Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Mr. Paine who, with the mercury at 90, invented a new brandy cocktail, is well named.

Of all hypocrites the cantaloupe is the most consistent. It always looks better than it is.

To weaken an enemy's navy a good plan would be to make it a present of a few submarine boats.

Of course Marshall Wilder's new baby isn't old enough yet to appreciate fully how funny papa is.

Right away after Dr. Osler announced that freckled girls made the best wives the sun got busy.

James M. Beck says many Americans suffer from moneyphobia. Can furnish him with one immune.

A Chicago doctor says that two vacations a year are needed to keep one in good health. Show this to the boss.

Dr. Adler says he has discovered perpetual motion. Perhaps he has been down cellar observing the gas meter.

It is well to have a gray cat for the mascot of the Peary expedition, because the cat has such a trick of coming back.

Inspired, doubtless, by the example of the maple scale and the seventeen-year locust, the army worm has mobilized again.

J. Pierpont Morgan has fallen from his high estate. He now talks for hours with such unimportant people as King Leopold.

A New York doctor claims to have selved the problem of perpetual motion, but Edison is still working on his horse-must-go battery.

Now that it has had its picture taken again the sun spot may retire and quit trying to attract attention by making trouble on earth.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts is of opinion that harping on Waterloo and Trafalgar is a poor substitute for considering the existing situation.

Prof. H. W. Wiley, the government expert, has gone abroad to study Irish and Scotch whiskies. It's a great privilege to be a government expert.

"Girls with plump arms appear particularly attractive with short sleeves," says a fashion note. The same sort of girls don't look bad with short skirts.

Edward Everett Hale says everybody should sleep ten hours out of each twenty-four. Mr. Hale is an old man now and has no baby in the house.

A Wisconsin boy saved four heiresses from death by drowning the other day. The laws of Wisconsin make it impossible for him to marry them all.

"Seems like the boll weevil wasn't King Cotton's worst enemy, after all," says the Boston Traveler. At last our country is united. Boston uses Atlanta English.

New York's smart set is not as smart as one might guess from reading the small bills, judging from the way it allowed a common blackmailer to play horse with it.

It is proposed to christen the battle ship Vermont with maple sirup. Vermont maple sirup is a sweet and sticky compound made of glucose and molasses in Chicago.

The New York incendiary who dived six stories to save himself from capture did the best job of his life. He won't dive again, and incidentally he won't set any more fires.

Giovani Morosini, the New York banker, has during the hot spell slept on a bed over which six electric fans were kept going constantly. It sometimes pays to have money.

Denver will have the largest American flag ever made at the coming G. A. R. encampment. It will be 115 feet long and 55 feet wide. There cannot be too much of "Old Glory" around.

If it is really possible to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific in two days and a half by train—although nobody has ever done it yet—what's the use of trying to perfect the flying machine?

The British Gen. Moody says the nickname "Tommy" applied to British soldiers prevents self-respecting men from enlisting. The nickname "Jackie" applied to our sailors does not work that way.

China rises to remark that she will not recognize any disposition of Manchuria upon which she has not been consulted. But her note is so worded as not to call for a reply, so she will not be told to "go 'way back and sit down."

"If the sweet girl is thrifty," says a contemporary, "she should be able to use the graduating gown for the wedding dress." There are people, it seems, who are mean enough to deprive some of the girls of one of the chief incentives for having a wedding.

A New England editor in a sage dissertation on the crops remarks that haying is now in full blast. This must be the sort of haying they do on one of those rocky Massachusetts farms where the seed has to be crowded down between the bowlders with a putty knife.

A requisition has just been made on the army medical department for thirty-eight tons of insect powder for use at the isthmus. This makes one understand Mr. Wallace's hasty retreat, even if not approving it.

Started Newspaper and Left It.

Practically nothing is known of the founder of one of the most prosperous newspapers in England, the Sheffield Telegraph. It was started in June, 1855. G. Benson, a stranger, appeared in Sheffield when the Crimean war was at its height, arranged with a local printer to start a daily paper, bought it out, looked after it for ten days and then disappeared forever.

