

Loup City Northwestern

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No man's ignorance ever prevented him from giving advice.

Happy the man who has a boy who wants to be taken to the circus.

At some period of his career every mar. carries something in his pocket for luck.

Chauncey Depew is living evidence that matrimony is not a cure for rheumatism.

Great Britain will have to send its young men to take a few lessons in yacht-building.

At no time does a man have a greater respect for womankind than when his daughter gives him points on the way to hold her baby.

Vice Consul Magelssen probably never expected to get headlines that were half as big or black.

If money ceased to bring one the applause of one's fellows it would lose one of its chiefest attractions.

Recent portraits of Pitcher Rube Waddell seem to justify the action of the Philadelphia club in releasing him.

If he could borrow a Yankee crew and a Yankee yacht builder Sir Thomas might be tempted to try again.

The genius that devised the wireless telegraph will find a way to keep the messages from being "piled" while in the air.

Newport society is now going to employ minstrels to amuse it. Even monkeys, tigers and donkeys begin to fall after awhile.

How time does fly! The young jockey who rode the winner of the great Futurity race at Sheephead bay is named Grover Cleveland Fuller.

Sir Thomas Lipton's pursuit of the cup is proof that the race for dollars is not the only incentive of life. One may race to lose 'em and have lots of fun.

The price of coal is not likely to go any higher because it is now satisfactory to the producers. Of course the consumers have nothing to say about it.

The zebra is to replace the army mule because it is immune to the bite of the tsetse fly. But has the zebra entered the ring yet with the Jersey mosquito?

The two-minute trotting horse is here, and yet whenever the average man wants to express record-breaking speeds he says, for instance, "He was going it 2:40."

In the course of instruction at the projected college of journalism the functions of that useful animal, the office cat, should be clearly and accurately defined.

When a rich old man marries a young wife and expects her to keep his memory green later on he is the victim of a home-made green goods game.—Chicago News.

The runaway marriage of Lillian Russell's daughter has served among other things to recall the inquiry once made by a perplexed philosopher: "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?"

Kerosene oil has risen again. The consumers might pay even by going back to tallow candles were it not for the melancholy fact that the packing-house combine has the tallow cornered.

Manager Robert Grau certainly has courage of two kinds to offer to Mme. Mary Anderson de Navarro \$225,000 for a series of 150 readings in the United States, from Shakspeare and other poets.

A boy is never so happy as when the family is moving and he can walk through the streets in his new house wearing a chair on his head. That's the only way most boys can sit on a chair.

Two more American heiresses, Miss May Goelert and Miss Gladys Deacon, are to become the wives of English dukes in the near future. It's simply wonderful how the supply of English dukes holds out.

