

# LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.  
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

To win a bet a Kansas man ate a box of axle grease. Now his wheels are greased.

Cecil Rhodes did pretty well with his \$30,000,000, but wait till Russel Sage's will is read.

King Edward is going to work the press by knighting a lot of newspaper men at the coronation.

Boston papers, forgetful of John L. Sullivan, are now alluding to Dr. Hale as "Boston's Grand Old Man."

The New York man who prayed for strength to beat his wife evidently did not believe in faith without works.

If the meat trust shall succeed in getting control of the henneries and truck patches, the country will be done for.

Emperor William has written a play. Not only this, but he has compelled the public to applaud and the critics to praise it.

It is doubtful, if under the law, adequate punishment can be given the man who spends his Sunday shooting song birds.

Susan B. Anthony is doubtless of opinion that the tour of Kubelik in this country has done the cause of female suffrage no good.

A San Francisco man named Dennis swallowed carbolic acid. There were no doubts as to the man's name by the time a doctor arrived.

The czar will probably be obliged to recall some of his troops from China to assist in subjugating the obstreperous Russian students.

Santos-Dumont enthusiastically says America is the greatest country on earth. Can he be foolish enough to believe that this is news to us?

To the Berlin charge about the paste diamonds worn at Prince Henry's ball at Chicago the Windy City retorts that, anyway, they were not Rhine stones.

It was the same old Fort Sumter that frowned down upon President Roosevelt at Charleston, but the times have changed since the days of the siege.

The czar has massed 10,000 fresh troops in China. The force will be inadequate, however, unless one Russian is equal to a full regiment of Chinamen.

The great powers of the world are not so much concerned for the territorial integrity of China as they are about the prompt payment of indemnity claims.

If the packing interests of the country continue to advance prices, the genius of man will have to be called upon to invent a substitute for sirloin and porterhouse.

While there is room for improvement in modern burial customs, the evening funeral is not likely to become what the society reporters would call "deservedly popular."

Future reception committees for royal visitors will do well to remember that after Prince Henry boarded the Deutschland, he slept almost continuously for forty-eight hours.

The press is an educator whose claims are beginning to be recognized. The superintendent of the public schools of Evanston, Ill., has advised children to read the newspapers.

If the charmed shirts that the Filipinos are wearing can go through an American steam laundry without fading or ripping it is high time Uncle Sam imported a lot for home use.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney says she finds that New York high society is silly. Mrs. Whitney is a young woman who doesn't regard the biggest string of pearls as the greatest thing on earth.

The New York World agrees that it is not a bad precedent that Boston sets for letting a good man know how warmly his work has been appreciated while he is still living to enjoy the compliment.

King Edward, it is announced, will give a dinner to half a million poor persons in London as a feature of the celebration following his coronation. After the pageant and the rejoicings are over it might be well for the king to give serious consideration, if he is capable of it, to the question why there are 500,000 persons in London so poor as to be glad of a dinner from the royal bounty.

After all, there may have been a little affectation in Dr. English's "strenuous objection to being called the author of 'Ben Bolt.'" The poet Gray professed to think lightly of his immortal "Elegy;" but Gen. Wolfe said, just before he fell on the Plains of Abraham, "I would rather have written that poem than taken Quebec."

King Alfonso is reported to be jealous of King Edward. Yet the latter would doubtless be glad to give half of his years and half of his weight to Alf if it were possible.

# Barton, Sailor

By Frank H. Sweet.

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The great vessel was moving forward at quarter speed, the bows only breaking the water into small ripples which gurgled along her sides and quickly smoothed out astern. All around was darkness, thick, impenetrable, oppressive, not even the faint twinkle of a star relieving its enveloping sameness.

On the upper deck stood the captain with several of his officers. Near them a sailor was winding the frayed end of a halyard.

The captain held a night glass, and from time to time raised it to his eyes, but only to lower it quickly and impatiently. In that darkness the glass was of little use.

For an hour they had been running at slow speed, cautiously, and with eyes and ears strained, as though waiting for something to slip out of the darkness or for some signal or sign. But still there were only sea and the black wall of silence; as far as appearances went they might have been a thousand miles from land.

Another ten minutes, and the strain grew more tense. All over the ship were eyes watching and ears listening, on the lower decks, through the ports, the pilot's window, from the shrouds even. The secret was an open one, and all the ship knew that close on the starboard here, almost touching them perhaps, was a low, hostile shore, where were eyes as vigilant and keen as their own, and that, were their presence known or suspected, the mission of the ship would be frustrated.

