

Loup City Northwestern

CEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Meantime the bear is stealthily pushing his big paw a little farther into Korea.

"The gods send thread for a web begun," says Andrew Carnegie. And flies for a web well spread.

The women editors should not overlook that story concerning the man who talked himself to death.

French assassins are now close rivals of French duellists in bloodthirstiness. They hurl the deadly tomato.

Those persons who don't like Uncle Russell Sage may as well cultivate a spirit of resignation. He is here to stay.

Honduras is showing signs of another revolution. Now, how many days ago was the last Honduras revolution?

While the newspapers are quoting Russell Sage at 87, uncle Russell is just bullish enough to believe he is going to 100.

King Edward appears not to have kissed the blarney stone while in Ireland, but perhaps it was because he didn't need to.

The uprising of unpaid veterans in Eastern Cuba has been narrowed down to four men and the person who started the story.

Over in China the graduate, instead of stopping to throw out hints as to how the world should be run, starts for the nearest woods.

That Chicago thief who was held by the neck until the police arrived did not need to be told that his captor's name was Mrs. Huske.

It is learned that the latest Central American "revolution" started because a general got drunk. This is a more reasonable cause than usually appears.

The same boy who is taught to believe that the drumstick is the best part of the turkey, grows up to imagine that his wife always gives in to him.

Russia is not entirely satisfied with an apology this time. Turkey will have to do something more, or the sublimity of its Porte will get a serious jar.

When Tsi An goes into a Chinese newspaper office to ask the editor "if he wrote that" it is generally considered to be a bad day for the editing business.

If all revolutionists in Latin America fought to a finish as in Venezuela, the business of breaking up a government in that part of the world would be less popular.

Being a reformer in China is such a perilous job that the man who undertakes the part has to look in the glass every morning to see if his head is still on.

It is said that 10,500,000 people are employed on the farms of America. Nobody appears to be able to explain why they have not gone to the charms of flat life in the cities.

The editor of Punch, Sir Francis Burnand, will publish in October "Reminiscences of My Life." It will show that to get out an English humorous publication every week is no joke.

According to Prof. Zueblin we are a people that multiply our bath tubs and the need for them at the same time. But then this is not quite so bad as leaving out the bath tubs altogether.

The news that another Mayflower descendant is dead was read with great interest by hundreds of New Englanders who are themselves descendants of Mayflower passengers and don't know it.

These must be great days for the teachers' agencies. The Philadelphia Press remarks: "If there is a single county in the state that is not having trouble to get enough teachers it has not yet reported."

A New Orleans shirtmaker's statement that he has discovered the long-hung yellow fever parasite is arousing some interest. If he lived up North he would be advertising a parasite with every shirt.

Safeflowers may be traced because they left their coats in a sewing-machine office from which they were scared while working at their profession. Safeflowers should take warning and adopt the short waist.

Monsieur Humbert pleads that he left business matters entirely to madam and devoted himself "exclusively to art and poetry." There has been a growing suspicion that monsieur would turn out a good deal of a cur.

And now comes another mosquito expert and says that the smoking joss sticks have no terrors at all for the thing that sings and stings. At this rate the suffering public will lose all faith in science and return to the screen and the slap.

MODERN AMERICAN GIRL.

When I met her on the steamer
Coming back from foreign climes,
A bright maiden, did I deem her,
And we had some pleasant times.
She was bright in conversation,
And such learning she displayed
When we spoke of other nations
That I was in truth dismayed.
She'd a foreign education,
Knew the language of each land;
I was dumb with admiration
Though I could not understand,
But her English was affected,
And for this naught could atone,
Learning others she'd neglected
To study up her own.
She could read me quite a sermon
On the history of France,
When she spoke of legends German
I displayed gross ignorance,
And the bit I'd learned at college
Seemed ridiculous until
I discovered she'd no knowledge
Of the fight at Bunker Hill.
—Brooklyn Eagle.



