

# Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

The get-rich-quick managers did so. They also got away quick.

Basket ball is becoming as much of a menace to life and limb as football.

The czar's decree gratifies Russia almost as much as a son would gratify the czar.

The proof of the pudding is not so much in the eating as in what happens after you've eaten it.

Announcement is made that King Edward has been married forty years—an unusually long reign.

Grip has attacked members of the Supreme court. Is there no way of punishing the germ for contempt?

The original of the character of "Uncle Tom" is dead, but none of the Cabin companies has been called in.

If the allied powers object to the use of the English language by The Hague tribunal, why not use American?

Surprise is expressed because the sale of Zola's furniture and curios brought only \$30,000. Yet \$30,000 is a tidy sum.

Mrs. Burdick may have been indiscreet, but she has her good points, too. She doesn't exhibit an inclination to go on the stage.

But does the fact that Lady Gordon was born in this country make her an American? If so, let us have more "race suicide."

Innocence and wickedness may resemble each other for a moment, but longer acquaintance illustrates the vast gulf between them.

The lamented Jingo weighed 12,000 pounds and was worth \$4.50 a pound. The death of an elephant of that sort must be unusually painful.

London is to discard the old Thames penny steamers for something better. Now here is a chance for Canada to make a start with her new navy.

Talk about our democracy if you will, but kindly note that an ex-tramp and present working cooper succeeds Lord Charles Beresford in the British commons.

Federal officials have decided that betting on horse races is not a lottery. Certainly not. In a lottery you have one chance in a thousand to win something.

After years of delay Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is building a library for his personal use at a cost of \$300,000. Could he have been waiting for an offer from Mr. Carnegie?

Ex-Explorer Baldwin says that if \$150,000 were placed at his disposal he could get to the north pole and back. But he doesn't expect to get it out of banker Ziegler's check book.

Investors have about reached the conclusion that there is no way to get rich quick, and Mr. Carnegie has clearly demonstrated the fact that there is no way to get poor quick.

Stirred up perhaps by competition from Mt. Pelee, Vesuvius is now throwing up ashes and explosive incandescent globes—something new, apparently, in the way of volcanic fireworks.

A new and positively successful remedy for nervous prostration of women has been discovered by a New York man. He sent his wife to a sanatorium and she eloped with a doctor.

Perhaps the minister who had in his possession when he was arrested out in Attleboro a little book entitled "How to Mix Fancy Drinks" was preparing to deliver an address on temperance.

That Berlin custom of introducing pet tigers to high society functions is at least preferable to the New York fashion of inviting monkeys in to dinner to lend an air of intellectual depth to the conversation.

Sidney Lee, our distinguished English visitor, says there isn't nearly so much rush and hurry in American life as he had supposed. Mr. Lee has evidently formed an agreeable impression of Philadelphia.

Efforts are being made to improve the quality of the whiskey now being sold in Paris. Perhaps it is the Parisian brand of liquor that is responsible for the development of so many rattle-brained anarchists in France.

When the Duke of Devonshire paused a moment in the mad whirl of parliamentary life to remark that the speech of King Edward was not full, it may be that he was throwing a sop to the Woman's Christian Temperance union.

A scientific sharp in Germany asserts that he has found 2,000,000 microbes in a quart of strawberries. This calls to mind the old saying that doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did.

# THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

After he had gone, Mrs. Adams proposed a walk in the lovely garden, and Hyde hoped then to obtain a few words with her. But Mrs. Adams accompanied them, and Hyde found no opportunity to get a word in on his own affairs, and then, suddenly, as they turned into the main avenue, Doctor Moran and Cornelia appeared. Quite as suddenly, Mrs. Adams divined the motive of Hyde's early visit; she opened her eyes wide, and looked at him with a comprehension so clear and real that Hyde was compelled to answer and acknowledge her suspicion by a look and movement quite as unequivocal. Yet this instantaneous understanding contained neither promise nor sympathy and he could not tell whether he had gained a friend or simply made a confession.

Doctor Moran was evidently both astonished and annoyed. He stepped out of his carriage and joined Mrs. Adams, but kept Cornelia by his side, so that Hyde was compelled to escort Mrs. Adams. And Cornelia, beyond a very civil "Good morning, sir," gave him no sign.