"If only they would show a light, or do something to indicate their whereabouts," the captain muttered for the twentieth time.

"But they don't know we're here, sir," observed one of the younger officers.

"Oh, I know they don't, of course," testily. "If they did, they would. But what are we to do? We've got to get away from here before daylight."

"Maybe a boat—" began another officer; but the captain cut him short.

"Wouldn't do at all under the circumstances," he declared. "The shore may be ten rods away, and it may be two miles, and we don't know the enemy's position. A boat would make more or less noise, and in a haphazard search for a landing would be sure to be heard. Captain Bixby is of course at the old camp on the other side of the river, a mile in the interior. If he could show a light for an instant, we could make directly for it, some one slip from the boat near the shore and steal through the undergrowth to the camp. A few seconds would acquaint Bixby with the fact that Gen. Clay is fifty miles up the coast, marching toward him, and before morning he could have his men and the women and children well on the way toward safety. So far the enemy have counted on starvation as an easy and effectual means of subjugation. Neither they nor Bixby suspect the General is even in the country. But by to-morrow night the enemy's scouts will discover his presence, and then—well, it will be a quick rush and another day of horror for the people who read the newspapers. This sort of foe doesn't know the meaning of civilized warfare."

The sailor looked up from the halyard he was winding. "I'm a good swimmer, sir," he said, significantly.

The captain regarded him keenly for a moment, then shook his head. "You don't understand these Southern waters," he answered. "They are full of sharks. You wouldn't live to get a boat's length from the ship."

"But there are many lives in danger over yonder," the sailor urged, "and some of them are women and children. I'm only one. Perhaps I might get through. If I did, I'd show a light for one instant to let you know that everything was all right and that you could put on steam to join Gen. Clay and hurry to meet us."

But the captain again shook his head decisively. "There's isn't a

enemy back or holding them in check until the General arrives."

The sailor did not answer. And apparently he thought the halyard sufficiently wound, for as the captain ceased speaking he walked aft. But he did not seek other work; instead, he slipped down to the lower deck and continued aft until he found a place near the rail where he was alone. It took but a moment to fasten the end of a rope into one of the rail rings, test it, and drop the other end overboard. It was not long enough to reach the water, he knew; but he had no time to seek another. However, it was even shorter than he supposed.

When he rose he was far from the vessel.



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For when he reached the end of it, opposite a circle of light which came from one of the ship's port holes, he found the water many feet below.

But he was too expert a diver and swimmer not to know how to enter the water from that distance without making a splash. Letting himself hang rigidly at full length, with his toes bent downward close together, to form a point, he released the rope and shot into the water like a wedge, leaving scarcely a ripple upon the surface. When he rose he was twenty yards from the vessel.

Presently he glanced over his shoulder at the few lights about the ship's decks, and the two or three that showed through her ports, wondering if they would be significant to the enemy. But he decided that they would not. Most of the ship's lights had been extinguished, and the few remaining would doubtless be thought lights of their own boats or of some wandering fisher or sponger.

An hour later the captain and his officers were at the same place on deck, still anxious and undecided. Suddenly one of them uttered a low exclamation and pointed into the darkness. "Look yonder at that light," he cried, "waving as though it might be a signal. I wonder what it can be—

not Captain Bixby."

"No," said the captain with puzzled speculation in his voice. "It's not far enough away. There, it has disappeared." Then a sudden, comprehending, exultant ring came into his voice as he demanded: "Where's that sailor, Barton? Some of you go and find him, quick!"

Two of the officers hurried away. Ten minutes later they returned. "We have had the entire vessel searched, sir," one of them reported, "but Barton is not to be found anywhere. He must have fallen overboard."

"Dropped overboard, you mean," said the captain dryly. "He's slipping through the underbrush toward Bixby's camp by this time. Go tell the engineer to put on all steam. We'll get to Gen. Clay as quick as we can now."

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

Colored Trooper in the Philippines credited with Witty Remark.

Peter MacQueen, the Boston lecturer, whose fund of anecdotes appears to be as limitless as his travels and experiences, tells the following story of a bit of humor which flashed out on the fringe line in the Philippines: "A colored trooper, whose horse had been shot under him in one of the skirmishes near Manila, passed me on his way to the rear. He was carrying his saddle and the entire outfit, including his rifle, on his back, and was perspiring heavily in the hot sun."

"That's quite a load you've got there," said I as he reached me.

