

# Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Offices are sold officially in China. We do it less ostentatiously in America.

Some people sleep in church because their consciences are quieted by going there.

It is a sign you are growing old when you read the obituary before the marriage notices.

The annual mortality among the relatives of office boys comes with the spring. Play ball!

A new comic weekly has been started in New York. Isn't there sorrow enough in the world now?

The only time some get-rich-quick turf enthusiasts will know better is when they are under the turf.

At all events, it will be some weeks before Venezuela will be in a position to float another European loan.

The American woman who wanted to buy a real, live duke for \$125,000 must be a confirmed bargain hunter.

A new book tells "How to Make Money." What people want to know, however, is how not to get caught at it.

Hotel clerks who are already supplied will be pleased to learn that diamonds have gone up 5 per cent in price.

Herr Most is out of prison again. This would be an excellent time for him to reform and go to work for a living.

The fellow who sits down and waits for his rich relatives to die must consider that they are worth their wait in gold.

France is organizing a north pole expedition. Meanwhile it's dollars to cents that veteran Yankee whaler will lie up to it.

Hetty Green has surpassed all of the New York millionaires in eccentricity by refusing to pay taxes on her pet dog.

The man who coined the word "anywhere" probably needed it to describe where he had been after lodge meeting.

King Edward was pelted with rose leaves at Lisbon. This is a distinct improvement over the fashion of throwing bombs.

Russia is going to build a canal connecting the Baltic with the Black sea. Nicholas II may be said to have both eyes open on the question of waterworks.

King Alexander of Servia wants to know what's the use being a constitutional monarch if such a monarch can't do as he pleases with the constitution.

Dr. Parkhurst states that all men, including himself, are liars. For part of his assertion, at least, the doctor's evidence must be taken as perfectly conclusive.

Cuba is rapidly becoming Americanized. Her leading statesmen are already getting their photographs and testimonials in our patent-medicine advertisements.

Kentucky papers are making some stir over the disappearance of a carload of whisky in that state. But the chances are that it went down by the usual route.

The Missouri man whose wife is suing him for divorce on the ground that he gave her only \$12 for clothes in three years is evidently an admirer of beauty unadorned.

Spurred on by the success of his dinner on horseback, C. K. G. Billings gave a luncheon in his new stable. All the animals appear to have had a good time.

One of the St. Louis turf investment companies proposes to pay 25 cents on the dollar. This is much more than the victims had any reason to expect when they made the investment.

A woman in New York offers \$50 for the tip of a nose to be grafted on her own. She should exercise great care in selecting anything that is offered, or following her nose in future may lead her a merry chase.

The Boston Herald states editorially that "a woman will stint her dinner table to save money enough to buy a hat." Well, a man who is mean enough to drive his wife to this extreme has no right to grumble.

It would be interesting to know the exact mental condition of the New York correspondent when he accepted as true the statement that an ambassador from a first class world power was bribed with twenty cases of wine.

A Boston minister has publicly announced the adoption of his third creed. As he is not yet an old man, he may get through the entire list before he has an opportunity to take an untrammelled spiritual view of all creeds and dogmas.

# THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"She is gone, Doctor."  
"At what hour?"  
"The clock was striking three—she went smiling."

Then he bowed his head and turned away. There was nothing more that he could do; but he remembered that Arenta had stepped on board the La Belle France as the clock struck three, and that she also had gone smiling to her unknown destiny.

Arriving home he very gently acquainted Mrs. Moran with the death of his young patient, and then asked, "Where is Cornelia?"

"I know not. She is asleep. The ball to-night is to be fairy-land and love-land, an Arabian night's dream and a midsummer night's dream all in one. I told her to rest, for she was weary and nervous with expectation. To-morrow the Van Ariens' excitement will be over, and we shall have rest."

"I think not. The town is now ready to move to Philadelphia. I hear that Mrs. Adams is preparing to leave Richmond Hill. Washington has already gone, and Congress is to meet in December."

