

Loup City Northwestern

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

China is still opening port and nothing in the bottle.

As to Manchuria, Russia also is opposed to a policy of scuttling.

After holding off for eighteen years the sulky record has given in to Lou Dillon.

One's favorite sin looks awful wicked when committed by somebody you don't like.

Next to keeping a good resolution the hardest thing to keep is a good bank balance.

No matter how many times the airship problem is solved, it remains as much a mystery as ever.

The world will give the sultan credit for being seriously annoyed at the slaughter of those 50,000 Bulgarians.

Possibly the decision of the government to cease making pennies is the first blow at the slot machine octopus.

An Italian naval officer could not withstand the attacks of a newspaper. What kind of defense would he make in war?

Tell a man that he is smoking too many cigars, and if he thinks he's smart he'll answer: "I'm smoking only one."

Nobody is taking any particular interest in the strike of the gold miners in Colorado. It is the coal strike that affects the public.

A New Jersey man, 71 years old, married a woman of 30 "just for a joke," and still refuses to admit that the joke is on him.

One of the London dailies is printing a special edition for women. A newspaper divorce is one of the possibilities of the future.

Dr. Wiley says the time is coming when the human race will have neither hair nor teeth. What will second childhood be like then?

Following the heavy floods of water in stocks mildew has appeared in New Jersey corporations, and the year's crop is seriously affected.

Prof. Langley is becoming almost as good a loser as Sir Thomas, yet no one has thought of giving him a banquet or dubbing him a jolly good fellow.

Jacques Lebaudy, emperor of the Sahara, has just bought himself a throne, but the Moors have not let him stay on shore long enough to sit in it yet.

When it comes to using an electric whip on a balky horse it really seems as though human beings were making an unfair use of their scientific superiority.

If China will promise not to let Great Britain have any more territory Russia will agree not to take any more territory than it has already decided to take.

While there were some very excellent papers read before the American Pomological Society, most of the members are willing the society should be judged by its fruits.

Prof. Stagg of Chicago states that "during the past ten years the great newspapers have been steadily improving"—in spite of the lack of a Pulitzer school of journalism.

Canada is steadily drawing immigration from the United States. By the time annexation is ripe the American farmers will be in possession of the better part of the dominion.

King Edward sent a gold pin lately to a shoemaker in Brooklyn who made a pair of boots for him when he was in this country in 1860. And yet they say princes have short memories.

At its launching the new cruiser Maryland slid off the ways and sat down in a mud bank the moment it touched the water. Evidently the Maryland is fully qualified for naval honors.

Now that the Servians have taken to shooting and throwing bricks at King Peter, he probably will revise his view about the desirability of getting rid of unpopular rulers by the assassination route.

Confectioners now sell educational chocolates, in cakes marked off into squares, each showing a letter of the alphabet. It is easy to believe that children will prefer them to the old fashioned building blocks.

Lillian Bell wrote in her wishes for her baby: "May the public pass her by in utter ignorance and never know of the existence of my little maid." But the baby has been introduced to the public before she is three weeks old.

The three French professors who think that they can cross the Atlantic in a balloon from the Canaries to Trinidad, British West Indies, are no wise to be compared with the three wise men of Gotham who went to see in a bowl.

THE PLAGUE SPOT OF EUROPE



Bishop's Witty Shaft.

Rear Admiral Charles S. Cotton sat one evening at a dinner party beside the bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit. Near the bishop was a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal. One of this man's jokes was leveled at the brilliant bishop of Durham, whom he did not know from Adam. It was enough for him that the bishop's garb was clerical.

"I have three sons," he began in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop, "three fine lads. They are in trade, I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him."

The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the bishop said to him with a quiet smile: "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

Sympathy Strains Nerves.