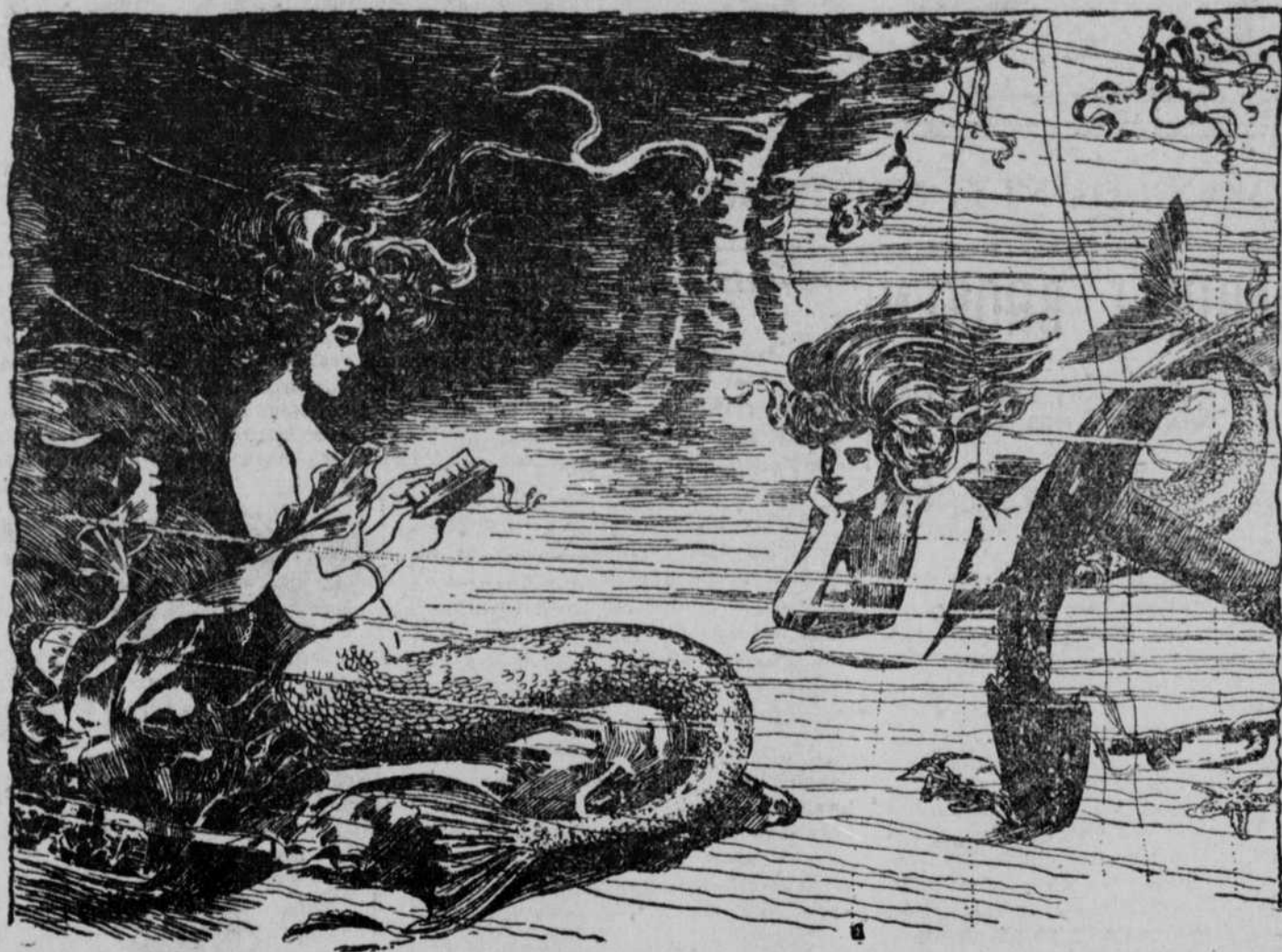
The Berlin royal academy is astonished at the mental force of Prof. Mommsen, the historian, who recently read a paper on the inscriptions found among the ruins of Baalbek, Syria—and yet he is only 76 years old.

Stock in the company that is to publish the new women's paper in New York is now offered to the public. Have you any money that it would not inconvenience you to lose?

We note the headline, "Cop Went on a Tear," in the New York Sun—which used to be noted for its correct, though always vigorous, English.

Ever remark, asks the Atchison Globe, that those who become noted in the world are hard-working people? Well, there's Harry Lehr.

A FISH STORY



NOT FOR HOME CONSUMPTION. RATHER A NEAT COMPLIMENT. MET IN THE DARK.

Editor Gave Advice That Was Pretty Hard to Follow.

Frank A. Vanderlip, now one of the vice presidents of the National City bank of New York, the great Rockefeller stronghold, was financial editor of the Chicago Tribune in 1892 and 1893—a hard working newspaper man, dependent on his salary.

Those were panic times. Banks were failing every day. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Tribune, was in southern California. He was much exercised over the situation and was in close touch with the office, constantly advising conservatism and optimism in the newspaper reports.

Vanderlip, by close economy and some minor investments, had saved \$800. It was all he had. One day the bank failed in which he had deposited his little nest egg. He went despondently to his desk. The world looked black to him. It was a hard blow.