"But this will not concern us."  
"It may. If George Hyde does not go very soon to England, we shall go to Philadelphia. I wish to rid myself and Cornelia of his airs and graces and wearisome good temper, his singing and reciting and tringham-tringham poetry. This story has been long enough; we will turn over and end it."

"It will be a great trial to Cornelia."  
"It may, or it may not—there is Rem—Rem is your own suggestion. However, we have all to sing the hymn of Renunciation at some time; it will be sung in youth."

## CHAPTER VIII.

**Two Proposals.**  
The ruling idea of any mind assumes the foreground of thought, and after Arenta's marriage the dominant desire of George Hyde was to have his betrothal to Cornelia recognized and assured. He was in haste to light his own nuptial torch, and afraid every day of that summons to England which would delay the event.

"I may have to go away with mother at any time—I may be detained by events I cannot help—and I have not bound Cornelia to me by any personal recognition tie—and Rem Van Ariens will be ever near her. Oh, indeed, this state of affairs will never do! I will write to Cornelia this very moment and tell her I must see her father this evening. I cannot possibly delay it longer. I have been a fool—a careless, happy fool—too long."

He opened his secretary and sitting resolutely down, began a letter to Dr. Moran. He poured out his heart and desires, and then he read what he had written. It would not do at all. It was a love letter and not a business letter. He wrote another, and then another. When he had finished reading them over, he was in a passion with himself.

"A fool in your teeth twice over,



"Write, then, to Cornelia."  
Joris Hyde!" he cried. "Since you cannot write a decent business letter, write, then, to the adorable Cornelia; the words will be at your finger ends for that letter, and will slip from your pen as if they were dancing."

"My Sweet Cornelia:  
"I have not seen you for two days, and 'tis a miracle that I have endured it. I can tell you, beloved, that I am much concerned about our affair. You know that I may have to go to England soon, and go I will not until I have asked your father what favor he will show us. Tell me at what hour I may call and see him in his house. Oh, my peerless Cornelia, pearl and flower of womanhood, I speak your speech, I think your thought; you are the noblest thing in my life, and to remember you is to remember the hours when I was the very best and the very happiest. Bid me come to you soon, very soon, for your love is my life. Send your answer to my city lodging. Oh, Cornelia, am I not ever and entirely yours?"

"George Hyde."  
It was not more than eight o'clock in the morning when he wrote this letter, and as soon as possible he dispatched a swift messenger with it to Cornelia.

Probably Madame Hyde divined something of the importance and tenor

of a missive sent in such a hurry of anxious love, so early in the day, but she showed neither annoyance nor curiosity regarding it. "Joris, my dear one," she said, as they rose from the breakfast table, "Joris, I think there is a letter from your father. To the city you must go as soon as you can, for I have had a restless night, full of feeling it has been."

Joris smiled and kissing her, said, "I am going at once. If there is a letter I will send a quick rider with it."

"But come thyself."  
"That I cannot."  
"But why, then?"  
"To-morrow I will tell you."  
"That is well. Into thy mother's heart drop all thy joys and sorrows. Thine are mine."

It happened—but doubtless happened because so ordered—that the very hour in which Joris left Hyde Manor, Peter Van Ariens received a letter that made him very serious. He left his office and went to see his son. "Rem," he said, "here has come a letter from Boston, and some one must go there, and that, too, in a great hurry. The house of Blume and Otis is likely to fail, and in it we have some great interests. A lawyer we must have to look after them; go thyself, and it shall be well for both of us."

"I cannot go with a happy mind to-day. I think now my case with Cornelia will bear putting to the question. As you know, it has been step with step between Joris Hyde and myself in that affair, and if I go away now without securing the ground I have gained, what can hinder Hyde from taking advantage over me?"  
"That is fair. A man is not a man till he has won a wife. Cornelia Moran is much to my mind. Go and see her now."

"I will write to her. I will tell her what is in my heart and ask her for her love and her hand. If she is kind to my offer then I can go to Boston with a free heart and look after your money and your business."

