

# Loup City Northwestern

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

Unlike a clock, when a corporation is wound up it doesn't go any more.

This idea of living on 10 cents a day may be all right for some other fellow.

The watched pot that never boils must be what is known technically as a jack pot.

It takes a graceful woman to get off a moving car backward and never jar her dignity.

That Harvard professor who has discovered the germ of smallpox has our permission to keep it.

Man is never satisfied. If he had the moon he'd want some warmer star for a winter resort.

Colombia is said to favor immigration, but there is no evidence that the emigrant favors Colombia.

If all women with social aspirations left husbands who have none there would be many more grass widowers.

The Ann Arbor medical student who left behind him "a hair-raising note" may be the inventor of a new hair tonic.

Japan is going to spend more than \$5,000,000 for her navy. And if she is going to war with Russia she will need to.

There seems to be a good deal of criticism of Dr. Lorenz. But it comes from other doctors, not Dr. Lorenz's patients.

It would be just like some grasping monopolist to organize a popcorn trust and merge it with the new peanut combine.

A germ has been discovered that generates a fevered frenzy indicated by a mad desire to haul up carpets and scrub floors.

A good name is better than great riches, but to banks scrutinizing the signatures behind a note a good name means great riches.

Morristown, N. J., which has seventy-five resident millionaires and a bankrupt city treasury, is inclined to protest against its fate.

When a man can't go to an afternoon tea with his wife because he has a directors' meeting, it is a sign that it is the horse-racing season.

The objection is not so much to taking the liberty bell to Boston as it is to parading an unnecessarily large number of local statesmen along with it.

The Augusta Chronicle is the oldest newspaper in the southern states, and its new owners reckon that they are going to make it as lively as the youngest.

Not that it will do any good to recall it—but do you remember that thirty-one persons were killed and 2,772 injured in the Fourth of July celebrations last year?

Judging from the crop predictions, the man behind the plow is going to see to it that his country remains in the front rank of prosperity nations for another year.

It takes \$1,000,000,000 per year to keep the people of the United States in whisky, and still there are millions of them going about complaining that they are as dry as fishes.

Even if Mr. Morgan has bought some bogus art treasures, he has the satisfaction of knowing that some people of undoubted artistic judgment have been fooled in stocks.

The Omaha judge who has enjoined a woman from talking to or about a neighbor's tenants, is likely to find that government by injunction of a woman's tongue is not a wholly simple task.

Mme. Monteith, an English singer, has declined an offer to come to America, it is reported, because of the ominous prediction of a fortune teller. Why didn't Mascagni think of this before he came over?

The president did not speak softly to the boy who called him Teddy, and it may be hoped that the boy subsequently made the acquaintance of a small but tough stick wielded briskly by the paternal hand.

Miss Noble advises the professional woman to shun "cocktails, man and flattery." Shunning cocktails is perfectly proper, safe and wise, but would she be a woman if she could turn her back on man and flattery?

School children of New Haven, Conn., have formed a union and threaten to strike if they are not given a session lasting from 8 a. m. till 1 p. m. Now is the time for their parents to begin a strike in the woodshed.

Great Britain has succeeded in constructing the immense battleship Commonwealth in ten months. This would seem to be a favorable opportunity for some of the American shipbuilders to arise and expatiate again upon the impossibility of building a battleship under three years' time.

# THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Poor little fish!" answered Annie. "They could not cry out, or plead with you, or beg for their lives, because they were dumb and opened not their mouths, they were wounded and strangled to death."

"Don't say such things, Annie. How can I enjoy my sport if you do?"

"I don't think you ought to enjoy sport which is murder. You have your wherry to sail, is not that sport enough? I have heard you say nothing that floats on fresh water, can beat a Norfolk wherry."

Then Hyde and Mary had a game of battledore, and she watched them tossing the gayly painted corks, until amid their light laughter and merry talk she fell asleep. And when she awakened it was sunset, and there was no one in her room but her maid. She had slept long, but in spite of its refreshment, she had a sense of something uneasy. Then she recalled the story Mary Damer had told her, and because she comprehended the truth, she was instantly at rest. The whole secret was clear as daylight to her. She was positive Rem Van Ariens was himself the thief of her cousin's love and happiness, and the bringer of grief—almost of death—to Cornelia. She said to herself, "I shall not be long here, and before I go away I must put right love's wrong."

