

THE NORTHWESTERN

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EXITING SUBMARINE TRIP.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Captain Holland's first trip in his submarine craft was attended with an accident which proved very exciting for a few minutes to the people on board. After her lines were cast off she was headed for Robbins Reef lighthouse, about a mile away. When about midway between it and the Jersey shore Captain Holland said: "hold fast! I'm going to dive down to the bottom." As he said this he opened the valves, allowing the water to enter her submerging tanks, and properly deflected her stern fins or side rudders, so that they threw her stern up and her nose down.

"Down, down, she went for a minute or more," relates a man who was aboard of her, "and presently her nose stuck in the mud at the bottom and she came to a full stop with a suddenness which would have thrown us down had we not been holding fast to our supports. The instant Captain Holland felt the vessel stop he said: 'Well here we are.' Then he stopped the engine, and reversed it, prepared to back out. As he did this I threw over the rudder, first to port and then to starboard, just as I would if we were on the surface, in order to wiggle-waggle her stern and help release her. This maneuver I kept up for probably two minutes, but the boat did not budge one inch. Then I remembered, and so did Holland, that the mud bank in which we were fast was a particularly sticky, pasty, clayey, and adhesive character. He stopped the propeller engines a minute and then set the pumps to work to expel the water from her tanks in order to lighten her up and make her as buoyant as possible.

"It took several minutes to empty the tanks, and then he reversed the engines and set the propeller going, hoping that she would now back out of her slimy embrace with ease. She did not, however, and remained as firmly fixed in the grasp of the mud as though she were clamped in an iron vice.

"The boat contained tanks of fresh air, but both myself and Captain Holland knew that there was sufficient only to maintain our lives for a few hours.

"We had been fast in the mud probably three minutes when Holland said: I will try the pneumatic gun. This gun formed the rear of a tube in the bow of the boat, through which a torpedo could be discharged. He charged it as high as it would bear with compressed air, and then touched it off. In a second I knew that we were free, for the instant the boat's nose was released from the grasp of the sticky mud it became so light (through the fact that the water tanks in it were empty) that it rose far above an even keel. We breathed freely in more than the literal sense.

"Captain Holland, now assured that we were rising to the surface, applied full force ahead to the propeller. In less time than I can tell you we reached the surface of the water, and through the conning tower I saw that we had come up very close to a man who was fishing from a skiff. He evidently had not heard of the Holland submarine boat, and thought we were an aqueous monster of some fearful character, for, letting go his line, he sprang to his oars and pulled for the shore at a speed which would have excited the admiration of Ned Hanlon himself.

"I headed our boat for Bayonne, and in ten minutes we were again safe in our dock. When the cap of the conning tower was removed I scrambled up on the deck and then made the best of my way to the wharf. As I did so I turned and looked to what had come so near being my coffin, and I saw that its nose had been thrust fully fifteen feet into the mud and then I marveled that I was alive.

EDITOR NORTHWESTERN:—As several have expressed a wish for me to write up an account of my recent trip through the North west, I will make a brief statement hoping it may prove of interest and use to some one.

We left Loup City over the B. & M. via Lincoln and Omaha on May 2nd and from Omaha on the C. M. & St. Paul to St. Paul. As the trip through Ia. was uneventful and made mostly in the night I have but little to communicate. We saw our Nebraska state troops at Lincoln. They were scattered everywhere over the city and it reminded me of days passed from 1861 to 65. The same at St. Paul, Minn. Everything was bustle for war.

We arrived in St. Paul at 7:30 a. m. therefore saw but little of the state of Minnesota. What we did see much of it was low wet ground, unfit for farming. The higher land was bluffs which either was or had been covered with timber and on these hillsides were many comfortable homes, and I judge were used mostly for stock raising and dairying. These farms were generally set with blue grass, and at that time was good feed. We staid in St. Paul until 1:30 p. m. when we started on our trip west. St. Paul is a finely built business city and reminds me of our far eastern cities. From there we take a north west course over the Great Northern R. R. to Kallispell, Montana. The first 320 miles to Grand Forks, North Dakota is a fine, well settled country and I judge that wheat is their main crop, though we saw quite a few fields of corn stalks. At Grand Forks the road runs due west almost parallel with the North line of the United States. What we saw of this country was many ponds, marshes, etc., with a few small farms scattered in on the high land. There was a few small towns, but many stations were nothing but a side track. A little further on we saw indications of soft coal and I have since learned, that the Great Northern are preparing to develop mines. They are looking to a future supply.

