

Loup City Northwestern

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

Wanted—A new popular song. All the old ones are worn out.

If you wish to put the germs out of business, don't boil them; jar them.

It seems ambassadors are just as liable to lose their jobs as other folks are.

Mr. Carnegie would like to be a father to any deserving nation that is in trouble.

It is to be remembered that when Turkey engages in a "holy war" it is a holy terror.

Gen. Uribe-Urbe, having lost his hyphen, is reported to have blown away the rest of himself.

The powers are very powerful, of course, but the sick man of Europe is a curiously uncertain patient.

When the tide ebbs these days Venice goes dry. The Adriatic may have begun to weary of its ancient bride.

One trouble with molasses as a food for horses is that it would certainly make them slow up in cold weather.

Astronomer Young says a race of some sort inhabits the sun. Old Sol ought to be able to "put up a not race."

In connection with the situation in Morocco, the Spanish fleet is to be mobilized. Where did Spain get a fleet?

Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador are threatening to fight Guatemala. They must be running short of revolutions.

A Philadelphia man went wrong because of his love for fine books. Let the young poets take heart. It may be catching.

It appears that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was born in America. She needn't expect much when she comes here after this.

Mascagni says Chicago women are warmer than those of Boston. Well, that only puts them a degree or two above zero.

It is again announced that Mr. Schwab has resigned, but the American people absolutely refuse to get excited over it.

Hetty Green would probably foreclose on an orphan asylum if there happened to be any delay in the payment of the interest.

It would, no doubt, be shown, if figures could be obtained, that dyspepsia has spoiled more good fellows than marriage has.—Puck.

Now comes news that the Chinese Dowager Empress has started a paper in Peking. It's hard to keep a dowager like that in her coffin.

Dodge City, Kan., is preparing to bore a hole in the ground for exploring purposes, but it seems to have no fears as to what the opening may disclose.

A painting by Troyon, "Landscape and Cattle," sold in New York for \$550, which was deemed a very reasonable figure, considering the high price of beef.

A patient suffering from smallpox has escaped from New Jersey hospital, and the authorities are industriously searching for somebody to search for him.

We can't all be captains of industry, and we don't expect to be. There are quite a number of us who would be very glad to be first lieutenants retired on half-pay.—Puck.

Millionaire Ziegler has decided to back another polar expedition. Such persistency and nerve ought to put the crew under obligations to accumulate at least a few chilblains.

The men behind the guns have received due credit, and now Admiral Schley amends the famous phrase by adding "the men before the furnace." The amendment will be unanimously accepted.

President Elliot of Harvard complains that the graduates of that institution are not becoming the fathers of enough children. This seems to indicate that they are marrying into the very best circles.

A good example of marrying in haste is that of the young couple who took the matrimonial vows on a railroad train traveling at the rate of a mile a minute. Did they repent at leisure after the train stopped?

The two presidents advocate earlier and more prolific marriages, and the same week the De Beers' mining company puts up the price of diamonds 5 per cent regardless of the financial condition of the young man seeking an engagement ring.

The Montana legislature is being urged to give Mrs. Steven Murphy a reward of \$3,000 for being the mother of triplets. This is a good move. The mother of triplets ought to have consolation of some sort, and money is what she generally needs most.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbons."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

About six o'clock Arenta Van Ariens made a personal response to her friend's message. She was all excitement and expectation. Who do you think called on me this afternoon. No less a person than Madame Kippon. Gertrude Kippon is going to be married. She is going to marry a French count! And madame is beside herself with the great alliance.

"Our drawing-rooms, and even our streets, are full of titles," said Cornelia; "I think it is a distinction to be plain master and mistress."

"That is the truth; even this handsome dandy, Joris Hyde, is a lieutenant."

"He was in the field two years. He told me so this afternoon. I dare say, he has earned his title, even if he is a lieutenant."

"Don't be so highly-tighty, Cornelia. I have no objection to military titles. In fact, I rather lean to official titles of every kind."

Then Arenta, having arranged her ringlets, tied her sash and her sandals, the girls went down to the parlor.

Dr. Moran, Rem Van Ariens, and Lieut. Hyde were present. The latter was handsomely dressed in a dark-blue velvet coat, silver-laced, a long white satin vest and black satin breeches. His hair was thrown backwards and tied with the customary black ribbon, and his linen and laces were of the finest quality. He met Cornelia as he might have met a princess; and he flashed into Arenta's eyes a glance of admiration which turned her senses upside down, and

"Dear Arenta, we shall have so much more time, to-morrow. Come to-morrow."

