

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Economy is a virtue, but its practice ought not to be reflected in laundry bills.

New York uses 1,388,000 quarts of milk a day. No statistics about other beverages available.

Now a Philadelphia expose is threatened by Mayor Weaver. Can it be that the Quaker City is stirring in its sleep?

The published statement that the milk trust is thinking of watering its stock makes the New York Herald simply cacinate.

A writer in the Chicago Record-Herald gives a formula for beautifying the tress locks. This is Chicagoese for washing the hair.

If you don't believe that a woman can keep a secret, ask her her age.—New York Herald.

But don't look at her.

The cable says the duel between Count Czaykowski and M. Villette "was well attended." It was quite a social function, in fact.

The kaiser will permit army officers to drink to his health in water, feeling, no doubt, that the custom is not likely to become dangerously prevalent.

It is not true that activity in building South American railroads is so that defaulters may make the trip through to Buenos Ayres without change.

The first woman typewriter is still thumping the keys. However, she was married before she entered the business and was not a real typewriter, after all.

The society for psychical research wants \$100,000 to find the way to the hereafter. This might be encouraged if we had discovered any royal road to the here.

The Emperor of Japan has written another poem, which consists of six lines. He gets \$3,000,000 a year, and is undoubtedly the highest salaried poet on earth.

Those who claim that onions as a diet sharpen the intellect will point with pride to the assertion that Mrs. Chadwick is addicted to the tear-compelling vegetable.

The Parisian hostess who entertained her guests with a "moving picture" representation of a surgical operation evidently expected to make them happy by contrast.

Even the sly fox will admit that the friends who are opposed to putting a bounty on his skin hope to preserve him that they may get a chance to hunt him down as a sport.

The man who has bought his on the installment plan is not always sure that Cicero was right when he spoke of the possession of books as a perennial source of solace and joy.

Susan B. Anthony is 85 years old and admits it. Alice Roosevelt is 21 and makes no secret of the fact. But between Susan and Alice are many women who would rather not tell.

King Edward read his address at the opening of parliament. He got along very nicely, as the man who wrote it was careful not to put in any words the king could not pronounce.

A court of law has decided that if a wife exceeds a liberal allowance for dress her husband cannot be held for her bills. Now will some court of law kindly decide what is a liberal allowance?

A Chicago woman sued for \$50,000 for breach of promise, and got 50 cents. It should have been 30 cents, to have adequately represented her mental condition when she heard the verdict.

A negro woman 73 years of age has graduated from a New Haven, Conn., school. She has one big advantage. Nobody will be likely to make flippant references to her as a "sweet girl graduate."

A dispatch from Carson City, Nev., says that of fifty-five children whose births were recorded there last year only one was a boy—but it doesn't say that there were only fifty-five births last year in Carson City.

The attempt to discipline automobile owners by fining the chauffeurs has not proved the success that was hoped for. Being arrested merely comes to be regarded as a part of the chauffeur's regular duty.

A well meaning person declares that the use of tobacco shortens life greatly and also that the habit, once formed in youth, is invariably kept up to extreme old age. This good reformer seems to operate under a blanket franchise.

An unknown young man 25 years of age has won \$5,000 in a prize story contest. It would be well worth the price of all of Carnegie's millions to have a ten-year lease on the feelings which are that young man's at the present time.

A New York woman left a will in which it was stipulated that her ashes should be buried in her work basket. Perhaps she was afraid the hereafter might sometimes seem long and tiresome, and figured that it would help her to pass away the time if she could have her sewing or knitting handy.

A bill has been presented in Congress to prevent divorced people from holding public office. Naturally the statesman who offers it thinks a penalty of that kind would end the divorce business at once and forever.

IT IS IN THE BLOOD

Neither Liniments nor Ointments Will Reach Rheumatism—How Mr. Stephenson Was Cured.

People with inflamed and aching joints, or painful muscles; people who shuffle about with the aid of a cane or a crutch and cry, "Oh, at every slight jar, or am constantly asking, "What is the best thing for rheumatism?"

To attempt to cure rheumatism by external applications is a foolish waste of time. The seat of the disease is in the blood, and while the sufferer is rubbing lotions and grease on the skin the poison in the circulation is increasing.

Delays in adopting a sensible treatment are dangerous because rheumatism may at any moment reach the heart and prove fatal. The only safe course for rheumatic sufferers is to get the best possible blood remedy at once.

Mr. Stephenson's experience with this obstinate and distressing affliction is that of hundreds. He says:

"About a year ago I was attacked by severe rheumatic pains in my left shoulder. The pains were worse in wet weather, and at these periods caused me the greatest suffering. I tried a number of treatments and ointments, but they failed to alleviate the pains."

