

Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

A good epitaph is all right in its place, but it comes so late.

The woman with a past is often the most eager to tackle a future.

In a year Minister Wu will be able to continue his interrogatory by cable.

The English language is to be taught in Mexican schools. Make way for Mexico.

World-wide sympathy is expressed for Doukhobors in their efforts to Christianize Canada.

That French movement for universal peace might first try its hand on the chamber of deputies.

Exercise is great to keep people warm. And it doesn't cost any more than it did last winter.

It was indeed a brilliant society event in London when Capt. Tew and Miss Ward were made one.

George Gould walks to and from his office every day. We always knew we resembled George in our habits.

Lord Curzon has found King Solomon's throne, and flatters himself that it will prove to be a good fit.

Mr. Carnegie's digestion is reported to be impaired. Evidently he has been eating something besides Scotch oats.

Some men manage to consider themselves great by bequeathing their brains to certain institutions of learning.

But then, it is possible to lead a too strenuous life. A New York boy has played truant from school 108 times.

Apostle Smoot is said to be very susceptible to the blandishments of the fair sex. Smoot is easily smitten, no doubt.

The Ohio man who advertises for a wife with money enough to offset his brains should apply at the nearest almshouse.

But after all Sir Hiram Maxim is not the only foreign celebrity who has come to this country with the intention of flying high.

King Alfonso has a cabinet crisis on his hands, but it will take something worse than that to spoil his taste for cigarettes.

The Britons whipped the Boers, but the latter are getting a terrible revenge. They're all writing books and selling them to the English.

Newport has established an asylum for dogs and cats, and it is now in order for the dogs and cats to establish an asylum for some of their owners.

Payne Whitney has bought fifty acres at Manhasset, Long Island, as a site for a country seat. He evidently doesn't believe that ten acres is enough.

May Yohe and Captain Strong are preparing to go upon the vaudeville stage. The vaudeville stage has much to answer for, but really it doesn't deserve this.

Sunday newspapers may have to reduce their size on account of the scarcity of paper. If this is a blow at the comic supplement, let the families do its worst.

A fire in a large Chicago brewery is said to have "damaged the stock." If this means that the beer was badly smoked it might be bottled and sold as Scotch whisky.

A University of Michigan professor has discovered seven new poisons. This should put additional life into the growing infant industry of distributing candy by mail.

The man who built the first apartment house in New York in 1853 died this week. He lived to see 75 per cent of the people of the island living in apartments and swearing at the janitor.

If some of the stories told before the anthracite strike commission by the miners are true, the Almighty must have forgotten something when he made out President Baer's divine commission.

If Brother Smoot is already having a hard time dodging the brickbats of the purity league and bands of hope it is evident that he will have to go to Washington in an armor-clad car if he is actually elected to the senate.

A German critic has been compelled to pay \$25 for the luxury of saying that a certain actress moves as gracefully as a hippopotamus. We have known cases where the hippopotamus would have been the proper one to bring action.

Great improvements are talked about in France. A law abolishing all titles of nobility has been drawn up, and now the fashionable ladies of Paris are proposing to do away with the soup course at dinners because it makes their faces red.

Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS.



"Upon my soul!—Upon my Nethersole!" says Adoniram Meek in the Journalist of New York, "but have you ever posed as an unwilling literary adviser?" By your insole, we have, Adoniram. It was a daintily built poem, constructed with delicate fingers upon a heliotrope background. There was a cockatoo crest on the letter-paper and a triumvirate of initials, laced and interlaced like a football eleven on a down ball, ornamented the envelope. We were not only selected as advisory board but unanimously instructed to publish the same. She had soulful eyes. As a woman she was par excellence; as a writer she should have put up her ambition and forgotten it. She was more than a friend of mine. Pardon, but—

Of Being an Adviser.

"To be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness in the brain."

