

Local News.

Happy New Year. Don't forget to write 1897. 24 Pound N. O. Sugar for \$1.00 at Gasteyer's. For any thing in the Harness line call at T. M. Reeds. Mrs. L. E. Walworth went to Lincoln yesterday. Good grades of machine oils sold by T. M. Reed. Miss Lulu Bower visited at Grand Island Tuesday. Tailor made clothing 12.50 per suit at A. E. Chase's. Mrs. C. L. McGrath is visiting friends at Grand Island. W. K. Brown went to St. Paul the first part of the week. John Eggers of Grand Island is doing business here this week. Harry Cline, of Albion, is visiting his brother F. W. Cline. J. C. Fletcher, of Clay township was at the county seat Tuesday. A. C. Simmons foreman of the U. P. liuen en was here Saturday. J. S. Pedler is having his ice house filled with ice for summer use. Lou Williams returned from Hamilton county Saturday evening. Mrs. J. B. O'Bryan has been quite ill but, we learn, is much better. R. Cattle, of Lincoln spent the Holidays with his parents in Loup City. Mr. Kearns of Ashton township was doing business at the hub yesterday. Dr. Sumner Davis, Grand Island, Surgical diseases and diseases of Eye and Ear. Adolph Sorinson, of Arcadia has been spending a few days with friends at Loup City. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ware are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. McCarty of Caro, Neb. James Hilligas, from Hamilton county, Nebraska is visiting his daughter Mrs. S Hancock. Abe Travis of Lincoln and his brother Robert, of Wisconsin are visiting their parents in this city. "Heaven is not reached in a day," but Lincoln is via. Union Pacific, one fare for round trip to silver convention Jan 6th and 7th. Mr. Aaron Smith and Miss Nellie Brewer, both of Scott township, this county, were on December 31, 1896 united in marriage, Judge Kay officiating. Supt. Johnson had made every arrangement to attend the teachers association at Lincoln this week, but owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Johnson he did not go. Most of the farmers in this vicinity who were completely haled out twice last season replanted after the 5th of June and raised twenty bushels of corn to the acre. 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. "What makes Harry Jenner cut such a dash with his white horse and go cart? we ventured to ask. "Why, hav'nt you heard the news?", asked a neighbor on the left. "He has got a bran new baby at his house." Came Monday. 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 musical entertainment given by Prof Auble and family at the Baptist church was largely attended and pronounced by those present to be good. Mr. Auble is a music teacher and gave the entertainment with a view to getting up a class. DIED.—Fred Converse died at the home of his parents last Thursday morning, December 31, 1896, after a severe sickness of several months duration. The funeral services will be held at the M. E. church in this city Saturday, January 2nd, at 12 o'clock. Here is the kind of obituary that a Georgia editor put up for a poor man "Poor Jim slung his earthly garments on a limp and swam the river yesterday. He didn't stand back because the water was cold, but plunged right in, rose-smiling and struck right out for the other shore where the angels were waiting for him with a finer suit than he had ever worn in his life. Jim was a poor man, but he had his subscription to his home paper all paid up, and he got there in good shape." The state industrial school loses about \$500 by reason of the decision of the supreme court declaring against the beet sugar bounty law. The school sold about 500 tons to the Grand Island factory at \$5 per ton if the bounty was paid, \$4 per ton if the bounty was knocked out. Quite a number of farmers near Gibbon lose from \$50 to \$150 each from the decision the same way.—Kearney Sun.