Damage Done by Volcano.

In 1698 the summit of Carguairazo, a burning mountain near Quito, 1,800 feet high, crumbled together, so that nothing more than two enormous rocky horns of the crater's edge remained, and the country for nearly two square miles was desolated with liquid tufa, and argillaceous mud, enclosing dead fishes.

Hardly Too Much to Ask.

Of the Duc d'Aumont this story is told: "His father was the most original and the most slovenly man in France. Once when looking at himself in a mirror he said: 'D'Aumont, God made you a gentleman; the king made you a duke. You might do something in your turn—at least, you might go and shave.'"

Early Mirth Not Advisable.

If you sing in bed you will cry next day. If you sing before breakfast you will cry before night.

Most men can get more real enjoyment out of a street piano for a dime than they can out of a $3 opera ticket

Many a man will wear wings who cannot tie an Ascot tie.

If you cannot see heaven here you will never see it anywhere.

To the hypocrite one man's religion is another man's revenue.

The cream of the base ball club should be found in the pitcher.

The religion that lacks sunshine is all moonshine.

Blessed is the sorrow that cures of selfishness.

HORTICULTURE

Flat-Headed Apple Tree Borer.

This is a very abundant insect, though it is not so destructive as the round-headed borer. The adult insect measures about half an inch in length. It is flattened above, resembling a snapping beetle. The antennae are short, the eyes large and the forelegs are armed in front with a conspicuous tooth. The upper surface of the body is dark metallic brown, and fresh specimens are coated here and there with a powdery gray substance, which is easily rubbed off.

Unlike the round-headed borer, this insect works in the day time, being most active in the heat of the day. It is also frequently found on prostrate trees basking in the sun. The beetles are active creatures, running rapidly and flying readily. This species attacks by preference diseased or dying

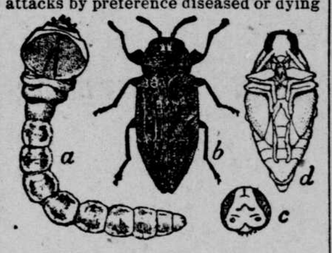

FIG. 3.—*Chrysobothris femorata*: a, larva; b, beetle; c, head of male; d, pupa—twice natural size (original).

trees, inhabits all parts of a tree from the base of the trunk to the limbs and is not restricted in its ravages to fruit trees.

It is injurious chiefly to young trees, its injuries being practically confined to newly-planted nursery stock and to trees that have been weakened through any cause, such as careless pruning or insufficient nourishment due to poor soil or drouth. Some writers claim that healthy trees are not injured at all.

It is a well-known fact that many forms of boring insects prefer injured plants, but when these are wanting do not hesitate to attack perfectly sound growth, and records show conclusively that the present species is included in this category.

Infestation may be detected by the discoloration of the bark. Give the orchard good care, feeding the trees freely through their roots, and little damage will result. Washes of various kinds are good for the trees, especially the lime wash. These check borers.

Mildew on Gooseberries.

For a long time it was impossible to raise the large English varieties of gooseberry in this country, on account of the tendency to mildew; now the cause of the trouble is better understood and can be obviated in various ways, so that it is comparatively easy to grow many of the very large sorts.

Some new large varieties have been produced which are less liable to mildew than the older ones, though most of them will do so more or less in unfavorable seasons, unless great care is exercised. In the first place, the bushes should have plenty of room as a crowded condition is one of the causes of the trouble. They should not be planted in a place where the wind cannot blow freely among them, but in an airy situation where there will be less tendency to dampness. The dampness alone is not so bad, as the effect of the hot sun on the bushes after a prolonged wet spell.

Judicious pruning has much to do with the prevention of mildew, as where the old wood is removed and the extra branches taken out the air has a better chance for circulation and less mildew will be the result.