—or words to that effect. We are over the love and the madness now, but this didn't help us at that time. We worried over the advisory board's business until our friends noticed we were getting queer. At last, when all was still, one beautiful night, we led her to the "Bridge of Sighs," and, while the moonlight bathed our faces in its mellow light, we tried to tell her our affection for her was too great to permit of hypocrisy—that the poem was a misfit, an acrobatic inspiration that needed to fall from a parachute and break its fragile meter. While her slender frame shook with anguish and the vibrations of the bridge across which a dog was trotting, we dropped her scented attempt into the placid depths below, hieroglyphics, cockatoo crest, entwined initials and all! It was caught by the wet water and whirled away. One cannot press one's suit when there are mourning togs on the object of one's adoration—and thus we left her! Six months later she married the editor of the rival paper, who was fishing for bullheads down the stream that night. He plucked the poem from oblivion, pulled the kinks out of it, ran a fancy border around it and won the author! Upon our soul, Adoniram, women and poetry are

"Variable as the shade, By the light quivering aspen made."

Readers will recall the story of the proud father who had a new baby at his house and who would not take \$10,000,000 for the little rascal or give 10 cents for another!

A Discussion of Young America. An Iowa judge has decided that a baby's value is \$3,000, and yet there are many married couples who don't seem to want one at any price.

On the other hand, there are the folks who don't seem to be able to get babies enough. A new one arrives every January 1 and sometimes registers as early as Thanksgiving day.

Those who can't afford to have babies and who cannot half take care of them have a vigorous crop; and those who could give them palatial homes and gratify whims of children, fail to produce anything whatever, except a pug dog or an automobile occasionally.

There is still another class which wants babies and can't get 'em. They pray for them and are ever on the qui-vive for the whir of the stork's wings, but the stork goes down in the levee districts and leaves a hundred babies, with nary a baby on the hilltop. Sometimes these yearning people get tired of waiting for someone to leave a bit of infantile majesty on their front door steps and adopt one from a foundling society. Others seem to want the home brand blown in the bottle and refuse to take unreliable pedigrees. These are the kind of people who leave their money for the benefit of the Home Library fund!

Those who have no babies are divided on the subject of desirability, but those who have had one and lost it, those who have followed a tiny blossom of purity to the quiet churchyard, never forget to yearn for that baby's coo. It is this type which would rather hear a baby bawl than go to a grand opera.

The young man in a crash suit who accidentally sat down in the raspberry pie at a Sunday school picnic, had troubles of his own; but his was a four-flush woe compared to the sorrow of a man we know. There were mice in this man's home and his wife set a trap in the pantry, where the festive pest was wont to gambol at night over the mince pies and the sponge-cake. The top, one of those cute cheese-shaped affairs with long tunnels in the side that lead on to a tid-bit and death in the center, was tucked away on the floor in a jolly little nook where the mice were sure to see it and investigate.

One night the man came home late and retired, but he could not sleep. Then he began to get hungry and slipping slyly out of bed in his robe de nuit he groped his way to the pantry intending to seize a pie and doughnut and satisfy his craving. Deftly he felt about and found the coveted pie. He was just about to raise it to his lips when his big toe struck a nice little round hole! There was an ominous click, followed by a terrified roar that awakened everybody in the house.

"A mud-turtle, by thunder!" howled the victim, grabbing for his bare foot and falling into the tinware! Pandemonium reigned for a considerable time and the wife came near shooting the husband for a burglar. Now they still have mice in their pantry, but mouse-traps that fit bare toes are relegated to the ash heap. The mice are correspondingly happy!

Sixty-four divorces were granted in New York one day recently and even then there wasn't half enough to go round!

Sixty-four Divorces in One Short Day. We are not given to admiration of old Roman laws, and yet we find, on analysis, that our marital relations, so far as divorce and loose living prior to divorce is concerned, are not unlike those existing in Rome. The history of Roman law in this regard exhibits a transition from an extreme theory to its opposite. The early laws were strict as to allegiance in the bonds of wedlock, but later the old law of "manus" was done away with and the greatest laxness existed. The spouses were comparatively independent of each other. The bond was easily dissolved and while it lasted was loose and easy. Much the same condition seems to be in the ascendency in this country to-day when we study the statistics of the divorce courts and learn of the faithlessness of those who have sworn to love and cherish and keep themselves unspotted before the world. There was a time when wild oats were supposed to be sown and harvested prior to marriage, but nowadays the crop is an attenuated and long drawn out agricultural effort that thrives after, as well as before, marriage.