"EZEKIEL"

"Well, Mr. Alliday, anybody 'ud think as you'd been turned into the streets a beggar instead of bein' comfortably settled in as smart a little shoop as ever I clapped eyes on, and free of expense too!" Ezekiel Halliday groaned as his eyes wandered round the bright, gaudily papered room and he bent his white head to hide a great tear that was slowly coursing down his cheek. "Me an' my old girl found it comfortable enough for fifty happy years, Martha," the old bookseller broke out at length, stung by the contempt of the charwoman's voice. "And the mustiness didn't prevent our living to a good old age. I'm 93 now and she only died two years ago come Christmas. I'm glad she didn't live to see the old place. Was it—was it there when you passed this morning Martha?" he asked piteously, folding his shaking hands over the worn head of his stick. Martha tossed her head as she laid the cloth for tea.

"It was standing there right enough then," she replied carelessly, "but they were at work on the house next to it?" "Next to it, Martha, next to it?" Zeckel, as everyone called him, tottered to his feet, stretching out a hand for his hat that hung on a peg. But Martha guessed his intention. "Now, then," she said with well-meant firmness, "you don't leave this parlor till you've had a fresh cup of tea. The men 'll be leavin' off work now and if the old place is gone you won't bring it back by goin' off without a sup or bite."

Zeckel fell back into his armchair with working lips. "It's true," he moaned. "Nothing can bring the old things back, Martha! You're a young woman, and you don't see things like we do." "Young, indeed!" Martha was on the shady side of forty, so she was not ill-pleased at the soft impeachment. "Well," she returned, slightly modified, "I suppose we don't. All I know is that I'd—that I'd thank Providence on my bended knees if it 'ud give me a shop in the Charing Cross road. But there's the bell. The tea 'll be ready by the time you come back."

Zeckel rose and attended to his customer with the accustomed care and genial bonhomie which had made him quite a personality in Booksellers' row. Left alone, the smile died out of his eyes, and he drooped wearily over the freshly polished counter. "Yes, it was enough," he reflected, "this shop, with its linoleum-covered floor and shining brown shelves, its shrill electric bell

Fingered its yellow pages lovingly, and other modern conveniences; there was nothing missing—nothing but those subtle associations which alone create the real atmosphere of home. And no one knew, no one understood."

He took up a broken-backed volume lying at his elbow and fingered its yellow pages lovingly. It was a rare edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," much coveted by a certain celebrated novelist, who had imagined that the old

man could not possibly understand its value. Understand! Zeckel straightened himself and chuckled at the idea. There wasn't a man in London that could hoodwink him into buying an imitation of the real article! Many a time Charles Dickens had tried to play a trick on him, and had declared him to be "a wily old beggar." Mar-

man could not possibly understand its value. Understand! Zeckel straightened himself and chuckled at the idea. There wasn't a man in London that could hoodwink him into buying an imitation of the real article! Many a time Charles Dickens had tried to play a trick on him, and had declared him to be "a wily old beggar." Mar-

man could not possibly understand its value. Understand! Zeckel straightened himself and chuckled at the idea. There wasn't a man in London that could hoodwink him into buying an imitation of the real article! Many a time Charles Dickens had tried to play a trick on him, and had declared him to be "a wily old beggar." Mar-

man could not possibly understand its value. Understand! Zeckel straightened himself and chuckled at the idea. There wasn't a man in London that could hoodwink him into buying an imitation of the real article! Many a time Charles Dickens had tried to play a trick on him, and had declared him to be "a wily old beggar." Mar-

"I was saying good-by to the old place," he replied huskily, making a feeble effort to raise his hat, "but I'd best be getting home now. Evening, sir."

The young journalist hurried on and the old man crept feebly down the busy thoroughfare. A strange numbness and weariness was coming over him, and he leaned heavily on the gnarled stick. Somewhere near here Mooney's should be. He would go in and take his modest half pint of stout and rest a while. Then he remembered Mooney's had gone, too, and its place knew it no more. Farther on was Short's, transformed and magnificent in its white paint. No, he would not go there. . . . If only he could find a sea. There was the Embankment. It would be quiet there.