At Williston 650 miles west of St. Paul we strike the Missouri river, and soon after Old Fort Beaufort, the remains of which are in good view from the station bearing the same name. Here we leave North Dakota behind us and enter Montana at 2 p. m. or a little more that twenty-four hours from St. Paul We follow the river to Glasgow, 806 miles from St. Paul. Since passing Fort Beaufort it is mostly an Indian reservation and a fairly good country with some grass. As it was ration day we saw the Indians assembled at the slaughter house to get their meat and I judge there will be nearly two thousand of them.

After passing the reservation the land to the foot hills of the Rockies is fair grazing lands and used for that purpose. Near the reservation we passed on the south of the lava beds or Bad Lands. A volcanic formation of beauty and quite different from anything that I had ever seen. It looked to me like cinder thrown up when melted and on top of many of the spires was a different formation as though it had carried the crust of the earth up with it when it burst out. At 7 p. m. we got to Havre 960 miles from St. Paul. Here the road branches off for Helena, Bulle, etc., but we keep the main line and about 2 a. m. struck the snow line on the Rockies without hardly knowing that we were climbing the mountain side, the ascent being so easy. But we flad ourselves among the rocky gorges and snow banks all the same, and cold enough to make it necessary for the train men to coal up. We soon arrived at the summit, passed through a long tunnel and commenced the descent. In one place we passed over a tressel 227 feet high, and I was told that at times in heavy wind it would swing six inches out of line. The company is now building a steel bridge to take its place. We soon strike the headwaters of the Flathead river and follow it down to the valley, passing through several tunnels. We came out on the Flathead valley 1209 west of St. Paul, and at 6 a. m. of the third day arrived at our destination, Kallispell, 1224 miles from St. Paul, and about 1750 from Loup City. We made the trip between 7:30 Monday morning and 6 a. m. Thursday. The average time including stops from St. Paul, being about 30 miles per hour.

Kallispell, the county seat of Flathead county is located in the valley by that name. The valley is from five to twenty-five miles wide and perhaps a hundred miles long and lays between the two ranges of mountains, the tops of which are covered with snow eleven months in the year. There we rested for two weeks and I will account for our visit and return in our next.

M. H. SMITH.

In our advertising columns will be found an announcement of Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls forthcoming book entitled America's War For Humanity. Canvassing agents will find in it a book remarkable interest, and certainly of extraordinary salubility. The history of the war is told in picture and story, and in a way that always characterizes the brilliant pen of Senator Ingalls. In narrating the incidents of this war he finds grand scope for his superb descriptive and analytical powers. The theme is worthy of the author, and the author is worthy of the theme. It is published by N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., of St. Louis, Mo. It will be a monumental work that will not only be everywhere read, but it will be a monument to his genius that will outlive in history his brilliant senatorial career. The subscription book trade and the canvassing agent are fortunate in the fact that an author of such rare ability has been enlisted in its interest.

ANIMALS UNDERGROUND.

Burrowing as It Is Performed by Various Species of Mammals.

Ventilation, or rather the want of it, must be a difficulty in the underground life of almost all mammals. The rabbit and the rat secure a current of air by forming a bolt hole in connection with their system of passages, but the fox, the badger and many of the field voles and mice seem indifferent to any such precaution. There is no doubt that whatever gave the first impulse to burrow, many animals look upon this, to us most unpleasant exertion, as a form of actual amusement. It also confers a right of property.

Prairie dogs constantly set to work to dig holes merely for the love of the thing. If they cannot have a suitable place to exercise their talent in, they will gnaw into boxes or chests of drawers, and there burrow, to the great detriment of the clothes therein contained. In an inclosed prairie dog "town" they have been known to mine until the superincumbent earth collapsed and buried the greater number. A young prairie dog, let loose in a small, gravel floored house, instantly dug a hole large enough to sit in, turned round in it and bit the first person who attempted to touch him. Property gave him courage, for before he had been as meek as a mouse.

It is noticeable that the two weakest and least numerous of our mice, the dormouse and the harvest mouse, do not burrow, but make nests, and that these do not multiply or maintain their numbers, like the burrowing mice and voles. But the fact that there are members of very closely allied species, some of which do burrow, while others do not, seems to indicate that the habit is an acquired one.

In this connection it is worth noting that many animals which do not burrow at other times form burrows in which to conceal and protect their young, or, if they do burrow, make a different kind of a more elaborate character. Among these nursery burrows are those of the dog, the fox and sand-martin, the kingfisher and the sheldrake. Foxhound litters never do so well as when the mother is allowed to make a burrow on the sunny side of a straw stack. In time she will work this five or six feet into the stack and keep the puppies at the far end, while she lies in the entrance. Vixens either dig or appropriate a clean burrow for their cubs, which is a natural habit, or, at any rate, one acquired previously to the use of earth by adult foxes.—London Spectator.

