

Loup City Northwestern MODEL RESIDENCE NOT COSTLY

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

Damn old Noah, he should have killed the two mosquitoes he had in the ark.

There is an epidemic of smallpox among the fig pickers of Smyrna. Boil your figs.

That young man who took the prize as a hat trimmer might make a hypercritical husband.

Col. A. Hamid, it is said, thinks he would be a happy man were it not for creditors and editors.

May Golet is at last to be a duchess. After this May will regard heaven as a mere annex.

John L. Sullivan still umpires baseball games occasionally, and his decisions go without unwise dispute.

If all men were like Harry Lehr, everybody could understand why Miss Susan B. Anthony never got married.

The hoppedicking season has opened in central New York. What a joyous word, by the way, "hoppedicking" is!

In cabling that he is as "fit as a fiddle," Vice Consul Magelssen shows that he is also as vivacious as a violin.

With "Big Bill" Devery on her side, why should Frau Cosma continue to feel that life has unlively aspects?

That threatening revolution in Panama continues to burn large, ragged holes in the pages of the sensational newspapers.

It begins to look as though the only thing which might even hope to take away the America's cup would be a fleet of warships.

It will never do to again speak of Vesuvius as "she" or "her" after learning that it has thrown rocks a distance of 600 feet.

Announcement is made of a tour of this country by the prince of Thurn and Taxis, but he isn't to collect anything but information.

It is more than thirty-three years since France has had a revolution. If the French don't take care they'll be getting out of the habit.

Beirut may be trying to qualify as the new capital of the Turkish empire when the sultan has to pack his grip and move out of Europe.

The dancing professors are in favor of greater dignity. But it isn't dignity that the lady thinks of when an awkward man steps on her train.

Baron Henri de Rothschild has been fined \$2 in Paris for auto scorching. The cable doesn't say how he succeeded in raising the money.

How delighted Whistler must have been to die if he had prescient knowledge that the post mortem crop of Whistler stories would hold out like it has.

Prof. Langley may take a fearful revenge upon the skeptics by sailing his airship all alone some dark night and never letting anybody know about it.

By beginning on the oyster early you may be able to enjoy a few specimens before the scientific gentlemen bob up with the annual scare about oyster bacilli.

The Harry Lehr fashion of carrying a purse attached to the wrist is rather safe of adoption in this town, where the police are alert in searching for freaks and lunatics.

Even if the powers should succeed in restoring peace to Macedonia probably the luckless inhabitants of that region would not have the slightest idea what to do with it.