"Dat's wot it are, boss," said he, grinning. "I tell you, wot, boss, this yar carrying of the 'white man's burden' ain't no easy job."—New York Tribune.

Memorial Window Celebrities.

George R. Sims, the English playwright and novelist, published a protest against depicting the features of Dr. Johnson in a memorial window. Mr. Sims wants to know where the line is to be drawn in regard to such use of modern celebrities in church windows. "We might ere long," he says, "have a pro-Bolter philanthropist presenting his particular church with a stained glass window in which Judas Iscariot will be presented with the features (and the eyeglass) of Joseph Chamberlain."

It is vain giving men their rights unless you give them righteousness. The sonnet fruit will be on the tempest-torn tree.

# SAYS FRENCHMEN ARE NOT LATIN

In Origin They Are Much Like Americans, Declares M. Le Roux.

M. Hughes Le Roux, the celebrated French author, journalist, dramatist and orator, lectured on a recent afternoon in the Auditorium of Houston Hall before the Cercle Francais of the University of Pennsylvania. His subject was "Les fils de France, que feront ils?"

"The people of France, said M. Le Roux, 'are not a Latinized people as some have declared. In traveling through Normandy, Brittany and various other provinces of France I find no strict distinguishing characteristics or customs which would indicate Latin origin, with the possible exception of Avergne, where the women wear the same kind of jewels as the Romans did. France is similar to America or any other nation in its origin. Just as in chemistry various elements are mixed and heated together in a crucible until a residue of a shining golden amalgamation is precipitated, so France and other nations are amalgamated from various foreign elements and peoples."

"Along with its similarities to America in origin there can be noticed a striking difference in the character of the two peoples. Americans have more strength of will. Frenchmen more sensibility and refinement."

To illustrate this he gave as an example a race at the last Olympian games in Athens, where he said: "A Frenchman outran by his heart a German and an American both running by their legs."

NOT A BADGE OF A POLICEMAN.

Officer's Long Hair Mystified an Intoxicated Woman.

George Innes, Jr., the son of the great landscape painter, tells a story on himself with great delight. Like Peter Newell, he has been connected with town government in New Jersey. He served on the town council in Montclair—in fact, he was the head of the police commission—the chief of police.

"In this capacity," he says, "I had about six policemen under me, whom I sent forth to do their duty. I used also to go about myself in search of wrongs to be righted and nuisances to be abolished. One day I saw coming up the main street a woman very much the worse for drink. I said to her: 'My good woman, have you no place to hide yourself in, no home where you can conceal your shame?'"

"Shure—and who the devil may you be?" was her retort.

"Never mind who I am, I answered. 'You will obey me and go home, or I will arrest you.'"

"You arrest me!" she cried in astonishment. "How kin you arrest me when you ain't no policeman?"

"But I am a policeman," said I, with dignity.

"She looked at me a moment in astonished silence. Then she said: 'Thin, if you are a policeman, furhivin's sake go home and git yer hair cut!'"—New York Tribune.

Not So Anxious to Go.

"Uncle Sambo," when alone in his cabin, often prayed to be delivered from all his earthly sorrows, asking God "to send the angel Gab'el down to take poor ole Sambo out'n all his troubles, right up to hebn'."

Some boys "on mischief bent" heard the old man's prayer one night, and, after waiting until he was ready for bed, knocked at the door. "Who dar?" asked Uncle Sambo, in a startled voice.

"It's the Angel Gabriel," was the answer.

"Who dar, I say?" repeated Sambo, hustling around inside the cabin.

"The Angel Gabriel, whom the Lord has sent down in his chariot to take poor Uncle Sambo up to heaven, where he'll see no more trouble."

"We-ll, boss, you jes' tell Massa God 'at Sambo ain't been heah in three weeks!" and crawling under his rude bed, he lay there fearing and trembling, while the boys kept knocking and urging him to get ready for his ascension at once. But he kept silent. He was not so anxious to go, after all.

Large British Families.

Mrs. Mary Lancaster, who was buried recently at Lancaster, in England, left 110 grandchildren and fifty great-grandchildren. Around her grave were 100 descendants, relates the London Chronicle. But a still more remarkable case is recorded by Lord George Lyttleton in his "Miscellaneous Works," in an account of a tour in Wales. He mentions the death of a Welsh farmer near Festiniog at the ripe age of 105. The Welshman had married three times. By his first wife he had thirty children. Not deterred by this family, he married again, and had ten by his second. By his third wife he brought the children to forty-four, the last child being eighty-one years younger than the eldest. At the farmer's funeral there was an attendance of 800 descendants. A few families like that and Canada would probably no longer call for settlers.