But Arenta was not pleased. She left her friend with an air of repressed injury, and afterwards made little remarks about Cornelia to her brother, which exactly fitted his sense of wounded pride.

"Ever since she was a little girl, eleven years old, I have loved her," said Rem; "and she knows it."

"She knows it; that is so. When I was at Bethlehem, I read her all your letters, and many a time you spoke in them of her as your 'little wife.' Come, come, we must go to our rooms, for that is our father I hear moving about. In a few minutes he will be angry, and then—"

She did not finish the sentence; there was no necessity; Rem knew what unpleasantness the threat implied, and he slipped off his shoes and stole quietly upstairs. Arenta did not hurry, though the great Flemish clock on the stair-landing chimed eleven as she entered her room.

"After all," she mused, "the evening was a possibility. It was a door on the latch—I may push it open and go in—who can tell? I saw how amazed he was at my beauty when I first entered the parlor—and he is but a man—and a young man who likes his own way—so much is evident."

Then she heard her brother moving about the floor of the room above her and a shadow darkened her face. She had strong family affections, and she was angry that Rem should be troubled by any man or woman, living.



The fresh sea wind and the bright sunshine.

mads her feel, for a moment or two, as if she could hardly breathe.

Upon Arenta's brother he had not produced a pleasant impression. Without intention, he had treated young Van Ariens with that negative politeness which dashes a sensitive man, and makes him resentfully conscious that he has been rendered incapable of going himself justice. And Rem tried in various ways to introduce some conversation which would afford him the pleasure of contradiction. He failed to consider that his barely veiled antagonism compelled from the doctor, and even from Cornelia and Arenta, attentions he might not otherwise have received. So Hyde easily became the hero of the hour, he was permitted to teach the girls the charming old-world step of the Pas de Quatre, and afterwards to sing with them merry airs from Figaro, and sentimental airs from Lodoiska.

Fortunately, some of Dr. Moran's neighbors called early in the evening. Then whist parties were formed. But though Cornelia was all sweetness and graciousness; though Rem played well and Lieut. Hyde played badly; though Rem had the satisfaction of watching Hyde depart in his chair, while he stood with a confident friendship by Cornelia's side, he was not satisfied. There was an air of weariness and constraint in the room, and the little stir of departing visitors did not hide it. Rem approached his sister and said, "It is time to go home." Arenta looked at her friend; she expected to be asked to remain, and she was offended when Cornelia did not give her the invitation.

"I expected you would ask me to stay with you, Cornelia."

"I think it is best for you to go home with Rem. Otherwise he might, in his present temper, find himself near Becker's, and if a man is quarrelsome he may always get principals and seconds there. In the morning Rem will, I hope, be reasonable."

"I thought you and I would talk things over to-night. I like to talk over a new pleasure."

"I have always thought Cornelia a very saint," she muttered, "but Love is the great revealer. I wonder if he is in love—to tell the truth, she was past finding out. I cannot say that I saw the least sign of it—and between me and myself, Rem was unreasonable; however, I am not pleased that Rem felt himself to be badly used."

And she said her prayers, and fell calmly asleep, to the flattering thought, "I would not much wonder if, at this moment, Lieut. Hyde is thinking about me."

In reality, Lieut. Hyde was at that moment in the Belvedere club, singing the "Marsellaise," and listening to a very inflammatory speech from the French minister. But a couple of hours later, Arenta's "wonder" would have touched the truth. He was then alone, and very ill satisfied; for, after some restless reflections, he said impatiently:

"I have again made a fool of myself. I have now all kinds of unpleasant feelings, and when I left that good doctor's house I was well satisfied. His daughter is an angel. I praise myself for finding that out."

Then he rose, threw off his velvet and lace, and designedly let his thoughts turn to Arenta. "She is pretty beyond all prettiness," he said softly as he moved about. "She dances well, talks from hand to mouth, and she gave me one sweet glance, and I think if she has gone so far—she might go further."

CHAPTER III.

Hyde and Arenta.

Seldom is Love ushered into any life with any pomp of circumstance or ceremony; there is no overture to our opera, no prologue to our play, and the most momentous meetings occur as if by mere accident. A friend delayed Cornelia a while on the street, and turning, she met Hyde face to face; a moment more, or less, and the meeting had not been. Ah, but some Power had set that moment for

their meeting, and the delay had been intended, and the consequences foreseen!