But the letter to Cornelia which Hyde found to slip off his pen like dancing was a much more difficult matter to Rem. He wrote and destroyed, and wrote again and destroyed, and this so often that he finally resolved to go to Maiden Lane for his inspiration.

He met George Hyde sauntering up the street looking unhappy and restless, and he suspected at once that he had been walking past Dr. Moran's house in the hope of seeing Cornelia and had been disappointed. The thought delighted him. He was willing to bear disappointment himself, if by doing so some of Hyde's smiling confidence was changed to that unhappy uneasiness which he detected in his rival's face and manner. The young men bowed to each other, but did not speak.

"What a mere sullen creature that Rem Van Ariens is!" thought Hyde, "and with all the good temper in the world I affirm it." Then, with a movement of impatience he added:  
"Why should I let him into my mind—for he is the least welcome of all intruders. Good gracious, how long the minutes are! How shall I endure another hour?—perhaps many hours. Where can she have gone? Not unlikely to Madame Jacobus. I will go to her at once."

He hastened his steps and soon arrived at the well-known residence of his friend. He was amazed as soon as the door was opened to find preparations of the most evident kind for some change. "What is the matter?" he asked in a voice of fear.

"I am going away for a time, Joris, my good friend," answered Madame, coming out of a shrouded and darkened parlor as she spoke.

"But where are you going?"  
"To Charleston. My sister Sabrina is sick—dying, and there is no one so near to her as I am. But what brings you here so early?"

"My mother felt sure there was a letter from father, and I came at once to get it for her, but there was none."  
"It will come in good time. Now, I must go. Good-bye, dear Joris!"  
"For how long, my friend?"

"I know not. Sabrina is incurably ill. I shall stay with her till she departs." She said these words as they went down the steps together, and with eyes full of tears he placed her carefully in the coach and then turned sorrowfully to his own rooms.

In the meantime Rem was writing his proposal. Finally, after many trials, he desisted with the following, though it was the least effective of any form he had written:  
"To Miss Moran:  
"Honored and Beloved Friend—  
"Twenty times this day I have tried to write a letter worthy to come into your hands and worthy to tell you how beyond all words I love you. But what can I say more than that I love you? To-morrow I must leave New York, and I may be away for some time. Pray, then, give me some hope to-night to take with me. I am sick with longing for the promise of your love. Oh, dearest Cornelia, I am, as you know well, your humble servant,  
"Rembrandt Van Ariens."

When he had finished this letter, he folded and sealed it, and walked to the window with it in his hand. Then he saw Cornelia returning home from some shopping or social errand, and hastily calling a servant, ordered him

to deliver the letter at once to Miss Moran. She bowed and smiled as she accepted it, but Rem, watching with his heart in his eyes, could see that it awakened no special interest. She kept it unopened as she wandered among the flowers, until Mrs. Moran came to the door to hurry her movements; then she followed her mother hastily into the house.

"Do you know how late it is, Cornelia? There is a letter on your dressing table that came by Lieut. Hyde's servant two or three hours ago."

An she entered her room an imposing looking letter met her eyes—a letter written upon the finest paper, squarely folded, and closed with a large seal of scarlet wax carrying the Hyde arms. Poor Rem's message lost instantly whatever interest it possessed; she let it fall from her hand, and lifting Hyde's, opened it with that marvelous womanly impetuosity which love teaches. In a moment she felt all that he felt; all the ecstasy and tumult of a great affection not sure. For this letter was the "little more" in Hyde's love, and oh, how much it was!

She pondered it until she was called to dinner. There was then no time to read Rem's letter, but she broke the



"I am going away for a time," seal and glanced at its tenor, and an expression of pity and annoyance came into her eyes. Hastily she locked both letters away in a drawer in her desk.

Dr. Moran was not at home, nor was he expected until sundown, so mother and daughter enjoyed together the confidence which Hyde's letter induced. Mrs. Moran thought the young man was right, and promised, to a certain extent, to favor his proposal. "However, Cornelia," she added, "unless your father is perfectly agreeable and satisfied, I would not advise you to make any engagement."

