

Loup City Northwestern

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

Harry Lehr should be careful or he will sprain his wrist.

Milwaukee has taken to golf. What is the matter with penuche?

Women may live longer than men, but do they live as much while they are at it?

They are lawyers, not dentists, mind you, who are going into the Sawtooth mountains.

The philanthropist is still undiscovered who gives his money back to the people he got it from.

That she may be in still finer fettle to fight for peace, Russia orders another bunch of warships.

Diamonds have gone up 20 per cent in price this year. This is a sympathetic strike of another kind.

Russell Sage is 88, but those who tried to take money away from him report that he is not childish.

A Berlin physician makes the claim that arsenic will cure cancer. If taken in large enough doses it will.

Lou Dillon is a terribly fast young thing, but there is still quite a gap between her and the two-minute mark.

The matter of preserving seal life in Bering sea has very appropriately been referred to a high joint commission.

Your dollar will buy a reserved seat at the circus just as quick as John Rockefeller's dollar. But he has the dollar.

In time the name of the man that made the arctic fox flea famous will be forgotten, but the fame of the flea will abide.

A mackerel weighing 800 pounds has been caught off Newport. Trying to keep up with the size of the jags in that vicinity.

The chewing gum trust has a surplus, after paying dividends, of \$776,000. The news has set a great many other jaws wagging.

It must make the women golfers of Halifax feel like swearing to have that Halifax clergyman accuse them of swearing on the links.

It appears that the New York fruit handlers are engaged in a banana war. They certainly have their troubles bunched to begin with.

Lillian Russell has an automobile adventure every little while now. The automobile is apparently taking the place of the lost jewels.

Some real distress, nevertheless, has been caused by the slump in stocks. It has cut a lot of promising summer vacations in half.

When you learn that those cigars you have been buying so cheaply were smuggled you wonder, with some indignation, why they were not sold still cheaper.

The debts of Alexander and Draga are \$80,000. They will now be paid. Perhaps the massacre was not a matter of politics after all. It was very businesslike.

Presently the orator who wants to make a hit will refer to the boys not as the future governors and Presidents but the future farm hands of our glorious country.

It is reported that Andrew Carnegie thinks of starting a newspaper in Glasgow. This is the first intimation we have had that Andrew also hankers for strenuousity.

The latest system of wireless telegraphy is also useless. Unhappily this fact does not mark progress, so far as the message senders are concerned, toward the costless.

That Philadelphia grocer who was found selling green tomatoes which he had painted red must be aspiring to a place in history side by side with the man who invented wooden nutmegs.

There is a girl in Chicago who has worked thirty-one years for the same family. Why should a girl like that have to work for a living? She ought to be able to get big money from the museums.

The Los Angeles Herald says that the new twenty-two-story building of the New York Times will be equipped with a special private stairway for poetical contributors. Why not use the elevator shaft and save time?

"Fighting Bob" Evans has been received in the throne room by the emperor and empress of China, but the chances are good that he would rather be traveling around with Prince Henry, or off Sandy Hook keeping the course clear for the racing yachts, not to mention commanding the Iowa in the battle of Santiago.

It is awful the way social duties are telling on people at Newport. Some have to get up as early as 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning to keep up with their engagements.



CUPOLA SKETCHES
By BYRON WILLIAMS

THE WILD ROSE.
Oh, a wild rose bloomed in a fair retreat
Where zephyrs gently blew.
Flooding the nook with her incense sweet—
Queen of a scented crew.
But coyest of all was this wild rose queen,
With her dainty petals fair,
When the west wind came with his wooing keen
A true love to declare.
And day by day through the springtime fleet,
He sought in lover's mood
To lay his heart at the rose's feet
Near the border of the wood.
Thus in sun and shade did the west wind flee
To preserve his courting way,
While the wild rose bloomed to maturity
And loved in her rosy way.
Ah! she gave herself to the am'rous wind,
As he sped the westland down;
And the bold groom blew the rose away
To the rolling fields of brown.

He kissed her cheeks in a merry race
Throughout the living day,
But at dusk he tired of her fragile face
And carelessly sped away!
Into the clods of a sere field
She fell with fragrance spent,
But the west wind never a sigh did yield
For the flower innocent.

