

Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BESCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.
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Before you buy a good horse, find out what is the matter with him.

A woman is usually happier when she is wanting things than when she has them.

Some of us could put all our money in our wife's name, even if it was a very short name.

It is idle to say that Apostle Reed Smoot can't help his name. Any change would help it.

The breathing cure is the latest fad in Paris. Breathing has saved many lives since this world began.

"Which is worse as a hat ornament," writes "Young Lady," "a real stuffed bird or an imitation?" Both.

No man who is not out of love and out of debts is a fit candidate for membership in the "Don't Worry Club."

King Alfonso is going to England to recuperate. The indiscriminate use of firearms in Madrid has shattered his nerves.

Let us hope Mr. Rockefeller may not have a chance to pay that \$1,000,000 for a new stomach. Oil is high enough now.

Says the Duluth News, mournfully: "How would you like a gift of nepenthe, forgetfulness of the past?" Try a bromo seltzer.

The launching of the Daily Marconigram newspaper in mid-ocean is postponed until further notice. It seems to have been a case of reckless anticipation.

The Boers have assumed a very burdensome war debt, but immediate relief comes to them in the reflection that every dollar of it was honorably incurred.

The laborer should not ask beyond what he ought to have, and if the capitalist will not refuse what he ought to give, the golden age will shortly follow.

The handsomest Christmas present yet reported is the \$1,000,000 in cash that John W. Gates gave to his son. A great many different people probably contributed to it.

An inquest into the death of Leonard F. Roos of New York has brought out the facts that he drew up his will in a restaurant. It must have been a quick-order chop-house.

Tests are being made in Washington to determine what chemical is best to use in preserving beef. The one that is used in preserving the price seems to be very effective.

Probably it did not occur to that St. Louis woman, who says she knows 500 of her sisters that gamble, that some rude persons might view her remarks in the light of a confession.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie believe great wealth would be harmful to their daughter, and a movement has been started in France to abolish titular nobility. Is this a mere coincidence?

A Chicago alderman has introduced an ordinance to compel all barbers to prove their skill in an examination. If the barbers do not turn the tables on the querist he should get the prize for volubility.

John D. Rockefeller expects to give \$10,000,000 to the cause of education in the South. Which means a rise in the price of oil in the North. When it comes to kerosene, surely charity begins at home.

The entire gallery audience in a theater at St. Mary's, West Virginia, was nearly asphyxiated by gas fumes. Whether this was considered a calamity or not depends on the play and the players.

An unfavorable report has been made on the bill proposing to change the date of the presidential inauguration. Like all of his predecessors, the next President will have to be inaugurated in the rain.

The Scientific American gives as a remedy for headaches the simple exercise of walking backward. The theory is that the patient will eventually fall down and break his neck, which is a guaranteed cure.

Twelve men attempted to drive a manager of a Nevada mine from the state. He killed three of them and wounded three others. As he did this all with one revolver he seems to be entitled to remain a few days longer.

What a pity it is that our learned anthropologists never discover that a man has criminal eyes, mouth, ears and nose until after he has committed a murder! Oh, Science! how many frauds are perpetrated in thy helpless name!

With flaring headlines a New York paper boasts of the first "beat" or "scoop," received by wireless telegraph. This sheds an interesting light on a general impression that many wireless messages had been printed in the journal before.

HIS DEAFNESS WAS CONVENIENT

Inquisitive Neighbors Got Little Information from Abram Hewlett—Comforted by Scriptural Quotation.

They were all gathered about the stove in the deacon's store, when Abram Hewlett entered and was greeted with inquisitive nods and glances.

Abram was a man of affairs, and in his cattle-buying expeditions sometimes traveled as far as Goshen in one direction or Kearsarge way the other. This brushing up against the world gave him an air of shrewd ability that marked him as separate from his co-dwellers on Top Hill, who were evidently anxious to hear of his latest purchases.

"That was a fine pair steers I seen ye tolling up th' r'd t'day, Ab'um," suggested the deacon as an opened.

"Fine a pair 's I ever picked up," Abram Hewlett replied easily. "Well matched, I s'pose ye noticed?" he continued.

"Shu'd say's much," replied the deacon admiringly. "How much did they set ye back, I wonder?" This was what everybody wanted to know, and the audience turned interestedly for Abram's reply.