In a dim kind of way Hyde realized this fact as he sat the next day with an open book before him. He was not reading it; he was thinking of Cornelia. Soon he closed his book with impatience, and went to Prince's and bought a little rush basket filled with sweet violets. Into their midst he slipped his visiting card, and saw the boy on his way with the flowers to Cornelia ere he was satisfied they would reach her quickly enough. Then turning aimlessly into Pearl street, he saw Cornelia.

She was dressed only in a little morning gown of Indian chintz, but in such simple toilet had still more distinctly that air of youthful modesty which he had found so charmingly tantalizing.

Cornelia was going to the "Universal Store" of Gerardus Duyckinck, and Hyde begged to go with her. He said he was used to shopping, and could tell the value of laces, and knew how to choose a piece of silk, or match the crewels for her embroidery; and, indeed, pleaded his case so merrily, that there was no refusing his offer. And how it happened lovers can tell, but after the shopping was finished they found themselves walking towards the Battery, with the fresh sea wind, and the bright sunshine, and the joy of each other's presence all around them.

Now Love has always something in it of the sea, and the murmur of the tide against the pier, the hoarse voices of the sailor men, the scent of the salt water, and all the occult unrecognized, but keenly felt life of the ocean, were ministers to their love, and forever and ever blended in the heart and memory of the youth and maid who had set their early dream of each other to its potent witchery. Time went swiftly, and suddenly Cornelia remembered that she was subject to hours and minutes. A little fear came into her heart, and closed it, and she said, with a troubled air, "My mother will be anxious. I had forgotten. I must go home." So they turned northward again.

At the gates of her home they stood a moment, and there Hyde touched her hand and said, "I have never, in all my life, been so happy. It has been a walk beyond hope, and beyond expression!" And she lifted her face, and the smile on her lips and the light in her eyes answered him.

Cornelia trembled as she opened the parlor door; she feared to look into her mother's face, but it was as serene as usual, and she met her daughter's glance with one of infinite affection and some little expectancy. This was a critical moment, and Cornelia hesitated slightly. Then she said with a blunt directness which put all subterfuge out of the question:

"Mother, I have been a long time, but I met Lieut. Hyde, and we walked down to the Battery; and I think I have stayed beyond the hour I ought to have stayed, but the weather was so delightful!"

"The weather is very delightful and Lieut. Hyde is very polite. Did he speak of the violets he sent you?"

"I suppose he forgot them. Ah, there they are! How beautiful! How fragrant! I will give them to you, mother."

"They are your own, my dear. I would not give them away. Take your flowers and put them in water—the young man is very extravagant, I think. Do you know that it is quite noon, and your father will be home in a little while?"

And there was such kind intent, such a divining sympathy in the simple words, that Cornelia's heart grew warm with pleasure, and she felt that her mother understood, and did not much blame her. She went with some haste to her room, and, forgetting all else, sat down and permitted herself to enter the delicious land of Reverie. She let the thought of Hyde repossess her, and present again and again to her imagination his form, his face, his voice, and those long caressing looks she had seen and felt, without seeming to be aware of them.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPH WINS A CASE.

Bright Idea That Was Worked by Clever Lawyer.

A Philadelphia lawyer tells the story that a picture of Fanny Davenport once won a case for him. His client was suing the Pennsylvania Railroad company, of which Wayne MacVeagh was counsel, for \$7,500 damages for the death of her husband. "Just a few days before the case was to have come up she happened into my office and announced that she had married again. 'Good Lord, madam,' I gasped, 'why couldn't you have waited until your case came up? It's next to impossible for me to get damages for you now.' She said she didn't care very much, and went out, seeming very happy.

"Well, it just happened that I had a photograph of Fanny Davenport on my desk, and when the next day Wayne MacVeagh happened into my office to discuss quite another matter he picked up the photo and admired it. 'Who's your friend?' he asked.

"I had a sudden inspiration and I said: 'Why, that's the lady who is suing your company for \$7,500.'

"The deuce you say,' said he. 'Handsome woman, isn't she?'

"She is, indeed," I replied.

"H—m!" he exclaimed, looking at the picture closely. 'A deuced handsome woman, I should say. A deuced handsome woman.' There was a slight pause. 'What'll you take to settle this case?' he asked.

"I thought of my client's second marriage, and I fixed the figure at \$5,000. The deal was consummated, and the case never came to court."

New York Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, MARCH 15, ACTS 19:29-40.—THE RIOT AT EPHEBUS.