When the party reached the steps before the house door, though Mrs. Adams certainly invited him to remain, he had come to the conclusion that he was just the one person not wanted at that time; yet as he had plenty of self-command he completely hid beneath a gay and charming manner the chagrin and disappointment that were really tormenting him, and until he was out of sight and hearing he rode slowly, with the easy air of a man who was only sensitive to the beauty of his surroundings, and thoroughly enjoying them.

He kept his pace till quite outside the precincts of Richmond Hill, then he struck his horse with a passion that astonished the animal and the next moment shamed himself. Then he began to talk to himself in those elliptical, unfinished sentences, which the inner man understands, and so thoroughly finishes. Such reflections, blended with pet names and apologies to his horse, brought him in sight of the Van Heemskirk house, and he instantly felt how good his grandmother's sympathy would be. He saw her at the door, leaning over the upper-half and watching his approach.

"I knew it was thee!" she cried. "Now, then, what is the matter with thee? Disappointed, wert thou last night?"

"No—but this morning I have been badly used; and I am angry at it." Then he told her all the circumstances of his visit to Richmond Hill, and she listened patiently, as was her way with all complainants.

"In too great haste are thou," were her first words. "No worse I think of Cornelia, because a little she draws back. To want, and to have thy want, that has been the way with thee all thy life long. Thy mother has taught thee to expect too much. If, now, thou had fallen in love with Arenta, it had been a good thing."

"If I had not seen Cornelia, I might have adored Arenta—but, then, Arenta has already a lover."

"So? And, pray, who is it?"

"Of all men in the world, the gay, handsome Frenchman, Athanase

well controlled. He gave his hand to Madame Van Heemskirk, saying: "Good morning, mother! You look well, as you always do. Where is the Colonel?"

"He has gone to Elder Semple's house. You know—"

"I know well. For a long time I have purposed to call on the old gentleman, and what I have neglected I am now justly denied, for I must leave for England this afternoon at five o'clock, and I have more to do than I can well accomplish."

George leaped to his feet at these words. "Sir," he cried, "what has happened?"

"Your uncle is dying—perhaps dead. I received a letter this morning urging me to take the first packet. Now, George, you must come with me to Mr. Hamilton's office; we have much business to arrange there."

So far his manner had been peremptory and decided, but, suddenly, a sweet and marvelous change occurred. He went close to Madame Van Heemskirk, and taking both her hands, said in a voice full of those tones that captivate women's hearts:

"Mother! mother! I bid you a loving, grateful farewell! You have ever been to me good, and gentle, and wise—the very best of mothers. God bless you!" Then he kissed her with a solemn tenderness, and Lysbet understood that he believed their parting to be a final one. She sat down, weeping, and Hyde with an authoritative motion of the head, commanding his son's attendance, went hastily out. It was then eleven o'clock, and there was business that kept both men hurrying here and there until almost the last hour. At four o'clock Gen. Hyde joined his son. He looked weary and sad, and began immediately to charge George concerning his mother.

"We parted with kisses and smiles this morning," he said. "I leave her in your charge, George, and when I send her word to come to England, look well to her comfort. And be sure to come with her. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"On no account—even if she wishes it—permit her to come alone. Promise me."

"I promise you, sir. What is there that I would not do for my mother? What is there I would not do to please you, sir?"

"I ask you, then, to play with some moderation. I ask you to avoid any entanglement with women. I ask you to withdraw yourself, as soon as possible, from those blusters for French liberty—or rather French license, robbery, and assassination. Stand by the President, and every word he says. Every word is sure to be wise and right." Then, taking out his watch, he rose, saying, "Come, it is time to go to the ship—My dear George!"

George could not speak. He clasped his father's hand, and then walked by his side to Coffee House Slip, where the North Star was lying. Before either realized the fact, the General had crossed the narrow plank; it was quickly withdrawn, and the North Star, with wind and tide in her favor, was facing the great separating ocean.

George turned from the ship in a maze. He felt as if his life had been cut sharply asunder, and that his mother's voice and presence would be the best of all comfort at that hour; so, late as it was, he rode out to Hyde Manor. His mother opened the door for him.

"I thought it was thy father, Joris," she said; "but what is there anything wrong? Why art thou alone?"

"There is nothing wrong, dear mother. Come, I will tell you what has happened."

