

# THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pub.

LOUP CITY, NEB.

The trades unions of San Francisco have raised nearly \$50,000 by assessments and donations to maintain the strikes of the planing mills in their effort to gain an eight-hour working day in California.

Salt water is held to be much more effective than fresh water in putting out fires. A system of piping is now being placed in the Brooklyn navy-yard, by which water from the harbor will be carried by gravity through a large main to an electric power house.

A shipment of 100,000 young peach trees from Georgia nurseries, bound for Cape Colony and Natal, South Africa, will be made next week. They go largely into Natal, and a large number of the trees going to that country are consigned to Ladysmith. Cape Colony fruit growers get less than half of the shipment.

The Siberian railway will cross altogether thirty miles of bridges, and of these the line of Irkutsk required a large number, including such important ones as those over the Irtysh, at Omsk, 700 yards; over the Ob, at Krivashkovo, 840 yards; over the Yenissei at Krasnoyarsk, 930 yards, and over the Uda, at Nijmi Udinsk, 359 yards.

An original device for evading the prohibitory law was recently unearthed by plumbers in a house in Rutland, Vt. The liquor, stored in a secret nook, was conveyed by hidden pipes to a radiator in one of the principal rooms of the house. A small faucet attached to the radiator was the means by which the liquid was drawn off for use.

Judge Clifford Smith of Cedar Falls, Ia., holds that good citizens are needed more in this country than mere voters. Therefore he refused to grant naturalization papers to several foreigners who came before him because they were unable to understand some simple questions which he put to them. None of them could either read or write English, and the judge told them that he did not think they were as yet ready for citizenship.

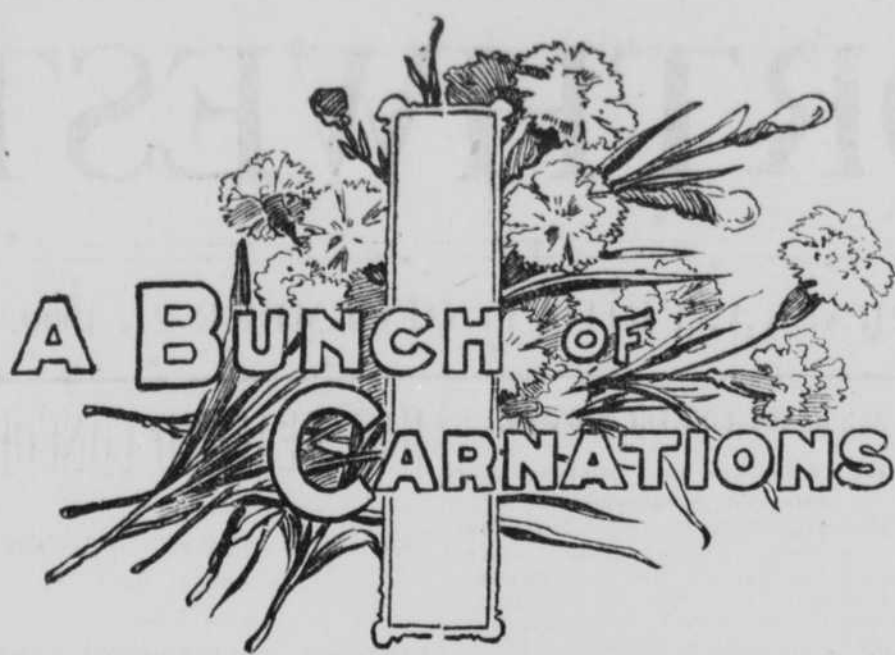
A recommendation of the recent Paris conference on international copyright is that no modification of an author's work shall be made without his consent. Is not this principle morally binding after an author's death? The rapid multiplication of denominational hymn-books has led compilers so materially to alter the verses used that they often express opposite tenets from those the author held. It is a serious offense to attach an author's name to a hymn so altered.

It's rank nonsense to presume that a man can't love a woman just as well if she is the daughter of a millionaire as if she were only a saleswoman, and just as silly, too, to think a woman can't be as devoted to a man with a title as to one who is a motor-man, for instance. It's all in the man and it's all in the woman. There's just as much so-called love among titles and dollars as there is among the roses, and the chances are as good for permanent happiness in one case as in the other. All of which is apropos of the wedding of Miss Zimmerman with the duke of Manchester.