MYSTIFYING A CONDUCTOR.

The Determined Woman Wanted Him to Find Her Nephew.

She had a look of determination in her face as she stood on the corner of Main and Court streets in Auburn and signaled for an electric car.

The car stopped and the woman advanced to the steps.

"Where be you going?" said she.

"Figure 8," said the conductor.

"Eh!"

"Figure 8."

"Ate what?" said she. "Who said anything about eatin? Be you goin past my nephew James Strout's house?"

"Dunno," said the conductor. "All aboard."

"You hol' on, young man," said the woman. "Don't you get excited. Don't you know Jim Strout? He lives on Rural avenue, and he's expectin me today."

"We go College street," said the conductor.

In the meantime the motorman was stamping on the gong and passengers were getting interested.

"All aboard," was the courteous suggestion of the conductor. "If you are going with me, madam, get aboard. We don't keep a directory and we don't sell stamps, and I am not acquainted with James Strout of Rural avenue, but if you want to ride around the figure 8, all aboard."

"Well, I never!" said the woman.

"Well, young man, there's one thing you kin do. You can hold your horses till I git my gripsack."

And they did, and the conductor helped her aboard with it, and on College street, near Skinner, she saw a family in a team, and she gave a yell that shut off the electricity quicker than a cat catches a rat.

It was her nephew.

Such are the tender ministrations of fate that watch over resolute women.—Lewiston Journal.

Music Shops on Ocean Liners.

From a single venture five years ago small shops for the sale of musical instruments have become a regular thing on the large liners that sail from England to India, Australia and the colonies.

From the beginning the music shop was quite a success. Perhaps most of its trade runs in the direction of cheap banjos, which are bought by almost every man on board before the voyage as a means of passing the time.

Valuable violins are often more easily disposed of at sea than on shore, while even pianos meet with at least four or five customers each voyage, many people disposing of their own instruments before starting and being readily persuaded into buying others to avoid the middleman on landing.

The seaboard music shop agent usually travels first class, and as he is generally possessed of gentlemanly manners and glib tongue he meets with better opportunities for pushing his wares than he would get under ordinary circumstances.—London Globe.

The Dead Love.

"Mr. James McJames, Haraboo, Wis.," said the clerk at the express office, reading the address on the little package. "What are the contents, madam?"

"A solitaire diamond ring," replied the young woman coldly.

"What is the value?"

"Nothing—to me," she said, still more coldly.—Chicago Tribune.

J. PHIL JAEGER

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AND YOU SHOULD NOT FAIL TO CALL AND SEE THEM.
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South Side Public Square, Loup City, Neb.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Lincoln, Neb. April 26, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Judge of Sherman county, at Loup City, Neb., on Monday, June 13, 1898, viz: Kardzmitterz Sowakinos, H. E. No. 18961, for the north west quarter of section 22, township 13, range 13, west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Mike Petrytis, John Spotanski, Adam Fredrick, Michael Rewolinski, all of Ashton, Neb. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

J. W. JOHNSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Lincoln, Neb. April 21st, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and the said proof will be made before the county Judge of Sherman county, Nebraska, at Loup City, on Saturday, June 4, 1898, viz: John W. Carpenter H. E. No. 18167 for the South West Fourth, Section 12, Township 14, Range 14, west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Vandergriff, Elias S. Ogle, John S. Needham, and William H. Hayes, all of Austin, Nebraska. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

J. W. JOHNSON, Register.

NOTICE OF STOCK TAKEN UP.

I hereby give notice that I have taken up on my farm, in Bristol township, Section 11, T. 13, Range 14, Sherman county Nebraska, on or about May 31st, 1898: One black mare colt, about three years old, weight about 80 pounds, hind legs white up to knee and star in forehead. Owner can have same by paying cost of keeping and for this advertisement.

PETER MORTZ.

REDUCED RATES TO GRAND ENCAMPMENT MINING DIST., WYO.

The Union Pacific will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip, plus \$3.00, from all points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Utah to Rawlins, Wyo. Dates on which tickets will be sold are 1st and 3rd Tuesday in May, June, July, August, Sept., Oct. and Nov. Stage line daily except Sunday each way between Rawlins and Grand Encampment. For full information call on or address W. D. Clifton, Agent.