Slowly and painfully Zeckel made his way down a steep turning until he reached the wide, gray river. How far off seemed the roar of the traffic as Zeckel dropped heavily into an empty seat. Ah! he had no place in this new London with its broadened streets and its intolerance of old ways and customs.

The river alone had not changed, but flowed on grandly, majestically. Zeckel watched it dreamily, conscious of a great, immense stillness that was stealing over everything. He was in the old shop again, talking and bargaining with Mr. Dickens. Above the short blind of red muslin that screened the parlor door he could catch glimpses of the little wife's bonny face as she laid his tea. She was smiling softly to herself the while:

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly blown in June,
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
The air was full of the sweet melody and now the river, too, was taking it up. But gradually even that sound faded. A barge passed by and disappeared into the dream like blue mist that was rising.

Zeckel followed with dazed, tired eyes for a second or so; then his head fell back and he drew a deep sigh as the stillness crept over his broken heart, lulling it to an everlasting sleep.

THE ROAST THAT WAS UNDONE.

Culinary Accident Due to Use of Rubber Tray.

When George Creighton goes up to Sullivan county this summer he will be careful to keep all of his photographic apparatus under lock and key. And his landlady, Mrs. Hubbard, will be a little more careful about borrowing his things.

One morning last summer George left two of his rubber trays on a bench outside the house to drain, and went fishing. Mrs. Hubbard absent-mindedly picked up the trays and took them into the kitchen. When George came back and saw the bouse his first thought was that it was on fire. Smoke was streaming from the kitchen windows, and Mrs. Hubbard came running towards him wringing her hands, her eyes watery.

"Come along now," she exclaimed. "Drink your tea and eat this nice piece of buttered toast. I've cut all the crusts off."

The rough kindness of her tone as she settled the cushion in his chair comforted the old man somewhat and he obeyed her meekly. "You're very good to me, Martha," he said suddenly.

"Nonsense. 'Aven't I known ye for the last twenty years, and didn't I lay out the poor old missus, avowin' all the time in my 'cart to see you comfortable every evenin', 'usband or no 'usband! And now," she added, with a quick change of voice, "I can't stay another minute; mine must be 'ome by this time and starvin'!"

Mrs. Martha Mugg was a typical charlady. She invariably alluded to her "other half" as "mine," and no one had ever seen her without the bonnet with red roses which always graced her grizzled locks.

Zeckel sighed as the ample be-shawled figure passed out into the warm, gray evening. She had been a kind friend to him in her clumsy way. How would she get on, he wondered, with his grandson, the smart, up-to-date young man who was coming tomorrow to take charge of the business. He had long been too feeble in health to manage the shop, and at length he had taken Martha's advice and written to his dead daughter's eldest son. He could never have given in at the old place—but now—what did it matter!

Six o'clock struck from the old dim-faced clock. How queer and strange was the sound as it reverberated in the wide, high-ceilinged parlor! Zeckel rose stiffly, having finished his tea with a great effort, and once more reached out for the broad wide-awake he always wore.

"I shan't be long," he said to the boy whom he employed to do odd jobs about the shop.

A thin drizzle had set in as Zeckel hobbled along the Charing Cross road. It had been pouring wet weather for the last week or so, but every evening at about the same time the trembling old figure could have been seen making its way to the spot where the best of its life had been spent.

Zeckel reached his goal at last, his dim eyes bent on the ground for very fear of what he dreaded to see. . . . But he had come to know. . . . With a jerk he raised his head. . . . Ah, dear heaven! It had been raining this morning, and now a confused mass of stones, brick and mortar alone marked the place.

Zeckel stood still for a space, a pitiful figure in the falling rain. His jaw had dropped and the blue eyes were fixed in a piteous stare upon the ruins of what was once his kingdom.

"Why, Zeckel," said a kindly voice at the old man's elbow, "what are you doing standing there in the rain, as if you'd lost yourself?" Zeckel recognized one of his customers.

