

Loup City Northwestern

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

Foiled again—a robber. And by the usual Chicago girl.

Sir Thomas Lipton is again after the cup. He has the tea.

Is the prolongation of human life to be in the hands of the salt trust hereafter?

Fate couldn't conceal San Francisco's labor mayor by naming him Schmitz.

'Tis better to be stingy and have money in the bank than to be broke and have to borrow.

True, it costs more to live than it used to, but it is worth something to be alive these days.

Mr. Balfour wants to standardize English education, but he is opposed to standardizing his golf.

The fewer brains a man has the more mouth he has and the greater his propensity for using it.

Marconi says that his experiments are giving complete satisfaction. Then why is he so reticent?

Along comes the ax trust. It will be followed by the hammer trust. Then what will the knockers do?

With a crop of more than 2,500,000 bushels, it ought to be impossible this year for any one to corner corn.

The automobile owner who doesn't believe in running over people finds it hard to be a hero to his chauffeur.

Marie Corelli appears to be troubled by an abnormal development of the personal pronoun, first person singular.

It is reported that King Leopold is going to get married again. The name of the lucky music hall artist is not given.

A Chicago woman asks for \$30,000 damages for a broken heart. It must have been smashed into a good many pieces.

About the only man in this world who always gets just what's coming to him is the villain in the modern melodrama.

A great battle is said to be going on in Venezuela. A couple of men will sometimes get together and put up a stiff fight.

A new Mexican volcano has begun operations in the state of Tabasco. As if tobacco were not hot enough without trimmings.

A Kentucky woman recently secured divorcees from two different men in one day. Let us hope that she now feels free and equal.

Mark Twain says joyfully that his wife is getting better daily—and he has often remarked that she was the best wife in the world.

It is the irony of fate that after pining so long for a life of freedom Jim Younger should so quickly find it intolerable when obtained.

Another Frenchman has been scratched in a duel. The French duel may yet become deadly. There is always the possibility of blood poisoning.

The decision to hold the Olympic games in St. Louis instead of in Chicago, which has talked so much about them, must be a hard blow to the Windy City.

Morocco should have sense enough to keep quiet. If she makes noise enough to attract the attention of the European powers one of them is likely to gobble her.

Mascagni declares that he despises this country. The man is rash. Has he never heard of that beautiful axiom, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again"?

The Baron Muenchhausen, who went into the marriage syndicate with a view to capturing a \$7,500,000 American widow, appears to have got a new way of spelling his name.

A New York man who was out hunting the other day mistook his brother for a deer and shot and killed him. It is wonderful how many different things the human form looks like to a man with a gun.

Auto Runs Into a Ditch—Auto Strikes Elevated Post—Auto Turns a Somersault. Judging by these headlines from one column of a New York paper, the life of the rich is not entirely without excitement.

The spectacle of an automobilist doing a term of six months in jail will doubtless be a welcome one to the farmers of New York who have been dodging these vehicles all summer.

A young man in New York has won a wife by his good cooking. Now, if he is only a first class sweeper and duster that will be a happy household.

How long will it be before the people will flock in droves to the great comic opera hit, entitled "The Mad Mullah"? This idea is copyrighted.

The Garden Walk.

The iris walk was all aglow
With stately beauties—row on row,
Pearly and lilac, white as snow,
Dusky and blue as old sea's tide,
But the fairest flower was at my side!

Stepping between them, scarce had she
A look for that flushed galaxy,
But laughing went, the acacia tree,
Leaded, hung just too low; her hair
Was powdered with loose petals there!

The trailing, flounced, and silken gown,
Heedless broke my carnations down;
She tore a rosepray, with a frown
Cast it away—"too deep a red
For her waist-ribbons," so she said!

When I came back, the grass dew-wet,
The scent of sweet peas, mignonette,
Was all about me. I forget
The hour of coming, but I knew
Each petal of the rose she threw
There on the pathway. I could feel
With its red heart, the crushing heel
Trampling out swift all beauty sweet,
Beneath such dainty, careless feet!

THE WOOING OF ANGELA

By E. H. LANCASTER.

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"Neva hear how T'ephille come to marry Angela? No? Das one good story. Yas."

Old man Lizana took a long pull at the Anisette, leaned back on the log, clasped his knotted hands about his knees and smiled meditatively at the axes that rose and fell in the hollow.