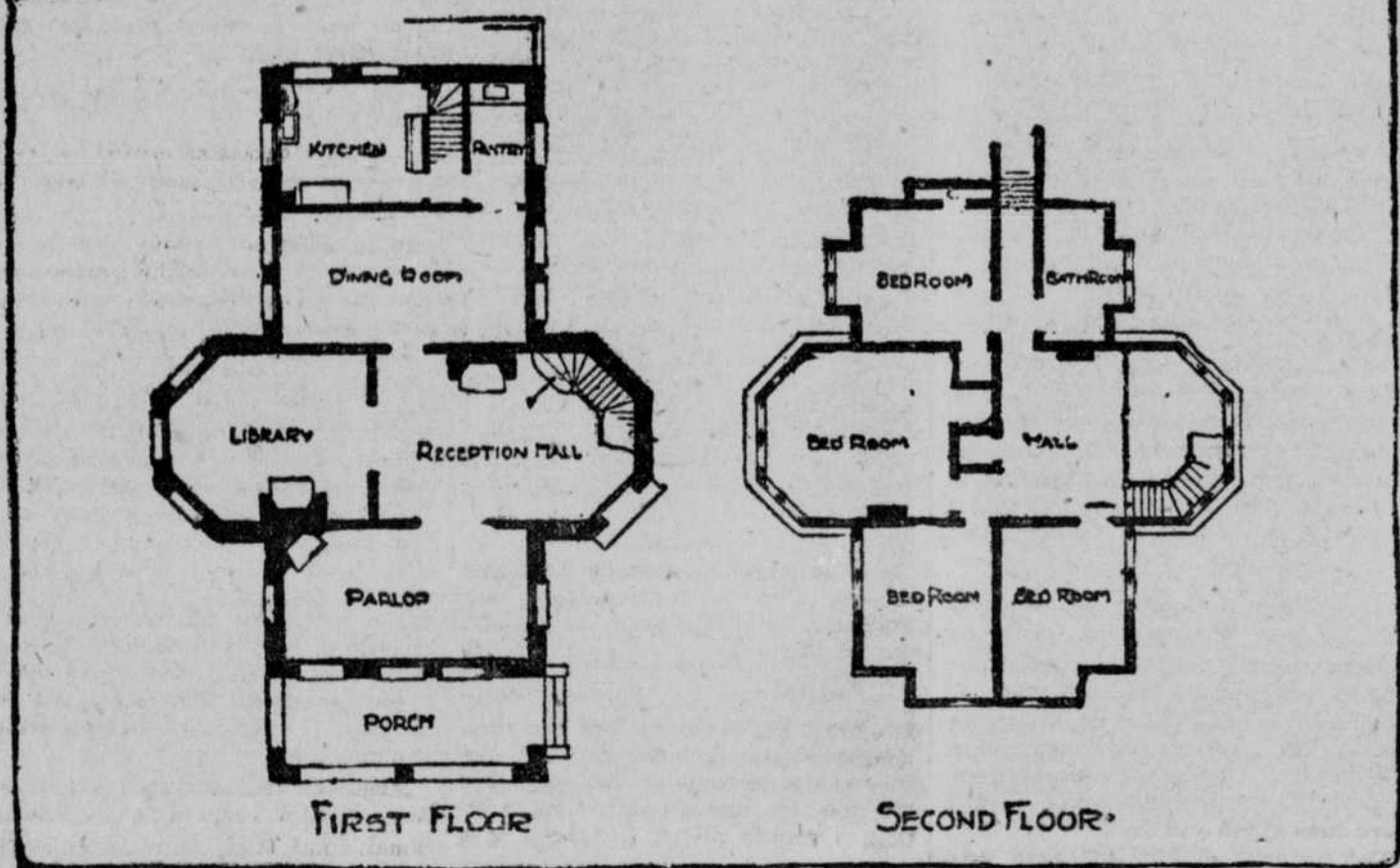
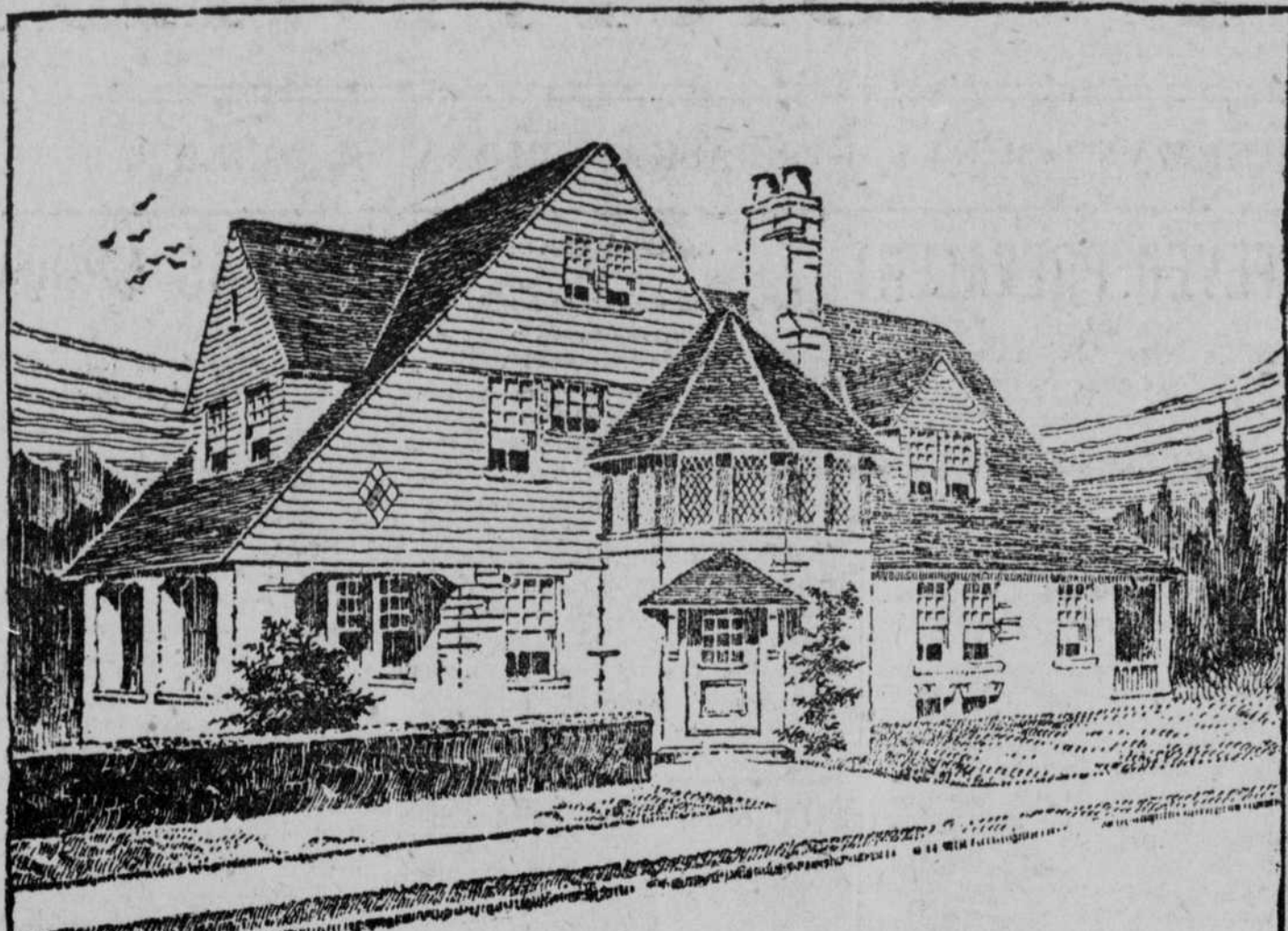
Much sympathy is felt for the pitcher on the Pittsburg baseball team who had been released because he didn't come up to expectations, and who will therefore become a mere college professor.