It has been suggested by an inventive genius that Uncle Sam start a story to the effect that fishing is good along the line of the Panama canal. The idea is to get all the fishermen down there digging worms. In this manner, it is cited, the ditch can be dug without serious cost to the government. It is well known that a man will do the hardest of work with the hallucination that he is playing or having an outing. Many a time have we dug up a ton of dirt back of the barn looking for fish-bait, when life was too short to spade in the garden. The same amount of energy directed toward digging the canal would accomplish wonders. There must be at least 40,000 fishermen in this country and most of them are not too fat to dig their own bait. The New Jersey anglers would be little good on the Panama, as they call angle-worms "night-walkers" and catch 'em above ground by lanternlight; but the average fisherman is an enthusiast and digs fast when he does dig. According to our estimate it would take only about thirty minutes to complete the canal next spring when the sucker season opens.

'Tis said that Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis advocates devoting thirty minutes each day to laughter. The advice is undoubtedly good from the standpoint of health, but suppose Pierpont Morgan or Russell Sage fooled away thirty minutes daily "haw-hawing"? The result is evident. They would lose at least \$50,000 for every "haw," \$100,000 for a "haw-haw" and \$200,000 for a "he-he-haw-haw"! Every "ha-ha" would give them the debit side of the ledger and thirty minutes of "ha-ha-ho-ho-he-haw-haw!" would make laughing-stock of their bank accounts! It might be all right for you or I to laugh, for we can sneaker considerably cheaper than the nabobs. When we laugh it means only a titillation of the risibles, a strengthening of the stomach muscles and a loss of three-fourths of a mill on the dollar! But with Morgan and Sage, Vanderbilt and Gates—they simply can't afford to laugh and lose so much money. We would keep from laughing ourselves if there were millions in it!

Disposal of the Dead a Problem in Cities

Almost every page of the records of London and Paris contains examples of the desecration of abandoned graveyards, and there is hardly a city in the Old World that has not disturbed at least one of these resting places of their whilom inhabitants. In our towns of rapid growth, the cemetery of to-day becomes the heart of a metropolis to-morrow; the demolition of graveyards in New York and Boston has been a frequent occurrence until it fails to attract attention.

When the Colon cemetery of Havana became overcrowded, the Cubans found it necessary to clear it of skulls, and promiscuously shoveled them into a common boneway. It presented an aspect so ghastly that Gen. Wood concluded to cover the pit and re-open it only for the next overflow of skeletons, expected in about five years. In certain cemeteries of London, corpses are buried in standing postures because no room is left to lay them down. Bodies of the poor generally are packed over each other in tiers, and the trench is kept open until filled. In the poverty corner of Calvary cemetery this has been the customary treatment of the remains of paupers. Newtown, where Calvary is situated, harbors eighty corpses to every living inhabitant. The conventual villages of Corona, Elmhurst and Woodside, once parts of Newtown,

which now are annexed to New York, and constitute the geographical center of the enlarged city, might increase in population if it were not for the proximity of vast and dreary charnel fields.

A law relating to public health provided forty years ago that no grave be dug or opened south of Eighty-sixth street, and that no cemetery be opened in any part of the city and county of New York. This law should be enforced and applied not to Greater New York alone, but to the territory within a radius of 100 miles around every populous town. People who insist on their inanimate bodies remaining inviolate should have them carried to a distance where they can neither inconvenience nor injure the living, who need the room, and are natural heirs of the departed. Famous intertural cemeteries, like Mount Auburn (Boston), Greenwood (New York), and Laurel Hill (Philadelphia), could be transformed into admirable parks. Monuments of architectural beauty might remain undisturbed. Others might be replaced by trees with suitable tablets to mark the spot of those upon whose dust they grow. The Turks, loth to desecrate the grave of a Mussulman, have adopted a similar custom, and thereby have made the cemeteries of Constantinople attractive to strangers.—Louis Windmiller in Municipal Affairs.