In the chilling field, all torn and rife,
The wild rose drooped and died,
But the angels wrote in the Book of Life
Of a floweret sanctified!

Newspapers are all right in their way,
But the trouble with the great

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Indeed she is quite a
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"like this here peek-a-boo"
"such stocking. The Moral—"
"Gentlemen should not rubber."
"Ladies never do."

One Samuel Tilden, of Brooklyn,
knows where there is a cave full of
treasure; that is, he gives his word.
According to Sam, the wealth lies
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to join him in an expedition. Any
reader of "Cupola Sketches" who de-
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sufficient means to back up his desires
may communicate with Samuel with
out first paying for this adv.

YOU KNOW HIM.
From moon till night, despite the law,
The hose plays on the grass;
It waters everything in sight,
Including those who pass.
From endless stream it spurts wild,
With not a curb or talk;
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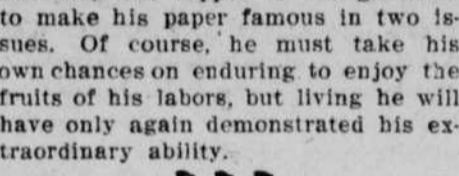
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Little words of reason
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Indigestion is the cause of three
fourths of the marital troubles in the
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apple dumplings that won't digest, and
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Then she hands him the broomstick
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NOTICE.
Employees of this print shop who
wipe on the office towel are hereby
notified to wash first. We have positive
proof that the devil and the roller
boy have been using this aid to civilization
with an entire abandonment
of all rules and regulations of the office
chapel. Unless such uncleanly
habits are rectified at once, this towel
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Ciudad Bolivar, the scene of the
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"It is a semi-civilized spot on the
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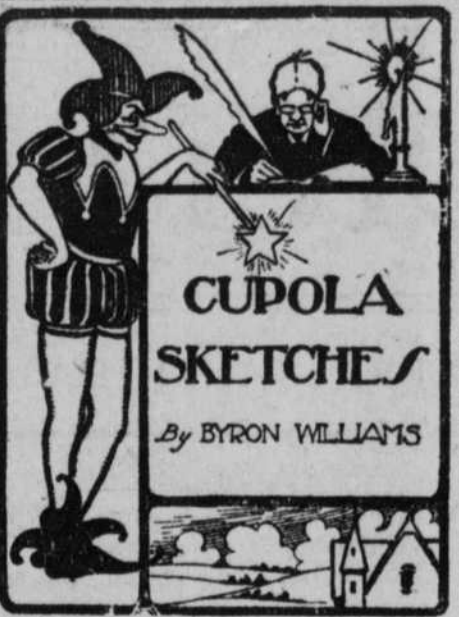
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"The trouble was about an overdue
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The people thought the revolutionists
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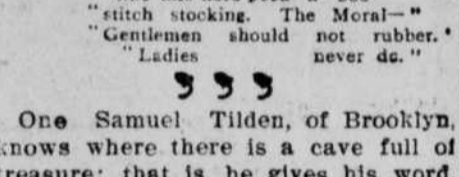
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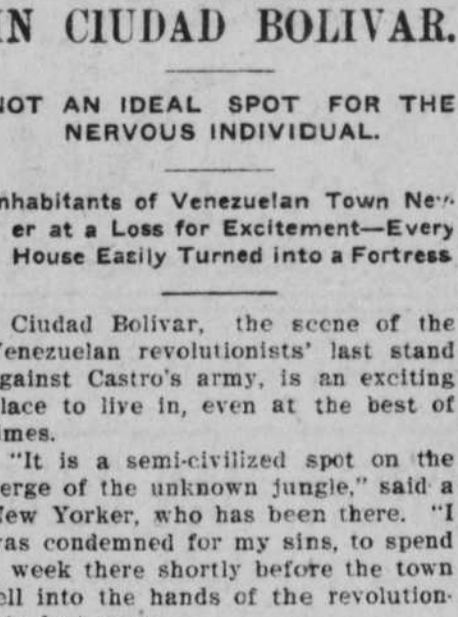
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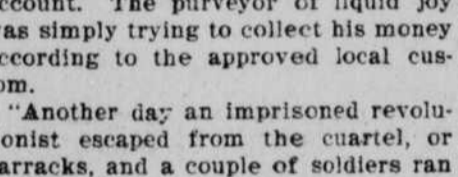
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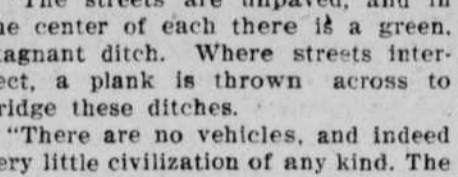
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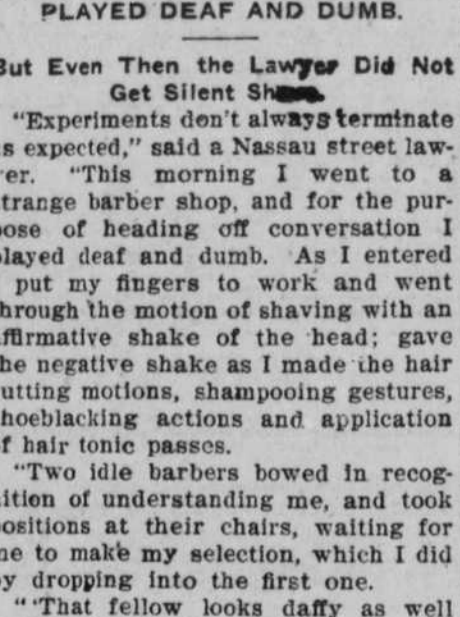
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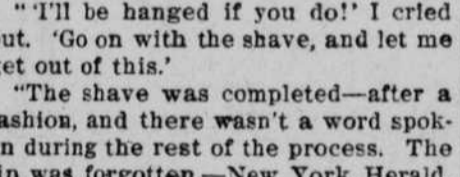
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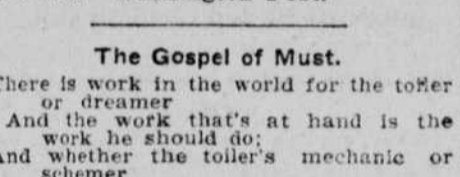
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Then she hands him the broomstick
the lawyers get their hands in and the
court hands one or the other a di-
vorce. Moral—Young women should
learn to cook.