"Oh, I got 'em back here quite a piece. That night one, he come often old man Tolles' place, up Goshen way. He's a putty good match, but not quite so good's t'uther one. He come from—"

"Whut'd ye pay fur 'em, said I," repeated the deacon, slightly raising his voice. Abram kept on in his established monotone:

"I was coming to that. You know that Swede, the one that took up th' old Hashins farm, all run down to t' wreck and up t' bresh? Well, he had t'uther one. I see by my eye they wan't a nounce apart in th'er hefts, so I made a dicker t' git 'em both. Glad ye all like 'em."

"Yes, but how much did they tax ye fur 'em?" shouted the deacon. And Bijie Stiles added: "Bate ye now th'!"

Swede taxed ye more'n Tolles did, if truth was known."

"I didn't consider that no defect," replied Abram gayly. "A star more or less don't make no diff'ence—an' that's as nigh alike as ye can expect t' pick 'em up, fur apart's them wus."

The deacon got down to Abram's ear and shouted: "Abram, I asked whut ye paid fur th' pair."

"Well, th' Swede's hair may be a leetle finer, but whut of it?" demanded Abram.

"I never see him deaf like this before," apologized the deacon. "Abram, whut—did—ye—pay—fur—th'—steers?"

"Oh, they's yearlings, all right. I got th' perigree down fine. An' I call 'late to fat 'em good fur market before I'm done with 'em. Naow western beef's gettin' so high, we eastern fellers can work in a fat critter onct in a while without loosin' nuthin'."

By a simultaneous movement the gathering forced Abram's attention from the high joint of stovepipe where his eye had been cast, and shouted at him in desperate unison:

"Whut did them steers cost ye?"

"Wall, naow," replied Abram, with a twinkle in his eye that he strove in vain to conceal, "I heerd ye ask whut they cost, did I? Naow, I can't rickollect just this minit if I told anybody yit whut they did cost. No, I don't think I hev. But I'll think it over clost, and if I remember tellin' anybody that, I'll come back an' let ye know who it is." And so saying, Abram struggled to his feet and stalked out.

"Well, I'll be dem," said Bijie Stiles. And the deacon looked as if he would like to be dommed, too. But all he said was:

"We hev Sclipfer fur it, they's none so def as them that won't hear."—Boston Herald.

GOOD CURE FOR A KICKING COW

Of Course There Are Many Prescriptions, but the Subjoined Is Recommended as Certain.

An old farmer—old enough to know better—says that the way to cure a cow of kicking is to catch her by the leg just as she is about to kick. She should be grasped firmly, as close to the hoof as possible, and the grip must not relax until the kicking impulse is over. Of course the kick must be headed off, as it were, and not met half way, nor even three-quarters way. It is a good idea to get the hired man to accustom himself to this simple fact, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that a good hired man can easily be spoiled by careless inattention to directions.

At first it might be well to use a cowcatcher or possibly an ordinary fender, together with a catcher's mask and padded gloves. Naturally it will be well to conceal your appearance from the cow as much as possible, because so many cows are timid and easily scared by strange objects. Then when the cow slightly raises her hoof and shivers apprehensively along the ankle don't wait for further developments, but grasp the lower leg firmly and hang on for dear life.

A man named Mullins had a kick-

ing cow of fourteen horse-power and somebody told him about the grab-the-leg cure. Mullins told it to his hired man. The hired man had had the milking stool kicked from under him several times and the milk pail battered into scrap tin, and he said he would be glad to try the recipe. So he put on a pillow for a chest protector and jumped for the leg as soon as he saw the premonitory symptoms.

Well, sir, he went through the stable window as neat as you please, taking the sash along with him. When Mullins reached him he was as dazed as a mudlark.

"Nearthquake?" he feebly muttered.

"No," said Mullins, "the cow kicked you."

"Cow kicked me!" the hired man repeated. "I wonder how it happened?" "I wonder!" said Mullins.

But Mullins thought he knew, though he hesitated about saying so for fear of hurting the victim's feelings—and he was hurt enough already.

The trouble was that the hired man was so awfully cross-eyed that he had grabbed the wrong leg!

HOW WIRELESS MESSAGES ARE SENT

Explanation of Electric Currents Crossing the Ocean—Method of Transmission Has Long Been Known.

When a wireless message is sent across the ocean an electric spark is made to snap between two brass balls. The sparks may be said to make a splash in the ether, the high wire taking the place of the stone which, when dropped in a pond, causes ripples to flow outward in every direction. The electrical ripples similarly stream out from the wire in every direction at the speed of light, which is 185,000 miles a second.

The number of waves which stream from a Marconi pole is from 500,000 to 2,000,000 per second. These waves are not to be confounded with the air waves which cause sound, though for the purposes of explanation they may be compared to them.

