

Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

The air ship continues to be a bad thing for the constitution.

St. Louis proposes to have a "decent Midway." Then it won't be a Midway.

An open winter will be worth several pounds of concession in the fuel emergency.

Gustave Dore's "Hell" is to be staged. This seems to be getting pretty low down.

The peanut trust has collapsed. Its projectors deny, however, that it was roasted to death.

The Parisian professors are not inclined to treat the new comet with ordinary French comity.

Denmark has ordered 128 field guns and 192 ammunition wagons; look out for a new world power.

Society item: Mr. John Mitchell is preparing, after a very busy summer, to take a well-earned rest.

If President Baer really cares to know how he stands with his fellow citizens let him run for office.

Prince Cupid, candidate for delegate to congress in the Hawaiian islands, is likely to get plucked.

Consider what the world might have lost if "the man that ate the first oyster" hadn't happened to like it.

Twenty-five women will have racing stables at Saratoga next season. This is worse than smoking cigarettes.

The Missouri Valley Homeopathic association has solemnly resolved that kissing is unsanitary. So is mince pie.

Isn't Sir Thomas Lipton rather bold in hoping to take away something that J. Pierpont Morgan doesn't want to have?

Bernhardt is going to act in Germany. It is not that she loves "dear old Germany," but that she needs the money.

"The effect of a woman's costume is very perceptibly influenced by the way she dresses her neck"—if she dresses it at all.

Susan B. Anthony has just acted as bridesmaid in Rochester. It is safe to say that the groom was on his good behavior.

Showfa Maha Vajariahvudh is now in this country. The Baltimore American thinks he was christened by a brakeman.

Uncle Russell Sage steadfastly refuses to confirm the Wall street rumors that he is dead. This pains the bears very much.

"To-morrow never comes," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but the day after the night before always does."

A famous surgeon has closed the duodenum and attached the jejunum. We knew that would be accomplished by somebody, sometime.

The German government has contrived to obtain possession of all the plans of the French submarine boats. Lay it on to Dreyfus!

A man who knows says that a meerschau pipe needs as much attention as a woman, which is probably one reason why there are so many bachelors.

Chicago has advanced in art. The appropriateness of the figure of the angel Gabriel engraved upon the judgment bonds of that city cannot be questioned.

Baba Premchand Bharati arrived at New York last week to spread the Vaisnava religion. It would be a mean trick if somebody should steer Baba to Zion City.

The gentleman who hurled a beefsteak at the restaurant waiter from whom he had ordered roast beef undoubtedly meant to give the servitor a tip—that he had made an error.

Chicago is still resenting the insinuation that Grand Duke Boris' selection of a feminine slipper in that city as a drinking cup convicts him of an immoderate thirst.—Washington Star.

A bulletin from the London tailors says the stylishly dressed man now must have a small waist and padded hips. The man who is expected to cultivate this style already has padded brains.

A woman is suing in New York to recover \$3,000 damages for the bite of a pet dog. Half of the sum is to remunerate her for an uncontrollable tickling sensation. There are those who would be tickled to death to get \$1,500.

Sir Henry Irving has a new solution for the "deserted" village problem. He proposes to abolish "high kicking" in the theaters. So that is why we are becoming overcentralized. Down with high kicking and restore the equilibrium!

THE OLD HERB GATHERER.

Stiff-jointed, wrinkled, old and wan.
Once fair perhaps; ah, me, who knows!
Gliding graceful as a swan,
Breaking hearts. Ah, me, who knows!

Her husband died long years ago;
Does she still mourn? Ah, me, who knows!
Three children—headstones in a row—
Has time stilled grief. Ah, me, who knows!

In summer, she roams o'er the hills,
Light heart or heavy? Ah, who knows!
She gathers herbs to cure all ills;
Can aught cure heartache? Ah, who knows!

Do scent of flowers and song of birds
Bring comfort to her? Ah, who knows!
Silent and chary of her words—
If depths are stirred. Ah, who knows!

Mrs. Hyssop's First Boarder.

BY ALBERT J. KLING.

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The Algonquin was not so pretentious a hostelry as its name might lead one to believe. It was a modest two-story affair, placed well back from the street, and presided over by a rather spacious example of the gentler sex, who lived simply and happily under the pungent name of Mrs. Winifred Hyssop. This estimable lady had been a widow now for two years, during which time the Algonquin had been planted, had taken root, and branched into a cosy, comfortable boarding house. From its very inception the rooms were always taken, and the table always held its limit of satisfied eaters. Mrs. Hyssop was a model landlady in more senses than one.