Few of us realize how many insane people there are walking the streets, untrammelled and unsuspected. For instance, a Rochester man recently eloped with a woman and her seventeen children.

The American golf players and the American dancing masters are to hold their annual meetings in St. Louis in 1904. If the management is shrewd it will get these two associations in the bird cage on the same day.

A cable dispatch announces that Mile. Gjens Lunjevics, the youngest sister of the lately assassinated Queen Draga of Serbia, is to lecture on the causes of the tragedy in the music halls of Europe. This is characteristically improper.

In the New York city directory for 1903 there are over 3,000 Smiths and 1,500 Browns, and 9,000 names have the prefix "Mc." It looks as though the Anglo-Saxon were following the Hollander into retirement before the resistless advance of the Celt.



A model residence like this can be built for an approximate cost of \$7,000. The first floor walls are of local stone, and the gables and roof of cedar shingles, stained a moss green. At the front of the house is a spacious porch, with stone pillars. One enters the residence through a quaint door, which opens into a large and inviting reception hall. The parlor, library and dining room are connected directly with the hall, and are admirably situated for light and convenience. The kitchen, pantry and back stairs are located immediately in the rear of the dining room. The second floor is divided into four bedrooms, each having a large closet and ample space for beds and bureaus. It has a large bathroom, which is equipped with the best sanitary plumbing. The house is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

BEAVERS BUILD FINE DAM.