To sum up the matter, the best way to obviate the difficulty is to plant the bushes where there is a good circulation of air, in partial shade during the heat of the day, and keep the bushes well thinned of branches. If the fruit is so heavy as to bear the branches down to the ground, a frame should be provided to hold them up.

When mildew appears in spite of all precaution, a spray can be applied that will effectually check it, as mildew yields more readily to the fungicide than almost any other fungus. To make it dissolve one-half ounce of liver of sulphur in one gallon of water, and spray the bushes thoroughly, beginning when the disease first begins and repeating if necessary. In damp seasons the work will be needed more often.

Bordeaux mixture has also proved a valuable help in this work, four applications being necessary during the season, two before blooming and two after. If currant worms are also working, add a little paris green or white hellebore to kill them.

It will not be found a hard task to fight mildew, as it does not appear every season, often being years between. In our experience of many years we have had it but once, and think our freedom from it due to the care in planting and pruning.

Pear Culture Expensive.

The culture of pears has proved itself so far an expensive enterprise. Many a man, who has tried to grow pears, has given it up with the declaration that all the pears he ever succeeded in growing cost him more than oranges. This has been due to a single obstacle—the susceptibility of the pear tree to blight. More often than not the pear orchard falls before the scourge. Any man that can develop a blight-proof pear tree that bears fruit of good quality will make his fortune.

The Strawberry Bed After Fruiting.

The strawberry bed should receive attention as soon as the harvest is ended. Where large beds of strawberries are grown, the mower can be used in clipping off the old vines, and as weeds will have grown up quite thickly in the rows and between the rows where a mulch has not been used, the second work is to cultivate between the rows to destroy the weeds. If the rows are narrowed up considerably and the growth of vines is luxuriant, the problem of keeping down the weeds will be more easily solved.

AGRICULTURE

Sorrel as a Pest.

In many parts of the country red sorrel is very abundant and wherever it is found in abundance it must be extirpated. The farmers that have been casting about them for a means of getting rid of this pest will find that liming the land helps greatly. The writer of this was recently in a part of Illinois where red sorrel has spread everywhere. The fields are red with it and the farmers complain that it is so abundant that it interferes greatly with their crops. There was one field where lime had been used in part of the field and the rest left without lime. In the part that had been limed there was little sorrel, while on the other part it grew in abundance. It was evident that it found lime not to its liking.

The popular impression is that sorrel indicates sour land, and this belief doubtless has in it some truth; though sorrel will grow on land that is sweet. It is like some other plants, it has its preference, and in this case it is for land that is too acid for the growing of some other plants. The very fact that other plants do not do well on it helps the sorrel, for it leaves the land free for its use. Sorrel can be best fought by liming the land, if it is inclined toward sourness and then putting it into a crop that needs cultivation. We have never seen the sorrel persist under such treatment. We solicit communications from our readers on this point.

Rot-Infected Potatoes.

The Maine station carried on some experiments to determine how late blight-infected potatoes should be dug The conclusions reached by the experimenters were:

The infection of the potatoes with the fungus occurs chiefly, if not entirely, in the field before digging.

The infection is usually the result of diseased vines.

The disease is transmitted, in the majority of cases, not directly through the vine, but indirectly through the soil.

Potatoes may be infected directly in the field from spores introduced in the manure, or from rotten potatoes spread upon or left in the land the preceding year.

Jones and Morse conclude that the mycelium which produces the rot normally passes into a dormant stage after infesting the potato, but that abnormal conditions of moisture or temperature may cause abnormal activity in the fungus, and hence the rotting of the tubers.

Whatever may be the explanation these experiments all agree in showing that, whether the vines have or have not been protected with Bordeaux mixture, there is far less liability of loss from rotting in the cellar in the case of late dug potatoes.

Renovated Butter in Michigan.

