

Loup City Northwestern

DEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Good clothes and impudence often pass for riches and education.

The fashionable sleeves this year look like those a little girl cuts for her first doll.

Mr. Carnegie gave away \$2,100,000 and then went to Europe. Few of us could do that.

In former days school teachers occasionally struck; now it is the school children who strike.

Sir Henry Irving has appeared in London as Dante. It must have been a cheerful performance.

Thirty circus elephants marched in single file over the Brooklyn bridge. And the bridge is still there.

The New York Ledger was sold for a sum less than it used to pay Sylvanus Cobb for a single story.

Prosperity has been good to the Indians. It has given them money faster than their white brothers can steal it.

Count Speck Von Sternberg and his wife will spend the summer at Dublin, N. H. Is the count after the Irish vote?

The example of J. B. Ford of Pennsylvania, penniless at 70 and a millionaire at 91, shows that nobody is too old to earn.

The people of Somaliland may not have read the papers. Somebody ought to tell them what happened to the Boers.

Reggie Vanderbilt succeeded in cornering the market on lilies, but under the law he can only claim one American beauty.

A Chicago man traveled 14,000 miles and spent \$5,000 for the purpose of winning a \$20 bet. Some people are very hard losers.

Diaz is nearly seventy-three, and has begun to feel the weight of his years. It will be a sorry day for Mexico when he lets go.

It cannot be denied that the Russian policy of taking what you want and asking for it afterward has its own peculiar advantages.

Denmark has positively refused to sell the West Indian islands. This will give Uncle Sam \$5,000,000 more to spend on the canal.

"Why," asks an exchange, "does a tree on a hillside grow straight up?" Never mind that. Why does a pigeon bob its head when it walks.

It was an old maid, of course, who said that marriage is the Siberia of womanhood. And very likely she would be glad to go to Siberia if she could.

Pat Crowe is circulating through Missouri. Perhaps he is responsible for the flood of \$1,000 bills that is causing the legislature so much uneasiness.

Terry McGovern is still talking about "licking" Young Corbett. But Terry should be convinced by this time that the Denver boy is not postage stamp.

The paragraph now in circulation declaring that eating large quantities of common salt will cure or prevent cancer may have been originated by the salt trust.

The suburban backyard farmer may be personally interested to know that a man turns 112,000 spadefuls of earth in digging an acre, and moves in all a weight of 850 tons.

Gen. Sierra, ex-president of Honduras, was killed by a detachment of troops sent in pursuit of him by Gen. Borilla. Ungrateful as this republic is, it doesn't treat its ex-presidents like that.

Mrs. Burdick has her \$25,000, but even that will hardly make her forget that some of the papers were mean enough to say at the time of the inquest that she was homely and looked her years.

It appears that a large percentage of the American people are still interested in professional baseball. The great beauty of baseball is that a lazy man can thoroughly enjoy it without exercising a bit.

We are glad to see that the Amalgamated Poultry association has decided that one egg per day per hen is enough. A hen that would lay two eggs per day is simply throwing some other hen out of a job.

A New York young man, Alexander Smith Cochrane, who inherited \$14,000,000 from his uncle, is going to study sociology and try to benefit mankind. How Mr. Harry Lehr and Reggie Vanderbilt must pity a boy like that.

It is stated that 5,700 companies have been chartered in Mississippi within the past 18 months having an aggregate capital of \$90,000,000. New Jersey shall not steal the title of "father of waters" if the Mississippi's namesake knows itself.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XI.

We Have Done With Tears and Treasons.

"Here is a letter from Arenta!" repeated the Doctor to his wife, who was just entering the room. "Come, Ava, and listen to what she has to say." Then Cornelia read aloud the following words:

"My Dear Friend Cornelia: If to-day I could walk down Maiden Lane, if to-day I could see you and talk to you, I should imagine myself in heaven. For as to this city, I think that in hell the name of 'Paris' must have spread itself far and wide. Do you remember our learning in those happy days at Bethlehem of the slaughter of Christians by Nero? Very well; right here in the Paris of Marat and Robespierre, you may hear constantly the same brutal cry that filled the Rome of the Caesars—"Death to the Christians!" Famine, anarchy, murder, are everywhere, and I live from moment to moment, trembling if a step comes near me.

"As to religion, there is no longer any religion. Everywhere the Almighty is spoken of as the "sol-disant God." The monarchy is abolished, and yet ignorant are the leaders of the people, that when Brissot mentioned the word Republic in Petion's house, Robespierre said with a grin, "Republic! Republic! What's a republic?" Spying, and fear, and death penetrate into the most private houses; above all, fear, constant fear of every one with whom you come in contact.