She was now sitting enthroned on the front veranda—enthroned, because no other word fits so aptly when she chooses to adorn the front veranda.

"I do believe he's taking up with both the girls," was her soliloquy, the "he" being the boarder who was the first one domiciled under her humble roof. "And I wonder which will get him? My, but it is exciting! Oh, here comes Fanny now."

Fanny looked worried as she came up the steps. She drew a chair up to Mrs. Hyssop and sat down.

"Are you tired, Fanny?" the latter asked. "And did you meet with much success to-day?"

Fanny's success depended upon disposing of gaudy fancywork made by her own nimble fingers, which, to judge from her work, numbered more than the allotted supply of thumbs.

Fanny sighed. Mrs. Hyssop knew well what this meant.

"It is hard, I know," she sympathized, "to get along in this world. Especially when one is alone," she ended, casting a side glance at the perturbed Fanny.

Mrs. Hyssop hoped this would tow Fanny into the matrimonial channel. And a prologue in this direction did sprout, for the girl sighed again, and said:

"I would lose hope altogether if it wasn't for—"

Fanny's face went red. Then she said in a stage whisper:

"For Mr. Barnston."

"Ah!" breathed Mrs. Hyssop, very much as if she had had a drink of some refreshing beverage.

"You must have noticed," resumed Fanny, "that he has been attentive to me—quite attentive. As I have no mother, I thought all along that I would some day come to you, and confide in you and ask your advice. You know more about Mr. Barnston than I do. He told me he had been boarding here for two years."

"Yes, for two whole years," put in Mrs. Hyssop. "Ever since I opened up."

"You must have had a rare chance to study him," Fanny said. "You must know if he has any—any qualities that are not—not—good."

Mrs. Hyssop sat more erect. She turned her head to one side pensively. Fanny now came to the point with almost superhuman abruptness, asking:

"Do you think I ought to marry him, Mrs. Hyssop?"

The suddenness with which the question came made the landlady wince. Then she beamed upon her fair boarder.

"Yes," she began, "Mr. Barnston has been with me a long time. There have

been many chances to study him, and I have taken advantage of them. You haven't known him so long as I have, and of course are not so able to judge. I appreciate very much your coming to me. And taking everything into consideration, and to make a long story short, I would advise you not to

marry him under any circumstances."

A cyclone seemed to strike Fanny and her fancywork, for both went to pieces—Fanny on her chair, and the fancywork on the floor at her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Hyssop!" she gasped. "I know what I am talking about. In this case no one than myself could give such intelligent advice."

Mrs. Hyssop talked on. It was a way she had. She went into details, explained at almost marvelous length. And poor Fanny listened.

Finally the landlady halted. Fanny rose from her chair and gathered up her fancywork.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mrs. Hyssop asked.

"I'm going to do my best to win Mr. Barnston."

"I hope you are not angry with me?" Mrs. Hyssop asked.

"Oh, no, not in the least," was the reply. "I thank you very much for your advice."

Two days later Mrs. Hyssop was again sitting upon the front veranda. A frail creature in white, with a last year's sailor on and a music-roll in her lap, sat beside her. Both were gazing absently across the street.

"I don't see how I shall get through the summer," the frail creature said. "Almost all of my pupils have now gone to the country to stay for the summer. I must make a living somehow."

"You poor dear," solaced the feeling widow. "No one knows that better than I do. When my dear husband died he left me almost destitute. But I thought at once of starting a boarding house, and the first thing I knew Mr. Barnston—"

The frail creature suddenly raised her eyes. She was the other girl with whom Mr. Barnston was "taking up," as his landlady put it.

"Mr. Barnston came, and before long I got more boarders than I could accommodate," ended Mrs. Hyssop.

Again she had set the ball rolling Barnstonward, and again her hopes rose, for the frail creature with the music roll at once plunged headlong into the subject of Mrs. Hyssop's first boarder.

"Of course," she said, "you must have noticed that Mr. Barnston has been paying attention to me of late. He seems to be very nice. He is always so gentlemanly."

"He is indeed," put in the landlady. "There have been times," went on the girl, "when I felt as if I just must come to you for advice about Mr. Barnston. If any one could give it, I knew you could. Do you think he would make a good husband?"