Morton frowned. He did not want to hear the story. Not that he doubted it's being "good." Lizana was a Frenchman. French to the heart. He could tell a story, even a bad story, and not lack for listeners.

Porquoi?
I don't know. But, yes; it is this way.

Your Frenchman can be a hog; say things, do things, even write things quite hoggish and altogether dreadful. And yet people smile. Comment? The hog is only a curl-tailed pig after all, with his impudent nose in the air, and his roguish eye squint. Ah, but it is different with your Englishman. When he plays the hog he must needs eat carrion and roll in the mud—the very vilest mud. A hog is a filthy brute, don't you know? And whatever he elects to do, be it bravery or brutishness, John English goes the whole thing. Your American looks on and laughs—if he is not too busy with his money-making.

But this was not a bad story; any girl could have heard it. Why should Morton hold back from the tempting treat?

Well, there were several reasons. The story was hard on his host. This was Theophile Lesseir's chopping, and it is hardly fair to laugh at a man behind his back while you drink his Anisette. Rather, one should chop logs into coal kiln lengths, as one is expected to do, as those young fellows down there in the hollow were doing.

Running races and guying one another on to exertions truly strenuous. Giving promise of a successful chopping.

"T'ephille git hees wood all cot dis time, sho," grinned old man Lizana. He slapped his leg, guffawed, tipped the Anisette jug, and resumed his story. Morton laid down in the grass. He wanted to hear and he did not want to make the old man mad? Oul' certainty. He was in love with the old man's daughter, the pretty Camille. Old men with pretty daughters are generally popular with young men—at least, it is so on Bayou Des Arcadien.

"Et was dis way," the old man began, "T'ephille, he been comin' see Angela long time, long time, yas. Evva since dey was chillun."
Morton nodded. He knew well the customs of the people he had elected to live with. Their long wooings; their early marriages and hard-working, patient lives. Dumb, unresponsive, pathetic, with a strange note of poetic joyousness running through the whole.

Puzzling and felling alike to psychologist and politician. "Sir," said the psychologist, "your Cajan will give a lazy ha ha, where any other white man would swear and then, sir, turn around and fly into a perfect frenzy of rage at nothing."

"Sir," responded the politician, who had once paid a Cajan's poll tax in order to get his vote, and had not gotten it. "Sir, if one of those pig-headed, numbskulls gets an idea into his head, nothing short of dynamite will get it out. You may talk yourself as hoarse as a dry-weather frog, while he sits there rolling cigarettes and saying 'Das-so, das-so, yas.' By the great Lord Harry, sir, when you leave him he is exactly where you found him."

"Down to the store dey tell him 'bout beeg brag T'ephille mek. How he say he ain't neva goin' marry Angela, and how he goin' start early next mornin' for Louisiana."

"Old man didn't say moch. No, das 'Cajan's way when som'in' goin' happen. But me, I know. Early next mornin' I go down on de wharf and som'pin black on the las' seat, and den I know what's goin' happen."

"Sho, but dat skeef move, yas. Run like scared deer. And T'ephille's boat goin' slow, more slow. De wind almos' d'ying out. Den T'ephille, he catch on. He git out hees oars and begin to pull. Pull h-a-r-d. 'Twas fonne, yas. Heem in dat beeg boat, and das skeef runnin' like scared deer. Fonne? Yas. But it didn't las' long. 'Bout tree minutes old man pull in hees oars and stand op. Dey want no more black t'ing on de las' seat, but dere was som'pin against de old man's shoulder and som'pin close to hees cheek. And T'ephille's sail so steel it couldn't scare a fly. Little while ev't'ing mighty quiet, den de old man's voice come over de wat—

"Goin' marry dat girl? Goin' die?"

"T'ephille, he look at de old man round. Den he pick up de line and trow heem to Az yela's papa. And de next day he marry Angela!"

"Down to de store, dey say T'ephille and Angela mek op. But me, I know how dey come mek op." The old fellow's guffaw caught the attention of the youngsters coming up from the hollow in search of the Anisette jug.

"What's de fon, Pere Lizana?" they shouted to him. Morton got up and walked away. His mouth felt a little dry. There might be something very picturesque about this breach of promise suit that was heard, tried and decided all inside of three minutes by an old man in a boat, while the beautiful early light broke over the dreamy waters, but Morton's soliloquy took another turn.

