Local News.

For any thing in the Harness line call at T. M. Reeds.

Candies for Christmas trees at Odendahl Bros.

Good grades of machine oils sold by T. M. Reed.

Finest line of celluoid gifts at Odendahl Bros.

A choice lot of mixed candies for sale cheap at Gasteyer's

Chas F. Etahl received a power corn-sheller by fright last Saturday.

Henry French is learning telegraphy at the B & M. depot.

Christmas candies very low at Odendahl Bros.

Dr. Sumner Davis, Grand Island, Surgical diseases and diseases of Eye and Ear.

The Omaha Eley. Co. shipped four car load of grain from this point last. Saturday.

Holiday goods; books, toys, sleds, at Odendahl Bros.

The Baptist S. S. are to have a cantata entertainment, "Santa Claas and Mother Goose. Everybody invited.

Mr. H. Smelser and Fred Wichmann of Ashton were doing business at the County seat Wednesday.

Quite a number of farmers through this section of the country are complaining about their hogs dying.

Best and newest lot of books in the county at Odendahl Bros

John Fisher went to Omaha last Monday where he will remain a few days and visit with his brother Louis.

Miss Mary Schaupp of Arcadia visited Sunday with her cousin in this City leaving for Grand Island Monday morning.

Quite a number of our young folks enjoyed a pleasant dance which was given at the residence of Mr. Austin last Saturday evening

Japenese, French, and Amer China Ware at Odendahl Bros.

There seems to be considerable sicknes about town this week, especially among the children. Coughs and colds are the main ailments.

If there is a reliable man among our readers who can sell Minnesota grown trees, he can secure steady employment and good wages by writeng the Jewell Nursery Co., Lake City, Minn.

A good audience greeted the Swiss bell ringers last Friday night at the opera house and all who attended spoke very highly of the entertainment. They left Saturday noon on the B. & M.

Sheriff Patton went out to Divide last Wednesday afternoon and brought in Fred King who is again unbalanced in mind. Fred is a good fellow and has a large circle of friends here, who will be sorry to hear of his sad affliction.

Soothing, and not irritating, strengthening, and not weakening, small but effective—such are the qualities of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills.—Odendahl Bros.

C. H. Winteer, one of Sherman county's substantial farmers, living near Rockville walked into our sanctum last Saturday and planked down $3.90 saying, set me right on my subscription account. It was no sooner said than done.

The length of life may be increased by lessening its dangers. The majority of people die from lung troubles. These may be averted by promptly using One Minute Cough Cure.—Odendahl Bros.

The M. W. A. team of this place went to Pleasanton last Saturday afternoon and attended the lodge meeting there in the evening. They report a very pleasant time. Five new members were initiated by the Loup City team.

Christ Hansen, of Rockville was a caller at this office last Saturday while doing business in this city. He has been reading the NORTHWESTERN for over eight years past, and seem to hold fast to a good thing when he can, therefore he has taken this opportunity to renew his subscription for another year.

Tickets for the German Verein Masquerade ball to be given in the opera house in this city, December 18, 1896 will be on sale at Odendahl Bros. drug store, at the following rates of admission: Gentlemen 50 cents, Ladies in costume free, Lady spectators 25 cents.

P. T. Rowe has moved his family back into the Col Young residence near the Dead Horse creek. Mr. Rowe moved from this same house right after the June flood to a residence near the foot of the hills. He moved back again because there is no well up there, and says that he can stand the floods better than he can drouth.

Mrs. Long, and mother of county attorney John W. Long, got quite seriously hurt from a fall last Monday afternoon. She went out doors for something and as she stepped upon the walk her foot turned in some way and she fell, striking her hip against the edge of the walk. At first it was thought to be only a bruise but it has been so painful it is feared that the bone is injured

SKATES! SKATES!!

Skates, and lots of 'em at Watkinsons.

Robby Pyke is assisting in the times. office.

Eye and Ear, Dr. Davis, Grand Island, Nebr.

24 Pound N. O. Sugar for $1.00 at Gasteyer's.

Tailor made clothing 12.50 per suit at A. E. Chase's.

