

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Another eye has been put out by a golf ball. To golf players: Mind your eye.

The sultan of Turkey has written a book, they say, on hypocrisy. Expert testimony.

There are any number of young men who start out to get rich by buying lottery tickets.

A volcano has broken out in the Mexican state of Tabasco. A hot time is anticipated.

A lady of 40 has asked \$75,000 for damaged affections. What would she have demanded at 20?

The scent of the moth ball betrays the man who pretends his fall overcoat is just from the tailor.

Nearly every country town now has its carnival queen, and she is generally all right if her picture tells the truth.

The proposed United States of Europe might be the means of driving William Waldorf Astor into exile again.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hollis advocates devoting 30 minutes each day to laughing. We'll try it after we secure some hard coal.

A Kirkville, Mo., farmer owns a mule that is 34 years old. How did he happen to let the British remount agents get past?

The cable reports that the sultan has resolved to reduce his harem expenses. Suppose the inmates form a union and strike?

Over in Australia sheep are selling for a shilling a head. The Australians had better watch or the meat trust will be getting after them.

As spruce a blushing bride chewing spruce gum and a blushing bridegroom chewing tobacco, give us the sweet boon of single blessedness.

Nearly all of the new plays are first tried in Washington. It is figured that whatever a department clerk will stand for is good for a long run elsewhere.

It appears that certain members of the South Omaha school board have been selling their votes for \$8 apiece. That's almost as slow as working for a living.

The king of Siam has a very small standing army, less than 12,000 men. When he wants to attract attention to something numerous he points to the royal harem.

Prof. Howerth of Chicago, says no woman should allow a man to call her "his." He has reference to the custom existing before he entered his professional den.

The National Household Economics convention should take note of the fact that a Chicago woman has just vanquished a thief by using a feather duster as a weapon.

It is still pretty hard to get grouchy old men who don't like the boys their daughters have selected as future husbands to agree that arbitration is a good thing in all cases.

Complaint is entered against the rector of an Episcopal church in New York that he sleeps too much. That is trenching upon the privileges of the parishioners in the pews.

Austria is trying to legislate a settlement of the language question, but to a non-linguist it would seem that peace and the Polish tongue were pretty nearly incompatible.

The Castellanes are having more trouble over their debts. Ah, why will these tradesmen who belong to the canaille insist on vulgarly trying to get what is coming to them?

One of Hayti's revolutions has been taken aboard the United States cruiser Cincinnati and will be landed on some other island. This may be good for Hayti, but what about the other islands.

A herd of from 40 to 50 buffaloes is ranging in one of the most inaccessible regions of Colorado. We had missed some of the members of the order of late and didn't know where they were.

This is the royal month for diseases that the patent medicines can cure and the cereal foods prevent. It is also the season when the doctors can devote their energies to the collection of old accounts.

Mrs. Callaway of Ohio has discovered a new way to get a new stove. She soaked a brick in gasoline instead of oil, and applied the match. After that her husband couldn't question the necessity of partly refurbishing the kitchen.

Application has been made by 150 Swiss bicyclists for permission to bring their wheels into the United States from Canada free of duty. Why not? Numerous individuals with wheels are admitted to this country annually without charge.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The
Dark Stranger," "Charlie Alencalde's
Doubt," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.
The Lost Found.

While the stirring events just narrated were transpiring in the grotto two men but a few miles below the valley were making their way along the trail made in the snow by old Ben Holton and the Indians.

"Can you follow it, Glum?" asked the young man, who was Clarence Berry.

"Yes, I kin follow it," he answered. The two travelers followed the trail until they came to where a portion of the tracks led up the stream, and some went across the river. Here Glum Ralston called a halt. He stood looking at the foot-prints in the snow and shook his great shaggy old head like one in doubt.

"Well, I want t' tell ye I'm a mite wool-gathered," the old man growled, as he gazed at the foot-prints. "It's my opinion that we'll find the camp on the other side."

"I see a light!" exclaimed Clarence. Glum Ralston turned his eyes in the direction indicated and said:

"Yes, now I see it—now I don't." "It seems moving about." "There is some one in the valley." They could not only see a light, but figures moving about, and Clarence added:

"Glum, let us go over there first." "Well, come on," the old ex-sailor grunted, and they started over the frozen river. When nearly across they discovered people running about in great excitement and loud cries, mingled with which was the shriek of a female voice. Then came the report of a gun, followed by two or three more in quick succession.

"Ho! Clarence, git a move on ye—there's a fight over there!" cried Glum Ralston, and the two increased their speed to a run.