A messenger boy came in with a telegram. Vanderlip signed for it mechanically—his thoughts were on his lost \$800. He tore open the envelope. The telegram was from Mr. Medill. It read: "Take a cheerful view of the situation."—Saturday Evening Post.

He Told the Truth.

A New England farmer sold a pair of oxen to a brother farmer, who inquired before purchasing if they were "breachy." "They've never bothered me," answered the farmer. The purchase was concluded, but in a few days the purchaser had suffered considerable damage to his fences from these same oxen. Indignant, he confronted the man who sold them. "I asked you if they were breachy," he exclaimed, "and you said they'd never bothered you." "Well," answered the other man, "I never allow that kind of thing to bother me."

South Sea Islander's Prayer.

A South Sea Islander, at the close of a religious meeting, offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes round. Rather let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."—Carlton's Magazine.

Cowboy's Pretty Speech to Young Lady He Admired.

At a party given last winter out West, says an exchange, was a bashful cowboy who had not been in civilized society for several years. He was a good-looking fellow, and one of the young ladies present kindly took an interest in him and tried to make him feel at ease. He fell desperately in love at once, and the hostess, noticing this, encouraged him all she could. On leaving the house the young lady who had taken a friendly interest in the cowboy forgot her overshoes, and the hostess told the young Lochinvar from the plains that he might return them to the girl if he wished. The herder leaped at the chance, and presented himself in due time at the young lady's house. She was surprised to see him, but greeted him cordially.

"You forgot your overshoes last night," awkwardly handing her the package.

She thanked him and opened it. "Why, there's only one overshoe here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss X," said the blushing cowboy earnestly. "I only wish, my dear miss, that you were a centipede!"

What Constitutes Greatness?

What constitutes a great steamship manager? asks "Tip" in the New York Press. And then he proceeds with the reply and with other questions and answers. An ability to scour Europe for grand round-ups of human cattle and import the biggest part of 1,000,000 scum a year. What makes the great lawyer? Winning cases for his clients regardless of methods. What makes a great banker? Making 100 per cent a year for the stockholders. What makes the great railroad president? Piling up a tremendous surplus for the directors to spend in "betterments" while the stockholders wait. What makes the great politician? A lack of statesmanship. An honest politician is the rarest work of God. What makes the great philosopher? An assured income for life. What makes the great admiral? The men behind the guns. What makes the great doctor? Our fear of death.

American Securities.

The foreign holdings of American securities are now the smallest in many years.

And Two Reverend Gentlemen Nearly Came to Blows.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., who has dropped his ecclesiastical title and ways for the path of literature, is as handy with his fists when an emergency call arrives as many men who talk more about their prowess.

He was crossing a high road in South Carolina not long ago near his old home and stopped at a negro cabin at night for a drink of milk. As he was about to continue his walk—the days were hot and he did his tramping by moonlight—he suddenly came upon a tall bearded man with a staff in his hand. The encounter was so sudden that both men backed away from each other. The Rev. Mr. Dixon instinctively put up his fists as the other raised his staff.

Matters looked ominous for a moment but as the moon came out from behind a bank of clouds, both men recognized each other. The bearded one was Bishop Coleman of North Carolina, who is over seventy, and whose long walks sometimes last for weeks.

A pretty tableau.

It was a long time between drinks—of milk—in this case.—New York Times.

Had Experience.

Law seems to make its votaries suspicious beyond average men. An instance of this was noted at the Democratic club the other night. A group of men who were dining there fell to discussing the advisability of husbands having no secrets from their wives. "What do you think?" asked Michael Harris, turning to "Abe" Levy. "Should a husband tell his wife everything?" "Why should he?" responded the little lawyer, "the average wife probably wouldn't believe it."—New York Evening World.

How He Explained It.

He was deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticize.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah—"

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no; not that, but too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."

SHOCK CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS

How One Man Was Cured of All Desire for Liquor.

Jones, in spite of being a really kindly, honest fellow, with a loving wife, a cozy home and a flourishing young family, was rapidly becoming a slave to drink. Night after night he went home in a state which made his little wife heartsick, until she with a woman's ready wit, devised a scheme and with the aid of the family physician gave Jones such a shock that he probably never will drink again.