"I have told you the truth about our condition, because I have just had a letter from my father, and he talks of leaving his business in Claos Bergen's care, and coming here to look after me. You must convince him that he could do me no good whatever, and that he might do me much harm. Tell him not to fear; Arenta says, not to fear. While Minister Morris is here I have a friend that can do all that can be done.

"Ask our good Domine to pray that I may soon return to a country where God reigns. Never again do I wish to spend one minute in a place where there is no God; for whatever they may call that place, its real name is hell.

"Arenta, Marquise de Tounnerre." "Poor Arenta!" said the Doctor when Cornelia had finished the wretched epistle. Suppose that you go and see Van Ariens, and give him all the comfort you can."

Cornelia crossed the street and was going to knock at the door, when Van Ariens hastily opened it. When Cornelia told him her errand, he was in a hurry of loving anxiety to hear what his child had written.

"I understand," he said, when he had heard the letter. "She is frightened, the poor little one! But she will smile and say 'it is nothing.' However, I yet think I must go to her."

"Do not," urged Cornelia. You may see by Arenta's letter, that she does not fear the guillotine. Come over to-night and talk to my father and mother."

"Well then, I will come." Then he took both Cornelia's hands in his and looking earnestly at her said:

"Poor Rem! Impossible is it?" "Quite impossible, sir," she answered.

"I am very sorry," he said, simply, and let her hands drop. In an



Van Ariens opened the door. hour or two to your house I will come. There is plenty to talk about."

The next day Cornelia walked down Broadway to Madame Jacobus's house. It was closed and desolate looking and she sighed as she compared its old bright spotless comfort, with its present empty forlornness. The change typified the change in her heart and love.

One exquisite day as they went up Maiden Lane the Doctor said: "My friend, Gen. Hewitt sails for England to-day, and we will go and wish him a good voyage." So to the pier they went, and the Doctor left his carriage, and taking Cornelia on his arm walked down to where the English packet was lying.

Soon Cornelia became conscious of the powerful magnetism of some human eye, and obeying its irresistible attraction she saw George Hyde steadily regarding her. She was enthralled

again by his glance, and never for one moment thought of resisting the appeal it made to her. With a conscious tenderness she waved him an adieu whose spirit he could not but feel. In the same moment he lifted his hat and stood bareheaded looking at her with a pathetic inquiry, which made her inwardly cry out, "Oh, what does he mean?" Then the Doctor touched her:

"Why do you do that?" he asked angrily.

"Because I must do it, father; I cannot help it. I desire to do it."

"I am in a hurry; let us go home."

She turned away with a sigh. The Doctor drove rapidly to Maiden Lane and did not on the way speak a word, and Cornelia was glad of it. Henceforward she was resolved to love without a doubt. She would believe in Joris, no matter what she had seen, or what she had heard. There were places in life to which alas! truth could not come, and this might be one of them. Though all the world blamed her lover, she would excuse him.

Now a woman's intuition is like a leopard's spring, it seizes the truth—if it seizes it at all—at the first bound, and it was by this unaccountable mental agility Cornelia had arrived at the conviction of her lover's fidelity. She reflected that now he was so far away, it would be possible for her to call upon Madame Van Heemskirk.

She resolved therefore to call upon Madame Van Heemskirk the following week. She expected the old lady might treat her a little formally, perhaps even with some coldness, but she thought it worth while to test her kindness.

One morning Mrs. Moran said, "Cornelia, I wish you to go to William Irvin's for some hosiery and Kendal's cottons."

"Very well, mother. I will also look in at Fisher's," and it was at Fisher's that she saw Madame Van Heemskirk.

"Good morning, madame," said Cornelia, with a cheerful smile.

"Good morning, miss. Step aside once with me. A few words I have to say to you," and as she spoke she drew Cornelia a little apart from the crowd at the counter, and looking at her sternly, said:

"One question only—why then did you treat my grandson so badly? A shameful thing it is to be a flirt."

"I am not a flirt, madame. And I did not treat your grandson badly. No, indeed!"

"Pray then what else? You let a young man love you—you let him tell you so—you tell him 'yes, I love you' and then when he says 'marry me, you say, 'no.' Such ways I call bad, very bad. Not worthy of my Joris are you, and so then, I am glad you said 'no.'"

"Madame, you are very rude." "And very false are you."