"That's the way with these cussed 'Cajans. When their blood's up they don't care that for the laws of God or man. The women are beautiful and obedient, the men peaceful as well-fed steers if you don't make them mad. If you do—" Morton found his horse, mounted it and rode away. He had decided not to stay for the dance that would wind up the chopping. Camille would be there? Yes, but then, it was Camille's papa who had just been telling him that "one good story."

Meanwhile, old man Lizana telling the story of Theophile's long wooing. A pretty tale, all flecked over with moonbeams and wild flowers. A story too, of long, lonely rides through the small hours when the boy, having sat half the night on the steps with his fawn-eyed sweetheart, made his way to the distant logging camp. Riding hard that his team might be the first to role out at crack of dawn.

Old man Lizana sketched it all in graphically, and Morton lay in the grass, giving as much heed to the song of the axes in the hollow as to the slow, drawing voice at his elbow. When the old fellow leaned forward and spread out his toll-twisted fingers, it would be time enough to listen.

Presently that time came. A knotty



"Goin' marry dat girl? Goin' die?" forefinger slipped its interlacing fellows, and pointed southward.

"Angela's papa leve down yondah. He fesh for de fact'y. Mebbe he be gone week, mebbe mont'. Neva know. Eef he find plaine shrimp de first day—" the heavy, stooped shoulders came into play. "'Twas while he was gone das Angela and T'ephille fall out. I neva hear what he do but Angela git m-a-d. Call heem polecat. Den T'ephille he git mad, too. But hees mad was different from Angela. Fritz Werner was a German forester. One day a stag gored him frightfully in the abdomen.

As the infuriated animal pulled out his antlers, backed away and prepared for a second charge, the injured man propped himself on an elbow and fired just as the stag was closing in on him. The animal fell dead and the man fainted away.

When he recovered consciousness he found that he could not attract attention by shouting. He realized that he was out of the beaten paths and that unless he dragged himself to a frequented place he would surely die. So he began dragging himself through the forest in the direction of his employer's house, three miles away.

He started on his journey at noon; at 3 o'clock the next morning the occupants of the house were aroused by the explosion of a gun nearby. Investigating they found the forester in a dead faint, and nearly dead from loss of blood, lying on the lawn. By his side was a smoking gun.

When the injured man got so that he could speak and tell his story, his master asked him: "But why did you drag that heavy gun all the way?"

"I knew that I couldn't shout when I did reach an inhabitable place," was the reply, "so I brought it along to attract attention. I didn't think of it until I had crawled for half a mile, then I crawled back and got it."

Dangers of Life.
A beautiful ship sailed out of the bay,
Unconscious of reef or storm;
The sunbeams danced on the laughing waves
That fondled her graceful form.

But the night came down, and the storm burst forth,
And a hidden rock was there—
The fair ship struck on a treacherous ledge,
And sank, mid a cry of despair!

A fair young girl with her innocent heart
Sailed out on the social sea;
A breath of flattery filled each sail,
And life was an ecstasy.

A hidden reef, and the passion storm
Lurked cruelly there to ban—
She trusted love—and her life was wrecked
On the traitorous heart of man!

How fair she looks even lying here
With the city's nameless dead;
The golden hair o'er her waxen brow
'Like an angel's pinion spread.

O, mother, who waits for the dear one's voice
That evermore is dumb!
God pity us all, for we know not how
Or when the end may come!

—P. S. Cassidy in the Washington Times

New Use for Bees.
Down on Long Island the farmers have discovered that persons suffering from rheumatism and sciatica can obtain relief by allowing honey bees to sting the affected parts. This is a very unpleasant process and entirely unnecessary. The poison of the bee sting is chiefly formic acid. This acid is also found in stinging nettles, in ants and some varieties of caterpillars. There is no difficulty in preparing formic acid, and it would seem that physicians might find it advantageous to experiment with it as a remedy for rheumatic troubles—either in acid form or in formates. Certainly some means can be devised of introducing it into the circulation less painful than allowing bees to sting a rheumatic sufferer by wholesale.