Golden Text—"The Lord Preserveth the Faithful"—Psalm 31:23—"The Gospel in Contact With Evil Customs and Bad Occupations."

1. Paul's Plans for the Future.—Vs. 21, 22. The time was approaching when Paul should leave the church at Ephesus, and carry on his work in other fields.

He planned to go on his next tour to Rome, the political capital of the world, and the great center of power and influence. The gospel there would be like the golden milestone in the forum, from which radiated all the roads, and were measured all distances in the empire.

II. The Gospel Interferes with Certain Business Interests.—Vs. 24-27. In our last lesson we saw how Christians voluntarily gave up a bad business for Christ's sake. Now we see how the gospel lessened the gains of wickedness in the case of those who opposed it.

24. "A certain man named Demetrius." Probably the head of the whole guild of shrines makers. "Which made silver shrines, temples." "That part of the temple in which the image of the god was placed." These shrines were small models of the temple of Diana, "Diana."

25. "Called together." First the artisans in silver shrines, the manufacture of which was the most lucrative, and required the more skilled workmen; then "the workmen of like occupation." Demetrius is regarded as the president of the whole guild.

26. "Paul hath . . . turned away much people." This is significant as showing how great progress the gospel had made, and as a confession of the weakness of idols.

27. "Our craft is in danger." There was no regard for the lives made better, the purer homes, the higher ideals, the sick restored, but only for their own gains.

Practical Suggestions. The modern world contains many of the descendants of the Ephesian silversmiths, opposing every reform that interferes with trade and money-making. The sermon makes the same argument against temperance and prohibitory laws as the craftsmen of Ephesus against Christianity.

It is said that the idolaters thought it a wonderful invention when they thought of the plan of making small shrines of Diana and her temple, which they called "Dianeous," little Dianags; so that they could have their goddesses always with them, at home, in their business, on their travels, and were no longer restricted in their worship to the temple at Ephesus. So Christians have been called "little Christs," representatives on a small scale and of inferior magnificence of the character, life, and teachings of Jesus Christ.

III. The Mob and the Riot.—Vs. 28-34. 28. "They were full of wrath." "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Just as the English say, "Long live the king."

29. "The whole city was filled with" (the) "confusion." "The mob of Ephesus made for the house of Aquila, with whom Paul was lodging. They missed their prey; but as Paul tells us that Aquila and Priscilla had for his life laid down their own necks (Rom. 16:4). It is likely that these faithful friends in shielding the apostle brought themselves into the most imminent peril. The mob, though baffled of their principal aim, seized on Galus and Aristarchus, two of Paul's associates, and dragged them away as criminals.

30. "Rushed with one accord into the theater." The Colosseum, capable of holding fifty thousand people.

31. "When Paul would have entered." Paul was unwilling to allow his friends to suffer in his stead. He may have hoped to quell the mob with his persuasive eloquence. He was in serious danger from the mob.

32. "Certain of the chiefs of Asia," which were his friends. Either Christians or open-minded men, such as Paul more than once attracted to himself.

33. "And they drew," induced by persuasion. "Alexander. The Jews putting him forward." In order that he might speak to the mob and disclaim all sympathy with Paul, lest the Jews should be confounded with the Christians, and be attacked by the mob.

34. "The Riot Quelled.—Vs. 35-41. 35. "And when the town clerk," most influential person in Ephesus.

First Argument. "The city of the Ephesians is a worshiper." The title is found on the inscriptions as belonging to Ephesus. "The image which fell down from Jupiter," fallen from heaven, the home of Jupiter.

36. "Seeing then," etc. This is the conclusion of the recorder's first argument. It is useless to be excited about that which no attacks can harm—a dog barking at the moon, a castle bombarded with snowballs.

Second. 37. His second argument is that Paul and his companions have not done that with which they have been charged. "Are neither robbers of churches" (temples). "Nor yet blasphemers of your goddess." They have done nothing by actions or by words which should arouse your indignation. This statement throws light on Paul's method of preaching against error, more by positive truths than by direct attack.

Third. 38. His third argument was that a better and legal way of redress was open to "Demetrius, and the craftsmen," provided they had any grievance. "The law is open." Rather the law courts, "and there are deputies." "Proconsuls," governors; as we would say. "There are assessors and judges." "Let them impute a charge, come forward as accusers.