Remarkable Piece of Work Near Stroudsburg, Pa.

A remarkable beaver dam exists near Stroudsburg, Pa. It was discovered about two years ago, beavers having been supposed for years to be extinct in the eastern states. Now a special law has been passed by the Pennsylvania legislature to protect the Stroudsburg beavers. The dam is located in a swamp, which for many years had been drained of its surface water, except in a few spots. Noting that most of the swamp was under water, although but little rainfall had occurred, the curiosity of a neighboring farmer was aroused and he made an investigation which led to the discovery. The dam had been constructed around the northern edge of the swamp, extending in a zigzag course, evidently to avoid obstruction and to increase its strength. It is about 125 feet in length and the top is wide enough for a man to walk upon without difficulty, ranging from a foot to two feet in width. Further investigation in the vicinity showed that the animals had felled a number of trees near the dam to use in its construction. The largest pieces yet found in it are eight inches in diameter by actual measurement. The principal material used, besides branches and twigs, was mud, which had been deftly worked into it so solidly that a man weighing 235 pounds has walked upon the top without affecting it. The wood which has been used includes beech, white ash and oak. In cutting the trees the animals worked in a circle around the trunk, making deeper indentations on the side toward the dam so that the trees would fall into the water in the proper direction.

Disappointed Archeologists.

Bourke Cochran is airing an amusing anecdote picked up during his European trip. It seems that two distinguished archeologists made an excursion to the Isles of Arran, where interesting remains of an archeological nature exist. They came across a little rough stone building, and both entered into a fierce argument as to the exact century of its erection, one maintaining it was built in the fifth, and the other in the sixth century. A native who had listened to the hot discussion suddenly broke in: "Arrah, yer Honors, both of yeze are wrong. 'Twas put up three years ago by Patsy Doolan for his jackass!"—New York Times.

GOAT HAD PAPA'S HAT.

But Former Owner Had No Further Use for it.

From Rockaway comes a sad tale involving a pearl-gray hat, a billy goat, a small boy, a fond papa and the sea. The fond papa owned the pearl-gray hat, and it really was a thing of beauty. One day he was promenading the beach with his little son and the wind cruelly swept the hat into the ocean. Two days later the small boy saw a young man driving a miniature laundry wagon drawn by a sturdy billy goat. On the goat's head was a pearl-gray hat, a trifle dilapidated, with holes pierced to admit the passage of the goat's horns. The small boy recognized that hat. "Hold on, there," he shouted. "That goat's got my papa's hat." The driver stopped and the fond papa came up to see what was the matter. "Papa, the goat's wearing your hat," sobbed the small boy. "I fished the hat out of the surf," explained the driver, who was inclined to dispute possession. "I claim it's mine—or the goat's." "Well," said the fond papa, as he gazed ruefully at his lost headgear, "I've bought a new hat, but the goat can have that one. The devil himself wouldn't take it—and he wears horns, too, I've heard."—New York Press.

Sunset Guns.

Mr. Bascomb had seen wonders enough for his first day away from Banbury, but just as he had settled his tired head against the back of a lounging chair, he heard a distant boom. "What's that?" he demanded, starting up. "Oh, that's the sunset gun, Uncle Ezra" said his nephew's wife, in a soothing tone. "It goes off just as the sun rises and sets."

Mr. Bascomb's mild face took on a look that approached hostility. "I've seen your talking machines and electric bell pulls and underground rails and overhead trusties and kerridges kiting here and there with no boss nor other signs of drawing power," he said, resentfully, "and I've set myself to believe all you've told me. But I've seen the sun all my days in Banbury, and I know there ain't strength enough in it when it's setting or when it's rising to tech off a gun, without there's works going on in this place that ain't Scriptural nor fitting."