She would write to Cornelia. Her word would be indisputable. Then she would dismiss the subject from her conversations with Mary, until Cornelia's answer arrived; nor until that time would she say a word of her suspicions to Hyde. In pursuance of these resolutions the following letter to Cornelia left Hyde Manor for New York the next mail:

"To Miss Cornelia Meran:  
"Because you are very dear to one of my dear kindred, and because I feel that you are worthy of his great love, I also love you. Will you trust me now? There has been a sad mistake. I believe I can put it right. You must recollect the day on which George Hyde wrote asking you to fix an hour when he could call on Doctor Moran about your marriage. Did any other lover ask you on that day to marry him? Was that other lover Mr. Van Ariens? Did you write to both about the same time? If so, you misdirected your letters, and the one intended for Lord Eyde went to Mr. Van Ariens, and the one intended for Mr. Van Ariens went to Lord Eyde. Now you will understand many things."

"Can you send me, for Lord Hyde, a copy of the letter you intended for him. When I receive it, you may content your heart. Delay not to answer this; why should you delay your happiness? I send you as love gifts my thoughts, desires, prayers, all that is best in me, all that I give to one high in my esteem, and whom I wish to place high in my affection. This to your hand and heart, with all sincerity.  
Annie Hyde."

She calculated her letter would reach Cornelia about the end of September, and she thought how pleasantly the hope it brought would brighten her life. And without permitting Hyde

could entertain—it was not the fault of Joris. This was the assurance that turned her joyful tears into gladder smiles, and that made her step light as a bird on the wing, as she ran down the stairs to find her mother; for her happiness was not perfect till she shared it with the heart that had borne her sorrow, and carried her grief through many weary months with her.

In the first hours of her recovered gladness she did not even remember Rem's great fault, nor yet her own carelessness. These things were taken into account while the great sweet hope that had come to her, flooded like a springtide every nook and corner of her heart. In such a mood how easy it was to answer Annie's letter. She recollected every word she had written to Hyde that fateful day, and she wrote them again with a tenfold joy.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Return of Joy.

Now it is very noticeable that when unusual events begin to happen in any life, there is a succession of such events, and not unfrequently they arrive in similar ways. At any rate, about ten days after the receipt of Annie's letter, Cornelia was almost equally amazed by the receipt of another letter—a piece of paper twisted carelessly but containing these few pregnant words:

"Cornelia, dear, come to me. Bring me something to wear. I have just arrived, saved by the skin of my teeth, and I have not a decent garment of any kind to put on. Arenta." A thunderbolt from a clear sky could hardly have caused such surprise, but Cornelia did not wait to talk about the wonder. She loaded a maid with clothing of every description, and ran across the street to her friend. Arenta saw her coming, and met her with a cry of joy, and as Van Ariens was sick and trembling with the sight of his daughter, and the tale of her sufferings, Cornelia persuaded him to go to sleep, and leave Arenta to her care. Poor Arenta, she was ill with the privations she had suffered, she was half-starved, and nearly without clothing, but she did not complain much until she had been fed, and bathed, and "dressed," as she said, "like a New York woman ought to be."

"You know what trunks and trunks full of beautiful things I took away with me, Cornelia," she complained; "well, I have not a rag left. I have nothing left at all."  
"Your husband, Arenta?"  
"He was guillotined."  
"Oh, my dear Arenta!"  
"Guillotined. I told him to be quiet. I begged him to go over to Marat, but no! his nobility obliged him to stand by his order and his king. So for them he died. Poor Athanasus! He expected me to follow him, but I could not make up my mind to the knife. Oh, how terrible it was!" Then she began to sob bitterly, and Cornelia let her talk of her sufferings until she fell into a sleep—a sleep, easy to see, still hunted by the furies and terrors through which she had passed.

For a week Cornelia remained with her friend and Madame Jacobus joined them as often as possible, and gradually the half-distraught woman recovered something of her natural spirits and resolution. Of course with many differences. She could not be the same Arenta, she had outlived many of her illusions. She took but little interest for a while in the life around her. Rem she did talk about, but chiefly because he was going to marry an English girl, an intention she angrily disapproved.

"I am sure," she said, "Rem might have learned a lesson from my sad fortune. What does he want to marry a foreigner for? He ought to have prevented me from doing so, instead of following my foolish example."  
"No one could have prevented you, Arenta. You would not listen even to your father."  
"Oh, indeed, it was my fate. We must all submit to fate. Why did you refuse Rem?"  
"He was not my fate, Arenta."  
"Well, then, neither is George Hyde your fate. Aunt Jacobus has told me some things about him. She says he is to marry his cousin. You ought to marry Rem."  
As she said these words Van Ariens, accompanied by Joris Van Heemskirk, entered the room, and Cornelia was glad to escape. She knew that Arenta would again relate all her experiences, and she disliked to mingle them with her renewed dreams of love and her lover.