THE GREAT PLAGUES

REMINDEES OF THE DAYS OF EPIDEMICS.

How the Stricken Inhabitants of Towns in the Middle Ages Combat- ted the Evils of the Times—Plague Stones.

The story of the great plague of London is familiar to all readers of history and has been dealt with by many writers of fiction.

Even the bypaths of history supply much suggestive matter, while hidden away in church wardens and other old accounts are many items that remind us of those days.

Here, for example, are two entries from the parish accounts of St. Mary Woolnoth, London:

1593-4. Item, for setting a cross upon one Allen's doors in the sick- nesse time 1d Item, paid for setting two red crosses upon Anthony Sound his dore 1d 1/2

The crosses were about a foot in length. The crosses served as a caution against entering such houses.

In various parts of England the plague stones are silent reminders of the time when epidemics laid low so many inhabitants both in town and country.

A stone in the Derby Arboretum bears the following inscription: "Headless Cross or Market Stone—This stone formed part of the ancient Cross at the upper end of Friar Gate, and was used by the inhabitants of Derby as a market stone during the visitation of the plague, 1665. It is thus described by Hutton in his 'History of Derby':

"1665—Derby was again visited by the plague at the same time in which London fell under the severe calamity. The town was forsaken; the farmers declined the market place; and grass grew upon that spot which had furnished the supports of life.

"To prevent a famine, the inhabitants erected at the top of Nuns' Green, one or two hundred yards from the buildings, now Friar Gate, what bore the name of Headless Cross, consisting of about four quadrangular steps, five feet high. I knew it in perfection.

"Hither the market people, having their mouth primed with tobacco as a preservative, brought their provisions, stood at a distance from their property, and at a greater from the town's people, with whom they were to traffic.

"The buyer was not suffered to touch any of the articles before purchase; when the agreement was finished he took the good and deposited the money in a vessel filled with vinegar, set for that purpose."

The mention of tobacco in the foregoing inscription is a curiosity, showing that the weed was then regarded as a very efficacious preventive.

Winchester suffered much from the plague in 1666. On the downs near the city are numerous curiously shaped mounds, which are said to cover the pits into which the dead were cast.

When the pestilence raged a primitive kind of quarantine was practiced. The country folk supplied food, which was placed on a stone outside the city, and in exchange the citizens placed money in a bowl of water.

The old plague stone still remains, built into the base of a monument, which bears an inscription as follows:

"This monument is erected by the Society of Natives, on the very spot of ground from which the markets were removed, and whose basis is the very stone on which exchanges were made whilst the city lay under the scourge of the destroying pestilence, in the year sixteen hundred sixty-six. The Society of Natives was founded on the 26th of August, 1669, for the relief of the widows and orphans of their fellow-citizens who died of the great plague."

Beneath a spreading tree in the grounds of Tothby house, near Alford, Lincolnshire, is a plague stone. About 275 years ago the inhabitants of Spilsby and the surrounding villages day after day toiled up to the top of Miles Cross hill, which overlooks the wide marsh country, with Alford lying just at the foot.

At the top they left food, etc., for the poor sufferers and took in return money deposited in vessels containing water or other liquid placed on the plague stone. Then the people of Alford came up the other side of the hill for their supplies. Thus the two parties kept well apart.—Chambers' Journal.

Vesuvius Long at Work. The most recent excavations show that Vesuvius began its work as a conservator of antiquity earlier than the memorable year A. D. 79. During the excavations in the valley of the Sarno, near San Marzano, some most interesting antiquities have come to light. These had been covered up by a volcanic deposit about six feet thick, which points to an eruption of Vesuvius which must have taken place in the seventh century before Christ. The relics include a Greek burying place, archaic Italian tombs and various bronzes and terra-cottas.

Prominent in Three States. Page Morris, who goes to the federal bench, was born in Virginia, became an adopted son of Texas later and has represented Minnesota in congress for the last six years.