We will precede Clarence Berry and Glum Ralston to the little camp and explain the cause of excitement.

panions, who beat a hasty retreat toward the river. They were nearly to the river bank when two men, leaping from the ice, ran toward them, crying:

"Hold! What does this mean? Lackland, you here?"
"Clarence Berry! I'm undone!"
Then, followed by his men, he ran up the stream, instead of across it.

"Let us follow them," said Clarence. "No, let's go to the tent. There's been bloodshed there!"

They ran to the camp now deserted by the Indians and Esquimaux. Two men lay where they had fallen, the snow crimson with their blood. An old man came from the tent, holding a pale, trembling girl by the hand.

Clarence snatched up a burning brand that had fallen from the hand of some fugitive, and at a glance cried:

"Laura—Laura Kean!"
His shout was drowned by a roar from Glum Ralston.

"My captain, oh, my captain, found at last!" and in a moment those grizzled men, lost to each other a score of years, were clasped in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XIX.
Conclusion.

The reunion of the sea captain and the faithful sailor was mild compared to a reunion that quickly followed. Another party was coming across the ice. The long, Arctic night was spent and the opening door of dawn was filling all the eastern heavens with glory, when Paul, Kate, old Ben and their faithful canine friend sprang from the ice and hurried up the hill to the narrow valley, where the camp was.

Paul led the party, with Kate close behind. The first object he recognized was his faithful old friend, who had long mourned him as dead—Glum Ralston. The meeting can be better imagined than described. He was told that Laura was inside with Clarence and the long-lost captain, who was making desperate efforts to explain something which had befuddled everybody, and Paul tumbled head first into the tent, the worst befuddled of any one, and embraced Laura and Clarence, and for several moments the only rational being in the party was the faithful unknown dog, who sat on his haunches and panted.

It was fully an hour before everybody inside and everybody outside were at all themselves. Paul afterward had a dim recollection of hearing a voice very much like Glum Ralston's roar:

"Ain't you Kate Willis, my Kate?" and then he heard a voice which sounded very much like Kate crying:

"Ain't you Jack Ralston, my sailor boy?"

Then there was a collision, explosion, and the hub-bub increased.

At last, when all had time to recover, Kate and Jack, as she still called him, entered the tent, she declaring she would never permit him to leave her again. Jack explaining that he was staying in Alaska in compliance with an order from his captain to the effect that he was to never leave until he returned.

"And he has returned," said Jack. "He has come back and is here now; and Kate, I am ready to go."

The man whom we have known as the hermit captain said:

"My friends, this is the happiest day I ever knew. But one person more is necessary to make the reunion complete, and my cup of happiness run over. I want to ask some questions, and then make some explanations. First, is your name Paul Miller?"

"Yes, sir," Paul answered. "Who was your father, and where is he?"

"My father was Captain Joseph Miller, who was lost before I can remember in Alaska or some of the islands of the Bering Sea."

"Do you know the name of the ship he last sailed in, and from what port?"

"Mother told me he sailed from San Francisco in a sailing schooner called the Eleanor."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, NOV. 23; ISAIAH 28:1-7—TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Golden Text—"They Also Have Erred Through Wine"—Isaiah 28:7—Why God Allows Such Evils to Follow Intemperance.

I. The Historical Situation.—Isaiah prophesied about sixty years, from B. C. 759-688, from the last years of Uzziah till toward the close of Hezekiah's reign.

Time. This prophecy was spoken about B. C. 725, three years before the fall of Samaria to the people of Judah and Jerusalem in view of the character of the neighboring kingdom of Israel and the punishment for their sins that was rapidly approaching.

Place in Bible history. 2 Kings 17:23; 18:10; 2 Chron. 29, 30.

The scene. Isaiah is speaking to the rulers and magnates at Jerusalem (v. 14) and warning them of their sin and danger. He points out the overwhelming scourge which is devastating the glory of Ephraim, and declares that if the Jews continue in the same sins, nothing can prevent them from being overwhelmed with the same ruin.

II. The Moral Condition that was ruining the Nation.—vs. 1, 7. Their opportunity. God had set them apart for his service, to be trained for his kingdom, to be a righteous and glorious nation whose God is the Lord, and to be the means of leading all nations into the light and blessing of true religion and heavenly morality. No nobler and more glorious mission was ever given to any nation.