I have corn, oats and ground feed for sale T. M. Reed.

Schuyler flour is the best you can buy; for sale at Gasteyer's.

The K. of P. Lodge, will give a grand masquerade ball on New Years night.

The cheapest and best dolls for the money are at Odendal Bros.

W. L. Ritter, the Union Pacific coal man was doing business with our local dealer Saturday.

Troy Hale returned from Atlanta, Ga last Saturday evening where he went with two car loads of horses.

Call and look at the samples of ready made clothing at A. E. Chase's. Suits from $5.00 up. Fit guaranteed.

Get your choice of China Cup and Saucers or other dishes with 1 pound of the celebrated Lock-Chop tea at 50 cents at Gasteyer's.

J. B. O'Bryan, S. C. McGrath, Herman Jung, F. Jens. C. Hansen and John Ohlsen went to Grand Island and attended the funeral of E. Schwer last Tuesday.

The Epworth League entertainment given last Saturday night at the M. E. church was well attended and was a splendid success throughout The receipts which go to paint the church and otherwise fix it up were quite large. We understand that it will be painted as oon as the weather permits.

Jay A Plant and Miss Gabrielle E Needham, both of Austin, this county were united in marriage at the residence of the brides parents last Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Webster officiating. Both the contracting parties have a large circle of friends who join together in wishing them a prosperous future.

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that is not where the liver is." "Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the other. "If it was in his big toe or his left ear DeWitt's Little Early Risers would reach it and shake it for him On that you can bet your gig-lamps."—Odendahl Bros.

DIED.

Ernst Schwer, Jeweler of this city died at the Hospital in Grand Island last Sunday December 13, 1896 at 5:30 p. m. after a short but painful sickness. Age 40 years.

The news of Mr. Schwer's death was indeed a surprise to the citizens of Loup City. Only last week, Tuesday he left here for medical treatment at the hospital in Grand Island. Up to the time of his going away he was able to be around and attend to business, and people generally supposed him to be in usual good health, although we learn that he has been complaining at times during the post two months. On the morning of his departure it is said by parties who saw him at the train that he was very sick, and that he said he would never be able to return to Loup City again. There was not much weight given to his expressions, however, as all naturally supposed that he would begin to recover as soon as placed under the physician's care. But he gradually grew worse and on Saturday afternoon his wife was telegraphed for. She started Sunday morning for Ravenna where she took the train for Grand Island and arrived about two hours before his death.

Mr. Schwer was born in 1857 at Reichenberg, Northen Bohemia. He came to Loup City in 1890 and has since resided here. Prior to his coming here he resided in Grand Island where he married his present wife Miss Dora Windolph.

The funeral services were held at the Baker residence, Grand Island Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Rev. Gafford officiating He was buried in the Grand Island cemetary. Several of his friends and members of the Germania Verein of this city were present at the funeral. He leaves a wife and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

The Union Pacific System has inaugurated a thorough colonist sleeping car service between Council Bluffs and Portland. This car leaves Co Bluffs on our train No 3 daily at 3 15 p m and passengers go through whitout change Berths in this car can be secured by request at this office. In addition to the above, we also run a through colonist car daily to San Francisco and a permanently conducted colonist car weekly every Friday to San Francisco and Los Angelos. Full information can be obtained by writing or calling on

Frank W Cline, Agent.

TEACHERS—LINCOLN.—For the Annual Meeting of the State Teachers' Association to be held at Lincoln Dec. 28-31 the U. P. will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip from points in Nebraska. Call get rates limit of tickets, etc.

FRANK W. CLINE, Agent.

PICKING CHICKENS TO MUSIC

Queer Customs of the Italian Poultry Dealers of San Francisco.

The sailor has his musical shanty to which he keeps time as he trots about the capstan until the anchor is hoisted to the peak, the farmer trills a lay to lighten his labors as he pitches hay into the wagon, and these songs are familiar to many, but who ever heard or saw a gang of Italian chicken pickers sing and denude fowls to the time of the music?

