

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

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

Tolstoy is the reincarnation of Hamlet's father's ghost. He will not down.

The friends of the Egyptian sphinx will be much mortified to learn that he is decaying.

Many people would settle the New Jersey mosquito problem by moving out of the state.

The national amateur golf champion is only twenty years of age, but he hopes to outgrow it.

A stogie trust has been formed at Pittsburg. Some people will regard this as a burning shame.

A Pittsburg man killed himself because his wife left him. The amount she took with her is not stated.

Mr. Wu is to have honors bestowed on him when he gets back to China. Everybody hopes they will not hurt.

Few people are dying from appendicitis now. King Edward deserves praise for establishing a fine precedent.

May Yohe henceforth will hardly trust the key to her safety-deposit box to young men who swear undying affection.

Count Matsukata, a Japanese financier, predicts a panic in the United States. Has the count been dabbling in oil stocks?

We do not know exactly what a Swiss "seiche" is, but it is evidently a proper thing for all well regulated summer resorts.

Spain will station a diplomatic representative at Havana, but it will be some time before he will become the dean of the corps.

San Francisco has one saloon for every twenty-two adult male inhabitants. In some respects, however, it isn't such a bad town.

The Rev. John N. Mills classifies many of our modern novels with yellow fever. This is unjust, for the fever is not always fatal.

A machine that will lay brick as fast as six or seven men has been invented, but we shall still continue to get our eggs in the same old homely way.

Great Britain did the best she could in arranging a coronation display, but America quite took the shine out of it with a Vanderbilt wedding.

Pearly would be cheered up if he could be reached by telegraph. The Windward has started toward the North Pole and the relief ship bears a ping pong outfit.

That New Jersey boy who was resuscitated after being under the water half an hour will be a good man to experiment with our submarine boats when he grows up.

A Rhode Island man claims to have been cured of rheumatism by a stroke of lightning. An analysis of the case probably will show that the rheumatism was scared out of him.

According to a pathetic article on the requirements of school teachers which was recently printed in an educational journal, they have to know pretty near as much as a country editor.

Minister Wu Ting Fang is going to write a book on the United States, but it is difficult to see where he is going to find any new material since he has already practically exhausted the subject.

It may serve a good purpose to remind the public that deaths resulting from the use of the harmless fire-cracker on our last national anniversary are still being reported to the coroner.

When the Duke of Marlborough goes to assume his duties of viceroy a large percentage of the people of Ireland will have their first opportunity to see a chafing dish and a spider phaeton.

Dr. Leyds has been barred out of South Africa. In view of the fact that he has money enough to live like a prince in Europe some people probably will refuse to regard his banishment as a hardship.

The saying is that "every man has his fool hour at some time in his career." It would seem as if a good many spend it at Newport. Strange things occur down in that metropolis of fashion and folly.

A Chicago man who was worth \$300,000 a year ago has assured the tax reviewers that he hasn't a cent. This shows that when a man is lucky enough to get hold of \$300,000 he should take it away somewhere and bury it.

The manager of a New York aquarium has discovered that fishes really think. If he could interview some that come within range of the summer resort angler their opinions on the fool with the fancy rod and reel would be worth counseling.

At the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

By act of congress in 1832, the government became owner of seventy-two of the hot springs of Arkansas and dedicated them to the people of the United States, as a national sanitarium to be forever free from sale or alienation.

Hot Springs is a case of Uncle Sam. Wherever you turn government proprietorship and government regulations confront you. It is Uncle Sam all around until you begin to feel that at the next turn you will meet the benevolent old gentleman himself, with his high hat, spike-tail coat and spangled banner trousers.

He has done more for Hot Springs than for any other spot in the country, except Washington. He has filled it with beautiful parks, planted trees, shrubs and gardens, erected marble fountains and pavilions, constructed fifteen miles of drives, splendidly graded and winding to the tops of the mountains, affording charming views of the surrounding country. To the south of the Springs is the great Ouachita Valley. The city is built like a huge dumb bell, with Central avenue or Bathhouse Row, as it is commonly called, for the handle.