"Their Sin. 1. 'Woe.' Not a wish or a prayer for woe, but a warning that woe was coming. 'To the crown of pride.' The capital, so called because it crowned the hill, or because its battlemented walls resemble a crown. 'To' (better, 'of') 'the drunkards of Ephraim,' put for the whole kingdom, because Ephraim was the leading tribe. 'Whose glorious beauty.' The 'glorious beauty' of Samaria was a beauty of magnificent luxury. 'Is a fading flower.' It was soon to wither before the Sirocco of Assyrian invasion. 'Which are' (rather, 'is') 'on the head' (or decks the head) 'of the fat valleys.'"—Rawlinson.

7. "But they also," even those in Judah, who saw the destruction of the neighboring kingdom. So even those in temperance families, and communities are sometimes led astray.

First. They "have erred through wine." Like a drunkard, their steps were unsteady, they reeled from side to side, they could not walk in a straight line of duty, but erred from God's commandments. Second. The priest and the prophet have erred. Strong drink biases and leads astray even the religious teachers of the land. The highest, the best, are not safe when they use intoxicating liquors. Many have fallen in this way.

"They are swallowed up of wine." Men throw away all they have, and all they hope for, in this world and in the next—family, fortune, happiness, life, heaven, everything,—to gratify their appetite for strong drink.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.
Case No. 49,763.—Mrs. M. Isted, of 1207 Strand street, Galveston, Tex., who is proprietor of a boarding house at that address, numbering among her boarders a dozen medical students, says: "I caught cold during the flood of September, 1900, and it settled in my kidneys. Despite the fact that I tried all kinds of medicines and was under the care of physicians, the excruciating twinges and dull aching across the small of my back refused to leave, and trouble with the kidney secretions began to set in. From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon fails to describe the annoyance and suffering I endured. The fearful pain through my body, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of energy, and, finally, indication of complete dissolution compelled me, from sheer agony and pain, to either lie on the floor and scream, or forced me into spasms. On such occasions my husband called in a physician, whose morphine treatment relieved me temporarily. I grew weaker and thinner, and so run down physically that nothing was left but skin and bone. All my friends, acquaintances and neighbors knew about my critical condition, and on one occasion I was reported dead and they came to see my corpse. At last the doctors attending me held a consultation and agreed that if I did not undergo an operation I could not live. Preparations were made, a room selected at the city hospital, and they even went so far as to have the carriage brought to the door to carry me there. I don't know why, but something told me not to go, and I absolutely refused. Now I want the reader to grasp every word of the following: A friend of ours, a Mr. McGaund, knowing that my kidneys were the real cause of the entire trouble, brought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills to the house, and requested me to give them a trial. I had taken so much medicine that I was more than discouraged, and had little, if any, faith in any preparation. However, I reasoned if they did not do me good they could not possibly make me worse, so I began the treatment. After the third dose, I felt something dart across me like a flash of lightning, and from that moment I began to improve. The pain in my back and kidneys positively disappeared, the kidney secretions became free and natural. At present I rest and sleep well, my appetite is good, my weight has increased from 118 to 155 pounds, and my flesh is firm and solid. My friends actually marvel at the change in my appearance. Words cannot express my own feelings. I am not putting it too strongly when I say I have been raised from the dead. I am satisfied that had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when they were, I would have been either lying in the Lake View Cemetery, or an invalid for the balance of my life. I will be only too pleased to give minute particulars of my case to any one calling on me, not of course, out of idle curiosity, but if they really have kidney complaint and want to know what course to pursue to get relief."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Isted will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Orders have been given for the removal of the wire fence encircling Johannesburg.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

There are no songsters found in the last year's birds' nests.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Why will a woman wear a fifty-dollar bonnet and a 98-cent pair of shoes?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The man who pushes the grass cutter is one kind of a lawn party.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

Thought It Was Pigs.

Young Girl's Apt Description of Champion Snorer's Efforts.

Mr. J. has a great and growing reputation for snoring—his intimate friends say he is in a class all by himself and cannot be matched.

A few summers ago, while J. and his wife were on a driving trip, they stopped overnight at a hotel in Sullivan county, says the New York Tribune. The hotel was a frame building, the bedrooms were divided by thin board partitions, and the acoustic properties were so good that any sound much louder than a whisper in one room could be distinctly heard in the room adjoining.

Shortly after J. and his wife were shown to their room another party, consisting of a mother and two young daughters, arrived and were put in the room adjoining that of the Js.

Riches Avail Nothing.

The Bible is full of warnings to those who set their hearts upon the possession of riches, and who forget God and spiritual life. The possession of even the whole world, if that were a possibility, would be no compensation for the loss of the soul. Yet people are losing their souls for a very little fragment of it day after day. The world is full of men who seem to forget that there is an eternity before them, and who are running a mad race for material wealth, with no thought of God or immortality.

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