The laws of Michigan are rigid regarding the sale of renovated butter Two of the sections state that whoever has for sale "renovated butter,' as defined in a previous section, shall have the words "Renovated Butter" conspicuously marked, so that the words cannot be easily effaced, upon two sides of the container of the butter. When renovated butter is sold in print, roll or other form, before being delivered to the purchaser it shall be done up in wrappers upon which is stamped in plain view of the purchaser, with no other printing thereon, the words "Renovated Butter.' Any violation of this act will be considered a misdemeanor and shall be punishable by a fine of not less than $25 or more than $500 and the costs of prosecution, or by imprisonment for not less than six months or more than three years, or by both fine and imprisonment according to the discretion of the court.

What You Do, Do Well.

When a boy, we sometimes became impatient with having our father say, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Time has passed on and many years have elapsed since we have heard this oft given advice, and the longer we have lived the more force we have seen in it. The habit of doing things well or otherwise grows with our growth and finally becomes second nature. No farmer should be content with being only a good farmer. He should strive to be the best farmer in the neighborhood. Strive to raise the best crops, have the best stock, keep the neatest place. In short, do your best every day, and strive to know more about your business and you will succeed.—A. M. Caldwell.

The June Berry.

One of the fruits yet to come prominently into notice is the June berry. This berry has a wide range of habitat. The writer used to pick the berry on the Maine coast, where it was known as the Sugar Plum. It grew wild there, and no one seemed to think of cultivating it. Two years ago he saw it growing wild on the north branch of the Saskatchewan River, in British America, where it is called the Sackatoon berry. A native being asked why they did not try to cultivate small fruits, replied: "We have enough wild fruits, as the Suskatoon and other berries grow in great abundance." The bushes seen by the writer grew ten feet high, and were loaded with fruit in all stages of ripeness. This was the 20th of June.

A few weeks ago in southern Illinois we picked ripe June berries from bushes six feet high, growing in a domesticated state. Afterward we had the pleasure of eating the berries, which had been canned with gooseberries the previous year. It is safe to say that this fruit has in it much that is worthy of development. The June berry of the future may be as different from its present wild form as is our most perfect apple different from the wild crab from which it has been evolved.

Are the flat irons becoming rusty and rough? Then keep on hand a piece of beeswax tied in a cloth and rub them with this, afterward rubbing them with salt on a cloth.

Birds with Large Appetites

Despite the fact that "the appetite of a bird" has become a common phrase for light eating, investigations show that birds are tremendous feeders. The diet of the average kestrel (a small European hawk) is calculated at 1,000 mice a month, to say nothing of insects and worms. The barn owl is as voracious as the kestrel. An investigator, after caging one of these birds, gave it seven mice one after the other. The first six immediately disappeared, each with a gobble and a gulp, and the owl did its very best to treat the seventh in a like manner. Limitations of abdominal capacity, however, prevented, and though the gobble came off the gulp did not, so that for twenty minutes or so the tail of the seventh mouse dangled from the corner of the bird's beak. But in due course it swallowed the body, and three hours later the pangs of hunger reasserted themselves and the owl ate four more mice.

Experiments with a caged robin led to some surprising results. At the end of three weeks it was found that in order to keep up its weight the bird required about fourteen feet of earthworms a day, or an equivalent in other solid food. A robin in good condition weighs as nearly as possible one ounce. Fourteen feet of earthworms weigh two ounces and a half. In other words the bird devours, in health, about two and a half times its own weight of solid food in the course of every twenty-four hours. A man of 168 pounds, if he were to equal this performance in proportion to his size, would require a daily allowance of forty large legs of mutton.

Four pounds would be a heavy weight for a heron. Yet one of those birds, which was trapped in England in 1890, disgorged two recently swallowed trout, one of which weighed two pounds and the other one and one-half pounds. Another, captured in 1893, had contrived to put away three trout averaging three-quarters of a pound apiece, although it was only 4 months old, and another had dined upon seven small trout, together with a mouse and a thrush.