"Madame, I wish you good morning," and with these words Cornelia left the store. Her cheeks were burning, the old lady's angry voice was in her ears, she felt the eyes of every one in the store upon her, and she was indignant and mortified at a meeting so inopportune. Why had Joris lied about her? Was there no other way out of his entanglement with her?

She could arrive at only one conclusion—Annie's most unexpected appearance had happened immediately after his proposal to herself. He was pressed for time, his grandparents would be especially likely to embarrass him concerning her claims, and of course the quickest and surest way to prevent questioning on the matter, was to tell them that she had refused him. And then after this explanation had been accepted and sorrowed over, there came back to her those deeper assurances, those soul assertions, which she could not either examine or define, but which she felt compelled to receive—He loves me! I feel it! It is not his fault! I must not think wrong of him.

One day at the close of October she put down her needlework with a little impatience. "I am tired of sewing, mother," she said, "and I will walk down to the Battery and get a breath of the sea. I shall not stay long."

On her way to the Battery she was thinking of Hyde, and of their frequent walks together there, and ere she quite reached the house of Madame Jacobus she was aware of a glow of fire light and candle light from the windows. She quickened her steps, and saw a servant well known to her standing in the open door. She immediately accosted him.

"Has madame returned at last, Ameer?" she asked joyfully.

"Madame has returned home," he answered. "She is weary—she is not alone—she will not receive to-night."

The man's manner—usually so friendly—was shy and peculiar and Cornelia felt saddened and disappointed. She walked rapidly home to the thoughts which this unexpected arrival induced. They were hopeful thoughts, leaning—however she directed them—toward her absent lover. She went into her mother's presence full of renewed expectations and met her smile with one of unusual brightness.

"Madame Jacobus is at home," said Mrs. Moran, before Cornelia could speak. "She sent for your father just after you left the house, and I suppose that he is still there."

"Is she sick?"

"I don't know. I fear so, for the visit is a long one."

It was near ten o'clock when Doctor Moran returned and his face was somber and thoughtful—the face of a man who had been listening for hours to grave matters and who had not been able to throw off their physical reflection.

Cornelia at once asked: "Is madame very ill?" "She is wonderfully well. It is her husband."

"Captain Jacobus?" "Who else? She has brought him home, and I doubt if she has done wisely."

"What has happened, John? Surely you will tell us!" "There is nothing to conceal. I have heard the whole story—a very pitiful story—but yet like enough to end well. Madam told me that the day after her sister-in-law's burial, James Lauder, a Scotchman who had often sailed with Captain Jacobus, came down to Charleston to see her. He declared that having had occasion to go to Guy's hospital in London to visit a sick comrade, he saw there Captain Jacobus. He would not admit any doubt of his identity, but said the Captain had forgotten his name, and

"Who sent for your father just after you left the house, and I suppose that he is still there."



She waved him an adieu. everything in connection with his past life.

"Oh, how well I can imagine madame's hurry and distress," said Cornelia.

"She hardly knew how to reach London quickly enough. But Lauder's tale proved to be true. Her first action was to take possession of the demented man, and surround him with every comfort. He appeared quite indifferent to her care, and she obtained no shadow of recognition from him. She then brought to his case all the medical skill money could procure, and in the consultation which followed the physicians decided to perform the operation of trepanning."

"But why? Had he been injured, John?" "Very badly. The hospital books showed that he had been brought there by two sailors, who said he had been struck in a gale by a falling mast. The wound healed, but left him mentally a wreck. The physicians decided that the brain was suffering from pressure, and that trepanning would relieve, if it did not cure."

"Imagine now what a trial was before madame! It was a difficult matter to perform the operation, for the patient could not be made to understand its necessity; and he was very hard to manage. Then picture to yourselves, the terrible strain of nursing which followed; though madame says it was soon brightened and lightened by her husband's recognition of her. After that event all weariness was rest, and suffering ease, and as soon as he was able to travel both were determined to return at once to their own home. He is yet, however, a sick man, and may never quite recover a slight paralysis of the lower limbs."

(To be continued.)

The Right Place to Begin. When the political history of Maryland is written there will be a paragraph or two for the McComas-Mudd feud. It is now in progress, bitter and unrelenting. McComas was a United States senator until March 4 last, and Mudd is a Representative in Congress. Both are Republicans.

In the old days, though, they were bosom friends. McComas was the leader and Mudd a follower. One day they were dining together.

Sydney, asked McComas, "how old is your boy?" "Sixteen," replied Mudd, proudly.