Good Plan. Stubb—Yes, I think we would have better protection if they put two policemen on this beat.

Penn—Think so?

Stubb—Yes; one would snore so 'ud he'd wake the other up.

Iowa Farms 54 Per Acre Cash. Balance 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

Chauncey's Uncle Made 'Em. Anything to rivet the attention of the passerby seems to be the New York merchants' motto. In a shoe store window in upper Broadway is a pair of very old, much worn shoes, above which is a placard reading: "This pair of shoes was sold in 1860 in Peekskill by Senator Chauncey Depew's uncle."

All Up to Date Housekeepers use Deffiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

There is a fortune in store for the man who will invent a powder that will not become dough under perspiration.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROSSINA, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The man who has a fine summer home usually has the dyspepsia so badly that he can't enjoy himself anyhow.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE, Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

If a lamb wanders too far from home it may return shorn of its fleece.

Insist on Getting it. Some grocers say they don't keep Deffiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Deffiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Deffiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

No matter how musical a man may be, there was never a mosquito yet that could hum him to sleep.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES Via WABASH RAILROAD.

Home Visitors' Excursion to points in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, sold Sept. 1st, 8th, 15th and Oct. 6th, at very low rate, long limit returning.

HALF FARE Baltimore, Md., and return sold Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Little Rock, Ark., and return sold Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Detroit, Mich., and return sold Oct. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Home-seekers' Excursion to many points South and Southeast, one way and round trip tickets sold the first and third Tuesdays of each month. The Wabash is the only line passing all a view of the buildings and grounds. Through connections. No bus transfer this route. Elegant equipment consisting of sleepers, FREE reclining chair cars and high back coaches, on all trains. Ask your agent to route you via the Wabash. For rates, folders and all information, call at Wabash City office, 1601 Farnam street or address HARRY E. MOORES, Genl. Agt. Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

All things comes to him who waits. A Complete Automobile.

Dr. W. N. McVicar, bishop coadjutor of Rhode Island, tells a funny experience at a recent visit to Boston. He says some boys trotting down Tremont street and keeping close together. One of them kept saying "Chug! Chug! Chug!" and another occasionally said "Toot!" The bishop asked what they were doing, and was informed they were playing "automobile." The one saying "chug" was the engine, the one saying "toot" the chauffeur, and the one saying nothing was a friend taking a ride. The auto moved on, and the bishop noticed a fourth boy running along about fifty feet behind the others, and asked him what he represented. "Oh, I'm the smell," was the perfectly serious answer.

Loubet and Cambridge. President Loubet, in calling on the Duke of Cambridge, held converse with a prince who remembers the days of Louis XVIII and Charles X, knew Louis Philippe and Napoleon III, and has twice seen a republic as the ruling factor in France. Moreover, the Duke of Cambridge fought alongside the French troops in the Crimea and is the only survivor of that campaign who held a brigade command. Napoleon Bonaparte died when the Duke of Cambridge was 2 years old, and the transference of the body of the emperor from St. Helena to the Invalides was undertaken when the duke had completed his majority. Four revolutions in France have occurred during the duke's lifetime.

GOT TO Have Sharp Brains Nowadays or Drop Back. The man of to-day no matter what his calling, needs a sharp brain and to get this he needs food that not only gives muscle and strength but brain and nerve power as well.

A carpenter and builder of Marquette, Mich., who is energetic and wants to advance in his business, read an article about food in a religious paper and in speaking of his experience he said: "Up to three years ago I had not been able to study or use my thinking powers to any extent. There was something lacking and I know now that it was due to the fact that my food was not rebuilding my brain.

"About this time I began the use of the condensed food Grape-Nuts and the result has been I can think and plan with some success. It has not only rebuilt my brain until it is stronger and surer and more active, but my muscles are also harder and more firm where they used to be loose and soft and my stomach is now in perfect condition. I can endure more than twice the amount of fatigue and my nights' rest always completely restores me. In other words I am enjoying life, and I attribute it to the fact that I have found a perfect food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.