Open expression of sympathy is often a greater strain upon overwrought nerves than actual harshness or indifference. A word or merely a tone of condolence may precipitate the hysteria which has so far been kept at bay. In addressing a person who appears to be on the verge of nervous collapse avoid any allusion to his or her condition and also much demonstration of tenderness. Strive to be easy, cheerful and impersonal. When the mind and heart are full of pity for the sufferer this advice may seem at first thought cold and unfeeling. In reality it is practical kindness. Intense nervousness is a form of disease, and must be treated as such. Each successive collapse brings additional weakness, and it is therefore to be warded off when it is possible to do so.

Taxes Hard to Down.

Though London bridge has had no houses upon it for about 150 years, taxes are still paid on the houses that formerly stood there. When about the year 1756 it was decided to clear the houses from the bridge certain taxes and tithes survived and have been paid ever since to the rectors of St. Magnus and St. Olave churches. Not less than \$300,000 has been paid to these two parishes since the decrepit houses which formerly yielded them were pulled down. They survived not only the houses but the old bridge itself. And now there is a movement to stop this serial ghost story of taxation.

Swimmer Makes Record.

A young Englishman swam across Lake Neuchatel, a distance of four and a half miles, in 2 hours 50 minutes.

EMILE BERLINER SATISFIED HE HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

Mr. Emile Berliner, inventor of the telephone transmitter and the gramophone, which have brought his name prominently before the public in the last twenty-five years, believes he has solved the problem of aerial navigation.

"For the last eighteen years," said Mr. Berliner, "I have studied the flight of birds, being convinced twenty years ago that the only successful aerial navigation must be on the same plan as that which enables birds to fly. I constructed a model then, but it was not successful. I have been working on my plans ever since and I now sincerely believe that I am on the high road to success."

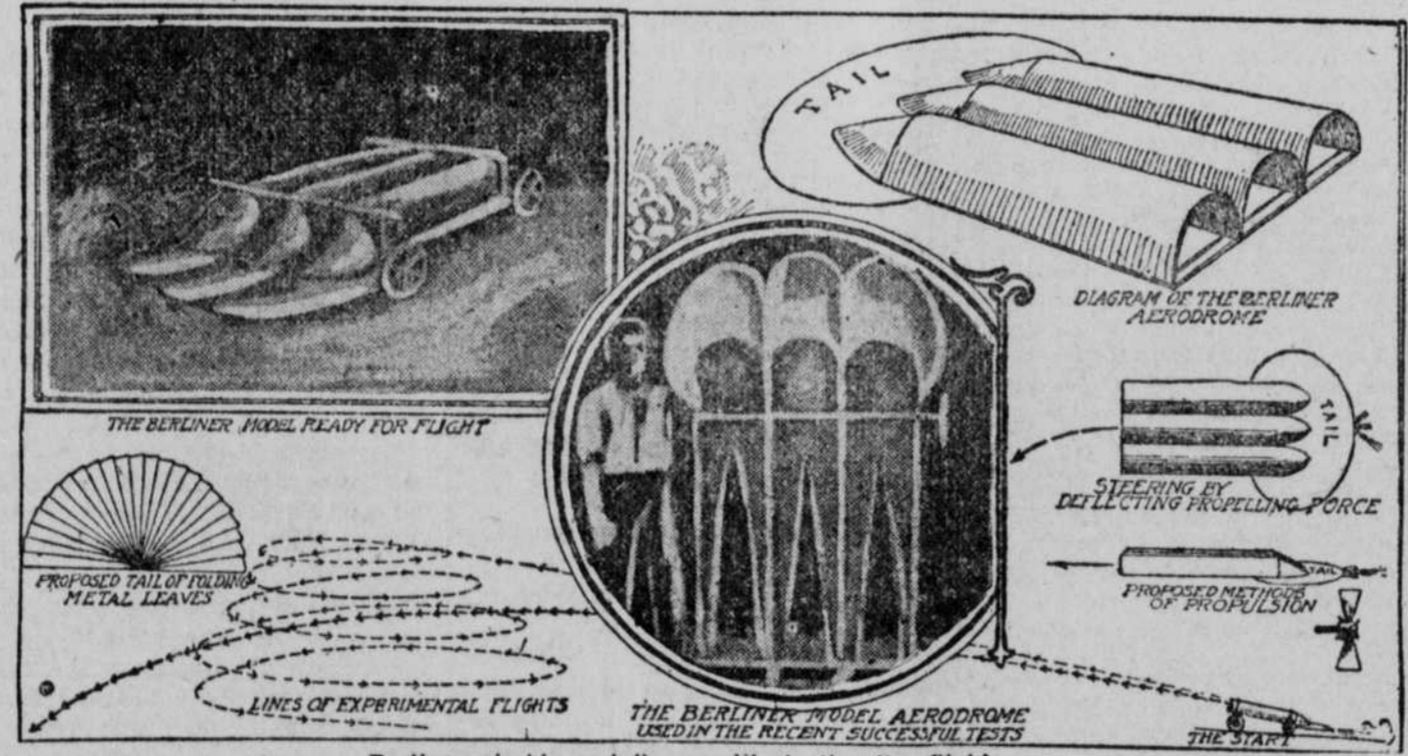
"The flying of birds has been generally misunderstood. Inventors have tried to imitate the wings of birds in making flying machines and have

