Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

The oldest doll in the country has been discovered, and she didn't object to telling her age.

A fool and his money are soon parted; but a wise man and his money sometimes are never introduced.

Philander C. Knox says that he has copied every word of Blackstone three times in long hand. How about the Bible?

A well in New Mexico is spouting live minnows, and the local milkmen are now getting their water from the branch.

According to a medical journal "kissing is dangerous under certain conditions." It is. The kissee must be willing.

The Chicago woman who says that city life "breeds dwarfs, brunettes and disease" is, of course, a ravishing blonde herself.

The latest New York fad is calling cards for dogs. Presumably the dog's card is sent in with that of the monkey that owns it.

The Cleveland young woman who has declared the bachelor to be an evil doubtless would suggest that he consult Dr. Hymen.

The Boston Globe complains of "all this squdge on Boston's sidewalks." Death saved R. W. Emerson from some awful shocks.

A baby 18 months old has been found in New York earning 50 cents a day. This may be considered the limit of sweatshop degradation.

The tin can trust is being held on the charge of contempt of court. This ought to be pleasant news to the Unappreciated Order of Homeless Curs.

A woman in Kansas City hid $500 in a home made bustle and lost the bustle. Curious and interesting things like this happen in Kansas City every day.

A Chicago girl has inherited $250,000 that she never expected to receive. Now she knows how it feels to take money into Wall street and get it back.

By crowing lustily a New Jersey chanticleer gave warning to a farmer that his henhouse was being robbed. To the woods with the watchdog's honest bark!

A Massachusetts court has decided that when a man takes four drinks a day he is "addicted." He may be addicted but it is hardly probable that he is satisfied.

A New York man wants to have his name changed from Smith to Cuyler. If he were a rich girl the probabilities are that he'd be crazy to marry some titled foreigner.

The Japanese are still a simple, primitive people. They have not as yet acquired the habit of throwing mud at their heroes when the latter attempt to return home.

Congratulations to Bristol county, Mass., which has so little use for her new jail that it has never yet been used, so that there is talk of selling it for an old folks' home.

A New Jersey minister advises young women not to marry any man until they know his past. It is certainly safer for a girl to judge a man by his past than his present.

Why shouldn't that experiment of using monkeys to pick prunes in California succeed? Every gardener who has boy neighbors knows that the little monkeys will pick strawberries.

Mrs. Hetty Green, it is said, is much given to lunching on doughnuts. The doughnut of commerce is cheap, filling, and in shape bears an attractive resemblance to an additional cipher.

Kipling has had to go to South Africa on account of his lungs. The friends of Alfred Austin are glad to report that as far as lungs are concerned he's as good as any poet in the business.

Queen Wilhelmina's husband appears to have settled down for good. He is content to sign the pay roll on pay days and leave affairs of state to those who are getting salaries for taking care of them.

Countess Helen von Schweinitz has won a diploma from Berlin university as "a lady dentist." Oh, joy! Imagine the delight of having a countess playing that electric buzz saw around a sensitive tooth.

A man sued in a New York court for breach of promise makes the singular plea that he did not exactly promise to marry the woman, twenty years ago, but simply took an option on her heart. This is a hint to other would-be lovers.

Gen. Gomez announces that he cannot be induced to run for the presidency of Cuba. Mr. Gomez has gone out hunting trouble so often and found it that he can hardly be blamed for refusing now at his time of life to risk it again.

If Jupiter has six moons, as the astronomers say now, the sociable citizen of Jupiter winding his way along after a pleasant evening at the club must feel at times as if a torchlight procession had turned out to accompany him home.

It will strike many an unsuccessful litigant that the New York jury which decided a case by flipping a penny probably arrived at as just a conclusion as though they had pretended to ponder over or discuss what their verdict should be.

Signal for End of Services.

It was late in the afternoon when the Scotch minister arrived at the farmhouse. The housewife suggested that perhaps he would like a cup of tea before engaging in "exercises." "Na, na," said he, "I aye tak' my tea better when my work is done. I'll just be gaun on. Ye can hing the pan on, and leave the door apar, an' I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the haam fizzin'."

Indian Serpent Worship.

Serpent worship still survives in India and a good snake shrine is said to be as much an attraction in a house on the Malabar coast as a garden is in the case of a country home in the United States. Serpents are, however, most unobtrusive and unless one walks noiseless and barefooted in the dark, as Hindoos do, snake bit is an improbable contingency.

Becoming.

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat. She looked at him coldly for a moment and then replied: "Yes, it is becoming—threadbare."—Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

The American Ankle.

Our transatlantic cousins have certainly cultivated to perfection the art of looking dainty as they cross the street. Somehow they always contrive to look attractive while engaged in this usually unbecoming action.—London World.