Hot Springs is a city of hotels. The Arlington, Park and Eastman repre-

000 short tons of hard coal and 83,000,000 of soft coal. Together these operations represent a trifle over half of the country's output. Illinois holds the second place with 27,000,000 tons. West Virginia comes third with 24,000,000, and Ohio fourth with 20,000,000. Alabama ranked sixth for a few years, but last year moved up one notch. Her production reached 9,000,000 tons in 1901. West of Kansas the largest output comes from the state of Washington, which mined 2,500,000 tons last year.

THE TRIUMPHS OF WOMEN.

Are Displaying Qualities Many Had Not Supposed They Possess.

Every day women are displaying traits of character that excite both surprise and admiration. In Brooklyn the other day Mrs. Lennie Kelley saved the life of her aged father by climbing over the dashboard of the buggy in which they were driving on the Coney Island boulevard and seizing the reins that had dropped from his hands and were dangling at the heels of their runaway horse. Would Pamela or Clarissa or even Mme. De Stael's extraordinary heroine, Delphine, have done that?

any one steps on his lawn. You know the story told of Tennyson? Several young women anxious to see him made a pilgrimage to his country seat. Tennyson was seated on the front steps, smoking an old pipe, when they appeared in the distance. The old poet watched them crossing his lawn and his brow lowered.

"Is this Lord Tennyson? Well, we're so sorry to intrude. We wish to apologize for entering in this unceremonious fashion."

"Then why don't you go?" said Tennyson, surrounding himself with a cloud of tobacco smoke.

BRAINS AND LONGEVITY.

Mental Industry Declared to Be Positive Aid to Healthy Old Age.

It is asserted that men of science live long, and that mental industry is a positive aid to a healthy old age, says a writer in Modern Society. The belief is certainly borne out by the fact that four of the gentlemen seated at the council table of the London Iron and Steel Institute recently were over 80. Sir Lowthian Bell is in his 87th year, and still carries his extraordinary experience of British iron and coal as lightly as other men carry their

IRISHMAN HAD ONE, TOO.

His Story Soon Turned the Laugh on the Other Fellow.

A story of Milesian coloring is told by a Philadelphia citizen, who says he heard it while watching the excavating for conduits by the laborers of the Keystone Telephone company. Working side by side were an Irishman and a negro. The latter, pausing to light his pipe, winked at the spectators, and his eyes dancing with mischief, asked:

"Dennis, did you ever hear de story of de two holes in de ground?"

"No—I nivvir did," was the reply.

"Well! Well!" was the black's response, as he resumed shoveling.

The roar of laughter that followed from the other workmen angered the Irishman for a minute. Another minute was devoted, patiently, to ascertaining the point of the retort. Then, stopping as though to hitch up his overalls, he too, winked knowingly at the spectators and some of his fellows, and asked:

"Talkin' uv wells, naygur, did yez ever hear how we dig thim in Oireland?"

"Doan' think I ever did, Dennis," said the negro.

"That so? Why, we go to wor-rik and dig a long trench, just loike this we bez wor-rik in now, and thim we all gets togither an' up-ends it."—Philadelphia Times.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

Witty Reply of Celtic Suitor to Prospective Father-in-Law.

An anecdote of Celtic wit has to do with a young Irishman of good birth and small property who heard that a very wealthy man of the community was understood to be ready to give a handsome dowry to his elder daughter, who was unfortunate in having a hump on her back. He wanted her to have a husband before the younger daughter, who had beauty to commend her. The Celt, taking a chance on the strength of the rumor, laid siege to the older girl's heart and hand, and was accepted. The father received the announcement with a dignity that concealed his joy, but could not refrain from saying:

"And, my dear sir, ten thousand pounds goes with her—that is her dowry!"

The prospective son-in-law made no reply and seemed lost in thought. After a few minutes the happy father slapped him on the shoulder and asked:

"What in the world are you thinking about?"

"O'm thinking," was the reply, "that it's a pity it is ye haven't a daughter with two humps!"

UGHT TO HAVE KNOWN.

Disappointment of Man Who Could Not Sleep in a Thunderstorm.

One of the best of Irish bulls is told by one who appreciated the humor of the Celtic race. He says it was uttered by one of two Celts who, traveling together, occupied the same room one night when there was an amazing electrical storm.