"She will talk and talk," said Cornelia to her mother, "and then there will be tea and chocolate and more talk, and I have heard all I wish to hear about that dreadful city, and the demons who walk in blood. Senator Van Heemskirk came in with her father as I left."  
"I hope he treated you more civilly than madame did."  
"He was delightful. I courted to him, and he lifted my hand and kissed it, and said, 'I grew lovelier every day,' and I kissed his cheek and said, 'I wished always to be lovely in his sight.' Then I came home, because I would not, just yet, speak of George to him."  
"Arenta would hardly have given

you any opportunity. I wonder at what hour she will release Joris Van Heemskirk!"  
"It will be later than it ought to be."  
Indeed it was so late that Madame Van Heemskirk had locked up her house for the night, and was troubled at her husband's delay—even a little cross.

"An old man like you, Joris," she said in a tone of vexation—"sitting till nine o'clock with the last runaway from Paris; a cold you have already, and all for a girl that threw her senses behind her, to marry a Frenchman."  
"Much she has suffered, Lysbet."  
"Much she ought to suffer. And I believe not in Arenta Van Ariens' suffering."  
"I will sit a little by the fire, Lysbet. Sit down by me. My mind is full of her story. Bitter fears and suffering she has come through. Her husband was guillotined last May, and from her home she was taken—no time to write to a friend—no time to save anything she had, except a string of pearls, which round her waist for many weeks she had worn. Hungry and sick upon the floor of her prison she was sitting, when her name was called; for head after head of her pearl necklace had gone to her jailor. Only for a little black bread and a cup of milk twice a day; and this morning for twenty-four hours she had been without food or milk."  
"The poor little one! What did she do?"  
"When in that terrible iron arm-

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI. JUNE 14—PAUL AT ROME—ACTS 28:16-31.

Golden Text—"I Am Not Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ"—Romans 1:16—The Last Years of a Noble Life.

I. Paul in Malta.—Vs. 1-10. Paul Helping his Shipwrecked Fellow-sufferers. All aboard the ship safely reached the shore, frenched and weary. The people of Malta were very kind to them. A fire was kindled, and those who were able and willing went out and gathered such sticks and brushwood as they could find. Among these Paul was foremost. Although the greatest man then living, he was ready to do the humblest duty. He knew the greatness of serving.

Paul and the Viper. Among the bundles of fagots a semi-dormant viper had lain concealed, and the increasing heat had awakened it from its dormant state. Just as Paul was laying his bundle of sticks on the fire, and it sprang forth and fastened on his hand.

With perfect composure arising, doubtless from the two promises, (1) that of Christ to his disciples concerning serpents (Mark 16:18; Luke 10:19), and (2) the promise that he should preach the gospel in Rome, and, therefore, he could not die before he reached that city. Paul shook off the venomous serpent, and left no harm.

II. The Journey from Malta to Rome.—Vs. 11-15. By Sea to Puteoli. Three months the company remained in Malta, till navigation opened in February, and then they again embarked in an Alexandrian ship called The Twin Brothers.

By Land to Rome. At Puteoli they left the ship and went on by land one hundred and forty miles to Rome.

III. Paul at Rome.—Vs. 16-24. Paul a Prisoner at Rome. "And when we came to Rome," by the Appian Way, through the Porta Capena.

Paul's Conference with the Jews. "After three days" spent in getting settled in his lodgings, "Paul called the chief of the Jews together," especially the officers of the synagogues of which there were seven in Rome.

"Who" (Felix, Festus, Agrippa) "had examined me," as described in Acts 24-26. "Would have" deliberately willed, purposed, to "let me go" at liberty.

"When the Jews spake against it." Objected, a very mild word with which to describe what the Jews had done. Paul was as conciliatory and kindly as was possible under the circumstances. But he had to show why he "was constrained to appeal unto Cesar."

"Have I called for you." Better as in R. V., "did I intreat you to see and to speak with me. This is more in accordance with their respective circumstances." "Because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain." It was not because he was opposed to Israel, as the Jerusalem Jews thought, but because he preached the realization of their hopes, the glory they had been looking for, the kingdom they had been expecting, that he was a prisoner.

"We neither received letters out of Judea," etc. It is not said that they had never heard anything about Paul, for it is implied that they had heard, but nothing of the events which led to his being a prisoner.

"But we desire to hear." In accordance with which they arranged a time when they would come and hear what he had to say (v. 23). "This sect against" . . . everywhere . . . spoken against."

"To whom he expounded." The gospel of Jesus and its relations to the Jewish beliefs and Scriptures. "And testified." These are the two ways in which we now must lead men to Christ and salvation. "Out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets." These were common ground.