Like many other men, Jones usually lost all recollection of his actions after he had reached a certain period of intoxication. When, five or six weeks ago, he arrived at his home in a fit state for the experiment, his wife had him put to bed. As he lay there, dead to the world, the doctor put his right leg into a casing of plaster of paris and splints, taking care to bind them so tightly that when Jones recovered consciousness all sense of feeling would have left the limb.

It was a pathetic scene, mixed with grim humor, when Jones awoke the next day, and was told that in trying to find the keyhole he had fallen down the area and broken his leg. His remorse was augmented by the pressure on his leg, which the doctor took pains to keep alive at each successive dressing, and by the time that Jones had been in bed a month all desire for stimulants had left him.

It is not likely he will drink to excess again, but is he reads this story of his loving wife's new cure for the alcoholic habit he will surely drop that limp which he now affects during his daily walk down Broadway.—New York Press.

NO NEED OF OFFICERS.

Dead Man's Friends Had Satisfied Ends of Justice.

John Fox, Jr., author of Kentucky mountaineer stories, and a Blue Grass man himself, was talking about the reign of lawlessness in the mountains of that state.

"I remember," he said, "the case of a man in a town where I lectured one time only, who shot a man in cold blood from behind a fence, and the authorities didn't do a thing with him."

"That's the trouble down there," responded an indignant listener. "The authorities seem to wink at that kind of killing. Did they know all the facts in this case?"

"Of course; but that didn't seem to make any difference."

"Well, I don't see why they didn't punish the murderer."

"They weren't altogether to blame," said Mr. Fox, rather apologetically. "They must have been," contended the listener, still indignant.

"No," persisted Mr. Fox, "they were not. You see, the other man's friends caught the assassin before he got out of town and shot him so full of holes the grand jury didn't think it worth while to bother with the remains."

"Oh!" exclaimed the listener.—New York Times.

Sunday.

On Sunday no alarm shock
"To Work!" beats on the tired brain;
What bliss to wake, to scorn the clock,
To smile and go to sleep again.
And joy goes dimpling through the town,
On heart-strings her sweet tune she strums,
And care-worn brows forget to frown,
When Sunday comes.

On Sunday there's no breathless haste
To mill or mart on tireless legs;
And oh, how beautiful the taste,
Of leisure in the ham and eggs!
To munch your breakfast at your ease,
To jeer at time and snap your thumbs—
You only get such joys as these
When Sunday comes.

When Sunday comes the little girls,
Before the glass with huge delight,
Take out of jail the little curls
That they have had in pins all night.
The little boys don't "Sunday best,"
Which Freedom's ardent spirit nubs;
And by clean collars they're oppressed
When Sunday comes.

When Sunday comes how grand to sit,
(When you have dined among your kin)
To read a bit, and doze a bit,
Until they bring the supper in,
With music of the jingling spoon
And saucer, while the kettle hums
An extra pleasing Sabbath tune
When Sunday comes.

When Sunday comes with what a glow
A man may puff his pipe and say
(As Horace said some time ago)—
"Lord of myself I live to-day!"
So here's to Sunday, three times three;
With glad heart's inward fires and drums;
And—keep a corner, please, for me,
When Sunday comes.
—Kansas City Independent.

Graved Salmon and Oregon Water.

Many Oregonians were inclined to laugh at the Missouri woman mentioned a short time ago who insisted on going back to her native state because there were no catfish in Oregon. It appears, however, that Oregon women are as whimsical as Missouri women, as a citizen who has two sons practicing law in Brooklyn, N. Y., and doing very well went on there with his wife to visit them a short time ago, and at her desire left her there. She thought she could look after the boys and enjoy life in the East, but she has quite unexpectedly returned home. When asked why she did not remain in Brooklyn, as arranged, she said such a craving came over her for a slice of Chinook salmon and a drink of Bull Run water that it seemed as if she could not live without them, so she came back.—Portland Oregonian.

London's Unoccupied Houses.