Great Day for Tipplers.
John Massengale, a wealthy 60-year-old ranchman of Macon county, Missouri was married last week to the widow of his cousin. He and his intended drove to a preacher's house in Macon, and were married as they sat in a buggy. Then the happy bridegroom called up his lawyer by telephone and told him to see that for the remainder of the day no saloon-keeper should accept money from his customers. "It's my treat," said he, "and you send the bills to my ranch." Such a jamboree resulted as Macon had never before seen, which was probably the bridegroom's idea of a fitting celebration.

The Vital Question.
It was during the heat of the great campaign. The orator of the evening became eloquent as he reached his peroration. "Men of the 'Steenh Assembly District, are you husbands, are you fathers, are you men? In a word, are you willing to sell your suffrage?"

"Now, that's business," cried a rough voice from the crowd. "How much will you pay for them?"

FALSE ASSUMPTIONS

THAT TARIFF HELPS TRUSTS TO KEEP UP PRICES.

Increased Prosperity and the Greater Consumption Arising from That Cause is Wholly Responsible for the Advance in Prices.

There are two Democratic assumptions, both false, upon which the bulk of their campaign arguments are based. One of these assumptions is that the prevailing high price of articles of all descriptions is due to the action of the trusts, which have deliberately advanced prices for the purpose of reaping extraordinary profits from the necessities of the consumers. The other assumption is that the trusts have been able to advance prices and to maintain them at a high level through the protection which the present tariff laws afford the American manufacturer from foreign competition.

If these assumptions were correct, it would necessarily be found that the advance in prices is confined to articles in the manufacture of which the trusts were conspicuous, and in such articles alone as were produced in the United States and protected from competition in this market by the present tariff laws.

Leaving entirely to one side, for the present, consideration of the fact that the most conspicuous advances in price have been of farm products, which are certainly not controlled by any trust, it is found that the advance in prices generally is nearly uniform on all articles of general use, and this without regard to whether they are of natural growth or are manufactured, or whether they are home products or are imported from abroad.

In a recent bulletin of the Treasury Department, on the "Movements of Prices From 1840 to 1901," can be found the wholesale prices for various articles in common use. The following give some fluctuations in prices of articles which are on the free list, and the price of which is consequently unaffected by the tariff:

Coffee, Rio Standard, No. 7, per pound, August, 1898\$0.06
Same, August, 1900 09 1/2
Tea, choice Japan, per pound, August, 1901 18 1/2
Same, August, 1902 26
Quinine, sulphate, per ounce, April, 1897 15
Same, April, 1901 32
Pepper, whole, Singapore, per pound, July, 1892 10 1/2
Same, July, 1901 12 1/2
Petroleum, refined, in cases, per gallon, February, 1898 05 1/2
Same, February, 1900 11 1/2
Petroleum, crude (Pa.), per barrel, November, 1897 65
Same, November, 1901 1.30
Cotton (at New York), per lb., October, 1898 05 7-16
Same, October, 1900 10 1/2
Raw silk (from China), per pound, January, 1898 3.50
Same, January, 1900 5.66
Sisal hemp (from Mexico), per pound, April, 1897 02 13-16
Same, April, 1902 10 1/2
Jute (from India), per pound, March, 1898 01 13-16
Same, March, 1900 03 1/2
Tin, pig, per pound, March, 1897 155
Same, March, 1900 328
Rubber, Para, fine, new, per pound, January, 1897 50
Same, January, 1900 1.08

Of all of the articles named the only one which by any stretch of the imagination can be called a "trust product" is refined kerosene. The price of refined kerosene, the trust product, it will be seen, has advanced in almost precisely the same ratio as the price of crude kerosene, which is sold by the producer to the trust.

Of other products in this line, the largest advances recorded are of tropical and semi-tropical products, which are not produced in the United States, such, for example, as sisal hemp, jute and raw silk. Tin shows a startling advance in price, and yet tin is not only on the free list, but is not produced in the United States in appreciable quantities. The advance in the price of tin plate in this country is credited in Democratic arguments to the machinations of the trust, aided by the tariff. Yet the advance in the price of tin plate is nothing like so great in proportion as the advance in bar tin, controlled by no trust and affected by no tariff.

Simple truth is that the advance in prices of all articles of common use, home made or imported, of trust manufacture or made by the independent concern, produced on the farm, or made in the mill, protected or unprotected, can all be credited to one controlling cause, the increased consumption, due to the prosperous condition of our people, which increased consumption has stimulated production as well as advanced prices.