Wireless telegraphy waves travel not by means of the atmosphere, but through the far more intangible substance, ether, which is held to fill up space and penetrate all matter.

Many years ago it was found out that electricity passed through the

space separating two long parallel wires. When a current of electricity was made to flow through one wire a magnetic influence spread out from the wire and on reaching the other induced in it a state of electricity similar to the current flowing in the first wire. The current was transferred, as it were, across a bridge by magnetism.

The waves which fly from the transmitting station almost instantly reach the distant receiving wire. The waves are then feeble and could not operate an instrument, so that a "coherer" and "relay" have to be used.

The coherer consists of metal filings which remain separate from one another and offer resistance to a current until the waves strike the aerial. Then the filings press together and the obstruction is bridged. The relay current can then act, and a strong current instantly flows through the circuit and operates the machine which prints the code on paper tape.

Man's Thrift a Wife's Toy.

Miss Vida Goldstein gave an interviewer some interesting information about the happy lot of the American woman. As thus: "It is an absolute fact that the American men treat the women splendidly. The home life is most beautiful. The women are comrades in every sense to their husbands." Then further along: "It is extraordinary to see the way the American men work. They are off to their offices by 8 o'clock in the morning at the latest." Again: "They (the men) devote their lives to making money. Having made their money they are more ready to turn their attention to public affairs. That accounts for the freedom of women. The men make the money and the women spend it."

This query suggests itself to modern society: How does the American man accumulate money if his wife spends it?

Mars' Henry Exonerates Whisky.

A Chicago citizen writes a card, in which he says:

"That an active poison of some kind is sold as whisky in this town is shown by the deaths that are reported among the poor wretches who celebrate Christmas with too much conviviality in the slums. There used to be some truth, as well as a little grim humor, in the stories that were told about the fighting whisky that was sold in some places, but the stuff that sends a man to the morgue in forty-eight hours must be worse than fighting whisky."

Sh! Perhaps it is the abrupt change of the Chicagoans to bacilli-killing lemonade.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

United States Has Long Lead.

The United States has over 700,000 miles of telegraph wires, to 2,000 miles in Great Britain.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII., FEB. 22: 1 CORINTHIANS 13: 1-13—CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Golden Text—"Now Abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, These Three; but the Greatest of These is Charity"—1 Corinthians 13: 13.

I. Love, the Most Essential Thing in the Christian Life.—Vs. 1-3. This chapter has been called "The Psalm of Love."

Love is "The Supreme Good." This chapter is remarkable (1) as coming from the logical Paul rather than from John, the apostle of love; (2) as written to a church which had so many faults; and (3) as occurring in the midst of an Epistle so full of argument and reproof. And yet in every way it is in its natural and most effective place, for it lies at the foundation of all the needed reforms, and is the only way to a real life which Paul wished them to live. Love is the sum of all the commandments; the soul of the heavenly life. There are many outward things pertaining to religion whose real value depends on the spirit which inspires them, and the motive power which produces them.

With Eloquence and the Gift of Tongues. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity," "Love," "I am become as sounding brass." The greatest thing in a sermon is the man behind it.

With the gift of prophecy (v. 2), i. e., of speaking God's will. Even this instrument of love is weak, if not impossible, without the love behind it.

With Faith. "And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains," as promised in Matt. 17: 20; 21: 21, the mightiest and most enduring faith. "And have not charity." He does not assert that one can have these things without charity, but says if he could, "I am nothing."

Charity. 3. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor," "As the Pharisee gave alms, and Ananias sold his property, from unworthy motives, without love; while Barnabas and many others sold theirs from love, and Jesus bade the rich young man do the same, as an expression of love and faith, and made good deeds a condition of eternal life (Matt. 23: 46)."

Martyrdom. "Give my body to be burned." As a martyr, but from pride, or self-glory, instead of love for Christ. Yet even of these things, when done without love, it must be said, "It profiteth me nothing." There is no virtue in it to be rewarded. It does not improve the character nor aid the cause.

II. What Is This Love? How It Can be Recognized.—Vs. 4-7. Love cannot be defined, but it can be described and recognized by its qualities and its works. "The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients: Patience—Love suffereth long; Kindness—And is kind; Generosity—Love envieth no; Humility—Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; Courtesy—Doth not behave itself unseemly; Unselfishness—Seeketh not her own; Good Temper—Is not easily provoked; Guilelessness—Thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth in the truth." These make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man.—Prof. Drummond.