increased speed the best performance of birds, which is the flying of two pounds of weight for every square foot of horizontal area, will be considerably surpassed. If this prophecy becomes true we should before long see persons flying about like birds, because two wings, each five by twelve feet, would carry a person of average weight, including a small propeller, foot or machine driven.

"A large number of cellular models have been designed, and the tail end will receive a careful study. I believe it should consist of overlapping steel blades capable of being contracted, spread out or quickly given any angle above or below the horizontal, in imitation of a bird's tail. Enough cork sheathing will be used in future models to float the machine should it fall into the water, but it is probable that

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Berliner airship and diagram illustrating its flight.

overlooked the importance of the tail. Now in my aerodrome the tail is the important part. The body will be the sustaining portion. The tail will furnish the elevating and descending power. The motive power may be produced in three ways—by a fan propeller, a compressed gas propeller on the same principle as a gas engine. "The experiments so far have been with a model of thirty-four pounds, which has given a lifting power of one pound for every square foot of horizontal surface. The model was made of aluminum and tin, with metal tubing and supports, and this material is heavier than that of which the practical machine will be made, so that the success of the experiments is on the account doubly gratifying."

the rear ends merging to a point, so that the air, rushing in the front, will be compressed and be expelled against the tail by the force of the forward movement. "Wheels were attached, a large one at the front, a small one at the rear, to give it the necessary rise. The power was supplied by two skyrocket engines attached to the rear, and the explosion of these sent it running forward on its wheels until it arose gracefully in the air, and the flight lasted for fifty feet from the ground. The flight was perfectly steady and even. "The arches exert a parachute action which helps to support the structure, but the main lifting is done by the inclined and spread out tail ends. "I confidently expect that with in-

no parachute will be necessary, the arches appearing to lend enough checking power to prevent too rapid a descent in case of an accident." Mr. Berliner admits that the problem now facing him is the motive power, but he has in mind a plan the details of which he cannot now make known. He believes that he will overcome the difficulties which other inventors have had with applying motive power. He thinks a form of gas engine expelling at the rear a stream of compressed air, somewhat on the plan of a turbine engine, will be best. He also expects to be able to steer as well as propel his engine by this means and also to steer by the tail movement of compression for expansion of the overlapping blades.—New York Herald.

OFF ON HIS DIAGNOSIS.

The Physician's Mistake in Sizing Up His Patient.

Into the office of a doctor came a tired man who wished treatment. The physician put on his eyeglasses, looked at the man's tongue, felt his pulse, sounded his chest, and said: "Same old story, my friend. You cannot live without fresh air; no use trying. I could myself a corpse, as you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn't stir."

"You must have fresh air; you must take long walks, and brace up by staying out of doors. Now, I could make a drug store out of you, and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk."

"But, doctor—" interrupted the man. "That's right; argue the question. That's my reward. Of course, you know all about my business. Now, will you take my advice? Take long walks every day—several times a day, and get your blood into circulation."