The Ceremony of Knighthood.

At the beginning of the eleventh century when a man, for some noble deed, was dubbed a knight, the ceremony of knighting him began by giving him a pair of spurs. The overlord conferring the title attached the spurs himself to the heels of the newly created noble and then gave him his helmet, his horse, his sword and his lance.

One way a woman has of confessing her age without meaning it is being extremely deferential to old women.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V., MAY 4; ACTS 11:19-30—THE CHURCH AT ANTIOCH.

Golden Text—"The Hand of the Lord Was With Them: and a Great Number Believed and Turned Unto the Lord"—Acts 11:21—"The First Gentile Church—Vs. 19-21. Antioch was so named by Seleucus Nicator, Alexander's greatest general, who built the city, 300 B. C., in memory of his father Antiochus. It was situated in western Syria on the river Orontes, sixteen miles from its mouth, as London is situated on the Thames. It was near the northeastern angle of the Mediterranean about three hundred miles north of Jerusalem.

It was the capital of Syria at this time, the seaport rival of Damascus on the desert. Gibbon estimates its population at this time at five hundred thousand, making it the third city in the Roman Empire, only Rome and Alexandria being greater. Four or five miles from the city were the famous pleasure grounds of Daphne, known all over the world, where was a temple to Apollo and his colossal statue, "where, under the climate of Syria and the wealthy patronage of Rome, all that was beautiful in nature and art had created a sanctuary for a perpetual festival of vice."—Conybeare and Howson.

Formation of the Church at Antioch. 19. "How they which were scattered abroad." The thread of the narrative in Acts 8:1-4, in order to show a new line of influence proceeding from that event. The authorities tried to blow out the gospel fire kindled by the Holy Spirit, but it only made it burn the brighter. They lashed the fire, but it only sent the sparks over the world. "Preaching the word to the Jews only." According to the practice and feelings of the Jewish Christians when they left Jerusalem. The new impulses broadening the church had not yet reached them (Acts 13). They began at Jerusalem, but had not yet begun to practice the rest of Christ's command.

20. "The hand (the symbol of power and of work of the Lord)." The head of the church. Thus "a great number believed." The Lord proved by his power in touching their hearts and renewing their lives that he wanted these people in his church. They were received apparently without contention or opposition, as the logical result of their believing and the divine favor of the church. The broadening of the church for which previous events had been preparing had now actually begun. The church grew to be a center of religious power and influence next to Jerusalem, and in some respects far greater.

Why This Church Grew. It was founded by strong, earnest, tested, devoted, large-hearted, energetic men,—men who had endured persecution for their Master's sake, who had resisted temptation, who had felt the power of the Holy Spirit. Such founders exert a mighty and enduring influence upon the community they found.

1. The Fellowship of the Church.—Vs. 22-24. "Then tidings (the report concerning) these things came unto Jerusalem." They were doubtless received with joy mingled with fears as to what the outcome might be. Some would be prepared for the new regime by the conversion of Cornelius and Peter's vision; others would see in it impending disaster, and the ruin of the new religion.

A Wise Movement. Then the church at Jerusalem did a very wise and right thing: "they sent forth Barnabas" (1) to learn the exact truth about the new movement; (2) to prevent any abuses or disorders from arising between the Jewish and Gentile converts, of which the sequel shows the real danger (Acts 15: 1, 25). The difficult question of eating together could not but arise. (3) To encourage the new disciples in everything that was good. (4) To warn them against error, if error there was. "As far as Antioch." Implying that he visited other churches on the way.

This wise action of the early church is peculiarly needed in these changing times, when new departures are being made, new forms of truth are being investigated.

What He Saw. 22. "When he came, and had seen the grace of God," as shown in the converts, their changed character, their numbers, their good deeds. There were doubtless many imperfections in these disciples, but which shone brightest and was seen first was that the grace of God had wrought in them.

How He Felt. "Was glad." One test of character is what a person rejoices in. There is nothing worthier of great joy than the conversion of men: (1) joy at their deliverance from sin; (2) joy at their escape from the awful punishment of sin; (3) joy for the great blessings to which they are saved; (4) joy for the good influences they may exert; (5) joy for the new stars in the crown of our Redeemer.