He gave her his father's letter, and assumed for her sake the air of one who has brought good tidings. She silently read, and folded it.

"Ah, Joris, your father has always longed in his heart for England. Like a weaning babe that never could be weaned was he. And thou, too? Wilt thou become an Englishman? Woe is me! I have planted and planned, for whom I know not."

"You have planned and planted for your Joris. I desire most of all to marry the woman I love, and live here in the home that reminds me of you wherever I turn."

"So true art thou! So loving! So dear to me! Oh, I have thought ever as I worked, I shall leave my memory here—and here—and here again—for never, Joris, never, dear Joris, wilt thou art in this world, must thou forget me!"

"Never! Never, oh never, dear, dear mother!"

And that night they said no more. Both felt there would be plenty of time in the future to consider whatever changes it might have in store for them.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Aunt Angelica.

The first changes referred especially to Hyde's life, and were not altogether approved by him. His pretense of reading law had to be abandoned, for he had promised to remain at home with his mother, and it would not therefore be possible for him to dawdle about Pearl street and Maiden Lane watching for Cornelia.

Yet he was not happy about Cornelia. Since that unfortunate morning at Richmond Hill they had never met.

If she saw him go up or down Maiden Lane, she made no sign. Several times Arenta's face at her parlor window had given him a passing hope, but Arenta's own love affairs were just then at a very interesting point, and, besides, she regarded the young lieutenant's admiration for her friend as only one of his many transient enthusiasms.

"If there was anything real in it," she reflected, "Cornelia would have talked about him, and that she has never done."

She did not understand that the quality of love in its finest revelation desires, after its first sweet inception, a little period of withdrawal—it wonders at its strange happiness—broods over it—is fearful of disturbing emotions so exquisite. These are the birth pangs of an immortal love—of a love that knows within itself, that it is born for eternity, and need not to hurry the three-score-and-ten years of time to a consummation.

Of such noble lineage was the love of Cornelia for Joris Hyde. His graceful, beautiful youth, seemed a part of her own youth; his ardent, tender glances had filled her heart with a sweet trouble that she did not understand.

Joris was moved by a sentiment of the same kind, though in a lesser degree. "I have thought of Cornelia long enough," he said one delightful summer morning; with all my soul I now long to see her. And it is not an impossible thing I desire. In short, there is some way to compass it."

Then a sudden, invincible persuasion of success came to him; he believed in his own good fortune; he had a conviction that the very stars conspired with a true lover to work his will, and under this enthusiasm he galloped

into town, took his horse to a stable, and then walked towards Maiden Lane.

In a few moments he saw Arenta Van Ariens. He placed himself directly in her path, and doffed his beaver to the ground as she approached.

"Well, then," she cried, with an affected air of astonishment, "who would have thought of seeing you? Your retirement is the talk of the town. Where are you going?"

"With you."

"In a word, no. For I am going to Aunt Angelica's."

"Upon my honor, it is to your Aunt Angelica I desire to go most of all!"

"Now I understand. You have found out that Cornelia Moran is going there."

"I assure you that I did not know Miss Moran was going there. To tell the very truth, I came into town to look for you."

"For me? And why, pray?"

"I want to see Miss Moran. If I cannot see her, then I want to hear about her. I thought you, of all people, could tell me the most and the best. Now, pray do not disappoint me."

"Listen! We meet this afternoon at my aunt's, to discuss the dresses and ceremonies proper for a very fine wedding."

(To be continued.)

### How He Got It.

Some recent developments at Jefferson City have recalled a story that used to be told about a former Buchanan county representative to the legislature. Before his election to the legislature he was chronically "broke." When he returned from Jefferson City he exhibited \$500 in good, crisp greenbacks. Some of his friends "jollied" him about his prosperity.

"You didn't have a cent when you went to the legislature, did you, Jones?" said one of them.

"Not a blamed cent," said Jones.

"As a matter of fact, I lent you half your railroad fare, didn't I?"

"I believe you did."

"Well, you were down in Jefferson City about forty days. You got \$5 a day. Now, what the gang wants to know is how you managed to save \$500 out of a total income of \$200."

"Come closer," whispered Jones, and I'll tell you how I did it. I had my washing done at home."—Kansas City Journal.