Eye Strain in Children.

If one remembers the fact that not more than 10 per cent of all persons have normal eyes and takes into consideration the sensitive organism of the growing child it is not difficult to believe that many children suffer from eye strain.

Millinery Trade Not Popular.

While women are invading nearly all of the employments heretofore belonging to men, milliners, both here and abroad, report a growing difficulty in finding girls willing to devote themselves to the art of making hats.

London Policeman Is Fined.

For unnecessarily striking a man with his club a London policeman has been condemned to pay his victim $100 and costs of court. The man had resisted arrest violently, but was on the ground when struck.

Adulteration of Liquors.

A New York physician says: "The greater part of the whisky, brandy and beer sold in New York today is chemically prepared and is absolutely unfit for the human stomach."

Guarding Against It.

The two visiting Bostonians were taking their first ride in the New York subway.

One of them was carrying a brown paper parcel.

"What have you there?" asked the other.

"A small codfish," was the reply. "I have heard reports that the air in here is fetid and unwholesome."

Definition.

Smart—Why do you refer to Mrs. Tossem as a hay widow?

Tart—Because hay is grass with all the greenness dried out.

Foolish Woman.

Mrs. Kloseman—We really ought to have a new suit of parlor furniture.

Mr. Kloseman—Why?

Mrs. Kloseman—Gracious! We've had the present suit fifteen years now, and it's getting so old and—

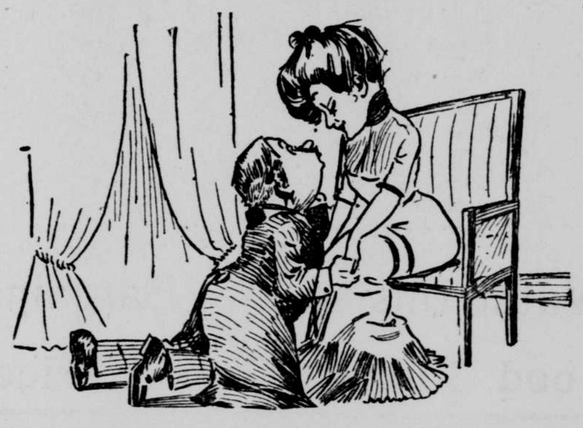
Mr. Kloseman—Well, I declare! Don't you know that old furniture is all the rage?

A Hard Job.

Teacher—"What great difficulty was Demosthenes compelled to surmount before he became an orator?"

Soffmore—"He had to learn how to talk Greek."

VERY UNFORTUNATE.



She—I am very sorry, but circumstances over which I have no control make me refuse to be your wife.

He—What are they?

She—Yours.

Why He Stayed In.

"This is Saturday," said a mother mentioned in Good News. "Why don't you go out and play?"

Small Son—I'm afraid I'll get too tired to sit in church to-morrow.

Mother—Well, if you are tired you need not go to church. You need exercise and should take it to-day. Two boys have been waiting for you out there the past hour.

Small Son—Y-e-s; they're waiting to lick me.

The Psychological Moment.

"Do you ever feel," twittered the young woman, with the soulful eyes, to the great novelist, as if you must fly from this world? As if you must bury yourself in some vast wilderness far from the haunts of men? Do you feel that you will die if you are alone—all alone?"

"Yes," he told her, "indeed I do."

"Ah! When do you feel that way?"

"Now."

Ill Luck Averted.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spenders, by way of preliminary, "would you consider an opal unlucky?"

"I would if I got a bill for one and had to pay it," began her husband, sternly.

"Oh," she interrupted, "I'm so glad I ordered a diamond instead."—Catholic Standard.

Their Present Occupation.

"Say, what's become of the people who ten or twelve years ago were getting themselves inoculated with Brown-Sequard's elixir of life?"

"I dunno. I guess they're furnishing testimonials for the patent medicine makers or furnishing the pictures that are used in showing up the horrible examples."

Cold Calculation.

"Do you think that the trusts are going to take possession of the entire country?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "We don't want to own the country. If we owned it, we'd be responsible for its debts instead of selling it things at a profit."—Washington Star.

Tommy's Sad Mistake.

Tommy—Pa, I smoked your pipe today.

Pa—What!

Tommy—You said it would make me sick, but it didn't.

Pa—You misunderstood me, my son. I said I'd make you sick. Hand me that strap.

Love Not Blind.

"Love is blind, you know," said the minister's wife.

"Blind nothing!" exclaimed the parson. "Don't you suppose if it was blind it would sometimes make a mistake and give the minister a little more than a twenty-five cent wedding fee?"

Discretion.

