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INTERESTING TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

The Beauties and Wonders of the Famous Government Garden.

[The following intensely interesting trip to Yellowstone Park is from notes taken by one of a party of friends, not for publication, but kindly furnished at the editor's earnest and persistent solicitation, and only then with all personal mention eliminated. Thanks.—Ed.]

At 9:45 we started on the Yellowstone Park railroad, skirting the Yellowstone river the entire distance and passing successively through Yellowstone canon, Paradise valley, and Yankee Jim's canon. Shortly after emerging from Yankee Jim's canon, on the right of the train, we saw Devil's Slide, which is down the side of the Cinnabar mountain, some 100 feet wide and 1900 feet high. At 11 o'clock, we arrived at Cinnabar, where we left the train and was there met by the wagons, in which our party was to make the trip. After partaking of an excellent dinner, we climbed into a three-seated mountain wagon, with canopy covering, while the gentleman who was to be our cook on the journey mounted the high seat of a Studebaker wagon, with its large 4-inch-tired wheels, and which contained tents, cots, bedding, camp chairs, sheet iron stove and our feed for the trip, called the "grub" wagon, and which we found before the completion of our trip to be quite an important factor to a comfortable journey through the park.

Our first stop was at Gardiner. This is a small town of a few stores and eight saloons, all of which are located on the opposite side of the street from the wire fence constructed at this point along the edge of the park. An immense stone arch is now being built at the entrance, which arch is located a short distance south of the railroad depot, a building made entirely of pine logs, and the covered sheds along which the passengers are unloaded is supported by single immense logs in the center, with a dependent log roof above, covered with shingles, which with all hewn ends of logs are painted a bright green, the logs themselves being covered with their natural bark, making a very pretty effect.

On entering the park, we drove along the characteristically fine government road, which is a model of road building throughout the entire trip, and at once passed into the Gardiner canon, skirting the Gardiner river for about three miles. While driving along the canon we saw the Eagle's nest, perched on the pinnacle of a precipitous rock, several hundred feet in height, and a few minutes later we saw Mt. Evert, about one mile in height by three miles in length. A little farther, as we were beginning to climb the hill, we saw the boiling river that enters Gardiner. This boiling river comes out of the rocks in a spring like fashion and is supposed to be the overflow from the Mammoth Hot Springs, which a couple of miles away.

Our next point of interest was Fort Yellowstone, where we registered our entire party, a duty which is expected from all who enter or leave the park. This is the military headquarters of the park and it is said there are 250 soldiers stationed in the park. We here came to a nice little plateau on which are located numerous buildings of the fort, and the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, and also the headquarters for the "hurry-up" wagons, which the transportation company use to "whisk" their passengers around the entire park in five and one-half days.

The hotels are nearly all four-story wooden structures, capable of caring for several hundred tourists at a time, and are said to contain all the modern appliances and improvements.

Immediately beyond the hotel we came to Liberty Gap, said to be an extinct hot spring cone, about 59 feet in height and about 60 feet in circumference at the base. Some hundred feet away and at the foot of the terrace, is another similar cone, called the Devil's Thumb, which is considerably smaller than Liberty Gap.

We then came to Minerva Terrace, a mass of deposit of carbonate of lime from the cooling of the hot spring on the summit. Here also are Pulpit and Jupiter terraces, and a little further along is Angel terrace.

As we drove along, we passed Bunsen's Peak on our left and finally came to the Silver Gate, which was made in the cutting of the road through the rocks at this point, which, owing to the numerous points of rock sticking up, is named the Hoodoos. About a mile further, we came to Golden Gate, which is caused by the road having been cut out of the face of the cliff, winding along the west of the Gardiner river affording a fine view of Rustic Falls. The rock here is red and golden in color, and it is said that a mile of road at this point cost the government \$30,000.

Some few hundred feet past Golden Gate, we came out on Swan Lake flats, and we drove to the left and secured a drink from the cold spring.

Continuing our journey for a couple of miles, we came to Willow Creek, where we pitched our first camp.

While the boys were pitching our tents and preparing supper, some of us tried our hands at fishing for trout. Some caught on, but yours truly, had fisherman's luck. After an excellent supper, to which all did justice, we built a roaring camp fire, around which we all gathered, and passed the evening in story and song. Retiring to our tents, and with heavy blankets for covering, besides heavy quilts, we were awakened often with cold, although it was but little past midsummer, the weather being intensely cold.