POPE'S CHOICE OF TITLES.

Events Which Have Influenced Pontiffs in Their Selection.

New popes are sometimes influenced by incidents of their boyhood in selecting the titles by which they desire to be known. Thus Leo XIII., when in his teens, presented an address to Leo XII., and the event so stamped itself upon his memory that it determined his choice of a title when he was called to the chair of St. Peter. Some similar recollection, it is likely enough, suggested the decision of Cardinal Sarto, and not, as has been too readily assumed, a desire to give an indication of his predilection for the policy of Pius IX. Between the last pontiff who bore the name of Pius and the present one there is a striking resemblance musically, for Pius IX. was also a proficient player on the piano and organ and possessed an excellent barytone voice. His singing of mass was a musical treat, but he suffered agonies while his intimate friend Cardinal Manning was similarly engaged. "No Englishman can sing mass decently," was his criticism on one of these occasions.

The Red Sea.

Here is an interesting theory: What made the Red Sea red? The blood of locusts. Read a few lines from Exodus: "And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt; and rested in all the coasts of Egypt; very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened. . . . And the Lord turned a mighty strong west wind, which took away the locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea; there remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt." The Red Sea today is no more red than any other sea. Its reddening was temporary.

How the Fiddle Acted.

During a recent trial spin of Shamrock III, a violinist on a passing boat serenaded her, whereupon Designer Fife said to Sir Thomas Lipton: "Every time I hear a fiddle I remember a description of the instrument given to me by an unsophisticated countryman. He said: 'It was the shape of a turkey and the size of a goose; a man turned it over on its back and rubbed its stomach with a stick, and by the powers, but it did squeal!'"—New York Times.

REBUKE FOR AN UPSTART.

Attorney General Griggs Was Afraid of Turning His Head.

When John W. Griggs was attorney general in President McKinley's cabinet he broke a long-established precedent in his department. He determined to break his callers of the habit they had of addressing him as "general." "I have no claim on the military title," said Mr. Griggs. One insistent politician paid no heed to the attorney's request. He considered "general" a good jolly, and by this means persuaded Mr. Griggs, as he thought, to find a position for a friend. "How does your friend like his job?" asked the president's legal adviser a few days later. "When I told him what you of fered," said the politician, "he turned up his nose. Haven't you something better for him, General?" "I have," and the attorney general smiled as does a man whose opportunity has come, "but I cannot offer it. If this position has turned your friend's nose a better one will turn his head." Thereafter the politician and his friend referred to him as Mr. Griggs.

WRECKS OF WALL STREET.

Men Ruined for Business by Speculative Operations.

"Wall street leaves an ineffaceable stamp upon a man," said a New York lawyer the other day. "It isn't so apparent when he is on the crest of the wave, for he spends his money freely and no one questions his means of getting it. But when he goes broke! He is absolutely unfitted for getting on his feet unless he can do it in a day. He has been accustomed to seeing fortunes won and lost in a few hours, and he can't see why fortune will not knock at the same door twice. "I know a man who went broke in a crash six years ago. He is a good business man when not imbued with the fever of speculation. He could obtain a good position at \$5,000 a year. But he would have to work, and work hard to earn his salary. So he is looking for 'easy money'—to make his million in a year. Consequently he has borrowed from his relatives until they are tired of him. They want him to go to work. But I doubt whether he will view the matter in the light they do until it is too late and the last golden opportunity has slipped away from him and left him a speculative and misanthropic wreck."

I Loved You So.

I loved you so—I was so young, you see. There lay no guile between my love and me. I gave you all my spirit could bestow—I did not stop to think—I loved you so! I loved you so—I was a helpless thing. My heart, a harp responsive in each string 'Unto your touch, and yet you did not know. Nor understand then, that I loved you so. 'I loved you so! My trembling lips were dumb, My being aching, pleading, overcome, How could I voice the useless words that go To tell of loving when—I loved you so? I loved you so, I could not smile, or part My lips to breathe the passion in my heart. I dared not lift my eyes—their overflow Would then have told you that I loved you so! I loved you so—and now, is love well worth The years and tears of sorrow since its birth? A thousand times again I'd undergo Love's crucifixion, for—I love you so! —Annulet Andrews, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Thought He Needed Something.