We can get rid of trusts and also of high prices, by the Democratic expedient of killing off the tariff and closing the factories, thus cutting off wages and consumption together. We know this can be done again because it was done in 1893.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

AID AND COMFORT.

The Best Way Not to Help an Enemy is to Fight Him Hard.

When the American Economist refers to men like Gov. Cummins and newspapers like the Sioux City Journal and the Des Moines Register and Leader as "tariff busters" and other opprobrious terms, it simply is giving the free trade Democrats aid and comfort. In Iowa we are all protective tariff Republicans with differentiation of views as to schedule and free lists; but we practise toleration—and vote straight.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Stop a bit and let us inquire further into the question of giving aid and comfort to free trade Democrats. Is our friend of the Hawkeye, who is a rather lukewarm supporter of "the Iowa idea," and who counseled wisely and earnestly against the adoption of that foolish reference to a monopoly-

sheltering tariff in the Iowa platform, quite certain that in practicing toleration it does not practice altogether too much forbearance? Can the Hawkeye conceive of a surer way to give aid and comfort to protection haters than to declare that the tariff should be forthwith revised downward because it furnishes shelter to monopolies? For that is what the Iowa platform virtually does declare, what it means if it means anything, and that is what Gov. Cummins and a group of "progressive" Republican newspapers out in Iowa have specifically and repeatedly declared. How is that for aid and comfort to the common enemy?

Was it not the obviously proper thing, the plain duty of the American Economist to protest against this flagrant assault upon the principle and policy of protection? Be kind enough to bear in mind, please, that the American Economist is first of all a protectionist newspaper—much more a protectionist than a Republican newspaper, judged by the Iowa standard of Republicanism. If from its condemnation of the perverted protectionism that characterizes the Iowa Republican platform the enemies of protection can derive any aid or comfort, then they are easily comforted. We were under the impression that the best way to fight is to fight, and that when you hit hard and strong you do not aid or comfort your enemy in any appreciable degree. We remain of that opinion. We believe that to show weakness or timidity along the line of offense and defense is the surest way to give aid and comfort to the enemy. We believe, moreover, that persistence in this kind of political tactics is morally certain to bring defeat to the Republican party and to insure the downfall of the policy of protection to American labor and industry. Believing this, we oppose those who would give away their vantage ground before a blow is struck and run to cover under a "monopoly sheltering" plea of confession and avoidance. If to so hold gives aid and comfort to the enemy, then we are helping the enemy every time.—American Economist.

The Sower and the Seed.



WHAT DO THEY OFFER?

Democrats Can Make No Change Except for the Worse.

Under the blessings of protection and sound money these things have happened: The Dingley tariff has given more work and more wages to more men than any other act of legislation known to history; the workers earning those wages under that protection have lived better than ever before in their lives, and during the last fiscal year put into the savings banks \$700,000,000 more than were deposited during the year 1896, when McKinley was elected. Official statistics show that upward of 25 per cent more persons are employed under the Dingley tariff than under the Wilson tariff, and each of them is better paid than the corresponding wage earner under the Democratic regime.

Such are the facts, and the question recurs: "What change does Democracy propose to make?" Are we to return to the Wilson tariff? Are the duties that protect California fruits, wines, sugars, oils, lumber, wool, hops and raisins to be repealed? Is the law that assures the producer and the laborer their pay in good gold dollars to be repealed? Will Democracy repeal the alien contract labor law enacted by Republican votes? Will it abolish the department of labor established by the Republican party? Will it set aside the Republican irrigation law enacted for the upbuilding of the arid West? Will it enact legislation that will turn our huge balance of trade against us instead of leaving it in our favor?

What change has Democracy to offer? What change does the people ask? Republican policies carried out by Republican statesmen have brought prosperity to the great masses of the people, and the opposition cannot give even so much as a promise of gain to follow any change they might make. The best advice to the people is that given by Senator Hanna: "Let well enough alone—stand pat."—San Francisco Call.

He Would Surely Get Away.

The chairman of the New York Republican convention said the man who would destroy the protective system in order to destroy the trusts would pull his own house down to catch a burglar. Yes, and the worst thing about the whole game is that the burglar would get away.—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellow Jacket.

Not Practicable.

A commission to "take the tariff out of politics" would be about as practicable as one to take fish out of water and accustom them to live on land.—New York World.