### What Killed Him.

Wife (with newspaper, to husband)—Here is another forcible temperance lecture: (Reads) "Young Spillers got into a boat and shoved out into the river, and as he was intoxicated he upset the boat, fell into the river and was drowned." Now, sir (addressing her husband), if he had not drunk whisky he would not have lost his life.

Husband—Let me see. He fell into the river, didn't he?

Wife—Of course he did.

Husband—Didn't die until he fell in?

Wife—James, you are positively silly. Of course he didn't die until he was drowned.

Husband—Then it was the water that killed him.—Stray Stories.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON II, APRIL 12: I CORINTHIANS—THE RESURRECTION

Golden Text—"Now is Christ Risen From the Dead, and Become the First Fruits of Them That Slept"—I Corinthians 15:20.

"The Resurrection Chapter" was written to remove the doubts concerning the resurrection, awakened in the church at Corinth possibly by Epicurean Greeks or by converted Sadducees, who denied human immortality.

Four questions are answered by the chapter: (1) Did Christ rise from the dead? (2) What does his resurrection signify? (3) How are we to rise again? (4) What bearing have these truths on our present life?

I. The Certainty of the Resurrection.—I Cor. 15:1-11. "Paul put a case, supported by evidence, which would have been received in any court of law in the wide sweep of the Roman Empire.—Reuben Thomas, D.D. Christ's resurrection is one of the best attested facts in history.

II. The Importance of the Resurrection.—I Cor. 15:12-34. Paul gave six reasons why he considered the doctrine of the resurrection to be of the highest importance: "For if the dead do not rise, which is summed up in the verses selected for our special study.

"The Christian's only hope of immortality depended upon Christ's resurrection, and his promise that where he was, his disciples should be also (John 14:3, 19; 11:25).

20. "But now is Christ risen from the dead." R. V., "hath Christ been raised."

21. "For since by man," By a man, I. e., Adam, and his sin, "Came death," Compare Rom. 5:12-21. "By man," By Christ, "the second Adam," who was complete man as well as complete God. "Came also the resurrection of the dead."

This close connection between Christ's resurrection and ours is the chief reason for the importance of the doctrine.—I Cor. 15:35-53. Having shown the certainty of the resurrection and set forth the importance of the doctrine, Paul fancied he heard some objector asking (v. 35), "In what way are the dead raised, and what sort of body have they then? How can you imagine anything coming from a decaying corpse?" "Foolish man," replies Paul, "you answer your own question every time you plant a seed in your garden. Must it not decay before it can spring to new life in stalk and flower? So must the natural, the earthly body perish, that the spiritual, the heavenly body may be born."

With v. 50 Paul reiterates and sums up the argument.

22. "Now this I say, brethren." An emphatic introduction. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The kingdom is heaven, the blessed life after death. But it is a spiritual kingdom (see Paul's definition of it in Rom. 14:17) and our earthly bodies, limited in power, subject to disease, do not belong to it.

But the question was sure to arise, "What of those that are on the earth, alive, at Christ's second coming? What becomes of their bodies?" Paul goes on to answer that question.

23. "Behold." An important and delightful revelation is coming. Paul now speaks as a prophet. "I shew you a mystery." Something hidden from the ordinary understanding. "We shall not all sleep in the ground. At the judgment, one generation will be alive on the earth. Sleep gives us every morning, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'an argument of the resurrection.'" "But we shall all be changed." Those that are alive at Christ's coming will be transformed into his glorious body" (Phil. 3:21; Rev. 1:13-16).

"At the last trumpet." The war trumpet, used for giving signals and commands, which Christ said (Matt. 24:31) was to sound on the last day; Paul gives a picture of the scene in 1 Thes. 4:16.

"For the trumpet shall sound." Paul solemnly repeats his prophecy to emphasize it. "And the dead shall be raised incorruptible." "If we glorify God in our bodies, God shall make our bodies glorious," says Jeremy Taylor. "And we shall be changed."

24. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption," like a garment which goes on over the old body and then "swallows it up" (2 Cor. 5:4). "And this mortal must put on immortality." It is not as ghostly beings that we are to assume immortality, but as familiar mortals.

IV. The Results of the Resurrection.—I Cor. 15:54-58. Paul names seven results that flow from the resurrection.

First result: the fulfillment of prophecy. 54. "So when this corruptible," etc. The truth was new and strange to the Corinthians, so Paul repeats it.