Prof. R. H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific School and professor of Physiological Chemistry at Yale, has been very much interested lately in the theory that people eat more food than is required, and would be not only healthier, but able to accomplish the same amount of work or exercise if they ate less. He has even gone so far as to try the experiment on himself. While summering at a fishing resort in Maine he ordered for his usual simple breakfast a cup of coffee. The waitress looked puzzled, but brought the coffee, asking if that was all. Upon his replying in the affirmative, she suggested sympathetically: "Don't you want a doughnut?"—New York Times.

What a Swimmer Says.

This is the advice of an old swimmer to those who cannot swim: "Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water. When you first find yourself in deep water you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose, and not the top of your head be the highest part of you, and you are safe. But trust up one of your bony hands, and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. There is reason and logic in this.

His Slur at Chicago.

Miss Gladys Deacon has been repeating of late, with considerable scorn, the characterization of Chicago that an Englishman recently made for her. "Of course," Miss Deacon said, "the Englishman was wrong, but he was rather amusing. He said: 'There are two classes in Chicago, the aristocrats and the common people. The common people are those who kill pigs. The aristocrats are those whose fathers killed pigs. Touch on pork any where in Chicago and they all bristle up.'"

Axiomatic. "De doctors say now date people injure dere health by bathin' too much." "Well, de doctors don't know much; but once in a while dey stumble onto a intelligent idee. Widgepeople bathin' every day and people dyin' every day, anybody wid any sense oughter see dat water is a good 'ting to keep out of."

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

King Peter's First Orders. King Peter has conferred the order of the White Eagle—the highest in Servia—upon his sons, the Crown Prince George and Prince Alexander; his brother, Prince Arsen Karageorgevitch, and upon his nephew, Prince Paul. These are the first orders conferred by King Peter since ascending the Servian throne.

To Cure a Cold in one day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Mary Anderson's Chickens. At her home in England Mary Anderson Navarro has become a most successful raiser of chickens. She does not sell her chickens nor her eggs, but after her own table has been supplied and her friends have been generously remembered she distributes the remainder among the poor.

Why It is the Best is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Hard Pressed. Ruth—And so you have accepted Percy? I thought you decided to refuse him.

Kate—So I did; but he kept pressing me and pressing me for a favorable answer until I— "Surrendered at discretion?" "Oh, dear, I don't know! I fear it was an indiscretion!"

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption as an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

Tea is Russian Beverage. There are always tea peddlers about a Russian station. Tea is brought to the windows at the stopping of the train; it is also served in the depot, and is drunk at all hours of the day. The Russians have better tea and more of it than any other people of Europe.

After locking your family skeleton in the closet hide the key where your neighbors cannot find it.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING and SLICKERS

Look for this Trade Mark

Guaranteed to keep you dry. The best waterproof clothing in the world. Get only the genuine—the kind that won't crack, peel or get sticky. All sizes, all styles, for all kinds of work. If you at dealers, write to H. M. SAWYER & SONS, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 & \$3 SHOES UNION MADE

You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$3 shoes.

They equal those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.

That Douglas uses Corona Collar proves there is value in Douglas shoes. Corona is the highest grade Pat. Leather made. *Fast Color Dyeing used.* Our \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Every housewife gloats over finely starched linen and white goods. Conceit is justifiable after using Defiance Starch. It gives a stiff, glossy whiteness to the clothes and does not rot them. It is absolutely pure. It is the most economical because it goes farthest, does more and costs less than others. To be had of all grocers at 10 oz. for 10c.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO., OMAHA, NEB.