1. Patience (passive). "Charity suffereth long." When it ceaseth to be patient it ceases to be love.

2. Kindness (active). "And is kind." Kindness is love working, love in action, doing "as many kind things to as many people as possible."

3. Generosity (positive). The opposite of envy and jealousy. "Charity envieth not." The root of envy is selfishness.

4. Humility. "Charity vaunteth not itself" (the outward display). "Is not puffed up" (the inward disposition). The boaster and the self-conceited proclaim upon the houseposts that they are not living the life of love.

5. Courtesy (outward expression). "Doth not behave itself unseemly." With impropriety, discourtesy, out of good taste.

6. Unselfishness (inner spirit). "Seeketh not her own." Is not selfish, is not looking out for self first of all. It seeks to give more than to receive. There are times when love can use the power of temper with great and necessary effect, but never bad temper, uncontrolled temper.

7. Guilelessness. "Thinketh no evil." "taketh not account of evil." Does not put it down on its books of account, is not suspicious, is not always looking for faults in others, nor attributing evil motives to them.

8. Sincerity. "Rejoiceth not in iniquity." Is not glad when others sin, hates to report the weakness and faults of others, refuses to seem good by depreciating others. "Rejoiceth in the truth."

9. Other Characteristics. "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Goes on bearing, believing, and hoping to the end. No obstacles can stop its work, no discouragements make it give up in despair."

III. Love the Most Enduring Thing in the World.—Vs. 8-13. "Charity never faileth," like a fading flower (Isa. 28: 1, 4), it is eternal in its very nature, as long as God and goodness endure.

IV. Love the Greatest Thing in the World.—Vs. 13. "And now," in conclusion, "abideth faith, hope, charity." We shall never cease to trust in God, for our souls can have no more life in heaven than they can here, without divine help, and influence which come from trusting him as Governor, Helper, and Friend. Faith will only be stronger, more complete, in heaven than here. Hope, too, will abide, because there will always be more to follow, more to expect. And all that has been received in the past, all its wonderful unfoldings of truth and joy, will give ground for larger and purer hope through eternal ages. "But the greatest of these is charity." Love. (1) It is greatest in its nature, noblest, deepest, happiest, most pervasive, most heavenly. (2) It brings us closest to God, makes us partakers of his nature, his children and heirs. (3) It is the one thing without which faith and hope are of little avail. (4) It is the most powerful, exerts the widest influence for good. It is the strongest motive for the upbuilding of character. (5) It is universal. Every person, of every degree, may have this love. More than all other things together, it makes those that have it "free and equal." (6) With faith and hope, love is eternal. The longer one lives, the more love he can have. It will expand and grow forever and ever, in increasing blessedness and glory.

Power of the Bible.

When Stanley, the famous explorer and traveler, started to cross the continent and Africa he had seventy-three books in three packs. After he had gone three hundred miles, he was obliged to throw away some of his books through the fatigue of those carrying his baggage. As he continued on his journey, in like manner his library grew less and less, until he had but one book left. This was the Bible. The Bible is the only book that has stood the test of all centuries and earth's greatest wants.

LIVING UP TO PRINCIPLES.

Quaker of Course Could not Fight, but He Gained His Point.

During the Civil War the Friends, because of their peaceful creed, endeavored to be released from the requirements of the draft. They were always reasonable and quiet in their earnestness, and seldom failed to gain their point. Major Townsend, in "Anecdotes of the Civil War," tells this story of Isaac Newton, the Friend who was commissioner of the Department of Agriculture:

Speaking once of scruples about fighting, I asked him if he believed it necessary to carry out the exact letter of the Scripture, and under no circumstances to resist.

"Oh, no," said he. "There are other ways of resisting besides fighting." Then he told the story of having met a man in a wagon at a narrow part of the road, who, seeing that he was a Friend, refused to turn out for him, but stopped directly in the middle of the road.

Isaac asked him kindly to turn out, but the man gruffly refused. Then Isaac said, "Friend, if thou wilt not turn thy horse, I will turn him for thee." So he took the horse's head to turn him. Then the man jumped out and ran forward, as if to attack him. On this, Isaac seized him by the arms above the elbow, held him as if in a vise, and quietly said, "Friend, if thou dost resist, I shall shake thee!"

So he gave him a preliminary shake as a sample, and the man, seeing how powerful and resolute he was, apologized, and turned his horse as far out as he could.

"I did not strike him," said Isaac. —Youth's Companion.

Waiting.