The answering of these letters was naturally Cornelia's first afternoon thought. To write to Joris was a delightful thing, an unusual pleasure, and she sat down, smiling, to pen the lines which she thought would bring her much happiness, but which were doomed to bring her a great sorrow:  
"My Joris! My Dear Friend:  
"This scarce an hour since I received your letter, but I have read it over four times. And whatever you desire, that also is my desire; and I am deceived as much as you, if you think I do not love you as much as I am loved by you. Come, then, this very night as soon as you think convenient. If my father is in a suitable temper it will be well to speak plainly to him, and I am sure that my mother will say in our favor all that is wise."

"What more is to say I will keep for your ear, for you are enough in my heart to know all my thoughts, and to know better than I can tell you how dearly, how constantly, how entirely I love you. Yours forever,  
"Cornelia."  
(To be continued.)

**A Bret Harte Letter.**  
Clever authors are generally chary of their humor, saving the choicest witticisms for copy. Bret Harte, however, was an exception to this rule, and was a rare conversationalist and correspondent. Here is a characteristically droll letter from him to Edgar Pemberton, which appears for the first time in the authorized biography published this week, and has been related with much relish by "Tay Pay" O'Connor:

"Dear Mr. Pemberton: Don't be alarmed if you should hear of my having nearly blown the top of my head off. Last Monday I had my face badly cut by the recoil of an overloaded gun. I do not know yet beneath these bandages whether I shall be permanently marked. At present I am invisible, and have tried to keep the accident a secret."

"When the surgeon was stitching me together the son of the house, a boy of 12, came timidly to the door of the room. 'Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right,' he said; 'he killed the hare!' Yours always,  
"Bret Harte."

**To Our First Religious Martyr.**  
The Quivira Historical Society, which erected a monument at Logan's Grove, near Junction City, some time ago, in commemoration of the discovery of Kansas by Coronado in 1541, and the rediscovery of Quivira by the Hon. J. V. Brower, the well-known archaeologist, in 1897, is preparing to erect another monument. The monument now proposed will commemorate the fact that Friar Juan de Padilla, a member of the great Coronado expedition, was the first religious martyr in the United States, and the first white man murdered by Indians on Kansas soil.—Kansas City World.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V., May 3; PAUL ARRESTED AT JERUSALEM.

Golden Text—"If Any Man Suffer as a Christian Let Him Not Be Ashamed!"—1 Peter 4:16—Man's Plans and God's Providence.

Scene I. Paul's Reception at Jerusalem.—Vs. 17-19. The journey described in our last lesson ended in Jerusalem, and there was the completion of Paul's third missionary tour.

The next day, probably the day of Pentecost (Acts 2:16), the elders and leaders of the church, of whom James, the brother of our Lord, was chief, met together, and Paul reported to them the wonderful things which God had wrought among the Gentiles since his last report, eight years before (Acts 15:1-13).

Scene II. The Slanders Against Paul.—Vs. 20-22. Those that heard Paul glorified God for this marvelous progress of the gospel. It was in accordance with their vote seven or eight years before. But this vote had not changed the opinions of many. Moreover, there were great numbers of zealous Jews from all over the country, and from foreign countries, present at the feast, not Christians, but those bitterly opposed to Christ. They had heard vague rumors of Paul's teaching and conduct, that he taught that not only the Gentiles, but even the Jews, need not keep the law of Moses. To them Paul seemed to be undermining the very foundations of the kingdom of God.

Scene III. The Plan for Refuting These Slanders.—Vs. 23-26. In order to refute these slanders, the leaders of the Jerusalem Christians proposed to Paul a plan, the heart of which was to prove that Paul did not reject the Jewish law, but was a true Jew as well as a Christian. Four men had come to Jerusalem to complete a Nazirite vow. Paul reluctantly agreed to pay their necessary expenses, and for a week "to live with four paupers in the chamber of the temple which was set apart for this purpose; and then to pay for sixteen sacrificial animals and the accompanying meat-offerings; and to stand among these Nazirites while the priest offered them, and then to look on while the men's heads were being shaved and while they took their hair to burn it under the boiling cauldron of the peace-offerings."—Farrar.