"But my business—" said the patient. "Of course your business prevents it; everybody says that. Just change your business so you will have to walk more. By the way, what is your business?"

"I'm a letter carrier," meekly replied the patient.

At a Table d'Hote.

If you should chance to stroll one night into a table d'hote, These persons, or their prototypes, you'll very likely note: There's the gentleman who, hermitlike, dines nightly by himself, The lady of uncertain years, who's laid upon the shelf, They sit at separate tables, although approximate, And there really seems no reason why they shouldn't join their fate!

The Beau Brummel, who's elderly, with spouse just half his age, Who wishes very fervently to quit the glided cage! Some artists, who will talk and talk uninteresting "shop,"

And who will have to be content to-morrow with chop! Some chorus girls with dresses that you might well infer Could not possibly be bought on fifteen dollars per;

Then you're sure to see some brokers in spotless evening dress, Who, if the food is "bull" or "bear," don't care or give a guess!

The girl who doesn't eat a bit, but just picks at her food, The parvenu, who loves to ape his social brotherhood!

And then you're bound to come across the gourmand and gourmet, The man whose sure to make a joke on "Parlez-vous Francais?"

Th' irascible old gentleman, who likes just this and that, And says that "he will have them" and so—well, verbum sat. The invalid, who's suffering from dyspepsia or the grip, He abuses all the waiters and never gives a tip!

The man who gulps his coffee down and eats peas with his knife, The young and gay Lothario, who thinks he's seeing life! And a hundred other specimens, whose appetites denote That they never are so happy as at a table d'hote!

—La Touche Hancock.

South African Governments.

A recent number of the Boer newspaper, Ons Land, contains an article describing the experiences of a Boer who went to German Southwest Africa in 1901 to settle there. The moral condition of the country, he writes, is serious. Most of the Germans have negro wives. To find a German in the country districts, he says, with a white wife is a rarity. At a baptism of the child of a German father and negro mother, which he attended at Rehoboth, two German officers were present with their negro wives. Compulsory service is equally applicable to whites and blacks, and both serve in the ranks together. He concludes: "For my part, eighteen months' experience has brought me to the conclusion that it is better to be a slave under the English government than a free man in German Southwest Africa."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ant-Resisting Trees.

Trees have no foes like the white ant of Australia. The pests encamp in myriads of brown mounds around the boles of forest monarchs, and set down to the siege of a tree. They enter into possession of it, eat its heart out, till nothing of sap and wood is left save what has been turned into a brown dust and a shell—and at the end of their work die amid its ruins.

Only one handsome myrtaceous shade tree, growing on the coast of New South Wales, offers them a gallant and prolonged resistance. This is the turpentine tree; some virtue which it possesses renders it distasteful to the white ant. Turpentine piles, dressed only in their own natural clothing of bark, have been known to preserve their soundness in even tere-d-infected waters for a period extending over thirty years.

Costliest Knife in the World.

The most valuable knife in the world is to be seen in the collection of a famous firm of cutlers in Sheffield. It is large enough to fit the pocket of some but a giant, and contains seven-five blades, which close up like those of an ordinary knife. Each of the larger blades is elaborately engraved, and among the subjects of these strange pictures are views of Sheffield College, the city of York, Windsor Castle, Arundel Castle and a score of other famous scenes. The tafts are of mother-of-pearl, carved with great skill. On one side the artist has depicted a stag-hunt and on the other a boar-hunt. When asked as to the value of this knife a member of the firm replied: "Well, we calculated it up to £920, but that was before it was finished, and then we ceased to figure on the cost."

TRIED BY TIME.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth Avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I said when first interviewed that if I had a friend and acquaintance suffering from backache or kidney trouble I would unhesitatingly advise them to take Doan's Kidney Pills. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. It struck me that if Doan's Kidney Pills performed half what they promised they might at least help. This induced me to try the remedy. It absolutely stopped the backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since." A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Lario will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.



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