Henry Hagemelster, treasurer of the Wisconsin Brewers' association, says beer-drinking is on the decrease in the state. The days of fortune-making in breweries has passed, and several large establishments now fail to return a fair percentage on the money invested. This condition has been brought about in large measure by increased consumption in homes. When people drink beer at home," says Mr. Hagemelster, "they are satisfied when thirst is appeased. In saloons the social or treating feature makes them drink a great deal more. The result to the brewer can be easily understood."

The album habit is so strong and its expressions are so varied that little wonder ought to be felt at an account of an album in which a young woman has placed a piece of each gown she has bought, and has noted on the page the date of purchase and the time when the garment was last worn. The price also is attached, both as an encouragement and a warning. It is to be supposed. An observer of the other sex might suggest an enlargement of the album pages so as to include a summary of the miles traveled in selecting the dresses. There might be added an estimate of the total of regrets that other patterns were not preferred or different fashionings ordered. No one, of course, would cloud the pages with surmises as to the aggregate of sighs of envy or whispers of criticism which each dress called into being.

There is yet another child prodigy in the world of music—the daughter of M. Anton Kneiser, director of the Bucharest School of Music. This young lady is now six years old, but her little fingers began to manifest a singular facility for the keyboard of the piano before she was two, while at four she had given several public performances as a pianist in the capital and several other towns of Roumania. One or two of the pieces are her own compositions. She is now in Paris, where she is to give a series of recitals.



People who did not know the Bertrams wondered how it was possible for so many children to live in so small a house. When Dr. Bertram built the house it was considered of very good size, but that was many years ago, and since then five bright, happy children had come to crowd the little brown house. On one side of them lived a little boy who was an only child and the idol of his father and mother. He had the enviable reputation of having everything he wanted. When some of the little Bertrams wished they were as fortunate as Lawrence Cole, their sister Helen, who was 14, would say:

"Oh, it wouldn't be nice to have all the things we want—there wouldn't be anything to wish for, and wishing is such fun!"

Of their neighbor on the other side the children stood in great awe. He was a bachelor named Samuel Jorden, who lived all alone, and who detested children; and how in the world he happened to build a house right next to the little brown house full of them is not known.

But, in spite of all the wealth on either side of them, the Bertrams were the happiest, most contented of families. There was always such fun there, with never a dull day, so that every child in the neighborhood loved to go there, but after dinner at night was the jolliest time, when Dr. Bertram was at home. They would all gather around the open fire in the library and everyone had to tell what he and she had been doing all day. Then they would have a little music from Helen and her mother, and the girl would transfer them all to an ideal world with the music from her violin. Then came the procession to bed, where Marjorie would be carried, half asleep. The queer thing about the Bertram family was that everyone was utterly different in look and character, so that one never knew just which one they loved best.

It was only the third day before Christmas, when Dorothy, who was just "half past six," went up stairs to find her mother. She had a wistful look on her little face that one could never resist.

"Mother, dear, have I got something for everybody now?"

"Yes, Dorothy, I think you have, and you have helped me very much, besides," answered her mother.

"Well, then, would you please give me just fifteen cents more and let me go out all alone and spend it?"

"Why, yes, my child, you may have that. I suppose it is some great mystery, isn't it, and I mustn't ask?" said Mrs. Bertram.

"No, please don't ask—ever!" said the child earnestly.

"Ever!" thought her mother, as the child went out, "what can she be going to do with it?"

It was almost dark when Dorothy opened the door of a florist's little shop, two blocks down the street. Never was a child who loved flowers more than this little maid, and she would talk to them as she would to her dolls. She was a frequent visitor at this shop, and when the other children hurried off to a candy store with an occasional five cents, she usually spent



"I WANT ALL YOU CAN GIVE ME." hers for a few pretty flowers. So as she stood there hesitatingly, the man smiled and asked her what she wished.