Among the greediest birds are wood pigeons, which will continue to gulp down food until their crops are almost at the bursting point. From one of these birds, shot as it was returning from a raid in the fields, no fewer than 800 grains of wheat were taken. Another had contrived to cram down no fewer than 600 peas. A third was endeavoring to sustain nature with 180 beech nuts and a fourth with sixty acorns.

Early Days in California

In his "Gold Hunters of California" Thomas E. Farish tells some interesting anecdotes of the men of the early days. The following concerns "Fighting Jack" Hayes, the first sheriff of San Francisco county: "Hayes never drilled his command; with him it was 'Come on, boys,' and they followed where he led. After the battle of Monterey, in which his gallantry was conspicuous, a number of young lieutenants, graduates of West Point, visited his camp to pay their compliments to 'Fighting Jack.' They found him frying bacon, surrounded by soldiers, with nothing to distinguish him from those about him. 'Where can we find Col. Hayes?' inquired the spokesman. 'I think you will find him over yonder,' pointing to a group of men about a hundred yards away. Riding over to the group indicated the young men made the same inquiry. They were informed that the man with the frying pan was the officer they were in search of. They rode back to their headquarters without further effort to make his acquaintance."

Speaking of Henry Miller, a western cattle king, Mr. Farish says that none knew better than he the value of a reliable, efficient man. "Once, on one of his Kern county ranches, he had a foreman with whom he quarreled. The foreman said: 'If it were not that you are a smaller man than I, I would beat you half to death.' At this Miller threw off his coat and went for the man. The foreman succeeded in giving him a good trouncing, then demanded a settlement, which was made. Then all over with, Miller apologized and hired the man over again, with an advance in wages. He knew he had a good man."

Another story of Miller: "I remember Miller once at Firebaugh's ferry, on the San Joaquin river, when he was buying so much land. It was at breakfast and a man called 'Hog' Johnson began to criticise Miller's purchases, when Miller turned to him and said: 'Hog, you knows dere iss more peoples born into de world effery year dan dies out of it, don't you?' 'Yes,' admitted Hog. 'Vell, dey all haf to lif off de land and dere iss no more land borned every year.'"

Doctors Under Heavy Strain

The premature death of physicians has long been known, but it receives too little comment, as a study of the causes must suggest a remedy or two. The fifty-fifth annual report of the registrar general shows that the diseases which claim the most victims among physicians relatively to all males are gout and diabetes, and that there is a high relative mortality from diseases of the nervous system, circulatory system and kidneys.

From the nature of his habits the physician is not subject to accidents, and though he is brought into contact with infection to a greater extent than other men, his preventive means are successful and his mortality from infection is low. Freedom from prolonged muscular strains and high blood tension apparently saves him from arteriosclerosis, but suicide claims many, and so do the drug habits acquired by the nervously exhausted. It has been said that three-fourths of French morphine users are physicians.

The cause of the physician's early death is evidently the excessive nervous expenditure, insufficient rest and defective nutrition inseparable from his calling with its broken and restricted sleep, irregular hours of work, rest and meals, the worry when lives depend upon his judgment and the lack of a day of complete relaxation in each week. No race can survive unless its customs provide for numerous holidays when care is thrown to the winds, for no nervous system is capable of constant strain.

The physician who sees his patients every day in the week, month after month, and can not learn to forget them when he goes home merely burns the candle at both ends. He violates the law obeyed by every other animal, that there shall be short periods of moderate exertion interrupted by longer periods of rest when repairs are made. It is not to much work as a rule, but scattered work which prevents rests.—American Medicine.

Captain Nick's Queer Dream

During one of those religious revivals at Searsport for which that Maine town is famous, while Capt. Nick, with others, was sitting by the stove in the country store, roasting his shins, and telling stories, the village preacher entered, and, being desirous of converts, drew into the circle of story-tellers. A momentary silence followed and then Capt. Nick remarked: "I had a dream last night. I dreamed I died and went to heaven."