"And some believed, and some believed not." The testimony of the apostles was "a savor of life unto life," or "unto death."

IV. The Last Years of Paul's Life.—Vs. 30, 31, 30. "And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house," not necessarily a whole house, but an apartment.

Paul's Work During These Two Years. He "received all that came unto him."

Paul in prison was doing some of the most important work of his life, work that has rendered him immortal in the usefulness. From his prison there flowed a river of life, that has broadened and deepened as it has flowed through the centuries, and is still gladdening the city of God.

1. Preaching . . . teaching. Paul's personal work was continued during these two years—"with all confidence," implying that he had freedom of speech, and was hopeful of results.

2. Tradition says that the great statesman, Seneca, was among the converts to Christianity by the preaching of Paul. It is quite possible, according to Prof. Lumby, that the gospel was introduced into England by some of those Roman soldiers who heard Paul preach the gospel in prison.

3. Four Epistles were written by Paul during these two years—to the Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, and to Philemon of Colossae.

The Acts were probably completed at this time.

The Release. The consensus of opinion is very strong that Paul was released by the close of two years. It is supposed that, on being liberated (writers do not agree as to the precise order), he visited again parts of Asia Minor and Greece; went to Crete and founded, or more probably strengthened, the church there; made his long-contemplated journey to Spain; wrote his first Epistle to Timothy and his Epistle to Titus.

Paul's Second Imprisonment and Death. After several years of effective labor, Paul was again apprehended, and brought a second time as a prisoner to Rome.

During this imprisonment 2 Timothy was probably written. Paul was again tried and condemned to death. "His Roman citizenship exempted him from the ignominy of crucifixion, and hence, according to the universal tradition, he was beheaded by the axe of the lictor."—Hackett.

None know the place of Paul's burial. "We, also, careless of a monument by the grave, should build it in the world—a monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived." "The traditional spot of the apostle's death is marked by a venerable church, the church of St. Paul's without the Walls. Close to the church is the Convent of the Three Fountains, where Paul, according to the tradition, was beheaded, the three fountains bursting forth at the three strokes of Paul's head upon the ground."

### Friendship.

The culture of friendship is one of the approved instruments of culture of the heart, without which a man has not truly come into his kingdom. It is not only the beginning, but it may be an education for the larger life of love. It broadens out in ever-widening circles, from the particular to the general and from the general to the universal—from the individual to the social, and from the social to God.—From a sermon by the Rev. Hugh Black.

### Progressive.

Giles—"By the way, what became of that fellow Skinnem who was in the coal business here last winter?"

Miles—"Oh, he sold out about a month ago and went to Arizona. Last I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a stage coach."

Giles—"In other words, he evolved from a light weighman to a highway man."



"Arenta Jefferson de Tournnerre."

chair before those bloody judges, she says she forgot then to be afraid. She had no dress to help her beauty, but she declares she never felt more beautiful, and well I can believe it. They asked her name, and my Lysbet, called of this child's answer! "I am called Arenta Jefferson de Tournnerre," she said, and at the name of 'Jefferson' there were exclamations, and one of the jurymen rose to his feet and asked excitedly, 'What is it you mean? Jefferson! The great Jefferson! The great American who loves France and Liberty?' 'It is the same,' she answered, and then she sat silent, asking no favor, so wise was she, and Fouquier-Tinville looked at the President and said, 'Among my friends I count this great American!' and a jurymen added, 'When I was poor and hungry he fed and helped me,' and he bowed to Arenta as he spoke. When questioned further she answered, 'I adore Liberty, I believe in France, I married a Frenchman, for Thomas Jefferson told me I was coming to a great nation and might trust both its government and its generosity. They were all extremely polite to her, and gave her at once the papers which permitted her to leave France. The next day a little money she got from Minister Morris, but a very hard passage she had home.

"After all, it was a lie she told, Joris."

(To be continued.)

### IT WAS HIS LAST "MASH."

#### Young Lady's Remark Too Much for Elderly Gallant.

A handsome gentleman of 60, who looks much younger and still retains an eye for the beautiful in the fair sex and a tender fluttering of the heart when the ladies glance his way, got into a street car in company with his son, a grown young man. A striking feature of the elderly gallant is an extremely long and full goatee and big, flowing mustaches. The gentleman found a seat directly opposite two unusually attractive young ladies, immediately beside whom the son found his seat.