SKATES! SKATES!! Skates, and lots of 'em at Watkinsons. Eye and Ear. Dr. Davis, Grand Island, Nebr. Freddie Hauck was a Grand Island visitor this week. I have corn, oats and ground feed for sale T. M. Reed. A choice lot of mixed candies for sale cheap at Gasteyer's. Schuyler flour is the best you can buy; for sale at Gasteyer's. W. H. Kennedy is enjoying a visit from his brother of Merrick county this week. A ten pound baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ramey last Monday. Mrs. Thompson, and daughter of Mrs. J. S. Pedler returned to her home at Denver last Saturday. 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. The reason you never see any items of interest from your locality in the local news papers is because you never tell the editor about it. The Bankrupt Clothing Company of Central City will open business at the Taylor stand in this city Jan. 9th, 1897. See their new add on first page. A lady living at Albion, Neb. by the name of Helbu. h is credited with having given birth to five children last week. And yet some people growl about Nebraska crops. The NORTHWESTERN takes pleasure in announcing the marriage of Mr. Andy Anderson to Miss Carrie McFadden which took place December 31, 1896 Rev. Webster officiating. At the regular meeting of Shiloh Circle No. 5, of this city held Saturday of last week special arrangements were made for holding their next regular meeting Jan 9, at 7:30 p. m. All members are requested to be present. C. L. Drake, J. S. Pedler, and Adam Schaupp of Loup City and James Landers of Arcadia swooped down upon a hog thief near Rockville last Wednesday afternoon, the particulars of which are given in another column. "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. John Hutson tells a very interesting story of how he came near capturing a chicken thief last Sunday night. Says John: "I heard a noise at the barn and went out to see what was the matter. As I turned around the corner of the house I saw that the hen house door stood wide open and that a man with a lantern lit was inside. I rushed in the house, got my shotgun and rushed out again. The sound of my second coming caught the quick ear of the thief, and, smashing his lantern all to pieces against the side of the hen house he took to his heels and made off with great speed. I snapped the gun on him once or twice but the blamed thing would not go off. I stood and watched him. He went down and up the banks of the Dead Horse, oh, so quick; thence across Mr. Rosseter's lots, and from there to the north end of town. I could see him several blocks away, in fact I could see him as far as I could see the light of his lantern." But, said Mr. Hutson, "the most singular part of it all was that when I counted my fowls the next morning I found that I had one more than we had the night before." The story is a little peculiar in some respects at least. We can easily understand, how Mr. Hutson could run and get his gun after seeing the thief, that it is possible for the blamed thing not to go off just at the time the game was in easy range, how the fellow could take to his heels and run, and even how there might possibly be one more chicken in the coop the next morning; but for the life of us, we cannot comprehend how it could be possible for Mr. Hutson to see a distance of several blocks, the light from a lantern which had been smashed all to pieces against a chicken house not five minutes before. But they say strange things will happen and it may be that this is one of them. 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 without change Bertha 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 Angeles. Full information can be obtained by writing or calling on Frank W. Cline, Agent. WANTED.—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Nebraska. Salary \$75, payable six weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, star Building, Chicago. WANTED.—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Nebraska. Salary \$75, payable six weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, star Building, Chicago.

POMOLOGICAL ART.

TRYING TO PRODUCE SEEDLESS AND THORNLESS FRUIT. Methods by Which Fruit Scientists Succeeded in Improving Upon Nature—Results Have Shown That They Are on the Right Basis—Slight Success With Apples. One of the most important objects pomologists are striving for is to produce thornless and seedless fruits, and from the results already obtained it is not unlikely that the end will soon be realized. Seeds are not relished by the consumers of fruits, and if they could be removed we would enjoy our grapes without experiencing a dread of appendicitis and kindred complaints. Thorns are not in good standing among fruit growers, because they are constantly puncturing the best fruits and, what is equally important, the skin of the pickers. The thorns and prickles of plants and trees were undoubtedly intended by nature to protect them from animals, but that is no reason why they should be continued for generation after generation on the cultivated varieties. The gardener has no need for them, and, for that matter, the trees and shrubs have none either. Our domesticated pears and apples were all derived from the thorny, wild varieties, and pomologists have succeeded in ridding them of these spikes and prickles by careful culture and selection. Oranges and lemons have not been cultivated in this country as successfully as pears and apples, and many of them are very thorny. The wild and sour orange trees of Florida are bristling with thorns, as is also the high priced king orange, one of the best of the mandarins. The wild lemon trees of Florida are so thorny that growers question the advisability of grafting the fine La France lemons on them. In Florida, however, the thorns of the orange and lemon trees have been greatly reduced by selecting buds from branches with the fewest thorns, and by continuing this process year after year the sharp spikes disappear. In California nearly all of the orange trees are thornless—not naturally, but as the result of cultivation and selection. The thorns on blackberries, raspberries and rosebushes give the greatest bother to horticulturists in the north, and there is a determined effort to get rid of them. The thorns give endless trouble to the pickers, and their removal might save many a puncture to delicate hands. There is an improved variety of raspberry placed on the market today which is entirely thornless, but the trouble is that quality and quantity of fruit have been sacrificed to the gain made in destroying the thorns. There is little doubt that perfect thornless blackberries and raspberries will soon be obtained, for there is a widespread movement among gardeners and seedsmen to accomplish this. The man who is fortunate enough to produce a variety that gives perfect fruit without the thorns will receive a pretty stiff price for his plants. Seeds are also unnecessary plant products in these advanced days of horticulture, when gardeners propagate half their stock by cuttings, grafts and slips. Nature need no longer trouble herself about the fear of losing any of her types. The modern horticulturist is sure to preserve every one of any value without gathering a seed. The California navel orange represents the best type of fruit grown without seeds. Nature produced this orange as a freak at first, and man has taken advantage of it to propagate fruit of a high order. Half the oranges of California are grafted with the navel, and it is the most important fruit of the Pacific coast. Nature tried to produce twins in the navel orange, and one survived only as a protuberance in the blossom end, while the other expanded into a well shaped fruit without seeds. These oranges are occasionally found with small seeds; but, as a rule, they are perfectly seedless. Several varieties of seedless apples and pears have already been produced, but the quality of the fruit is generally poor and nearly worthless. They are called "bloodless" pears and apples and are exhibited more as curiosities than as the triumphs of pomological art. Nevertheless, they are the beginning of a new era of apple growing, and they represent the primary stock of seedless fruits which may produce in time the finest flavored apples and pears. The grape industry would be benefited more than any other by the production of new varieties without seeds, and toward this end scores of fruit growers are working, especially in California. The idea is to produce not only table grapes, but grapes that will make fine raisins. Seedless raisins would prove such a boon to the whole civilized world that any other variety would be quickly run out of the market. There is a seedless grape of Corinth, which commonly passes as a currant, and the Sultana raisins of southeastern Europe are also seedless. But these fruits are so small that they can never answer the purpose. What the trade wants is a large, seedless grape, with perfect color and flavor, and to get that it is necessary to experiment for years. —New York Journal. The Austrian Dynasty. The present emperor of Austria is Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne Dec. 2, 1848. He is of the royal house of Hapsburg, which has held the throne since 1282. Twenty-six sovereigns of this house have ruled over Austria. Rudolph I, the nobleman who founded this royal family, built a castle on the Habichtsburg, or Hawk's mountain, whence the name of the family. An authority on deaf mutes says that the ratio of deaf mutes to hearing is about 1 to each 1,000, according to which there are about 40,000 deaf persons in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world's entire population.