Scientific Men Are Rebuffed by Sultan

No surprise was manifested at the information received from Constantinople that the Sultan of Turkey had again refused a "firmin" or permission to an American named Banks to excavate "Tel Ibrahim," a mountain about nine hours' ride northeast of the ruins of Babylon, where a tradition of the country has it that the tomb of Abraham is situated.

There are two of these so-called "Tombs of Abraham" in this region, the one Mr. Banks desired to excavate and the other southwest of Babylon, where tradition says the Tower of Babel was situated. Interest is attached to both places owing to the ruins of buildings of an ancient people and to the traditions invested in them by the Arabs and Turks, but archeologists do not believe that either is the site of the tomb of Abraham, locating the last resting place of the patriarch of the Children of Israel in the Cave of Machpelah, near Hebron, in Palestine, where Abraham buried his wife Sarah.

Two years ago Mr. Banks, who is a graduate from Harvard, made efforts to secure permission from the Sultan of Turkey to excavate the Ur or City of Chaldea on the western bank of the Mesopotamia.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller contributed \$12,000 to the fund which

Mr. Banks raised to defray the expenses of the expedition he was organizing. He returned to Constantinople and as the representative of several American universities, including, it is said, Harvard, he applied to the Porte for permission to excavate.

Refusal was made by the Sultan owing, it is said, to the religious associations of the so-called tomb of Abraham, many of the Mohammedans believing that the mountain, which is the place mentioned as Cuthal in Second Kings in the Bible, is really the site of the burying place of Abraham. In addition to the question of offending the religious beliefs of the natives of the country, it is said that while Mr. Banks was consul at the City of Bagdad he incurred the displeasure of the Porte.

It was declared at the university that it is problematical whether Banks will ever secure permission to excavate in any part of the Ottoman Empire, although the Sultan has always been cordial toward exploring expeditions, especially those from America, and at present a party of German scientists are at work not far from where Banks desired to excavate.

There are now some six Europeans in the Buddhist priesthood in Burma.

Rapid Progress Being Made by the South

The progress of the south during recent years is one of the wonders of the age. Between 1880 and 1900 the population of the south increased from 16,369,960 to 23,548,404 or 44 per cent, but in the same period southern agricultural, manufactured and mineral products increased in value from \$1,134,586,229 to \$2,844,646,440, or 157 per cent. Farm values grew from \$2,290,364,321 to \$3,951,631,632. Farming is improving, as is shown by the fact that, while the acreage in wheat increased in the two decades but 12 per cent, the crop increased 82 per cent. The average per acre is nearly two bushels higher than the average for the whole country. The corn, hay and oat crops about doubled, and the cotton output increased over 99 per cent. The value of the crop of cotton in 1900, seed included, was \$550,000,000. The rice and sugar crops much more than doubled, and the product of southern tobacco is 70 per cent of that of the entire Union. The rural population is accordingly fairly prosperous, and its gain in numbers between 1890 and 1900 was much larger than that of all the rest of the United States.

1880 there were 161 cotton factor-

ies; in 1900 there were 400. Between 1890 and 1900 the south gained 2,747,839 cotton spindles, against a gain of but 2,172,410 in the north. In the same period the capital in cotton manufacturing increased from \$52,000,000 to \$124,000,000. But oil mills, furnaces, rolling mills, furniture and other woodworking mills have also sprung up as if by magic. An epitome of the manufactures of the south shows 92,522 manufacturing establishments in 1900, with a capital of \$1,111,688,852 against 43,725 establishments in 1880, with a capital of \$251,692,038. The value of product has grown from \$445,572,461 to \$1,419,001,873. The mining output in 1900 was \$115,352,763 against \$17,807,646 in 1882. The lumber industry has also increased phenomenally.

This industrial progress has resulted largely from the expansion of the railway systems and the improvement of harbor facilities. Southern ports have increased their exports since 1880 by 99.5 per cent, this being a sequel of the increase of southern railway mileage from 21,612 miles to 52,594 miles, a growth of 143 per cent, against the growth of but 98 per cent in the rest of the Union.

TO MARK INGALLS' GRAVE.

His Friends: Seek for a Stone Such as He Described.