"I want all you can give me of some kind that smells sweet, for fifteen cents. I suppose the flowers are all very dear, aren't they?" she added dubiously, but the man had disappeared inside the glass closet, and when he brought out a lovely bunch of Dorothy's favorite cinnamon pinks, she fairly danced. He was very generous with his little customer and gave her eight blossoms, sweet and fresh.

It was quite dark when Dorothy arrived home, but she went straight on past her door, and, wonder of wonders! she turned in at the gate of Mr. Jorden's house!

"Please might I see Mr. Jorden for a minute?" she asked the astonished maid who opened the door just wide enough to look out.

"Well, I never! you don't know how

he hates children, I guess," she said, opening the door wider.

A big lump, which she tried to swallow, came up in Dorothy's throat.

"Yes, I do, but may I just see him a minute? I won't bother him."

"Well, I don't know what he'll say, I'm sure," said the girl, as she led the way through the beautiful hall to a door at which she knocked.

"Here, sir, is one of them children that lives next door. She's got some message, I guess."

And in one second Dorothy found the door shut behind her, and there, in the chair before the fire, sat Mr. Jorden.

"Well, what is it you want, little girl?" said he as he turned toward her. "Be quick, for I am very busy."

"Oh, are you busy?" asked Dorothy, surprised, because he was not doing anything but looking at the fire. "I—I only wanted to give you these, sir, and I'll go right away."

The man stared hard at the white paper parcel she held out to him.

"Flowers?" said he.

"Yes."

"For what, may I ask?"

"Just for Christmas, because you live all alone. Good-bye," and she was gone.

The pretty flowers had begun to fade by the warm fire before Mr. Jorden came out of the brown study into which he had fallen.

"God bless her brave little heart," said he, as he held Dorothy's flowers.

The first joy of the Christmas tree was over, the presents were all distributed, and every one of the little Bertrams were sitting around admir-



ing the candles and the clever trimming of the tree.

"There goes the door bell again," said someone.

"Do you think Santa Claus has come back?" asked Marjorie.

It was a great disappointment to her when she saw her mother shaking hands with Mr. Jorden. He looked rather sad, though he smiled at them all. There was a bright carnation in his buttonhole, the sight of which made Dorothy want to get behind someone.

"How happy you look," said the visitor, sitting down. "I could see you through my side windows—I have often looked in upon you, and tonight I took the liberty of joining you for half an hour. Shall I intrude?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Bertram. "You are very welcome."

Mr. Jorden drew Dorothy toward him and kissed her.

"Do you know," he said, turning to look at them all, "that a man may grow to be fifty years old and learn for the first time what he should always have known. It is this little girl who has taught me how sweet and comforting a child may be, and I used to think they were put into the world only to annoy people."

This was Mr. Jorden's conversion, and though all the children grew to love him, it was Dorothy who became his daily companion and friend.

Christmas Waits.

In England the "waits" are musicians who play throughout the towns and cities at night, for two or three weeks preceding Christmas. They call on the inhabitants for donations. At one time it was the custom to let out this privilege to one man, who was privileged to hire as many waits as he chose and to take a goodly percentage of the profits, none others but his players being allowed to engage in this occupation.

She Knew.

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.

"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

There are a lot of people who love to wag their jaws and tell the children plainly there is no Santa Claus.

No Santa Claus—what nonsense! Down childish throats to ram, You might as well inform them there is no Uncle Sam!

R. K. Munkittrick.

Cast Care to the Winds.

Holly berries red and bright.

Wealth of candles flick'ring light,

Christmas in the air!

Childish faces all aglow.

Outside sleigh bells in the snow—

Banished is dull care.

Older wiseheads for the time

Join in sport and song and rhyme—

Happy Christmastide!

Memory brings back golden youth,

Eyes then seeing only youth,

Ever at its side.

Joy tonight is crowned the queen

Of the festive Christmas scene.

May her rule be long!

None can claim a rebel heart

With her followers forms a part—

Theirs a gladsome song!

A Bit of Deception.

She stood beneath no chandelier

Entwined with mistletoe;

I glanced the hall-length far and near.

I looked both high and low;

No license for a kiss was hung,

'Twas near a failure flat.

When lo, I spied a sprig among

The feathers on her hat.

Roy Farrell Greene.



