses, with huge bows tied around their necks; little black-and-tans, Blenheim spaniels, French poodles, Boston bulls, French bulldogs, these are the Fifth avenue constituents of the daily dog parade. The little long-haired dog seems to be the most popular accompaniment of my

lady's victoria, and she regards him as her natural companion.

Race suicide and the smart set may be well illustrated on Fifth avenue, but the number of dogs is increasing and the display of canines in their rich equipages shows that the New York woman of fashion is not lavishing all of her thought and affection upon herself at least.

Of the nineteen carriages in which children's faces were seen during the hour's observation, ten were hand-soms. Only eight were private carriages. One was a four-wheeler, in which three children and a middle-aged woman were seated. In one private brougham sat a disconsolate-looking girl of eight or nine who was taking her drive in the company of a nurse. A carriage with a seat in front for the children occupied by two smiling-faced girls was graced by a fat matron and a large red-faced man of the prosperous brewer type. Beside the family party rolled a victoria whose occupants were a weary-looking woman, and an equally bored looking Boston bull. The jovial man and woman in the carriage were not members of the smart set, but the girls were enjoying life with a greater intensity than the unappreciative Blenheims, bulldogs and poodles that were their youthful companions on Fifth avenue.

"If it wasn't Fifth avenue we might forget that it isn't a real parade," said the policeman, "only you don't see enough children on Fifth avenue to make it seem genuine."—New York World.

IN LAND OF "EVANGELINE."

Beautiful Bayou Teche Country Appeals to Every Visitor.

The "Teche country." How often one hears the country of southern Louisiana spoken of and so few really have seen the beauties of it, and still it lies in a most convenient locality, with several important little cities and many magnificent plantations on its banks. Then again, Longfellow immortalized the ancient river in his "Evangeline." There is a certain something, say, dreaminess, which takes hold of one, and enthralled by the haze of the sunshine and mist you look upon the commonplace as sunshine.

At St. Martinville the wide-spreading "Evangeline oak" is near the bridge, and one can almost see the cove into which the skiff was drawn as Gabriel passed up the stream, each wandering in search of the other, and the thick undergrowth of palms and vines obscuring the gaze from the passer-by. The town itself seems to have changed but little, a settlement, more or less. The creole French is spoken in shops and market. Narrow brick pavements, shaded by galleries, are built out to the curb, pavements always spoken of as "banquettes." The white chapel with its graveyard, with two brick oven graves, claimed to be those of the two romantic lovers, adds greatly to the impression that you have stepped out of the busy world for a time and cannot realize that somewhere electric cars are dashing through streets or imagine traffic stopped to allow some scurrying pedestrian to edge to a crossing.

Here the dust is undisturbed and the bayou flows peacefully on, on past some roomy, wide plantation house, on to the sugar house, with its towering chimneys, sheds and machinery. Then cabins, like rows of dusty sugar loaves, add to the characteristic panorama. The mammoth trees, with their drooping moss, hanging low to the water's edge, intermingled with shiny palms and luxuriant ferns, stamp the scene as tropical. If dropped from the clouds you would never hesitate to name the place as "way down south."

OLD BEAUX ARE DELIGHTED.

One Woman Who Has Not Relegated Their Virtues to the Musty Garret.

As a rule when a woman gets married she tries to pluck from her remembrance all thoughts of those who once paid court to her. Yet she can have a kindly feeling for them without in the slightest degree being untrue to the man who finally won her.

"I love my old beaux," says the woman who is bound to be cheerful. "They comfort me and make me forget unpleasantnesses. An old beau is very nice if he's at all presentable. My husband says hateful things, to the effect that I'm ruinously extravagant, always wanting things and he intimates that only an angel of his own magnitude could manage to get along with me at all. Not so my old beaux. They say he's the luckiest of men and intimate that they would have been kind to them. Even the married ones aren't so bad. When their wives sue for divorce or their babies get the measles they look volumes which seem to say that all would have been different had not an undeserving one borne off the prize. These unsolicited testimonials are as stimulating to me as old wine. It isn't the slightest use to repeat them to my husband, however. He simply reminds me that women are so easy that they're tiresome and that those 'nincompoops' don't have to pay the bills."

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Bill the same and cumbersome,
Sweet be thy matia o'er moorland and
lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth:
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is on heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red steamer that heralds the day.

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

She Was a Surprise.

"Name this child," said the Southern bishop who was baptizing a small scrap of "poor white" humanity.