"That was a fear-ful stor-rrm last night, Dinny," observed one, as they were dressing in the morning.

"Did it r-rain?" asked Dennis.

"R-rain! Why, man, not only did it r-rain; the loightnin' was blolndin' an' th' thunder def'nin'! O! never before heard-of such thunder."

"Do yez r-really mane that it thundered, John?" asked Dennis, with some concern.

"It did that—it thundered uncommon!" replied John.

"Well, thim, for th' love of hivvin, why didn't yez waken me? Ye knows I can nivver slape whin it thunders!"

PLEASED WITH HIS BARGAIN.

Trick of a Tradesman That Ticked a Purchaser Immensely.

There is a small store on Broadway, New York, where, a few days ago, there was a collection of cheap scarfpins in the window, and above the pins a sign which read:

"Two of these for \$1."

A man read the sign, entered the store and said:

"Is that sign right—two pins for \$1?"

"Oh! that's an awful mistake," exclaimed a clerk. "Those pins sell for \$1 each, but as a mistake has been made and you have called our attention to it in time we will let you have two for \$1."

The man thought he had a great bargain, laid down \$1 and took two pins. Several hours later he passed the store again and saw the same sign in the window. It was there every day during the week. There are tricks in all trades.

A Job for the "Meenister."

In a certain parish in Scotland collectors were lately going round soliciting contributions for the kirk. On coming to a wretched little hovel they hesitated whether or not to enter, but finally decided to "try their luck."

A hale old man greeted them, and to him they explained their errand. But he really had nothing to give them, he said.

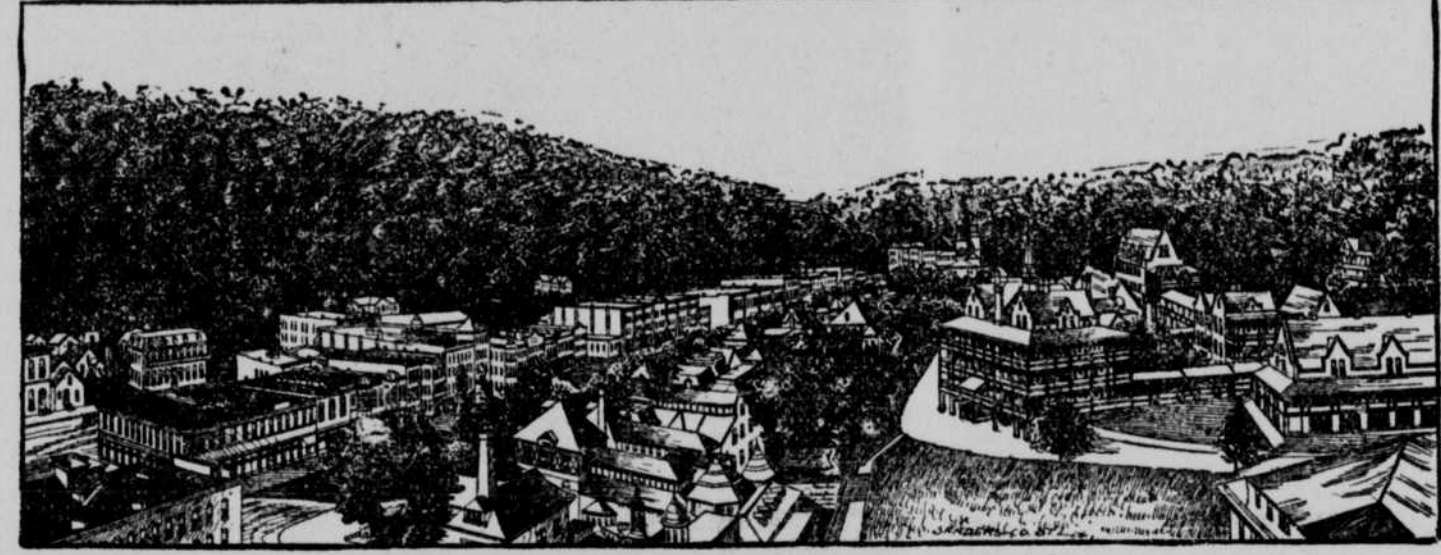
"Can't ye gie up your whusky?" one of the visitors asked.