Having had experience, this time Mrs. Hyssop's calm was something to wonder at.

THE LORD GAVE HIM BOTH.

New Story of Patrick Henry's Immortal Oration.

Three Philadelphians who were traveling in the south a few years ago visited Richmond, Va., among other places, and, asking as to the use and purpose of this or that building, were told in every case that it was a tobacco factory. An aged negro gave them the greater part of the information in one neighborhood; and they, finally tiring of the monotony of the reply, pointed to a white frame building on a hill and asked whose tobacco factory it was. The old fellow peered very steadily at the building and then replied:

"Dat, sah, am no fact-ry. Dat am S'n John's 'Piscopal church, where Marse Patrick Henry done get up an ax de Lawd to gib him liberty or give him deaf."

"Well, uncle," asked one of the trio, "which did the Lord give him?"

"Pears to me, yo' must," indeed, be be strangers hereabouts!" he answered. "Else it strikes me, yo' all know dat, in due time, de Lawd gabe Marse Henry bofe."

Why do men toil on and on, long after they have attained a competency sufficient to maintain themselves and families in comfort and even to indulge in those luxuries necessary to complete satisfaction? Who heap up riches to be a cause for dissension after their death, and of envy, jealousy, and hypocrisy while they live? Why not, after having acquired such a competency, retire from business and leave the field to others who still need it? It is more real good to a man to give him a chance to earn his living than to bequeath wealth to him. There is a need in the world of men yet in strength and vigor of mind and body who will devote themselves to culture and the refining arts, to the progress of education and philanthropy. Men have little time to bestow on these subjects while engaged in hustling for their dollars. These things are important factors of life and cannot be brought near to the highest ideals, without time and thought bestowed. The man who has been able to acquire a comfortable fortune before old age will be possessed of certain sterling qualities needed in the pursuit of ethical objects.

Why should a man deprive himself of all enjoyment of society, of literature, of travel, or of some hobby dear to his heart, just for a weary round of monotonous work? Many a man grown old and gray in work has scarcely taken time to become acquainted with his own family. The story told of the little girl who asked her mother who that man was who came there Sundays contains more of truth than of fiction. In many families the father sees the little ones but a brief half hour at the evening meal time, or maybe only when asleep in their beds. They are not risen when he leaves the home for his place of business. A little less of hustle and a little more intimate knowledge of home and family interests would tend more to the best welfare of all. While money is important, it is not the solitary factor of our lives, nor is it the most important one. The welfare of the world in general would be better subserved if a man only knew when he was rich enough.

The European in his own country usually knows when to retire from business and give himself to the enjoyment of a well-earned competency while he is yet able physically and mentally to do so. The American alone knows no time to cease the strife, and he alone seems unable to acquire a leisurely repose.—Milwaukee Journal.

PUT AN END TO THE STORM.

Stage Father's Blindness Forgotten in Time of Stress.

"Mechanical devices are now made wonderfully real on the stage," said the old stock actor. "It hasn't been so many years ago since even the simple device of depicting a snowstorm was regarded as an achievement. I remember on one occasion I was out with a 'ten, twenty, and thirty' company, playing repertoire, and in one melodrama—I don't even now recall the name, for it was a pirated play—I took the part of an old man whose daughter, the heroine, had been abducted. I was supposed to be blind, and my strong scene was the third act, when I went out into a snowstorm in search of my daughter. She was lying in a drift, and as I hobbled across the stage I kept crying: 'Me cheid! where is me cheid?' Well, it was early in the season, and the play was the first attraction at that theater. The scene painters had been at work and had dropped several paint brushes, hammers, and other articles into the sheet that held the snowstorm. As the stage hands in the flies shook the sheets to make the snow come out a couple of hammers came down and just missed me by an inch. I was blind, and didn't dare to look up, but when a monkey wrench just grazed my temple I had presence of mind enough to yell: 'See yonder moon! The storm is over!' The stage hands took their cue and let up on me, and the audience never stopped to question how a blind man could see yonder moon."—Philadelphia Record.

REASON FOR CHILD'S ANSWER.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut tells this story illustrative of his wife's cleverness. One day they visited a mission school, and in kindly catechising the children he asked:

"Who is your neighbor?"

A dead silence followed the question. Finally one little girl raised her hand and made the most unexpected and amazing reply, "God."