In a few moments the girls were glancing often at the old gentleman and chattering together in great glee. The gentleman hugged himself mentally, but restrained his emotions in the presence of his son. On leaving the car the son said:  
"Say, Governor, I've got a good one on you."  
"Well, what is it, my son?"  
"Why, one of those girls next to me said: 'What a funny looking thing that old man is over there.' To which the other replied: 'Yes, isn't he? He looks like a goat!'"  
"That was the old man's last 'mash.'"

#### Progressive.

Giles—"By the way, what became of that fellow Skinnem who was in the coal business here last winter?"  
Miles—"Oh, he sold out about a month ago and went to Arizona. Last I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a stage coach."

Giles—"In other words, he evolved from a light weighman to a highway man."



With clothing of every description.

to suspect any change in his love affair, she very often led the conversation to Cornelia, and to the circumstances of her life. Hyde was always willing to talk on this subject, and thus she learned so much about Arenta, and Madame Jacobus, and Rem Van Ariens, that the people became her familiars.

Certainly the letter sent to Cornelia sped on its way all the more rapidly and joyfully for the good wishes and unselfish prayers accompanying it. The very ship might have known it was the bearer of good tidings, for if there had been one of the mighty angels whose charge is on the great deep at the helm of the Good Intent she could not have gone more swiftly and surely to her haven. One morning, nearly a week in advance of Annie's calculation, the wonderful letter was put into Cornelia's hand. The handwriting was strange, it was an English letter, what could it mean?

Let any one who has loved and been parted from the beloved by some misunderstanding, try to realize what it meant to Cornelia. She read it through in an indescribable hurry and emotion, and then in the most natural and womanly way, began to cry. There was only one wonderful thought she

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## Rheumatism

of the muscles or joints

# St. Jacobs Oil

cures and cures promptly.  
Price, 25c. and 50c.

When a public speaker pauses for a reply it breaks him all up if he gets it.

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The Wabash offers many rates to the East from Chicago:

Boston, Mass., and return . . . \$19.00  
Sold June 25th, 26th and 27th.

Boston, Mass., and return . . . \$21.00  
Sold July 1st to 5th.

Saratoga, N. Y., and return . . . \$17.45  
Sold July 5th and 6th.

Detroit, Mich., and return . . . \$6.75  
Sold July 15th and 16th.

All tickets reading over the Wabash between Chicago and Buffalo are good in either direction via steamers between Detroit and Buffalo without extra charge, except meals and berth.

Stop-overs allowed at Niagara Falls and other points. Remember this is "The Cool Northern Route" and all Agents can sell tickets from Chicago east via the Wabash. For folders and all information, address

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G. A. P. D.,  
Omaha, Neb.

Politeness is the salt of life; you hate to have it rubbed into you when you are cut up.

### This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

In after years it makes a man feel sad when he thinks how fresh he used to be.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. Made by hand of ripe, thoroughly cured tobacco, which insures a rich, satisfying smoke. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Lewis' Factory, Florida, Ill.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

Piso'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.

### Sir William Harcourt's Sickness.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the well known British Liberal, who has been ill for some time, underwent an operation for the removal of an abscess recently. The operation is believed to have been successful, and his condition is satisfactory.

### Had Been There Before.

The visit that King Edward paid to the vatican was not his first. The venerable officials there remember his visit there as the prince of Wales during the pontificate of Pius IX., and when Queen Alexandra, as the Princess of Wales, called on Leo XIII. ten years ago with two of her daughters, she was surprised to hear her husband's praises sounded by the then venerable Leo. When Alexandra visited the vatican she and her daughters wore regulation black with veils, and, for the first time in their lives, it is said, made an important call on the pope.

### "Money" in Abyssinia.

The Emperor Menelik 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 similar coinage, salt blocks became the standard of exchange, and resisted all efforts, even of the emperor, to replace them by 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 value is—the rifle cartridge.

### Minnesota Man's Discovery.

Adrian, Minn., June 1st.—Phillip Doyle of this place says he has found out a medicine that will cure any case of Kidney Trouble. As Mr. Doyle was himself very sick for a long time, with this painful disease, and is now, apparently, as well as ever, his statement carries the confirmation of personal experience.

The remedy that cured Mr. Doyle is called Dodd's Kidney Pills.

In speaking of the pills, Mr. Doyle says:

"In regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills, they are certainly a wonderful medicine—the best that I have ever taken."

"I was very bad for a long time with Kidney Trouble and could get nothing to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I used altogether about ten boxes, and I can say emphatically that I am completely cured. I am entirely well, without a symptom of Kidney Trouble left."

"I can heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who is suffering with Kidney Trouble, for they made me all right."

"I have advised several of my friends to try them, and not one has been disappointed."

It takes one to make a mind, two to make a bargain, three to make a marriage.

standing. He