No, he said, he didn't drink "whusky."

Perhaps, then, he could forego the pleasures of snuff? No, he didn't use snuff.

The collectors prepared to move on. "Stop a bit!" cried the old fellow.

"I pay Sandy, the barber, twopence every Saturday night for shaving me. Tell the minister he can have the twopence if he'll come and shave me himself."



VIEW OF HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

sent an investment amounting to \$2,000,000. With their immense rotundas, brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms and handsomely decorated dining-rooms, they provide a luxurious home for the most fastidious. At the boarding stables one can find as elegant carriages and as fine saddle horses as in New York.

In the early eighties the government selected Hot Springs as the seat of one of its army and navy hospitals, and constructed a group of buildings for the treatment of sick soldiers and sailors of the service of the republic. The hot water is administered in all its forms at this institution. It has an efficient medical corps and dispensary. And the record of cures materially benefited reaches the astonishing figures of 90 per cent. It was on account of these health-giving waters that this site was decided on by the army and navy authorities.

The hot waters flow from the side of one of the Ozark mountains, in volume approaching 1,000,000 gallons daily, the springs are held as a government monopoly, just as the making of postage stamps, and the income derived from the use of the water by the various bath houses is all expended in improving and beautifying the reservation. Uncle Sam tanks and pipes these waters to the different houses and in every instance he regulates the flow of water, fixes the price of the baths, according to its equipment and facilities, prescribes rules, governs the managers and attendants, even to arranging the fee. Then he runs a free bath house for the poor and needy. The average temperature of the springs is 135 degrees Fahrenheit. The waters are said to have better effect in summer than in the winter on account of the even climate during those months. An interesting fact is found in the presence of ice cold springs not twenty feet from boiling ones.

A delightful ride is that through the Ozark mountains, which jealously guard this city of springs. The Iron Mountain route skirts the precipitous banks of the Mississippi, then plunges into the heart of these ever-

In Pittsburg Mrs. Sarah E. McCoy, in a law court, has just excelled in the intellectual feat of Fortia, and has surpassed many shining masculine lights of the bar, for she managed her own case in a breach of promise suit and proved, too, contrary to the old adage, that she did not have a fool for a client. There were some novelties in her methods of examining witnesses, as, for instance, her telling one of them point blank that he was a liar. In the first case there was a triumph of nerve and muscle, and in the second of nerve and intellect. The obvious conclusion is that the era in which woman was a "downtrodden creature" is fully past, for, with qualifying experience of the

gardenia in their buttonhole. Sir Bernhard Samuelson is 82. Time has left deeper marks on his figure and visage, it is true, but he is still hale and hearty. Sir John Alleyne stands as square and sturdy to-day as he did when at the head of the great Midland iron foundries which rolled the girders for all the British earlier ironclads and ocean liners, and cast the huge iron skeleton of St. Pancras railway station.

Sir John believes mightily not only in head work, but in hand work, and follows the same daily routine of manual and mental labor as he did a score of years ago. He himself says that he is getting old and stiff, but it would cut him keenly if anybody else were



BATHHOUSE ROW.

world, she is now quite capable of defending her own and of holding it.

THE OPEN AMERICAN YARD.

One Feature of Our Life That Impresses Englishmen.

"One thing that impresses the stranger is the houses without fences around them," remarked an Englishman at the Waldorf-Astoria to a New York Herald reporter. "In England, when we build our houses, we put walls around them, and build the walls so high that no one can look over."

"Not that we are ashamed to be seen, but because every man's house

to assert the fact. The fourth octogenarian is an American, Mr. John Fritz of Bethlehem, Pa. He openly preaches the doctrine that applied science gives men healthy activity of brain and supplies that salt and savour to life which we all need to render our life worth the living.

Shark Towed Them to Sea.