JUST A BOY.

Laurence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Juvenile Life in New York. He was not a very good boy or a very bad boy or a very bright boy or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy, and very often he forgot that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about the boy that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother, and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it. His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else—always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything, the boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was, "What on earth shall I do with it?" When the boy came to her one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from heaven, and when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad looking or a bad conditioned boy, her first words were, "What on earth shall I do with it?" She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than 40 years afterward, and the boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry. What better benediction can a boy have than that? The boy was redheaded and long nosed even from the beginning—a shy, dreaming, self conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red and that his nose was long. At school for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Redhead," "Carrot Top" or "Nosy." His mother, married at 19, was the eldest of a family of nine children, and many of the boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled, and consequently he was never praised nor petted nor coddled. He was always falling down or dropping things. He was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so. But nobody except the boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passerby pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.—"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas. A TRIBUTE TO ART. The Maid of Milecia and the Beautiful Venus de Medici. Somewhere in Washington—just where is not necessary to the main point at issue in this short article on the development and undevelopment of art in the national capital—is a mansion presided over by a woman of wealth and refinement. She is a most artistic woman, too, and in her house are some unusually fine pieces of painting and statuary. There is also a Milesian maid, by name Maggie, who knows a deal more about housecleaning than she does about sculpture, and Maggie has been trying for a long time to cultivate her taste up to the point of properly appreciating the painted and carved beauty with which she daily comes in contact. Not many days ago the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in especial order for a musicale that was to be given to a few artists and fashionables, and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the "Venus de Medici," in an alcove just off the hall. "Here, Maggie!" she called. "Why don't you brush the dust off this figure?" "Which wan, mem?" inquired Maggie with great innocence. "The 'Venus' there in the alcove, of course. See?"—and the lady touched it with her finger—"you have left dust all over it." "Yis, mem," confessed Maggie, "but I do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there art to be something on it, mem." It was a delightful and logical excuse, perhaps, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave.—Washington Star. His Grandmother. A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, a droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother. "I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father. 'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick.' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?" Saw Through It. "Package, sir," said the agent as Mr. Sharp came to the door. "There is \$2 express charges on it." "Be kind enough to wait a moment," said Mr. Sharp as he disappeared indoors. Presently he returned. "Just allow me to throw this X ray on that package, please." The x-ray light revealed three bricks carefully done up in raw cotton, and, unopened, they were returned to the would be joker marked "Refused." —Washington Times.

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