Old Santy is no phantom prim—

The cheer he brings cures many ills;

Thro' dreamland's door we follow him,

And lose the thought of New Year's bills.

Old English Customs.

It was customary in former days, in Cornwall, England, for the people to meet on Christmas eve at the bottom of the deepest mines and have a midnight mass.

In some parts of Derbyshire the village choir assemble in the church on Christmas eve and there wait until midnight, when they proceed from house to house, invariably accompanied by a keg of ale, singing "Christians, Awake!" During the week they again visit the principal houses in the place, and having played and sang for the evening, and partaken of the Christmas cheer, are presented with a sum of money.

In Chester and its neighborhood numerous singers parade the streets, and are hospitably entertained with meat and drink at the various houses where they call.

The "ash-ton fagot" is burned in Devonshire. It is composed entirely of ash timber, the separate branches bound with ash bands and made as large as can be admitted to the floor of the fireplace. When the fagot blazes a quart of cider is called for and served upon the bursting of every hoop or band around the fagot. The timber being green and elastic, each band bursts with a loud report.

In one or two localities it is still customary for the farmer, with his family and friends, after partaking together of hot cakes and cider (the cakes being dipped into the liquor previous to being eaten) to proceed to the orchard, one or the party bearing hot cake and cider as an offering to the principal apple tree. The cake is formally deposited on the fork of the tree and the cider thrown upon the cake and tree.

A superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire that at 12 o'clock at night on Christmas eve the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees as in an attitude of devotion.

One John Martyn, by will, on Nov. 28, 1729, gave to the church wardens and overseers of the poor of the parish, St. Mary Major, Exeter, £20, to be put out at interest, and the profits thereof to be laid out every Christmas eve in twenty pieces of beef, to be distributed to twenty of the poorest people in the parish, said charity to be continued forever.

Women Suffer to Retain Beauty.

Nowadays the profession of the beauty doctors ought to be a very lucrative one, when every woman considers it her duty as well as pleasure to keep young and youthful looking as long as possible—and sometimes longer. Many are the wonderful skin and wrinkle cures, some of them extremely painful, which these seekers after beauty undergo with wonderful heroism, the result in many cases justifying the suffering; but, unfortunately, the result is always in doubt, as even the beauty doctor will tell her patients, and to endure the pain and discomfort of having a new skin provided for one, only to find that it is no improvement upon the old, must be bitter indeed, especially as the fee for this particular process is a very large one.



New Theory of Galveston's Ruins.

It is believed by the engineers who are repairing the Galveston-Mexico cable, which was broken by the Galveston hurricane, that the storm was accompanied by a submarine eruption. The evidence of this eruption is found in the twisted condition of the cable. The sheathing is found to have been reversed, and the wires binding it to the core turned the wrong way.

## TRAGEDIES OF SOUL.

Hunger Made a Stranger in New York

Became a Seer.

There are tragedies of soul and body in fortune telling. The story of one of the craft is something like this: What precedes his arrival in New York you need not be concerned with except that it shows a capable, a learned and brave man. But New York is a hard city to get a footing in. Sickness came; two pupils in bookkeeping, the only ones he could get, should have paid each a fee of \$25. They didn't. The man and his wife came down to gnawing neckties at 80 cents a gross. One week he reached the high water mark of \$8.50. They paid \$5 a week for a room and lived on a dollar or so. One day they overheard a man laugh: "I'll have to live on liver for a month to make up for this extravagance." The wife pinched her husband's arm and whispered: "Liver! Strikes me that's pretty luxurious." The landlady said one day: "Mrs. So-and-So, you don't go out often enough for your meals." They had been smuggling loaves of bread and such things into their room. After that they went out and shivered in the parks with nothing to eat, but staying out long enough to have gone to the restaurant. He knew something of palmistry, and read up more. A saloonkeeper that he knew advanced him the money to furnish up a soothsayer's flat, and now fortune smiles on the rogue that frowned on the man trying to be honest. And yet need he be a rogue? Is there not a legitimate impulse to seek counsel from a stranger, advice as to the conduct of life and on matters which one does not wish to lay before a lawyer, which do not come within the province of the physician? The priest used to hear such, but it is not absolute that is sought, and anyhow, a large part of the population of America fears the confessional. Besides, the clergyman is not a man of the world and takes a view of things which, rightly or wrongly, is not shared by many others. How many there are that would be glad to go to some one and open their grief and there receive an answer to the question: "What ought I to do?" They do not find any such now that process to gratify this impulse. All have something to do with the occult, and it is the experience of those who have seen much of life that the occult world, like fallen Babylon, "is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a case of every unclean and hateful bird."—Ainslee's Magazine.