A count of the unoccupied houses in London shows 40,069. That is one house in fifteen of the whole city.

Telephone News.

There are now more telephones in use connected with independent exchanges than with Bell exchanges.

Dry District Ruse.

Rodrick—That druggist had a great scheme for putting a "stick" in his soda water.

Van Albert—What was it?

Rodrick—Why, he soaked the straws in liquor and all his customers tasted it and thought it was the glass.

Green is not becoming to any person when it's the shade produced by envy.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Be the stake ever so insignificant as a rule it makes the game.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Privations of the Poor.

A slum inspector told the Glasgow Municipal Commission on the Housing of the Poor that on some occasions he had found families sleeping in tiers—the parents on the floor, then a mattress, and a layer of children on the top.

Superior quality and extra quantity must in. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Wisdom follows in the wake of experience, but doesn't always catch up.

Her Amirer Remembered.

Miss Eldora Sinks of Marengo, Ia., has been notified that she has been bequeathed \$500,000 by B. J. Thompson of Colorado Springs. Thompson was a mine owner and a bachelor when Miss Sinks with a party of friends, visited Colorado three years ago and became acquainted with him. He was evidently attracted by her. She spent the entire summer in the west, and returning home, supposed she would never again hear of her middle-aged admirer. Yesterday the notice of his death came, with the statement that he had willed his entire estate to her, having no heirs.

An Early Chamberlain Speech.

Some fanciful stories are being circulated about Joseph Chamberlain and his oratorical powers as a youth, but from what a friend of his says concerning the great statesman's college days it is a mistake to say that young Chamberlain could speak well when at school. In fact, he could never be induced to speak, and in this he somewhat resembled the retiring Arthur Balfour. One day one of the masters of the school asked Chamberlain to make reply to a speech which had just been delivered by one of the older students of the debating class. The hour came, and with a firm step Chamberlain mounted the platform. With perfect outward self-possession he faced the audience and made his bow—a low bow. Every one waited expectantly. People became anxious when the young man again bowed but said nothing. Then a titter went round among the boys. Suddenly the coming colonial secretary, with a look of utter despair, sidled off the platform with another bow, not having said one word.

ART OF REST.

May Be Acquired and Used With Great Benefit.

Complete and restful poise of the body and mind is an art not easily gained.

Perhaps nothing brings one as much content, comfort, happiness and pleasure as those conditions of easy, restful, resourceful and well balanced mind and body, that make of work a pleasure and the daily life happy and peaceful.

The nervous housewife busy with a hundred duties and harassed by children; the business man, worried with the press of daily affairs, debts, etc., cannot enjoy the peace and restful repose and healthful nervous balance unless they know how.

There is a way. First and foremost the stomach must be consulted. That means leaving off coffee absolutely, for the temporary stimulant and the resulting depression is a sure ruin to the nervous system, and the whole condition of health and happiness rests upon stomach, nerves and mind.

Start with the stomach, that is the keystone to the whole arch. Stop using things that break down its power, upset its nervous energy and prevent the proper digestion of the food and the consequent manufacture of healthful blood and nerves, brain and tissues.

When you quit coffee take on Postum Food Coffee. That is like stopping the payment of interest and starting on a career where you are loaning money and receiving interest. The good results are double. You stop poisoning the system with coffee and start building up the broken down nerve cells by powerful elements contained in Postum. These are pure food elements ably selected by experts for the purpose of supplying just the thing required by Nature to perform this rebuilding.