Our first point visited next morning, was the Apollonaris spring, located in the forest to the left of the road. Some of the ladies upon tasting of the water made very wry faces and drank but little. A couple of miles brought us to the Obsidian Cliff, the composition of which is a kind of volcanic glass, black as coal and hard as flint. The road over which we traveled at the foot of this cliff is hewn out of this native glass. To the right of this point is a small lake, named Beaver lake on account of its being caused by beavers building a dam across Obsidian creek at this point. On the left of the road we saw Roaring Mountain, near the summit of which can be seen numerous points ejecting steam. A half mile away we saw the Twin lakes, the first of which is a rich emerald hue, while the second is a deep blue. A mile and a half further and we gazed upon the Devil's Frying Pan, a sizzling hot pool, with an ancient egg shell not conducive to extended investigation. A couple of miles and the Norris Geyser basin was reached, where our guide again registered our party, while we took in the beauties of the Black Growler, Twentieth Century, Congress, New Crater, Monarch and Slum Kettle geysers, some small paint pots and formations, which occupied an hour or more of time, when we again climbed into the wagon and drove through Elk park to the entrance of Gibbon canon, where we stopped for dinner. We then skirted Gibbon river through the canon, which was a delightful drive and full of interest.

In many places the river has a fall of 50 to 100 feet to the mile, and the onlooker is filled with its rushing grandeur. After drinking at Iron spring, the waters of which have a taste not unlike that of Apollonaris, we soon came to Gibbon Falls, 100 feet in height with a peaceful river below. Continuing on, we passed the lunch station of the Wylie Camping company, at a point where the cut off road leads to Riverside, and after a ride of some miles through a dense pine forest, struck the main road from Riverside and Monida, on the banks of the Firehole river. A few hundred yards from this point we viewed the grandeur of the Kepler falls in the Firehole river. At this point gnats were very numerous and troublesome.

We journeyed along the bank of the Firehole river for several miles. In some places this river is very deep and peaceful and large trout can be plainly seen in its depths, while in other places it runs with great rapidity and is quite shallow. We next came to a summer camp of the soldiers of Uncle Sam, and proceeded inside the log cabin to again register our party. While doing so, we were asked by a young man seated at one side of the room why we were doing something which might cause us to get into trouble, and on conversing with him, we found that he had been arrested for writing his name on Minerva terrace at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and for such indiscretion was to be taken to the entrance and ejected from the park. A half mile further on we camped for the night on the banks of the Nes Perces river.

Next morning we drove a mile and a half to the Fountain hotel, near which we saw our first bear. We then went to the Fountain geyser and after a wait of about two hours were rewarded by seeing it play. This geyser throws hot water to a height of 50 to 70 feet once every four hours, the eruption continuing from seven to ten minutes. A short distance further to the right of the road is the Mammoth Paint Pots, an irregular shaped basin about 40 feet wide and 60 feet long, containing mud of paint like consistency in a state of ebullition. At numerous points the mud boils up with a hoarse "plop plop," and unfolds rose and lily-shaped masses of exquisite beauty and color. Passing on we came to the Excelsior geyser, the crater of which is 200 by 300 feet, and about an average depth of 30 feet. This crater is on the west bank of the Firehole river, into which it pours thousands of gallons of water hourly. On top of this formation, above the geyser, is found Prismatic lake, which is said to be the largest lake of boiling water in the world. The colors of its water are exquisite and varied and justify its name. After a look at Turquoise spring, we soon reached Biscuit basin. Here we crossed Firehole river on a foot bridge. The most interesting objects at this point were Sapphire pool, with the biscuit like formation surrounding it; Black Pearl, from the pearl like ornaments surrounding; Silver Globe, from the silvery bubbles of gas constantly rising from its clear depths; with several other small geysers and pools, each having some particular style of beauty.

A little after 1 o'clock, we camped in the Upper Geyser basin, about 400 feet east of Old Faithful. This basin boasts of about twenty active geysers and 300 hot pools and springs, but space requires that description of this wonderful region be restricted. The hot pool most striking my fancy was the Morning Glory, a clear pool of hot water of a rich blue tint, as perfectly formed as its name implies. After lunch, we drove back to Riverside geyser, and had pleasure of witnessing one of its eruptions, in which

(Continued on eighth page.)

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