From his couch of sapphire
Leapt the gold-haired Sun;
Seized the star hosts' torches,
Quenched them one by one.
Drew the silvery mist veils
From the young Dawn's face,
Kissed her lips like rose leaves,
Wooded her, for a space.
And my heart sang softly,
Half in hope—half fear—
"With the midday splendor,
Will the King appear?"
O'er a sea of azure
Sailed the viking Sun;
"Till the port of Noon-tide
Gloriously was won.
All the garden closes
Flashed with myriad dyes;
As had slipped a rainbow
From the arching skies.
And my heart sang softly,
Striving to gain cheer—
"With the longed-for to-morrow,
Will the King appear?"
Through a field of ashes
Creeps the pallid Sun;
Worn with toil and pleasure,
Glad the day is done.
In the west horizon
Not one gleam of gold,
Only ebon storm clouds
Rising fold on fold.
But my heart sings softly,
To the King come near—
"Sweet is even waiting,
For—I love you, dear."
—Frances Bartlett in Boston Transcript.

Benedict Arnold in 1775.

The prestige of Arnold at the beginning of the revolution is thus reflected by Prof. Justin H. Smith's description in the January Century of the heroic "battle with the wilderness" in the march to Quebec, under Arnold's command: "The name of the leader, too, excited enthusiasm. Dorothy Dudley and the rest of the ladies in Cambridge loved to gossip about a man whom they described as 'daringly and desperately brave, sanguinely hopeful, of restless activity, intelligent and enterprising, gay and gallant; and the soldier lads told one another admiringly how he marched through the wicket-gate at old Ticonderoga shoulder to shoulder with Ethan Allen! how he threatened to break into the magazine at New Haven unless the selectmen would hand over the keys within five minutes, when his company heard the news of Lexington and wanted to set out for Cambridge; and even how he used to astonish the other boys, years before, by seizing the great water-wheel and going around with it through water and through sky."

The Pious Mosquito.

It was in the dear old summer time. The mosquito that did business just over the line, but who was duly incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, as are all other pestiferous things, was trying for a touch down on the skating rink of a man who frequents front rows.

A vigorous slap sent him away. Taking the full count before rising, he decided he would get out of the vicinity.

Then a thought struck him. "Ah," said he, "I must do all I can to prove the truth of the Scriptures. All our tribe is 'bred on the water.'" So he promptly returned.

Knew Where the Whip Came From.

Signor Marconi, of "wireless" fame, is fond of dogs, and used to own a cocker spaniel of unusual intelligence. The young inventor says that one day he took this dog to a saddler's with him and bought there a whip. That afternoon the animal was disobedient and he punished it with the whip he had just purchased. But in the evening, when he came to look for the weapon again, it was nowhere to be found.

Just then there was a ring at the bell. It was the saddler, the whip in hand. "Your dog, sir," he said, "brought this to the shop in his mouth this afternoon, and laid it on the floor and ran off quickly."

Speed Record in Novel Writing.

Although Marion Crawford now produces on an average of two novels a year, "Mrao's Crucifix" was written in ten days and his "The Tale of a Lonely Parish," a 120,000-word novel was completed in twenty-four days. It took him, however, eight months to write "Via Crucis," not including the time spent in gathering the material for it. The story of George Elton's reading for "Daniel Deronda" is too old to repeat, but it shows that the actual writing of a book is a small affair compared with the task of getting ready to write one. Harris Dickson's "The Black Wolf Breed," was written in a little over two months' time. Another piece of quick work was Julia Magruder's "Princess Sonia," completed in eighteen days.

No Public Library in Constantinople.

A petition for leave to establish a public library in Constantinople was recently refused by the minister of public instruction, special objections being made to several books on the proposed list, among them the fables of La Fontaine. The frequent references to the lion, the king of animals, it was held, would be regarded by ignorant people as degrading to the kingdom and insulting to the sultan.

An Important Discovery.

Granton, Okla., Feb. 9th.—After ten years E. H. Gosney of Granton has at last found a cure for Kidney Trouble. Mr. Gosney suffered very severely with Kidney Complaint and some ten years ago made up his mind to find a cure if one was to be had.

He has tried and tried and experimented with every kidney medicine he could hear of. Although he was always disappointed he kept on trying till at last his perseverance was rewarded and he found a complete cure.

He is a well man to-day and explains it as follows: "Everything failed to cure me and I was growing worse and worse till I tried a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills and I had not taken many of them before I knew that I had at last found the right thing. I am entirely cured and I cannot say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The average wife dislikes to ask her husband for money almost one-tenth as bad as she dislikes to have her do it.

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