Such a scene can be witnessed any Friday evening in season at the Clay Street market, while the employees of the big poultry houses that have their places of business there are preparing for sale the chickens that the housewife buys for the Sunday dinner.

The men seat themselves in a half circle and each takes a fowl. One stroke of a sharp knife across the throat puts the unfortunate squawking broiler out of its misery, and then the foreman of the gang starts his song. As they catch the air and the time the others chime in, and in an instant the plucking begins. With rhythmic motion the nimble fingers grasp the feathers and pull them out during all the time of the song.

Feathers fly in all directions, but the song goes on until the last pinfeathers are removed and the carcasses are tossed into a pile, ready for the man who puts on the finishing touches and prepares them for the inspection of prospective purchasers.

The rapidity with which a chicken is stripped of its feathers is astonishing to the uninitiated who have tried it but a few times, and so adept have these men become that they finish their fowls almost simultaneously, and the process is repeated in unison. Three dozen birds are not considered a heavy night's work for one man, and when pressed for time they manage to compass even more than that.

The song they sing is remarkably lively and sweet and much resembles the song of the fishermen as they row their boats, though the time is much faster. —San Francisco Call.

FOOD FOR THE CATS.

English Sparrows Have to Fight For Their Lives In London.

If left to himself, the London sparrow would probably multiply exceedingly, for there is enough waste from every human household to keep at least one pair of sparrows. That would give something like 1,500,000 sparrows to the area of greater London. But these figures do not represent actual facts. The sparrow population is rigorously kept down, not by want of fecundity—for at the zoo, for instance, where food and shelter abound, the birds seem to breed at all seasons of the year—but by the operation of the natural enemy, that great fact in all wild life, which even the progressive London sparrow cannot avoid. The natural enemy in this case is the London cat. If any one will count up the number of houses in his or her knowledge which do not possess a cat, the numbers and ubiquity of the natural enemy will become apparent. Poor people keep more cats than rich people, so the small houses abound in cats. Rich folsk' cats which have large houses, as a rule, only catch the sparrows on their own estate, but poor cats have to poach at large, and their ravages among the young sparrows are prodigious. It has been observed that a sparrow killing cat bags on an average two young birds a day. No amount of correction seems to prevent their indulgence in this form of sport. They know it is wrong, but it is too fascinating. One young cat of the writer's acquaintance went into a fit after a mild beating for killing young sparrows, and as soon as he recovered went off to catch another. A cat in the same house which was surprised with two naked nestlings in its mouth slipped them underneath a mat on the stairs when it saw its mistress approaching. Nature is too strong for them, and the drawing room pussy seems no more able to resist the taste for sport than the stable cat.—London Spectator.

Spanish Inefficiency.

Spanish inefficiency has been shown up in a ludicrous way by the recent self floating of the new cruiser Princesa de Asturias at Cadiz. The vessel, which it had taken seven years to build, got stuck in the mud when they tried to launch her over a month ago. After trying their best to float her without success for 30 days the Spanish engineers gave up the job, adopting the usual Micawber policy of Spain of waiting for something to turn up. They were justified by the cruiser's slipping into the water of her own accord one afternoon when no one was watching her.

The Green Cross.

In addition to the Red Cross and the White Cross there has just been established in Vienna a new order, to be known as the Green Cross. Its object is to give succor to Alpine climbers and excursionists in mountain regions. It originated in the Austrian Alpine club. The intention is to establish huts on high mountains and to keep supplies and relief stores or boxes containing articles likely to be required in emergencies at conveniently located points.

Alfred the Great.

According to the most reliable English historians, Alfred the Great, in 872, was the first English sovereign to wear a crown. From early inscriptions and historical records it appears that the Saxon kings before the time of Alfred wore simply a band of pearls around the head as a mark of royal power.

The morning glory has long been regarded as an emblem of coquetry. One floral dictionary declares that this symbolism is derived from the extremely transient nature of the flowers. They bloom about sunrise and in two or three hours have perished.