Note 1. This was not a compromise, but a concession. "One may readily perform a certain action, where no principle is at issue, and yet utter a lie to do the same thing when a principle is clearly at stake."—Broadus.

Note 2. The plan was in a measure inadequate, for it did not express fully Paul's position, and he ran the risk of almost certain misrepresentation on the other side.

Scene IV. The Mob Assaulting Paul in the Temple Courts.—Vs. 27-31. The apartment appropriated to the Nazirites was in the Court of the Women, the entrance to which was through the Gate Beautiful. A balustrade of stone fenced off this and the other more sacred enclosures from the large Court of the Gentiles, into which any one might enter. This was four and a half feet high, with small obelisks at regular distances, bearing inscriptions in Greek and Latin that no Gentile might enter on pain of death (Lewin), even though he were a Roman citizen. This, accordingly, was the punishment which the Jews of Asia were now seeking to bring on St. Paul, and on his friends, because they thought Paul had brought an Ephesian Gentile within the forbidden enclosure.

Note 3. Then arose a fearful mob. "All the city was moved" (excited, disturbed, restless), and they took up the chief captain's (dragged) "him out of the temple" (the inner Court of the Women), and beat him, with the intent to kill him.

Scene V. The Rescue.—Vs. 31-36. 31. "Tiding came unto the chief captain," or commander of a thousand men. His name was Claudius Lysias (Acts 23:26). 32. "Took soldiers and centurions," who rescued Paul from the hands of the mob who were beating him.

Note 4. "As in the riot at Ephesus (Acts 19:32), most did not know just what Paul had done. "Carried into the castle" of Antonia. 36. "Away with him." The same cry which echoed before this same tower of Antonia against Paul's Lord (John 19:15).

Scene VI. Paul's Defense from the Castle Stairs.—Vs. 37-40; Acts 22: 1-21. While Paul was being carried into the castle, he met the commander-in-chief, and (37) "said" (in Greek, which the "chief captain" would understand, but not Hebrew), "May I speak unto thee? Canst thou speak Greek?" In surprise that he was not the ignorant brigand he supposed.

Note 5. "Art not thou that Egyptian?" The Egyptian, whom the chief captain took St. Paul to be, is mentioned by Josephus. "Madest an uproar." Rather "stirred up" an insurrection. "Into the wilderness." Between Egypt and Palestine. 39. "I am as thou art, Jew, of Tarsus." "No mean city." Tarsus was not an undistinguished, unnoted city. Then, on the stairs overlooking the crowd in the Temple Court, Paul, bound to two Roman soldiers, spoke from his heart to the countrymen.

Scene VII. Paul Makes Use of His Roman Citizenship.—Acts 22:22-30. The Jews listened to Paul till he spoke of his mission to the Gentiles, and then the flames of their wrath burst forth like the fire of a volcano. Colonel Lysias could not understand Paul's speech, but from the fury of the people, he concluded that Paul must be some great criminal. He, therefore, ordered that Paul should be compelled, by torture, to confess his crimes. "The mildest form of this mode of examination was by scourging. While they were binding Paul, he quietly asked the officer if it was lawful for them to scourge a Roman citizen uncondemned. The preparations were immediately stopped; the commander was called, and learning that Paul was a free-born Roman citizen, he had reason to be afraid that he had gone too far. It was a grave crime, as Claudius Lysias well knew, to scourge a Roman citizen; so at once he stayed the proceedings pending further inquiries, which he conducted in person.

Practical Suggestions. 1. The opposition of a mob is no proof or sign that the person or cause assailed is wrong. It often is incurred because the cause is right.

In Weakness is Strength. Those who have full strength may feel able to bear up and to help others, but those who lack strength are likely to feel that they are so dependent as to be of no service to those who need. Yet the promises of God are richest to those who lack, to those who are wholly dependent. "He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength." So it is those who have most to do and least to do with are most competent to every emergency.—Sunday School Times.

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