Fourth. V. 40 introduces the fourth argument. "For we are in danger to be called in question." To be accused by the Roman government, in which case much harm would come upon them than from anything the Christians could do; for death was the penalty those who raised a riot must pay; and the city might be deprived of its prized liberty. "There being no cause." No cause, no sufficient reason. "Give an account of this concourse." After the mob was quieted, Paul left Ephesus, and went across the Aegean Sea to Macedonia.

Practical Suggestions. 1. Mob violence is the worst means of advancing a good cause or righting wrongs. It indorses the devil's weapons, which bad men can wield more easily than good men.

2. There are times when it is wise to leave the scene of contention and opposition as Paul did at Ephesus, and as Christ commanded his disciples, "when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another" (Matt. 10:23). It is better at times to leave the heaven to work silently.

Quiet Days.

How wonderful the Gospel of Christ is. I have been thinking about it and preaching about it for more than forty years.

I believe that we owe a great deal to the quiet months that Paul spent in prison; it was during this enforced interruption of his activity that he came to know, through the illumination of the Holy Christ, all the wonders contained in his later epistles. Physical weakness separating us from the common excitements of life, may render us all a similar service.

A Witty Lawyer.

A number of years ago suit was brought against the cashier of the State Bank of Iowa Falls to recover an alleged deposit, which deposit the bank denied, according to a story in "The Green Bag." During the trial at Eldora the defendant's attorney made a very convincing argument for his client, and took pains to tell the jury of his client's high social and religious standing and the confidence of the people which he enjoyed, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of the jury that the defendant was not the kind of a man to make a mistake in the handling of other people's money. T. H. Milner, a witty as well as a very shrewd lawyer, said: "Gentlemen, I heartily concur in what my brother has said of the defendant. I agree with him in each and every statement that he has made pertaining to Mr. —'s good self; but I would have you consider this one fact—Canada is full of just such men."

Taking Down Beerbom Tree.

Beerbom Tree, the London actor, has rather a pompous manner, which is calculated to ruffle the temper of other people at times. An actor from the provinces called upon him recently, hoping to get an opportunity to show his worth on the metropolitan stage. "Oh, I could not possibly give you a part," said the great manager, "but I dare say I could arrange to let you walk on with the crowd in the last act." The young aspirant flushed with indignation, but holding himself well in hand replied pleasantly: "My dear Mr. Tree, I really don't think I have heard anything quite so funny from you since your Hamlet."

Hadn't Time for Squirring.

Not long ago Sir Richard Powell, a famous London physician, was called to treat King Edward. The king's regular physician, Sir Francis Laking, was present. After examining his august patient Sir Richard said in his characteristically brusque way: "You have eaten and drunk too much. I will send you a prescription that will put you right." Then he hurried out to see other patients, when Sir Francis followed and protested against his abrupt way of treating the king. "My dear Laking," said Powell, "if there is any squirming to do you return and attend to it. I really haven't the time."

A Big Increase.

A Wednesbury (England) resident in the sixteenth century left \$1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times, the money was invested in land (in this case in minerals), and the original legacy has increased in value to \$30,000. Instead of three gowns and three coats, the charity commissioners who administer the funds are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats.

Through and Through.

New Bedford, Mass., March 2d.—At 658 First street, this city, lives a very happy man. His name is Ulric Levasseur and he certainly has good reason to feel glad and proud.

Mr. Levasseur has been sick for a long time with general weakness and a sore pain in his back. At the last he got so very bad that he could not walk without great misery. Now he is well, and in speaking of this wonderful change in him he says:

"I believe it to be my duty to tell everybody how I was cured. I was so weak that I could not stoop. In fact, I was unable to walk without great pain. I began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills and after a two months' treatment I am well and sound again. "Dodd's Kidney Pills are a God-sent remedy. I will always praise them for their wonderful cure of my case. They cured me through and through. I am as strong and able a man now as I ever was."

An Irish student defines nothing as a bunghole without a barrel around it.

Results Count!

There are some things that have to depend on "catchy" talking points in order to induce sales. There are other things that are sold solely on their merit and on account of RESULTS! A notable example of this is found in the **New Tiffin Wagon**, which owes its supremacy SOLELY to RESULTS. Its wonderful durability and capacity for carrying enormous loads, and the remarkable ease with which it runs are some of the "results" which have made it famous wherever known. **INSIST** on your dealer ordering the Tiffin Wagon, or if he refuses to do so write **THE TIFFIN WAGON CO., TIFFIN, OHIO**, and they will tell you who handles this superior wagon.

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