HE USES BAGS.

An Inventor Devises New Scheme to Prevent Ships from Sinking.

French engineer, M. Henri Mariolle, claims to have invented a system by which the sinking of ships can be prevented. M. Mariolle proposes to attach to the sides of the vessels a large number of bags. Each of these bags is to have a capacity of 15,000 litres, and will be covered by several coats made of a mixture of wool, cotton and Indian rubber, the latter preponderating. These bags are to be placed all around the ships, a trifle above the water line, and can, when empty, be placed in holes in the ship's sides. A strong iron sheet then shuts up the holes containing the bags. From the lower part of the bags a tube leads down almost to the surface of the water closed up at the bottom by a little valve which opens inward; in each bag there is a certain quantity of calcium carbide. In case of an accident and when the ship begins to sink, it cannot dive to more than to one-third of its size, for the water, rising around the vessel, opens, by means of pressure, the valves of the above described tubes, penetrates the bags, wets the calcium carbide, and a quick development of acetylene gas takes place, whereby the bags are inflated, thus removing the sheet iron cover. This process is performed within a few seconds. As all bags work simultaneously, the vessel is considerably lightened and kept above water. Mariolle has calculated that a big ocean steamer can in this manner be saved from sinking if it is provided with 150 of these bags, each containing fifty kilograms of calcium carbide.—Boston Post.

Genius recognizes nothing but genius.

Rheumatic and Gouty Affections disappear after cleansing the system with Garfield Tea—a blood purifier made of herbs and recommended by physicians.

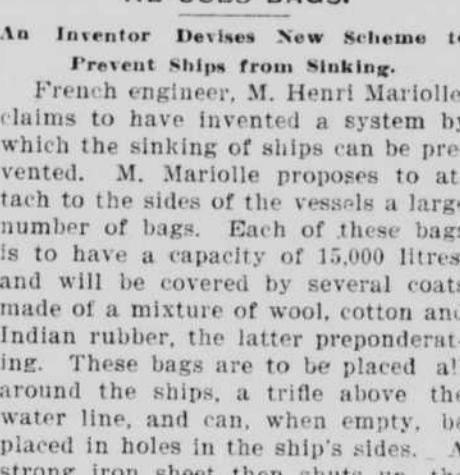
Cunning is about the poorest counterfeit of wisdom.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

When you tell a secret it is no longer a secret.

LOSS OF MEMORY

Is often derived from an unlooked for source—the Kidneys. Odorous urine or that which scalds or stains is an infallible proof that you are progressing towards Bright's Disease or one of the other forms of Kidney Trouble all of which are fatal if permitted to grow worse.



reward will be paid for a case of lactic acid, nervousness, depression, weakness, loss of vitality, inefficient kidney, bladder and urinary disorders, that cannot be cured by MORROW'S KID-NE-OIDS

the great scientific discovery for shattered nerves and thin impoverished blood.

NEBRASKA AND IOWA people cured by Kid-Ne-Oids. In writing them please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Mrs. Lily Pratt, 1010 U St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Mrs. Robt. Henderson, W. Market St., Beatrice, Neb.  
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Mrs. Emma Hancock, 324 15th St., Dubuque.  
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Morrow's Kid-Ne-Oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at drug stores.

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W. N. U.—OMAHA. No. 50—1900

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Gout Cure. Cures Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, etc. Sold by druggists.

From Nothing to \$20,000,000.

The late banker Abraham Wolf, of New York, whose estate has just been figured up, left about \$20,000,000. And yet he was never reckoned among the heavy millionaires. He began his career as an office boy, without a penny, worked his way up. He never talked about his wealth or splurged with it, but when he made his will he didn't forget to remember generously every employe in his banking house, from the highest to the lowest.

## OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections.

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements.

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

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