"You never laugh at young Mr. Blizzin's jokes."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I like Mr. Blizzins. I am afraid he will get to trying to be clever every time he meets me and become a nuisance."

The Strong Man at the Show.

"Do you think it really weighs 250 pounds."

"I'd hate to question it. If he can't lift that much, he looks as if he could whip any man who says he can't."

Mrs. Malaprop's French.

"Oh, Mrs. Malaprop, I must congratulate you. Your dinner was a complete success. How do you manage?"

"Well, my dear, I just leave everything to Messrs. Tygers and give them bete noir!"—Tattler.

Perfectly Satisfactory.

Nell—You seem perfectly satisfied with your new gown.

Belle—Yes; it has been approved by the man I like best and condemned by the woman I hate most.

Not a Stylish Household.

"No, I have nothing for you," said the housekeeper sternly, "and don't you come here after dinner again."

"Beg pardon, lady," replied Hungry Higgins, "but I didn't s'pose yer'd have dinner over this early in the day. You ain't very stylish, are yer?"—Catholic Standard.

Lecture in Mathematics.

Professor—Yes, sir, if you were thrown like a stone you would describe a parabola in returning to earth.

Student (weariedly)—I think I'll go and get thrown at once, then, professor. That's about the only way I'll ever learn to describe one of 'em.

Like Mother, Like Son.

Mother—When you are through playing, Tommy, put your toys away. I don't like to do it every time you are tired.

Tommy—You are just like me in that respect, mama.

In the Year 2000.

Mr. Multimillion—I thought his people were rich.

Mrs. Multimillion—Oh, no. His father was merely a poor but honest millionaire.

A Factor in the Problem.

Blanche—Does she love him?

Clara—How can she tell? She does not yet know what his income is.

Avoiding Extravagance.

Mr. Biblets—Now, m' dear, I'll tell you how I happened to get home so late if you'll only listen.

Mrs. Biblets—All right. Turn off the radiator before you begin, will you?

Mr. Biblets—Wha' for?

Mrs. Biblets—Oh, it seems so extravagant to have steam and hot air both going at once.

Same as Money.

"Say, Borroughs," remarked the busy merchant, "apparently you believe that 'time is money!'"

"Is that sarcasm?" inquired Borroughs, who realized that his visit had been rather prolonged.

"Well, I was just thinking that you're using somebody else's time."

Strung Him Up, Anyway.

First Citizen—That hoss thief claimed that he was hypnotized.

Second Citizen—And did that go with the boys?

First Citizen—Well, we took him at his word, found him guilty of hypnotism in the first degree and strung him up.

Missing.

We were shown the 5650th bed in which Washington had slept.

"But," we inquired, "where is the coal bin in which he must have slept when his wife cleaned house?"

As it was not forthcoming, we were gravely inclined to doubt the antiques.—Harper's Bazar.

Real Enthusiasm.

She—And what did she say when you attempted to kiss her?

He—She said she thought I was a gentleman.

"Well?"

"Oh, after I got through kissing her she didn't think anything about it; she knew it."

Noblemans Four Occupations.

Lord Stoneybroke—It's time, Clarence, that you were thinking about a career.

Dutiful Son—I will be guided by you, father. Shall I go into the church, study for the bar, enter the army or marry an heiress?

Wouldn't Lose It for the World.

Mrs. Good (shocked)—Mrs. Talkalot just told me something that I know was manufactured out of whole cloth.

Mrs. Chatterton (eagerly)—Well, let's have it quick! All of the gossip in this neighborhood is about worn threadbare.—Judge.

More Like His Father.

"You grow more like your father every day," sharply exclaimed the boy's mother over some misconduct of her six-year-old son.

For over a week the boy went every morning to the mirror to see if his nose was getting red.

Turned the Right Way.

"He never seems to turn his attentions to anything that will bring him money."

"He has, this time."

"To what has he turned his attentions?"

"A rich widow."

KNEW BETTER THAN THAT.

Maisie—I want to show you a picture I bought of a Russian in battle.

Daisy—That isn't a Russian. That fellow is standing still.

Compromise.

She—How sweet of you to own that you were in the wrong.

He (absent-mindedly)—Yes; mother always taught me that it was easier to give in to a woman than to argue with her.—Detroit Free Press.

Sufficient Reason.

Mrs. Strap—Charlie, what makes you swear so dreadfully while you are shaving

Mr. Strap—I suppose, my dear, it is because the old nick is in the razor.

Her View.

She—There is no excuse for a man dancing badly.

He—But if he cannot dance otherwise?

She—Oh, that merely would be an excuse for not dancing at all.

Setting a Fashion.

Amy—Is it true that Miss Fadleigh intends to elope?