"My, my," said McComas, "I didn't think he was so old, but I tell you, Sydney, when the time comes I'll do something handsome for that boy."

Mudd leaned over the table. "Mac," he said, "when you want to do anything for the Mudd family you forget the boy and begin with the old man."

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Women and the Looking Glass. How much time does a woman spend before her looking-glass? A German estimates that a girl of six to ten spends an average of seven minutes a day before a mirror, from ten to fifteen a quarter of an hour is consumed daily, and from fifteen to twenty, twenty-two minutes. Ladies from twenty to twenty-five occupy twenty-five minutes; from that age to thirty they are at least half an hour at their toilette. Thence there is a decline in coquetry. From thirty to thirty-five the time occupied comes down to twenty-four minutes, from thirty-five to forty it is only eighteen minutes; from forty to fifty, twelve minutes; and from fifty to sixty, only six minutes. A woman of seventy has thus spent 5,862 hours before the glass. In other words, eight months, counting night and day.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX., MAY 31—THE LIFE GIVING SPIRIT.

Golden Text—"For as Many as Are Led by the Spirit of God, They Are the Sons of God"—Romans 8:14—Two Ways of Living.

1. "There is therefore" (because Christ died to save us, Rom. 7:25) "now" (since we became Christians, accepting Christ as our Savior from sin) "no condemnation." "No verdict of guilty" (Satan) for the past, and no fear of God's disapproval for the future. The Christian may make mistakes, but he will be honestly trying to obey God's law, trusting in Christ for strength. This is the chapter beginning with "no condemnation" ending with "no separation." "To them which are in Christ Jesus," united to Christ by faith, love, and the doing of Christ-like deeds, as a branch is in the vine (John 15:1-8). "Who walk," etc.

2. "For the law" (the authority—Satan; the regulative principle—Vincent) who gives life, and is the essence of life. "In Christ Jesus." Either the law, the authority, which dwells in Christ; or, construing it with the following verb, "hath made me free" in Christ, free through union with him. Paul's soul was in prison, until his acceptance of Christ released him "from the law of sin and death," from the power and authority of sin, which brings eternal death.

3. "For what the law" (the Scriptures) "could not do" (literally, the impossible of the law), God could do and did do. This thing that the law could not do was to save men from sin; it could only point out the sin and fix the penalty. It showed men their duty, but "it was weak through the flesh," it was rendered inefficient by our lower nature (the flesh) which loves sin and readily yields to temptation.

4. "That the righteousness of the law" (his own Son, the Greek, shows, more strongly than the English, Christ's intimate personal relation to God, which renders more striking the fact that he came to earth "in the likeness" (the form)—Denney) "of sinful flesh" (literally, the flesh of sin). Christ's was genuine flesh, but not sinful. His was only the likeness of our sinful nature. He was a real man, exposed to all our temptations, but he kept himself from becoming a sinful man.

5. "That the ordinance—margin, requirement—of the law, the righteousness, life required by God's law." "Might be fulfilled in us," in our upright life, made possible by Christ's dwelling in us. "Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

6. "For the things that are after the flesh," those that live for their lower natures. "Do mind." Set their minds upon, fix their affections on. "The things of the flesh." Enumerated in Gal. 5:19-21. "But they that are after the Spirit"—Arnold. "Spirit." Those whose affections are set on the highest things. These rejoice in "the things of the Spirit."

7. "For the mind of the flesh." That is, to fix our minds on selfish gratifications. "Is death." It is spiritual death, and tends to end in eternal death.—Arnold. See Gal. 6:8. "But to be spiritually minded." R. V. "the mind of the spirit." Paul does not mean that there are two minds in us, but two possible bends of our one mind. "Is life and peace." Peace with God, and peace in one's own soul.

8. "Because the carnal mind" (R. V. "the mind of the flesh") "is enmity" (personal hostility)—Moule "against God." In contrast with the higher life, which is a life of peace, the lower life, either consciously or unconsciously, is at war with God.

9. "So then they that are in the flesh" (making self-gratification the object of their living) "cannot please God." God is supremely unselfish. How could he take pleasure in beings that live for themselves?

10. Paul now applies to the Roman Christians directly what he has said in general terms in vs. 5-8.

11. "But ye," Christ's disciples. You can please God, for you "are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit." Not under the sway of your lower, but of your higher, nature, which is itself controlled by the Spirit of God. "If so be that the Spirit of God" (the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity) "dwell in you," comforting, teaching, guiding, upholding.