The Jersey City Woman's club publishes a little newspaper called Our Club Outlook.

EVEN WITH THE 'DUN."

A Speculator Squares Himself With His Lawyer Creditor.

The lawyer had won an important case for the man. He had dabbled in stocks of one kind and another, and, hard luck having overtaken him, he had bolstered up his vanishing fortunes with $50,000 of other people's money.

But the other people had troubles of their own. They had wants that needed catering to, and when they found that the dealer in stocks had invested their means of subsistence in an enterprise that would benefit no one but himself they arose with a howl of righteous indignation and brought a suit for damages.

That was where the lawyer had his chance. He knew the man was guilty, and he told him so. But for all that he cleared him. He charged a pretty big fee, $3,000 being a conservative estimate of the value of his services. The man paid him $2,500 in cash and promised to give him the other $500 a month or two later. That was more than three years ago. The lawyer patiently waited on his client for a year, and then he put the matter in the hands of a collector. In the course of two years the collector gathered in $400, and then, as his salary was more than eating up the amount collected, the lawyer took the case from his hands and gave it to the office boy. As an incentive to energetic work, he said:

"Jimmie, there is $100 coming to me from Mr. ——. If you can get anything out of him, I'll give you half of it."

Jimmie's eyes snapped, and he went to work. He labored diligently for three months. Monday morning at 11 o'clock he would go into the office and present his employer's claim, and so run the gamut of the other five working days, and then repeat the procedure the succeeding week. The man got mad about it at first and threatened to throw the boy out of the office, but he finally thought better of it and contented himself with turning Jimmie away with some stinging rebuke.

Jimmie kept up the daily siege till last Thursday. Then he was sick and could not come down town. About 2 o'clock the lawyer was in his private office holding a consultation with two clients, when there came an imperative rat-a-ta-tat on his door. He bade the visitor enter, and a head, half concealed by a shock of bushy red hair, was thrust nto the room.

"Please, sir," said a high keyed voice, "I'm from Mr. ——, an he wants to know why your boy ain't been over today to dun 'im for that $100 he owes you."—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted a Clock and a Timepiece.

"I want something handsome in the way of a clock," he said to the jeweler.

"We have a very fine line of goods," was the response, "and the prices are very moderate."

"I don't care anything about the price. I want something that will show at a glance that it cost a whole lot of money."

"Certainly. We have some beautiful imported goods."

"That's the idea—something that came from abroad. I want an onyx pedestal and ormolu trimmings and a statue on the top of it."

"Here's a veritable work of art."

"That's pretty well, but I'd like something more attractive than that. It's to be a birthday present to my wife. We haven't been keeping house very long, and she's been worried for fear people would think we were going without a clock because we couldn't afford one. I'm going to see that she has something so handsome that it'll dazzle everybody who comes into the parlor and so precious that it has to be kept under glass like a specimen in the museum."

"How is this one?" the jeweler inquired as he lifted a massively ornate article from a shelf.

"That's the very thing. That'll please her almost to death. Pack it up and ship it out to my house and send the bill to my office."

"It'll cost $125," the jeweler mildly suggested.

"That's all right. It looks as if it were worth it."

He started for the door, but came back and said, "By the way, you'd better give me another clock—one of those small nickel plated affairs that cost about $1.50, so that we can stick it off in an obscure corner to look at when we want to know what time it is."—Washington Star.

A Cheerful Prospect.

A nervous young minister was filling the pulpit for a country charge that was without a regular pastor. A part of his experience is touchingly related by the local paper. The very pious old lady at whose house he staid, in showing him his room, said.

"It ain't everybody I'd put in this room. This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed, with his head on three pillows, and poor Mr. Jenks died sittin in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sittin there still. My own father died lyin right on that lounge right under the window there. Poor pa, he was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I am foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight, you'd better not tell me. It'd be a sign to me that there was somethin in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet there belongin to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. If you are up early and want somethin to amuse yourself before breakfast, just open that cupboard there, and you will find a lot of dead men's bones. My poor boy thought a lot of them. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams!" —Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph."