

# Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Beef, it is said, "commands fabulous prices at Port Arthur." Same here.

Never borrow trouble. Hit your friend for the cash and let him keep the trouble.

Some people are so economical when it comes to truth as to be positively parsimonious.

A Kentuckian died recently from a rattlesnake bite. The only known remedy has failed at last.

Charlie Schwab has sailed for Europe and the fur of the Monte Carlo tiger is again standing on end.

You dreamed last night that President Baer had recommended a reduction in the price of coal, did you? Huh!

A Pennsylvania man claims to have found the ideal woman. Let him remain single and preserve his pleasant delusion.

The fashion news about the starting new styles in bathing suits inspires in many a worthy man a longing for old ocean.

No matter how jovial a bachelor may seem, a woman always believes in her secret heart that his alleged happiness is hollow.

Any one who could be so irreverent as to eat goobers at an Ibsen play probably deserves the severest rebuke that could be administered.

King Edward and Waldorf Astor have become reconciled. Waldorf held out until he realized that the further humiliation of the king would be useless.

A London firm has decided to make war on the Standard Oil company. One needn't be much of a prophet to predict what will happen to the London firm.

Physicians are again advising against drinking water while eating. Many men carry the advice to the extreme of refusing to drink water while drinking.

When you don't get quick attention in a place, just make a noise like a piece of money. Jingle a coin on the counter and see how quick the boss will come to you.

Rev. Dr. Hillis declares his belief that in the next generation it will be vulgar to be rich, vulgar to spend money lavishly. Rev. Dr. Hillis must be very credulous.

It is reported that immigration inspectors have detained an Italian damsel for "flirting on the voyage." Let her pass, gentlemen, let her pass, and give others a chance!

No doubt it may be true that if a man loves his wife he will eat her cooking, but the wise wife will strive to arrange it so that he will love both her and the cooking.

A famous dealer in sporting goods says fishermen are invariably honest. So after this you must accept the whole story about the number, weight and fighting qualities of the catch.

Great Britain is trying to digest the pleasant information that the cost of the expedition into Tibet will henceforth be \$1,500,000 a month. The British taxpayer, of course, is good for it.

A church in Pennsylvania is almost disrupted because the women of the congregation proposed serving deviled eggs and angel cake at a social.

There's something, after all, in a same.

Now that Goller Travis has taken the championship away from England it will be harder than ever to convince the average Briton that the American invasion is not a terrible reality.

This new doctrine that children ought to be taught to bawl in unison will meet with stiff opposition from unsentimental persons who have listened to cats howling in unison on the back yard fence.

Evidently Mrs. Ballington Booth unaccountably omitted to take her fact with her when she went to Sing Sing. Otherwise, she wouldn't have asked the prisoners to sing "Sweet Land of Liberty."

The Wight brothers announce gleefully that they made their flying machine go thirty feet the other day before something broke. As flying-machine inventors look at things, this is Encouraging Success.

A New York society woman announces that she is going to Europe "on a business trip." The nature of the business may be inferred from the fact that she is going to take her 19-year-old daughter and \$1,000,000 along with her.

Just what he is going to do with the Chilean cruisers, Esmeraldas and Chacabuco, the purchase price of which he has deposited in Paris, Mr. Charles R. Flint declines to say. In the meantime he is probably the most heavily armed American citizen.

A woman who was dressed in bloomers tramped from Buenos Ayres to Orange, N. J. She reports that she encountered many dangers upon the way. But the dangers probably galloped back into the woods as soon as they got near enough to see the bloomers.

Mr. Timothy P. Nelson, star boarder in a Boston eatinghouse, struck his landlady the other day because she gave him nothing but pork and beans. It is perfectly evident that Mr. Nelson is not fit to live in Boston.

# BUTLER-AIDED CUPID

STORY WITHOUT THE SEMBLANCE OF A MORAL.

Faithful Retainer's Elope from the Path of Sobriety Responsible for the Union of Two Fond Hearts—Brother-in-Law Was Hasty.

A city clergyman tells this story of a marriage in his church which happened through a misunderstanding. According to him there was a bachelor whose affections seemed to be centered in his sister's young sons and daughters. There was an interesting young woman of another city who rarely came to New York, and he was such a very busy man that he seldom got out of town to see her. As a result, the sister's children were engaged to make him daily in his courtship.

It happened that the brother-in-law in the case, who sometimes envied the bachelor—because he could stay out late—heard dreadful noises in the house early one morning. It could not be a burglar, because they do not fall down stairs and disturb the house with hiccoughs.

Distressed at his brother-in-law's condition, but hopeful that he would break his neck, the master of the house went to sleep again. In the morning he entered the room of his brother-in-law in order to berate him. The astonishment of the bachelor was great, and his anger was greater. He had come home early and sober. It seemed to him that he could not live in the house any longer under the circumstances, and he left, too mad to talk to his relatives.

After breakfast at a restaurant he went to the hotel where the young woman from out-of-town happened to be. He was so impetuous in his wooing that they were married that day. Among those who were at the ceremony were the sister and brother-in-law. The latter was very humble, and explained that on going down to his breakfast he had been confronted by the butler, who had been many years in the family, but who was dropping the plates, singing in a maudlin way and acting in any way but that of a model butler. When the brother-in-law asked the butler for an explanation of his condition, he confessed that on his evening off he had seen friends so many and so often that he had come home in such a condition that he had fallen down stairs several times on his way to his room.

The brother-in-law has employed the discharged butler.

**A Doubtful Compliment.**

Poulney Bigelow, who has accepted the chair of foreign relations at Boston university, had completed an address before the Twentieth Century club of Chicago. A young man congratulated Mr. Bigelow rather awkwardly on this address, and the learned traveler replied:

"This is a doubtful compliment. It reminds me of a remark that a friend of the groom's made at a New Hampshire wedding.

"This friend, an observant chap, watched the groom closely during the ceremony, and at the end bore down on the happy man, shook him warmly by the hand, and said:

"Bill, ye done good. I had an idee ye would be skittish while ye wuz bein' tied up, but, begosh, ye looked as bold as a sheep."—Washington Post.

**First Printing Office in America.**

There is among compositors and other employes of printing offices in the city of Mexico a project to place a big marble slab at the corner of Moneda and Cerrada de Santa Teresa streets (opposite the postoffice), with an inscription in gold letters reading that it was in this house where the first printing office in America was established.

A commission will soon request the city council to give this ceremony an official character. Delegations of compositors are now inviting all members of the fraternity to contribute for the expense to be incurred. If money enough is raised, in addition to the plate a marble or bronze bust of Gutenberg will be placed at the corner.

—Mexican Herald.

**The Misanthrope.**

Je nevois joys nor grieves,  
But cavils and mistrusts;  
His hopes are like the wisened leaves,  
And he the slave of hiser.

He looks askance at Life,  
If so be Mirth lurk near;  
He has ill humored Doubt to wife,  
And is the slave of hiser.

He makes a mock of Love,  
And all that on her wait;  
Yet, howsoever desire may move,  
He cannot rise to Hate.

Crimes of a former birth  
Must break on him their spell,  
Else why, while yet upon this earth  
Must he abide in hell?  
—Clinton Scollard, in Smart Set.

**To Increase Pay of Police.**

The Canadian government has decided to increase the pay of the Dominion police. The only question is as to the amount of the increase, whether it shall be 15 cents all around or a graded increase of 15, 10 and 5 cents, according to the length of service.

**Novelist's Fortunes.**

Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister" has been a veritable gold mine to its author, for, as novel and play, it has brought him in some \$300,000. This will make many less fortunate mouths water, yet it is not an isolated case. Literature is a poorly-paying profession for the rank and file, but for the fortunate few, who really succeed the prizes are large. Mr. Seton Merriman, the novelist, left a fortune of over \$250,000, the fruits of a dozen years' action writing. Dickens left \$500,000 and Lord Lytton's literary efforts produced \$400,000. Among single books that have yielded large sums is "Adam Bede," for which, it is stated, George Eliot received \$200,000.

**Lamb and Mutton Imports.**

The number of carcasses of frozen lamb and mutton landed in the port of London during 1903 was 5,665,251. In 1890 only 400 carcasses were imported.

**Pilgrims Visit Rome.**

Over 10,000 pilgrims from all parts of Italy have been visiting Rome.

# GOOD WORK OF FILIPINOS.

Faithful and Industrious in an Unaccustomed Climate.

Sixty Filipinos on the United States cable ship Burnside did excellent work on the rough seas off the coast of Alaska last year. Twenty of them were detailed for laying and repairing cables. They were thus engaged for three months, during which time they experienced a great deal of rough weather, one voyage having been so trying that the Burnside narrowly escaped destruction. The Filipinos, however, in spite of the severe climate and the difficult nature of the work, proved so efficient and trustworthy that Lieut.-Col. Allen of the United States signal corps says in his official report: "The work was always cheerfully performed by them, and in no case during the entire trip was any sort of punishment administered to these men. They continually grew in strength, and with the exception of slight colds from exposure they were in excellent health throughout. The point desired to be made prominent is that these men taken from the Philippine islands and sent directly into the cold of Alaska were able to perform all the duties required of them in the most satisfactory manner." Gen. Greely says: "The marked success of the past year has caused the chief signal officer of the army to engage a Filipino crew for the operations in Alaskan waters for the coming summer."

**THEY GOT THEM MIXED.**

**Explanation Dashed Rapidly on Mind of Housewife.**

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her elbows and a fighting light in her eyes. "This here," she observed with a sniff, as she banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter, "is the soap that does the washin' of itself; the soap what makes ev'ry washin' day a kind of glorified bean feast; the soap what gits all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hazelnut by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day playin' with the children, and here am I been scrubbin' three mortal hours with that lump, and ain't got so much lather out of it as I could get from a brickbat." "I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy came in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese; that's the cheese."

"The cheese!" gasped the lady. "That accounts for the other thing, then."

"The other thing?" queried the grocer.

"Yes, the other thing," came the reply, "I was layin' awake half the night wonderin' what it was made the Welsh rabby we had for supper taste so funny."—Kansas City Independent.

**Kate Saborn Queries.**

After speaking of vast piles of decaying carcasses of the herons, slain for their plumes and the thousands of young birds left to starve, all for the sake of securing the plumes for women's hats, Mr. Scott says: "I wish clearly to emphasize the fact that I do not blame the women who use these decorations, for men are the responsible parties. No woman ever wore a decoration of any kind, much less the feather of a bird, for her own pleasure, or to attract the attention of other women. The object for which women wear decorations is to enhance their attractiveness and beauty to men, not to themselves, or to each other. And as long as men care to have women's hats decorated with feathers and express their approval by admiration bestowed, just so long will the custom endure."

Does Mr. Scott know women as well as he does birds?—From his article in National Magazine.

**Play you're Feeling the Sunshine.**

You say you're feeling blue, lad,  
That things are going wrong?  
If that's the case for true, lad,  
Cheer up and sing a song.  
You'll find 'twill always pay, lad,  
For all—for me and you  
To play we are the sunshine  
And let the skies be blue.

When the skies are blue and clear, lad,  
The world is at its best,  
When'er you drop a tear, lad,  
It saddens all the rest.  
Smile one don't mind me knocks, lad,  
Just keep your own heart true—  
Play you're the golden sunshine  
And let the sky be blue.

And half inclined to cry,  
You're at the best—'tis I, lad—  
Intended for the sky.  
The sunshine role sits better  
On lanky chaps like you—  
Then be a human sunbeam,  
Let but the sky be blue.

—Baltimore American.

**Gerónimo in Old Age.**

Gerónimo, the famous old Apache chief, is still in good health, although he is very aged. His home is ten miles from Lawton, O. T., yet he usually walks to and from the place to do his trading. He is often asked to give an exhibition of his skill as a marksman, with bow and arrow. This he readily consents to do provided a nickel is made the target and it is to become his own in case he hits it.

**In a Profitless Chase.**

In regard to the British operations in Somaliland the London Telegraph said recently: "Our chase of the mad mullah has lasted longer than the chase of Dewet and we have not caught him yet. Our troops have done their best in a region which produces nothing and has defied all attempts to make it grow laurels."

**Resigns from Brown Faculty.**

Archibald Delaney, for nearly twenty years steward of Brown university, has resigned, his resignation to take effect Aug. 1. Mr. Delaney has served the college in the capacity of steward since 1885 and is well known to Brown men throughout the country. He will be succeeded by E. A. Burlingame, a civil engineer of Providence.

**Passes the Century Mark.**

Mrs. Sophia Miller Grant celebrated her one hundredth birthday in May at Glen Falls, N. Y. She was married at the age of seventeen, and her eldest great-grandchild is now that age. She has a half hundred descendants, and her mother lived to the age of 103.

**Candidates for Archbishop.**

The names of the Revs. D. Eden, bishop of Wakefield, England, and Bishop Matheson of Winnipeg, Man., will go before the house of bishops of Rupert's Land when they meet in Boston next October to elect a successor to the late Archbishop Machray.

# EXTEND HONOR ROLL

SUGGESTION FOR MORE GENERAL MEMORIAL DAY.

Writer in Eastern Journal Urges Remembrance of the Heroes of Civil Life as Well as Those of the Battlefield.

Every year, as Memorial day passes and the flowers are scattered and the little flags flutter on the soldiers' graves and the speeches are made setting forth their claims to honor and the music wails loudly of our grief for them, the question recurs, "Were these fighting men our only heroes? Does the country hold only its soldiers worthy of remembrance?"

The soldier is the only servant of his country who, while living, is pensioned by her. If he carried a gun a certain number of months in her service, though he never saw the face of battle lower, he is sure when he reaches a certain age of a comfortable support from her bounty. The civil servants of the state, no matter how long or hard their service, neither receive nor ask a pension, nor any recognition in money.

But surely when they are dead we might spare them a flower and a bit of cotton bunting!

Engineers who died to save the passengers they never saw, firemen who perished in the flames, scholars, inventors, statesmen, who to uplift their fellow-men gave their lives of labor, of self-sacrifice—the men, in short, who made our nation what it is today—sleep neglected under the weedy grass.

The French have a better system than ours.

On one day in the year all France honors her dead. To the graveyards all eyes and all hearts turn. The soldier has his chaplet and flag, but so has the dead scholar, the poet, the hero of each village, the beloved one in each house. Not only the great general is honored, but the poor old mother who worked for her children until she dropped by the way. They do not forget to lay the wreath upon her grave.

If the dead can look back and know—and what is the use of our flags and flowers and requiems if they do not know?—are they all except the fighting men to count themselves forgotten?

We are not all fighting men. God forbid that we should be.

Let us then, when another year comes around, put a new meaning into Decoration day, and let each town and village and family go out to pay love and honor to all the dead who lived nobly here among us.—New York World.

**Springtime.**

You can not hear the waters for the wind,  
The brook that foams, and falls, and bubbles by its voice—but ancient  
Hath lost its voice—but ancient  
And befriends moan—and crazy ghosts confined  
In dark courts weep, and shake the shuddering gates.  
Howl thro' the bars, and plain among  
And shriek and wail like voices of the Fates!

And who is he that down the mountain side,  
Swift as a shadow flying from the sun,  
Between the wings of stormy winds  
With fierce blue eyes and eyebrows knit  
With pride;  
Tho' now and then I see sweet laughter  
Play  
Upon his lips, like moments of bright  
Thrown 'twixt the sweet blasts of morn  
And even.  
And golden locks beneath his hood of  
his feet.

Sometimes he turns him back to wave  
farewell  
To his pale sire with icy beard and  
hair,  
Sometimes he sends before him thro'  
the air  
A cry welcome down a sunny dell;  
And while the echoes are around him  
ringing  
Sudden the angry wind breathes low  
and sweet;  
Young violets show their blue eyes at  
his feet.  
And the wild lark is heard above him  
singing!

—Frederick Tennyson.

**Preserving Ancient Costume.**

The ancient Roman amphitheater of Arles recently witnessed a strange Arles, quite Provencal and half Pagan. Mistral, the poet of the Provence, lamenting the gradual disappearance of the picturesque feminine costume of the region before irresistible "Paris fashions," has succeeded in organizing a provincial movement for its preservation. This was publicly launched at a "maidens' festival," in which Mistral himself, as "Emperor of Provence," publicly embraced every Provencal maid who, having completed eighteen years, had first signed a "vow" never to discard the traditional dress of her ancestors for new-fangled notions from the capital.

**Sultan is a Carpenter.**

The sultan of Turkey, when a prince, learned carpentering himself, and has always continued to take great interest in it. One of his first acts when sovereign was to establish a complete joiner's factory at Lidiz, in which he superintends the manufacture of all sorts of articles of furniture, mostly of his own design.

**German Shipbuilding.**

During the year 1903 there were built in German shipyards 229 steamships of 269,933 gross registered tons and 278 sailing vessels of 45,628 tons. Compared with the statistics for 1902 these figures show an increase of two steamers and 47,400 steamer tonnage, and a decrease of two sailing vessels and 13,000 tons in the tonnage of the latter.

**To Protect the Harbor.**

The harbor of Valparaiso, the important port of Chile, is only an open roadstead in which 152 ships have been wrecked through storms causing them to drag their anchors. The water in the bay is very deep in most places, and it has been declared impractical to build a wall across the mouth of the bay. Therefore, a number of walls or breakwaters will be built at a cost of \$10,950,000.

**Fauna of New England.**

The Boston Natural History Society is preparing complete lists of the fauna of New England, of which the first part, containing the reptiles, has been issued in Occasional Papers. These lists are to prepare the way for a complete illustrated monograph of the fauna which the society proposes to publish.

**Colorado Money.**

Colorado produced 1,800,000 pounds of money in 1903, and the output this year is expected to be considerably larger. Epicures declare that Colorado money is the finest produced in any state of the union.

# WOMEN IN GORGEOUS DRESS.

Costumes of Abyssinians During Times of Festival.

"For downright gorgeousness there is little that can surpass a family party of Abyssinian women bound from one village to another in festival time, notably about Easter, for the Abyssinians are Christians," writes Mr. Broughton Brandenberg, describing the life of the women of Egypt in an article in the June Pearson's—Daughters of the Nile.

"A brilliant, bangle-adorned head-dress is bound over the brow and drawn back to fall down the shoulders. The upper part of the body is clad in a blouse of red and white literally covered with gold and silver ornaments, that are handed down from generation to generation. A short skirt in the same style comes below the knees, and the legs are encased in brilliant colored strips wound tightly about like putters, often beaded and spangled. The feet, usually bare, are variously adorned with toe-rings, ankle bracelets, and other ornaments."

**Certain That He Would Win.**

"I once knew an old Irishman who would invest his last cent in any kind of a gamble he had put up against," said Magistrate Cunningham the other day. "One Christmas eve he came home with a ticket entitling him to a chance on a horse and sleigh that were to be raffled off."

"We'll be drivin' out through Fairmount Park th' mornin' like th' big guns, Mary," he announced with pride to his wife.

"Oh, pop, won't that be fine!" chimed in his little son. "You an' me can ride on the front seat, and mom and little Johanna can sit in the back."

"Ye'll be doin' a no sich thing!" asserted the old man. "Twill be the back seat for you, my lad. Yer mother will be on front wit' me."

"I will so!" whined the youngster. "I will so be ridin' on the front!"

"The old man assumed a stern, parental air and took his pipe from his mouth to deliver his final decision.

"Ye'll not, I tell ye," he said. "I'll be havin' no back talk for ye. Git off the sleigh!"—Philadelphia Press.

**Nast During the Civil War.**

In the June Pearson's Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine gives an account of the remarkable work done by Thomas Nast during the Civil War. His sketches were exaggerations of existing conditions, it is true, but sixty-three was a poor time to investigate. Nast simply used the material that came to his hand, and each resulting picture brought volunteers to the Northern cause. They also brought scores of threatening letters to the Harper office from the infuriated South, and Nast might have been captured during the occasional trips he made to the front. The influence exerted by his pictures was tremendous—President Lincoln himself said near the close of the war, "Thomas Nast was the best recruiting sergeant the Union ever had." Mr. Paine has shown great tact in his handling in this article of what is even yet a sore subject with many of his readers.

**His Heart Upon His Sleeve.**

When on fair Maud I look, her eyes of gray,  
Her golden head, the thought comes to my mind  
That might I walk beside her all the way,  
I would forsake the rest of womankind,  
Except, perhaps, sweet Phyllis. 'Twould be pain  
Never to see her sparkling smile again.

Phyllis has such a charm, somehow unlike  
That of all others! When I hear her voice  
Strange thrills of rapture through my being strike.  
I really can't explain it. Yet, for choice,  
Gladly would take first place, for beauty, quite—  
No man could help but worship her, at sight!

She's not as clever as she might be, true,  
But Margaret queens it with her sweet disdain  
Of common, worldly ways, compelling you  
To tread, at least in thought, Life's loftiest plane.  
And yet, I question if she'd make a man  
As happy as would laughter-loving Nan.

Dear Nan is lightness itself. In sooth  
Our souls seem so attuned to one glad key  
I've really sometimes felt she is, in truth,  
The sky and comrade Nature meant for me;  
But these, and like reflections, are too late  
Because—I've just become engaged to Kate!

—Town Topics.

**Both Private.**

Murphy, a full private in the First Battalion Blankshire regiment, was being tried the other day for being drunk. The commanding officer knew the face too well, for Murphy had been brought up on the old charge times without number.

Punishment did not cure him, so the C. O. had drawn vivid word pictures of the horrible evils of the canteen.

"Now, Murphy," he said, "didn't you promise me faithfully that you would act up to your uniform?"

"I did sor," replied the irrepressible one; "and, be-had, I did act up to it entirely. Me uniform was tight!"—Spare Moments.



ABOUT "HIGH FINANCE."

Whatever tends to quiet the public's fears, or to sharpen the public's appetite for investment, is "good," from the point of view of the "high finance." To use another metaphor, the public's money is grist to the financial mill.

Thus, the public has always a remedy in its own hands for grievances it may have against any financier or group of financiers. It has simply to refuse to buy the securities manufactured by the offenders. It has simply to tighten its purse strings, and the game ceases. The one motto that it should keep before itself is "Caveat emptor." Experience shows that very little is to be gained by throwing good money after bad, or unduly weeping over spilt milk. Nevertheless, experience is a good school, and money is not entirely lost if it pays for a lesson.—Wall Street Journal.

**UNLIBERATED POWERS.**

From the latest measurements by Curie, it is estimated that the energy of fifteen pounds of radium, fully utilized, would run a one-horse-power engine many centuries. We are thus constantly being told of the latent powers stored away here and there which could be made to run the universe almost indefinitely if we could unlock them.

But it happens that we only manage to liberate these latent, stored-away powers gradually. Perhaps it is well, else some impetuous spirits might run away with the whole plan of creation and leave us high and dry.—Boston Globe.

**BOYS AND GIRLS.**

In the May Delineator there is a paper by Lillie Hamilton French which contains much sensible advice to mothers of marriageable sons, and to mothers-in-law. The following paragraph on the antagonism that is fostered between boys and girls in childhood is worth quoting:

"Just like a boy" or "just like a girl," one or the other is perpetually told, and always in the way of reproach. When the boy displays an undue feeling someone says to him: "Your mother ought to put you in petticoats." When the little girl tries to throw a ball she is told that the boys will laugh at her. The war of the sexes begins then and goes ceaselessly on. Why should these things be so? Boys and girls are in this world to grow up together, to live together, to take their places side by side, as parents and as guides to the generations coming after them. You, perhaps, are afraid to say so to your children, afraid of putting ideas into their heads. You find it easier to leave them to be taken unawares by newly awakened emotions, which plunge them into matrimony before they even know what its responsibilities entail, leaving them, as unhappy married people, to founder away, as best they can, out of their own mistakes."

**NOT FOR THE PRESENT DAY.**

Perhaps, under some halcyon dispensation—say, the millennium, of which we have heard so much—there may be an arrangement whereby universal health, happiness and prosperity will follow on the heels of universal education, apathy and indolence. But, taking humanity as it is, and measuring prospects by the actual material at our present disposal, is it wise to depopulate the fields, the factories and the mines by preaching the multitude into a state of scorn for simple toil? What are all these millions to do when they shall have exalted above the spade, the pitchfork and the ax? A world composed of millionaires, barbers, school teachers, orators and pawnbrokers would not be able to defend itself for any great length of time from the savage and the anarchist.—Washington Post.

**WHAT PEARY HOPES.**

The approach of summer brings into the public eye once more the indefatigable Commander Peary and his plans for reaching the North Pole. Already he is preparing for his trip from Sydney, which will begin July 1, and is for the purpose of carrying a reserve coal supply to the Greenland shore to be used in connection with his greatest and perhaps final dash northward in 1905. For this supreme effort of Peary's life only a part of the necessary \$200,000 has been secured, but the explorer is confident that by means of small subscriptions he will find ample means before next year.

Peary will enter upon the gigantic task of reaching the goal of so many ambitions admirably equipped by reason of his former attempts. Each failure has added much to his store of knowledge, has taught him where and how victory is possible. With a stronger vessel than ever before he hopes to reach a point in Greenland 83 degrees north before taking to the sledges. He will then be but 420 miles from the pole—a distance he has covered in four previous sledge journeys, each one, of course, begun from a more southern latitude. With a perfection of dog outfits and personnel of his little party he counts upon doing his outlined work between February and the end of May.

Some day or other, as surely as the earth revolves upon its axis, human hands are going to plant a flag upon the spot called the North Pole. Since this is to be done, however useless the labor and the pouring out of money may seem, let us hope that the Stars and Stripes may first float over the center of the frozen North.—Boston Post.

**PRESERVING THE DEAD.**