The grave of the late John J. Ingalls at Mt. Vernon cemetery will be marked by a native boulder deposited in Kansas soil in the glacial period, according to an Atchison, Kan., dispatch in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This will be done in obedience to a letter written in the senate chamber at Washington, Dec. 10, 1890, to Mrs. Ingalls in Atchison. The letter follows:

"The cold wave has passed off and the morning is like April. The world is so lovely at its best; this life is so delightful that I dread the thought of leaving it. I have seen and experienced so little of what may be seen and known that it seems like closing a volume of which I have only glanced at the title page.

"What an uncivil host life is, to invite us to an entertainment which we are compelled to attend whether we like it or not, and then to unceremoniously take us by the arm and bow us out into the night, stormy and dismal, to go stumbling about without so much

as a lantern to show us the way to another town.

"Our ground in the cemetery should have a 'monument.' I hate these obelisks, urns and stone cottages, and should prefer a great natural rock—one of the red boulders known as the 'lost rocks' of the prairie, porphyry from the North, brought down in glacial times—with a small surface smoothed down, just large enough to make a tablet in which should be inserted the bronze letters of our name, 'Ingalls,' and nothing else."

A stone such as described is now being sought.

The Melted Coin.

Place the coin in half a walnut shell and fill the shell with a mixture of three parts of dry, powdered niter, one part of flour of sulphur and a little sawdust, well sifted. Light it, and when the mixture is melted it will be seen that the coin is also melted, the shell not having sustained any injury.

The receiver is sometimes as bad as the transmitter. Actions are crystallized thoughts.

There are plenty of people who have become depressed and discouraged, because that dry, hacking cough hangs to them continually. They have taken much medicine, mostly of the advertised quack sort, nothing like Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, the discovery of a then noted German physician 60 years ago. We do not say that this will cure a case where the lungs are badly diseased, for it will not, and up to this date there is nothing that will cure under these conditions; but on the other hand, if the lungs are not hard hit, the patient should take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, a cup full every night on going to bed, have it hot, drink slowly, then every other night rub the throat and top portion of the lungs with St. Jacobs Oil, cover with oil silk, let it remain an hour, then remove. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, live in the open air as much as possible. By all means sleep as near out of doors as possible, that is, windows wide open, except in the very severe weather. Take a cold sponge bath every morning; then immediately rub the body vigorously with a coarse towel. Take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops every other day according to directions. One can buy the three remedies for \$1.25 of any reliable druggist. Begin the treatment at once and see how much better you will be almost within a week's time.

Hadn't Found Either.

Henry Ward Beecher returned to Indianapolis after he had gone to Brooklyn, for a little visit, and his friends arranged a reception for him, which was inadvertently planned for Wednesday evening—prayer-meeting night. Late in the evening there appeared a severe looking elderly gentleman, who came to Mr. Beecher with an air of rebuke, and said: "Mr. Beecher, this is prayer meeting night. I went to the First Presbyterian prayer meeting, to the Third Presbyterian prayer meeting, and to the Fourth Presbyterian prayer meeting, expecting to meet the Lord Jesus and Henry Ward Beecher. The good man paused, and Mr. Beecher replied with that irrefragable twinkle in his eye: "Well, my dear sir, plain that you didn't find either them."

A Versatile Typewriter.

Selim Haddad, a Syrian educated at the American college at Beirut, Syria, has perfected a typewriter for writing in Turkish, Arabic and Persian. Though these languages are not used over 600 letters or characters, he reduced the number of keys to three. The machines are in this country, and the following are presented samples to the Turkey and Khedive of Egypt.

A Problem Solved.

Cassel, Kans., Dec. part of Kansas has solved the question, How can Kidney Disease, Diabetes and other resulting from Diseased common to all parts of the news is of great interest. The cure is DODD'S. Hundreds of people will of their own experience Cunningham for example. Kidney Trouble of long sought relief in vain. Doctors and Medicines kinds.

Finally he tried DODD'S and he stopped right where DODD'S Kidney Complaint ever any further. Here is what DODD'S says: "DODD'S Kidney Pills for Kidney Trouble. Get them and know for me more good than used."

Fewer marriages were if the contracting parties such hypocrites during



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