The preacher asked to have the dream told, and the captain proceeded: "Having died, I was directed to go to heaven. I started, and, after traveling some time, came to a fork in the road, nor could I remember the directions as to which fork to take. I chose the left-hand fork and, going on, came to a large iron gate, from which arose wailing and sounds of gnashing of teeth. I hesitated, but, not daring to turn back, went up to the gate and knocked.

"It was partially opened, and out stepped the devil, tined fork in hand, his horns poised ominously, his eyes bloodshot.

"'Who are you?' he said, savagely.

"'Capt. Nick, from Searsport, Me.,' I made answer.

"'Get yourself away from here, then', said the devil, 'we are chock full of Searsporters now.'

"Right glad was I to get away, and hurrying back, I took the right-hand fork, which soon brought me to a beautiful marble palace, wherein was music and song.

"The gate swung gently open, at my knock, and the good St. Peter said, in a soft, sweet voice, 'Who art thou?' I answered as at the first gate, 'Capt. Nick from Searsport, Me.'

"'Walk in,' said he, 'thou good and faithful servant; thou art the first one we have had from Searsport, Me.'"

With the Advance Guard

In the dream of the northern poets,
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
In the field of the upper sky;
And as we read the sounding rhyme,
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords
And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings
Of the brothers whom we have lost,
And we strive to track in death's mystery
The flight of each valiant ghost.
The northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel, through our sorrow's night,
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for the truth and light.

It was not their time for rest and sleep;
Their hearts beat high and strong;
In their fresh veins the blood of youth
Was singing its hot, sweet song.
The open heaven bent over them,
Mid flowers their lithe feet trod,
Their lives lay livid in light, and blest
By the smiles of women and God.

Again they come! Again I hear
The tread of that goodly band;
I know the flash of Ellsworth's eye
And the grasp of his hard, warm hand;
And Putnam, and Shaw, of the lion heart,
And an eye like a Boston girl's;
And I see the light of heaven which lay
On Uiric Dahlgren's curls.

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no power in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout's crest,
Above death's clouds they strive.

A chosen corps, they are marching on
In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of heavenly powers;
And high brave thoughts float down to us,
The echoes of that far fight,
Like the flash of a distant picket's gun
Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us keep our arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall
And the battle of life be won.

—From "Poems by John Hay," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Some Object Lessons.

A Massachusetts clergyman stood before his congregation with a dog beside him and talked on the subject of kindness to animals. The innovation made a strong impression, but there is no doubt that it opens up a somewhat dangerous precedent. Will the next Massachusetts clergyman who inveighs against horse racing find it necessary to use a live horse for an object lesson? Or if he discusses on the dangers that surround the devoted missionary in Oriental lands, will he feel obliged to illustrate his theme with the tiger of the jungle and the elephant of the foothills?

There are few good things in this life of ours that can't be overdone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vanity has kept many from falling into ways which might not have been all to the good.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It sometimes happens that a law student gives up the law business to engage in the son-in-law business.

There are more "gold brick" transactions in this world than the most able computer can calculate.

The reward of mastering one difficulty is to meet another.

New Cattle Killing Device.

Butchers at Putney, England, have a new device for killing cattle, which is like an ordinary single-barrel pistol or large calibre, but instead of discharging a shot, it drives out with great force a bolt, which has occupied the full length of the pistol barrel, and this, entering the skull of an animal, produces instanteous stupefaction, without lodging a shot in the brainpan to lesson the sale value of the head.

Science and Immortality.

The relationship of the mind to the brain is that of master to servant, the minding proving itself the rightful master by its demonstrated ability to substitute one servant for another and still retain its own integrity. Death is but an eclipse, while genius as differing from insanity and imbecility is merely a question of degree of energy and its efficient control.—J. Sanderson Christison, M. D. in North American Review.

A Famous Missionary Oak.

In the beautiful grounds of Stoke Park, near Guilford, England, stands an oak tree under which regularly once a year a missionary meeting is held, and people who have a desire for work in the mission fields are invited to step forward. In almost every portion of the globe there are men and women who look upon the tree as the scene of the turning point in their lives.