On the way home the Bishop said to his wife:

"Now, what do you suppose that child had in mind to give such an answer?"

"I suppose," replied Mrs. Brewster, "that she was following that rule of a great many older people, 'when in doubt play trumps.'"

Was it indeed but a dream? I dreamed that you kissed me, dear— Was it indeed but a dream? To my heart you lay very near— And can so much happiness seem?

In the rush of the night you came; My hair was stirred by your breath, And my blood would have leaped into flame Had my sleep been the slumber of death.

And when you had kissed me, love, A rose you laid on my mouth, Did you think I could traitorously prove? O one sweet flower of the South!

I thought that your lips still clung As I drank in the rose's perfume; And a golden censor was swung, And a glory enfolding the room.

—Charles Henry Webb.

Insanity Ratio in Ohio. In Ohio one person in each 400 has been adjudged insane.

Trade of South America. The trade of all South America is not equal to that we have with Canada.

Illustrating the Point. "You see," said the young man who was explaining the mimic war, "the attack is carried on the same as in actual warfare, except that the missiles are only technical. Now, suppose that I am commanding a brigade and I should be charged by a regiment of the enemy—"

"Technically?" asked the young woman.

"Certainly. And suppose they fired upon us—"

"Technically?" repeated the young woman.

"Of course. And I should get in range of the enemy's fire, and should be shot through the brain—"

"Oh," interrupted the fair damsel, "I know that would have to be technically, too!"

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THE TIME TO RETIRE

LIFE SHOULD NOT BE ALL A MONOTONOUS GRIND.

Many Things of More Importance Than the Piling Up of Dollars—Europeans Recognize There is a Time for Well-Earned Rest.

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"Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea," writes Mr. F. Batsch, of Horicon, Wis., "enabled me to get rid of an obstinate cough; we feel very grateful to the discoverer of this medicine."

Dogs Solemnly Buried. Two elaborately carved tombstones of white marble were recently placed over the graves of Naezan and Chiko San, Japanese spaniels that once were owned by Miss Daisy Leiter. The dogs died in Washington in April and were later transferred to the home of the Leiters at Geneva, Ill. There they were solemnly buried, Joseph Leiter, brother of Miss Leiter, reading verses from Moody's hymns over the graves. While the family remained at Geneva the graves were covered daily with fresh flowers. The stones recently erected are costly affairs and show the highest skill of the stonemason's art.

Austrian Emperor's Birthday. Emperor Francis Joseph recently celebrated his 72d birthday, and the occasion was marked by festivities all over Austria. The emperor had spent the day quietly at his summer residence at Ischl in the company of his two daughters, with their husbands, and surrounded by his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The emperor pardoned all persons imprisoned in Austria for the crime of lese majeste, numbering 210.

A Wonderful Pill. Freedom, Mo., Nov. 3d.—A splendid remedy has recently been introduced in this neighborhood. It is called Dodd's Kidney Pills and it has cured Rheumatism right and left. On every hand may be heard stories of the remarkable recoveries and from what has been stated already there seems to be no case of rheumatism that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. One of those who has already tested the virtue of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Katie Anderson of this place, who says:

"I can't say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have helped me so much. I suffered very severely with rheumatism. Five boxes cured me completely. They are certainly the most wonderful medicine I have ever used."

Osage county abounds in just such cases and if the good work keeps on there will soon be no rheumatism left in this part of the state.

When a fat woman tries to be "cute" she should be lodged in the funny-head house.

Hives are a terrible torment to the little folks, and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Woman's Enduring Charms. A writer in one of the periodicals calls attention to the fact that women keep their looks much longer than they did. The woman of forty, even of fifty, is not so old as the woman of thirty a few generations back. The Juliet of today is not fourteen, but twenty-five at least. Heroines of novels of the former popular age of eighteen are now at a premium. The young woman in a play is never the center of interest or sympathy. Generally she is a raw, almost ludicrous specimen of a silly girlhood, and is represented as barren of all those attractions which the married woman double her age possesses in dangerous measure. This particular writer seems to think that this is a purely modern development, and it is, to a great extent, but the young beauty did not have it all her own way in old times; witness the power of Cleopatra. The fact that men begin life so much later—in Nelson's time boys went to sea when they had reached the ripe age of six—accounts in part for the domination of women who are no longer young.

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