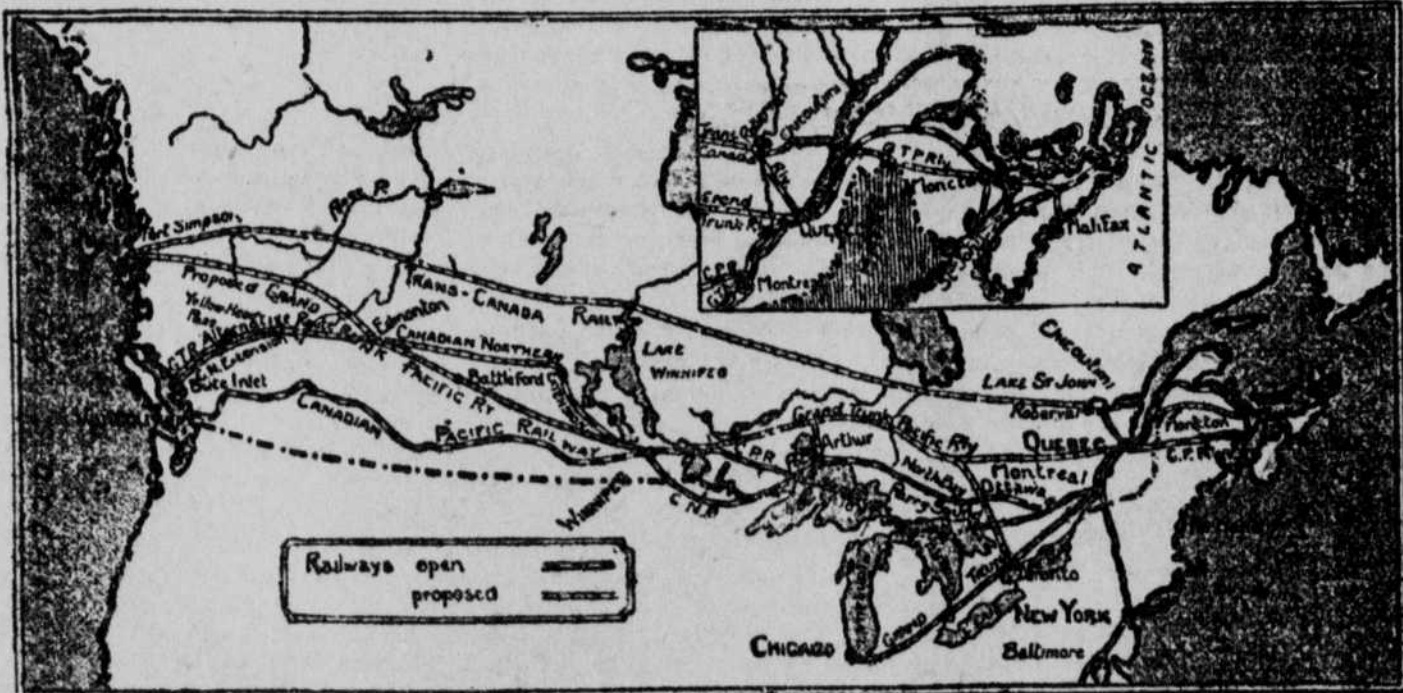
These are solid substantial facts and can be proven clearly to the satisfaction of anyone, by personal experience. Try the change yourself and note how the old condition of shattered nerves and worried mind changes to that feeling of restful poise of a well balanced nervous system.

The managing physician of a hygienic sanitarium in Indiana says that for five years in his practice he has always insisted upon the patients leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee with the most positive, well defined results and with satisfaction to the most confirmed coffee toper.

The Doctor's name will be furnished by the Postum Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

ROUTE OF NEW CANADIAN RAILWAY



This map illustrates the route of the new railroad proposed by the Dominion government, from Moncton to Winnipeg. The route from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast is not yet determined. The sketch shows the alternative proposals via Edmonton to Port Simpson and via Edmonton to Bute Inlet.

The contract provides that the government shall construct the line from

Moncton to Winnipeg via Quebec and lease it to the Grand Trunk Pacific company for fifty years, on the conditions that for the first five years the company pays no rental to the government; for the second five it pays the net surplus receipts over the working expenses, and for the remaining forty years it pays three per cent on the cost of construction. The government will guarantee the bonds for the line from Winnipeg to Port Simpson

or to Bute Inlet, which will be built by the company. The government stipulates that as far as possible all materials used shall be of Canadian manufacture, and that the majority of the directors shall reside in Canada. The work between Moncton and Winnipeg is to be started at fifteen different points at the same time, and it is predicted that the whole line will be completed in three years after work is begun.