Second result: the conquest of death. "Death is swallowed up in victory." "Literally, unto victory, so that victory is to be established."—Vincent.

55. "O death, where is thy sting?" Quoted freely from Hos. 13:14. "O grave, where is thy victory?" The better text repeats "O death," and it is so rendered in the revised version.

The terror of sin arises from the fact that it is a violation of the just law of the Almighty. Without the thought of law there would be no recognition of sin.

56. "The sting of death is sin." Death is made sad by remorse for wrongs done against God and sins against the God into whose presence the soul is soon to pass.

Fourth result: the Christian's gratitude. 57. "But thanks be to God." The terror of sin and the law has no part in the Christian's death. "Which giveth us the victory." The victory is first over sin, through faith in Christ.

"Through our Lord Jesus Christ." Our victory over sin and death comes through Christ because he has suffered for our sins, he has shown us how to get rid of them, his words teach us, and his Spirit guides us away from evil and into all good. This is the climax of Christian teachings.

Fifth result: The Christian's steadfastness. 58. "Therefore be ye steadfast" in faith. False views of truth always weaken Christian work.

Sixth result: the Christian's works. "Always abounding." Literally, as Robertson translates it, "flowing over the edges all round." "In the work of the Lord," that is, the work the Lord commands (Col. 3:23; Matt. 21:28; Mark 13:34). No one can go forward in the Lord's work until he is steadfast in the faith.

Seventh result: the Christian's confidence. "Your labor is not in vain." In vain means, literally, "hollow, empty" (see vs. 10, 14). Every noble quality we build into our character has become part of a structure that does not break like a bubble at the prick of death's syringe, but is to endure through endless ages in the Lord. "Everything a Christian does should be done 'in the Lord.'"

What Better Could God Do for Us? "Do you really believe that God, with his love, his wisdom, and his power, is doing the best for us that is possible? If we do believe these things what occasion have we for complaint, for discouragement, or for doubt? Good Dr. Bushnell puts the truth in his effective way when he says, 'If God is really preparing us all to become that which is the very highest and best thing possible, there ought never to be a discouraged or uncheerful being in their world.'—Sunday School Times.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—Mrs. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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A Remarkable New Grain. A new grain, known as corn-wheat, is being grown in eastern Washington. It has the nature of both corn and wheat, possessing the fattening qualities of corn and the corn flavor. In appearance it resembles wheat. Its grains are twice as large as those of ordinary wheat. It yields sixty to 100 bushels an acre, and seems to solve the problem of fattening hogs in the Pacific Northwest, as corn is not successfully raised in that country.

Yale Bad as Harvard. An examination of the records of the classes of Yale alumni shows Yale is on the same footing with Harvard with regard to the birth and marriage statistics of which President Eliot complained in his annual report. Graduates of Yale average two children to a family.

Great Names for Postoffices. Among the postoffices of this country there are seven Pierces, fifteen Roosevelt, seventeen McKinleys, twenty to twenty-nine Adamses, and as many Jeffersons, Jacksons, Johnsons, Grants and Garfields, thirty Washingtons, thirty Monroes, thirty-one Lincolns and thirty-two Cleverlands.

When water is broken into mist it drives no mill; and when clang and clatter sound through door and window, things go not well in the house.—Claudius.

One Answer for All. Lancaster, N. Y., March 30th.—Postmaster Remers is still in receipt of many letters asking if his cure has held good.

It will be remembered that some time ago the particulars of Mr. Remers' case were published in these columns. He had been very low with Diabetes. Physicians could do nothing to save him and he grew worse and worse till someone recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills. A treatment of this remedy was begun and when eight boxes had been taken Mr. Remers began to see an improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded till he was completely restored.

He has since enjoyed perfect health and is as robust and able a man as any in Lancaster. Interviewed the other day he said:

"Many people wrote to me when the story of my case was first printed and some wrote to me yet asking if the cure was only temporary and if the diabetes has returned. I have only one answer to everybody. Three years ago I was very low with diabetes. The best physicians failed to help me and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I am well and strong and have not had the slightest return of the old trouble."

Electric lights now disturb the ghosts of the Pharaohs in the royal tombs in the Valley of the Kings.

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