What He Did. "Exhorted them all." The word is the same as that from which the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, is named. It means much more than exhort or comfort. He strengthened, encouraged, stimulated them by his gift of eloquence. "And much people was added unto the Lord." Through the labors of such a good man. All his exhortations had the power of a good man behind them.

III. Paul comes to the Assistance of the Antioch Church.—Vs. 26, 24. "Then departed Barnabas." The great success of Barnabas brought more work than he could do alone, more open doors than he could enter, more opportunities than he could use. The fields were white to the harvest, and the laborers were few. There was need of another element, of instruction and training in doctrine, than Barnabas' special talents would provide. And Barnabas was wise enough to see this, and good enough to provide for it. "To Tarsus, for to seek Saul."

Christians. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." Not by the Jews who would not recognize Jesus as Christ, that is, Messiah, but by the people outside the disciples. "It belongs to proper slang."—Ramsay. "To the keen witted populace of Antioch already famous for their bestowal of nicknames."—Knowing. So "Methodist" and "Puritan" were names first given in ridicule, and then transmuted by those who bore them. Practical. Let us keep Christ's name, disciples, learners, and the new name Christian to show that a Christian is always a learner.

IV. The Famine and the Relief Fund.—Vs. 27-29. "In these days." While the church was being founded in Antioch. "Came prophets." Those speaking forth God's message.

Fast Merchants Ships Scarce.

It appears that there are only 1,109 merchant steamships in the world of over 2,000 tons and capable of making twelve knots or over an hour. Of these 597 are British, 110 French, 106 German, ninety-four American, forty-one Japanese, thirty-four Italian, twenty-nine Dutch and twenty-one Russian. Great Britain leads all at speed, even in the fast ships of twenty knots or over, the number in this class being: British, seven; German, five; American, four; French, two; Russian, one.

# IMPURE BAKING POWDER SEIZED

The New York Board of Health Find It Contains Alum and Rock, Declare It Dangerous to Health and Dump It Into the River.

The New York papers report that the Health Department of that city has seized as dangerous to health nearly two tons of cheap mixtures sold for baking powder and dumped them into the offal scow to be destroyed. More of the powder was found in a Sixth ave. department store. The report of the analysis of the Health Department stated that it was "an alum baking powder" containing alum and pulverized rock.

The different Health Authorities seem to have different ways of repressing the sale of bad baking powders. In England they have prosecuted the grocers under the general law and broken up the traffic. In Missouri the sale of alum baking powder is actually prohibited by law. In New York they seize the unwholesome stuff and cast it into the river without any discussion. The latter way is certainly effective.

The alum baking powders are usually offered at a low price, ten to twenty cents a pound, or with some prize, as a temptation to the housewife.

Consumers can protect themselves by buying only high-grade baking powder of established name and reputation. Do not be tempted by the grocer to take something else as "just as good" or "our own brand," for the trials show that the grocer himself is often deceived by unscrupulous makers, and is selling an alum powder without knowing it.

There are several good powders on the market; let the housekeeper insist on having what she knows is right, and not be induced to risk the life of the family for an imaginary saving of a few cents.

Never Misses a Church Convention.

J. Pierpont Morgan is a very busy man and his time is, of course, enormously valuable, but he always manages to attend the Episcopal general convention and has not missed one for many years. This year the convention will be held next October in San Francisco. The splendid Crocker mansion there has been placed at this disposal of Mr. Morgan for use during the convention.

Crowning events are not unusual in the life of a dentist.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

Solomon wouldn't be considered a wise man nowadays, with all those wives.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

A theater is still stationary although it takes wings and flies.

EARLIEST RUSSIAN MILLET. Will you be short of hay? If so, plant a plenty of this prodigally prolific millet. 5 to 8 tons of Rich Hay Per Acre. Price 50 lbs. \$1.80; 100 lbs. \$3. Low freight. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Cross, Wis. W.

Palm trees come in handy when there's a spanking breeze.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE. Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package only 5 cents.

There are 4,500 muscles in the body of a moth.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

True patience can never cease to be a virtue.

\$20 A WEEK AND EXPENSES. men with rig to introduce our Poultry goods. Bend-Sp. Juvenile Mfg. Co., Dept. D, Parsons, Kan.

Some churches mistake racket for results in their machinery.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

The worst cases to take care of are those we borrow or steal.

THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED IT will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in quantity or quality—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

It is easier to recover from a noble failure than from an ignoble success.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

When God would honor his servants he gives them greater work to do.

There is more Cataract in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years doctors proposed it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven cataract to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Better to lose your argument than your friend.