CUPOLA SKETCHES
By BYRON WILLIAMS

IN CIUDAD BOLIVAR.
NOT AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THE
NERVOUS INDIVIDUAL.

Inhabitants of Venezuelan Town Nerv-
er at a Loss for Excitement—Every
House Easily Turned into a Fortress.

Ciudad Bolivar, the scene of the
Venezuelan revolutionists' last stand
against Castro's army, is an exciting
place to live in, even at the best of
times.

"It is a semi-civilized spot on the
verge of the unknown jungle," said a
New Yorker, who has been there. "I
was condemned for my sins, to spend
a week there shortly before the town
fell into the hands of the revolution-
ists last year.

"I noticed that if anybody went out
after dark he always stuck his revolver
in his belt, and I was warned by
several friendly citizens not to stay
out late in the streets unless I wished
to be held up and perhaps murdered.

"It was a paradise for the adventur-
ous. One day I saw a rum-shop keeper
chase the local barber down the street
with a loaded pistol in one hand and
a machete in the other. I offered up
a prayer for the tonsorial artist, be-
cause I had no razor and he was the
only one. Luckily he escaped.

"The trouble was about an overdue
account. The purveyor of liquid joy
was simply trying to collect his money
according to the approved local cus-
tom.

"Another day an imprisoned revolution-
ist escaped from the cuartel, or
barracks, and a couple of soldiers ran
out to stop him with bullets. He got
one in the leg and pulled up howling.
The people thought the revolutionists
had come, so in a trice shops were
shut, doors bolted, and everybody dis-
appeared off the streets like magic.

"The doors and shutters of the mer-
chants' stores are made of sheet iron.
When they are closed the stores be-
come veritable fortresses.

"Most of the private houses are simi-
larly protected, and have little grilles
through which the inmates can spy
out to see whether visitors are en-
emies or friends. Truly, a soothing
place for a nervous man to live in.

"When the shots were fired at the
runaway I happened to