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ," dwelling in him and controlling his life. The expressions, the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ, and Christ (v. 10) are used interchangeably, thus proving Paul's belief in the Trinity, the three-fold personality of God. "He is none of his." He is no true Christian, though he may be called by Christ's name, and may belong outwardly to his church. Christ will disown him at the judgment (2 Cor. 13:5).

12. "And if Christ be in you" (as he is), "the body is dead because of sin." Physical death is inevitable for all, and is a result of the sin of Adam and the human race (Rom. 5:12-17), but for the Christian its "sting" is gone (1 Cor. 15:55). "But the Spirit is life because of righteousness" (our righteousness, made possible by Christ's). The human spirit is meant, in contrast with the human body; but it is the human spirit vitalized by the divine Spirit.

13. "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you," Paul has admitted the fact of physical death as true of Christians as well as of others, but he hastens to add the resurrection promise, which lightens even this single spot of shadow. "The God of Christ's resurrection, dwelling in you, shall also quicken your mortal bodies," raising them up from the grave, glorified and beautiful, gifted with wonderful new powers. They will no longer be mortal, subject to death, but "incorruptible" (1 Cor. 15:52), immortal.

14. "For," Paul is going to give the reason for his statement. "Ye shall live." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God." The comparison changes from the indwelling Spirit (vs. 9-11) to the thought of the Spirit as outside us, leading us as a guide leads the traveler through dense woods or over an icy glacier. All who submit themselves to this leading become by that very submission "the sons of God," and therefore they shall live forever, as God does.

Happiness and Joy. Happiness is a small matter. It is a mere incident in life. It largely depends, as the word itself suggests, on what happens to a man in his course of duty or of service. It may affect his feelings hour by hour, but it is no measure of his character or real being. Joy, or blessedness, is, however, more of a matter than is happiness. Our fellow man may affect our happiness. God gives us joy. Blessedness is God's crowning gift. By being near to God we can have joy and find blessedness, whether happiness be ours or not.

Laconic Lord Russell. Lord Russell of Killowen used to relate this story: "I remember a case in which a very innocent remark of my own elicited the fact of a previous conviction. A prisoner was addressing the jury very effectively in his own behalf, but he spoke in a low voice, and, not hearing some of his observations, I said: 'What did you say? What was your last sentence?' 'Six months, my lord,' he replied. It was Lord Russell who, in reply to the question, 'What is the extreme penalty for bigamy?' uttered this classic: 'Two mothers-in-law.'"

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Sweet things are usually sticky. That's why so many young men get stuck on pretty girls.

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"If there is anything I hate, it is for people to try to make me over on their last."—Drake Watson.

All creameries use butter color. Why not as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

There are two varieties of the smart woman. One has a high forehead and the other hasn't.

Fico's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

A Particular Would-be Groom. Charles Thernert, a fairly well-to-do Long Island farmer, wants a wife, but imposes certain conditions on candidates for a corner in his affections. For instance, the lady must be a good housekeeper over 30 years of age. He is willing to buy his wife two gowns every year, to cost not more than \$20 each, with shoes, hats, etc., to correspond. The future Mrs. Thernert must agree to forego high-heeled slippers, open-work stockings, cigarettes and poodle dogs, the would-be bridegroom thinking such frivolities are not suited to a farmer's wife.

Only One Lance. At a dinner Chancellor Vo Bleuw gave before his recent departure for Italy, Emperor William met Professor Delitzsch for the first time since his majesty criticized the professor's lecture on the Babylonian origin of the Bible. The professor is hard of hearing, and the emperor's part of the dialogue was consequently in a rather high voice. His majesty greeted him with: "Well, professor, we have broken a lance together since I saw you."

"Only one lance, your majesty," responded the professor to the fact that he had never replied to the emperor.

An Old Lady's Discovery. Garnett, Ark., May 15th.—For 18 years Mrs. Mary Dunlop of this place has suffered with kidney trouble, which was so bad at times that it made her life a burden. She tried much medicine and many treatments, but got no better.

At last, however, Mrs. Dunlop claims to have found a perfect remedy, and she is so pleased at the wonderful cure she herself has received, that she is telling all her friends and praising the medicine to everyone she meets.

The name of this medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it has done wonderful work for Mrs. Dunlop.

Everybody is talking about it, and some people are claiming to have been cured of Rheumatism by it.

A Mrs. Garrett who lives in Brazil, this state, was at the point of death with some Cerebro-Spinal trouble and was saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It is certain that no other medicine ever introduced here has done so much good in such a short time.

Gossip isn't real bad unless the telling of it makes an hour seem like two minutes.

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