"Onyx."
"Onyx?"
"Onyx."
"How in the world did you ever hit upon the name of Onyx?" asked the clergyman after the service.

"Why, because she come so onyxpected," drawled the parents in all seriousness.

Something Missing.
Boarder—This soup seems to be rather weak. What kind is it, anyway?
Landlady—Chicken soup. I told the cook how to prepare it, but she evidently failed to catch my idea.
Boarder—Yes; or else she failed to catch the chicken.

Dogs Small Death.

There's an old superstition that a howling dog in front of the house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. The physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within twenty-four hours of the patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease. The physician is far from attributing a peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 333 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Necessity keeps a man from getting rusty.

Men love to hear of their power but dislike to be reminded of their duty.

HALF RATES VIA WABASH RAILROAD.

The Wabash offers many rates to the East from Chicago:
Bellefontaine, O., and return. Sold May 29th to June 3rd. \$7.25
Boston, Mass., and return. Sold July 1st to 5th. \$21.00
Saratoga, N. Y., and return. Sold July 5th and 6th. \$17.45
Detroit, Mich., and return. Sold July 15th and 16th. \$6.75
All tickets reading over the Wabash R. R. between Chicago and Buffalo are good in either direction via steamer between Detroit and Buffalo without extra charge, except meals and berth stopovers allowed. Remember this is "The Cool Northern Route" and all Agents can sell tickets from Chicago East via the Wabash and all information address, HARRY E. MOORES, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Neb.

How Mark Twain Proposed.

Mrs. Samuel Clemens was Miss Olivia Langdon. For some years before she met Mr. Clemens, she had been confined to her bed with what was believed to be an incurable disease; but she was at length miraculously restored to health. The cure was the sensation of Elmira, N. Y., and young Clemens, then a newspaper reporter, was sent there to interview Miss Langdon on her recovery. He obtained the interview for his newspaper, and brought back impressions of more value to himself. Miss Langdon's parents were at first strongly opposed to the young newspaper man, and, for his part, his timidity, so it is solemnly said, stood in the way of the progress of his suit. But finally he screwed up courage to speak to Mr. Langdon, and one morning timidly entered his future father-in-law's private office, where that man was seated at work. "Mr. Langdon—have you noticed anything—between—your daughter—and—me?" "No," shouted the objecting parent, wheeling sharply around so as to get a full view of his visitor. "Well," said the young man, as he turned to the door, ready for instant flight, "if you—keep—a—sharp—lookout—you—WILL!"

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

In order to be sure you are right you must go ahead and find out.

A man of brass is always ready to show his metal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Adage Judicially Affirmed.

In a lecture delivered to students of Columbus university, Judge Cox of the United States circuit court, told of a young lawyer who came before the supreme court to argue a case in which he was also defendant. Addressing the court, he referred to the old French adage declaring that he who argues his own case has a fool for a client. After the case had been heard he left for his home in St. Louis, asking a friend to notify him by wire when the decision was handed down. This was the pithy telegram he received: "Old French adage affirmed."

Defiance Starch is put up 16 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for the same money.

"Money" in Abyssinia.

The Emperor Menelek has had a curious experience in his efforts to replace barter by a metallic currency in Abyssinia. The Maria Theresa thaler has for generations been current, but for want of a smaller coinage salt blocks became the standard of exchange and resisted all efforts, even of the emperor, to replace them by a new currency coined in Paris some years ago. The salt blocks have given way, but not to the new coinage, which the people will not touch. The new standard of values is—the rifle cartridge.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

When charity begins in the homes of some men they lock the door and keep it there.

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Selmer, Tenn., and return. Sold May 26th and 27th. \$21.20
Paducah, Ky., and return. Sold May 26th and 27th. \$16.65
Bellefontaine, O., and return. Sold May 28th to June 1st. \$20.10
Indianapolis, Ind., and return. Sold June 7th, 8th and 9th. \$19.40
St. Louis, Mo., and return. Sold July 14th and 15th. \$21.50
Saratoga, N. Y., and return. Sold July 4th and 5th. \$22.20
Detroit, Mich., and return. Sold July 14th and 15th. \$21.50
Baltimore, Md., and return. Sold July 17th and 18th. \$32.00
For maps giving full description, Lake trips, side trips and all information call at Wabash City Office, 1601 Farnam St., or address, HARRY E. MOORES, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Neb.

One swallow doesn't make a summer any more than it makes a drink in Kentucky.