Blanche—Why, yes, and I hear that she is going to send out cards announcing the elopement.

A Time Limit.

She—Her elderly admirer is quite attentive.

He—Yes. Seems to think he cannot live without her.

She—Well, considering his age, he can't live very long without her.

"You Never Can Tell."

Miss Hubb—I trust you appreciate Bernard Shaw, Mr. Tubb?

Tubb—Eh, let me see. Lightweight or featherweight? These San Francisco fellows are coming on so fast.

More Than Warm.

"Whew!" exclaimed the first pigeon, "weren't those sparrows mad when I swiped that grain of corn from them?"

"I should say," replied the other. "Talk about your 'small hot birds.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Paradox.

"So you think you see an opportunity," said his friend.

"See an opportunity?" said the enthusiastic person. "Yes, siree! and I tell you it's out of sight!"

FIRST AUTO IN BOGOTA.

Excited Crowds Greeted It and Streets Were Blocked.

A. G. Snyder, consul-general at Bogota, reports as follows, says the New York Times:

"Last week the first automobile made its appearance upon the streets of Bogota and the excitement was unparalleled. Crowds have blocked the highways for squares, rendering traffic almost impossible, and great interest has been aroused as to the possibilities that this mode of transportation may offer in the future.

"This automobile is an American machine, and some business may result from the present enthusiasm. I shall be pleased to receive catalogues from automobile manufacturers of the United States for filing in the reading room here.

"It is rumored that a concession is shortly to be given to a transportation company for the exclusive use of the Camboa road, which leads from the upper Magdalena river to Bogota. Automobiles are to be used exclusively by this company."

Antiquity of Hooks and Eyes.

Hooks and eyes are known to have been used as dress fastenings for at least a couple of centuries, and they may have been in use for 400 or 500 years, but the date of their invention has never been traced.

George H. Cliff, who is head of a big concern which manufactures all sorts of fastenings devices, has made the subject a matter of research and has found the hook and eye in its present form to have been in use early in the seventeenth century. In his travels through various lands he has examined many antique garments, hoping to trace the device still farther back, but, while the relics all were fitted with hooks and eyes, none of the garments was of earlier manufacture than the seventeenth century.

In Westminster abbey Mr. Cliff came across a display of very ancient wearing apparel, which he hoped would throw further light on his researches. But the articles had been worn by royalty and the guard would not permit close inspection. Not even an order of $5 for a look at the fastenings would tempt him. So far as Mr. Cliff could see at a distance, lacing was the method of fastening used in the garments, which were of twelfth and thirteenth century design.—Philadelphia Record.

Faint Praise.

Senator Depew, at a recent convention of railroad men, had occasion to introduce a well known speaker from the West.

"In making introductions," he began, "it is possible to say some very pleasant and agreeable things. I am always pleasant and agreeable when I make an introduction. I wouldn't, if I could, hurt the feelings in any way of the man whom I present. In this respect I differ from a certain Dakotan.

"This Dakotan arose in a crowded hall to introduce a lecturer from New York. He swaggered to the front of the platform, put his hands in his pockets, sneered, and said:

"'Ladies and gents, I am called on to interduce this here man to you, but I can only say two things in his favor. One is that he has never been in jail. The other is that I don't know why he hasn't.'"

Souvenirs.

Mais on sont les neiges d'antan?
Where is the glove that I gave to him,
Perfumed and warm from my arm that night?
And where is the rose that another stole
When the land was flooded with June moonlight,
And the satin slipper I wore?—Alack,
Some one had that—it was wrong, I fear,
Where are those souvenirs to-day?
But where are the snows of yesteryear?

The glove was burned at his next love's prayer,
And the rose was lost in the mire of the street;
And the satin slipper he tossed away,
For his jealous bride had not fairy feet.
Give what you will, but know, mesdames,
For a day alone are your favors dear,
Be sure for the next fair woman's sake
They will go—like the snows of yesteryear.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

Wages Only Object.

"Lots of men are hunting easy berths," says a representative from Tennessee, "but multitudes of laboring men who are compelled to earn their bread by the perspiration of the frontal sinus ought to be able to appreciate the simple beauty of this advertisement, which appeared in a New Orleans paper:

"'Employment—Steady work not so much an object as good wages.

"C. M. D."

Planetary Satellites.

All the five planetary satellites discovered since 1846 have been found by Americans. They include Hyperion, the seventh satellite of Saturn; Diemos and Phoebus, the little moons of Mars, and Phoebe, the ninth moon of Saturn.

Makes Bank Notes.

A man has been arrested in Paris whose method was to tear a different piece off each of a number of bank notes and then, placing the pieces together, produce a complete bank note, which he was able to pass.

Nothing fails like a selfish success.