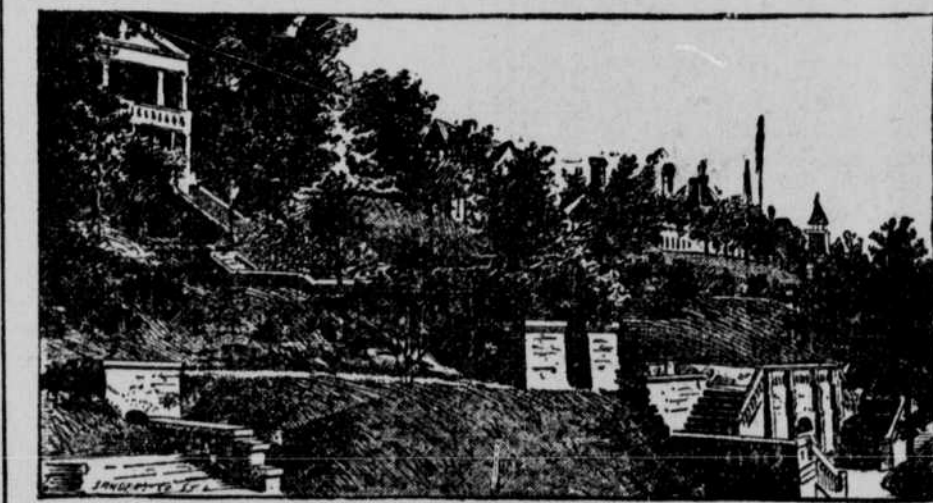
From all parts of Mississippi Sound and the bays and bayous off the Louisiana and Mississippi coast come wonderful stories of the unprecedented saltiness of the Gulf waters and of the appearance of deep-water fish hitherto unknown there. At Horn Island, Harrison county, Miss., a number of devil fish, some of them measuring thirty feet from tip to tip, have been harpooned by fishermen. There has also been an invasion of man-eating sharks.

A party of gentlemen from New Orleans while fishing at Ship Island fastened their three boats together and steadied them with a heavy anchor. A shark became entangled in the anchor, and finally wrecked them on the shore. The fishermen narrowly escaped with their lives.—New York Sun.

Vivid Imaginations.

The lady at Cape May who wrote a message, sealed it up in a beer bottle, and cast it upon the waters, to get it again after many days from the captain of the British warship Thunder, who found it in the belly of a shark caught off the coast of Portugal, must be a near relation of that other citizen of New Jersey who reports that he distinctly felt the shock of the earthquake in Martinique.

In order to secure a woman's forgiveness a man must make a blue not wanting it.



ENTRANCE TO ARMY AND NAVY HOSPITAL.

green hills, through the beautiful Arcadian Valley and the famous Pilot Knob, past cotton plantations, through great timber regions into the charming Valley of Ouachita, where nestles the famous resort, Hot Springs of Arkansas.

F. E. A. WRIGHT.

Great Coal-Producing State. Pennsylvania is by all odds the most abundant producer. Last year she mined (in round numbers) 67,500,

The Only Qualification.

The "Bald Eagles," says the Kansas City Journal, is the latest secret and fraternal organization at Carthage. The only qualification to membership is a closely cropped or shaven bald head. The society will enjoy a brief popularity. Cold weather will drive its members to cover.

An Anecdote of Dumas.

Anecdotes of the elder Dumas abound at the present moment, the celebration of the centenary of his birth having led to a general search among reminiscences. Of the great writer—Dumas, it is well known, was often in financial difficulties, and was well acquainted with the ways and methods of bailiffs. One day a person called upon him and asked him to subscribe 20 francs toward the expense of burying a bailiff. "Twenty francs to bury a bailiff?" quoth Dumas. "Well, I'm not in funds just now, but here's 40 francs. Go and bury a couple."—Paris Daily Messenger.

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A School Teacher Seventy-Six Years. Mrs. Marcella L. Fletcher, of Claremont, N. H., has been a teacher seventy-four years. Since 1828, when but 16, she taught a district school in her town, Cornish.

No man whose work is good has too much on hand at once.

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Knights Pythias Biennial Meeting.

For this gathering in San Francisco in August next excursion tickets will be sold via the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. from Chicago to San Francisco or Los Angeles for \$50 for the round trip with final return limit September 30.

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