Then he realized that the cause must be deeper and the pain only a surface indication. He adds:

"I had heard Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People recommended as a cure for rheumatism, and when I found that I was getting no relief from applications, I made up my mind that I would try them. Before the first box was gone I noticed that the pains were becoming less frequent, and that they were not so severe as before. After the second box had been used up I was entirely free from discomfort, and I have had no traces of rheumatism since."

The change in treatment proved by almost immediate results that Mr. Thomas Stephenson, who lives at No. 115 Greenwood street, Springfield, Mass., had found the true means for the purification and enrichment of his blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are without doubt the best of all blood remedies. They effect genuine and lasting cures in rheumatism. They do not merely deaden the ache, but they expel the poison from the blood. These pills are sold by all druggists.

Spread of English Language.

New Zealand, Samoa, Hawaii, most of Polynesia and various small states have permanently adopted our mother tongue, and there is every reason to believe that the 10,000,000 of Filipinos will be using it in the course of time.

With the construction of the Panama canal Central America also will probably yield to its influences to a large extent.

Definition of Railway Ticket.

A little school girl's definition of a railroad ticket is worth repeating. In a composition written in one of the Boston primaries on "A Railway Journey," the little one says, among other things: "You have got to get a ticket, which is a piece of paper, and you give it to a man who cuts a hole in it and lets you pass through."

Have Strange Beliefs.

Strange beliefs linger in many out-of-the-way corners of Britain. In Devonshire, for instance, the country folk still make "cramp rings" out of old coffin handles; and bracelets forged out of nails on which suicides have hanged themselves are worn by gouty people, and deemed singularly efficacious.

Cured Her Diabetes.

Halo, Ind., Feb. 27th.—(Special.)—It will cure Diabetes will cure a form of Kidney Disease, as so many physicians say, then Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Disease. For Mrs. L. C. Bowers of this place has proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes.

"I had Diabetes," Mrs. Bowers says, "my teeth all became loose and part of them came out. I passed a great deal of water with such burning sensations I could hardly bear it. I lost about 40 pounds in weight. I used many medicines and doctored with two local doctors but never got any better till I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cured me so completely that in three years I have had no return of the disease. I am a well woman now, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ailments from Backache to Bright's Disease. Cure your Backache with them and you will never have Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Rheumatism.

Women Workers of London.

There are in actual practice in London five women builders, two women architects, seven women house painters and dozens of women who are employed as internal house decorators.

Billion Dollar Grass.

When the John A. Salzer Seed Co., of La Crosse, Wis., introduced this remarkable grass three years ago, little did they dream it would be the most talked of grass in America, the biggest, quick, hay producer on earth, but this has come to pass.

Agricultural Editors wrote about it, Agr. College Professors lectured about it, Agr. Institute Orators talked about it, while in the farm home by the quiet fire side, in the corner grocery, in the village post-office, at the creamery, at the depot, in fact wherever farmers gathered, Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, which produces good for 5 to 14 tons hay per acre and lots of pasture besides, is always a theme worthy of the farmer's voice.

Then comes Broomcorn, then which there is no better grass or better permanent hay producer on earth. Grows wherever soil is found. Then the farmer talks about Salzer's Teosinte, which produces 100 stacks from one kernel of seed, 11 ft. high, in 100 days, rich in nutrition and greedily eaten by cattle, hogs, etc., and is good for 80 tons of green food per acre.

Victoria Rape, the luxuriant food for hogs and sheep, which can be grown at 25c a ton, and Speltz at 20c a bu., both great food for sheep, hogs and cattle, also come in for their share in the discussion.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS and this notice to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their big catalog and many farm seed samples. [W. N. U.]

The first regular English pantomime is said to have been "Harlequin Executed," produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theater, December 26, 1717.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Think of the Lonely Ones.

Let us spare a thought for the lonely ones. From the moments gay and glad; There are many whose lives are thin and poor.

Wife's thoughts are cold and sad. We can spare a thought for the lonely ones. And perchance can find a way. By a tender word, or a kindly look. To brighten the lives of grey.

See the tolling seamstress, wan and pale. In the dingy, soiled room! And the lonely youth, in his lodging, pine For a glance of the dear old home. See the mother weep till her eyes are red. By the empty cradle side. And the widow reads for the hundredth time How her hero husband died!

Oh, look not far for the lonely ones. For the man who toils by thy side. May be feeling the gulf between thee and him. As cruelly, cruelly wide. And it may be a glance or a kindly word. Or a tender thought to bless. May brighten a soul that was lost for years. In the pains of loneliness.

—A. E. Bull, in "Philo and the Angel."

McCook-Prentice Duel.

"A misleading statement," said Capt. Samuel A. Harper of Peoria, "in regard to the so-called duel between Col. Dan McCook and the son of George D. Prentice is going the rounds. As I witnessed the fight I know more about it than those who didn't see it and who apparently never heard of it until recently."

"In December, 1862, I was in company H, Fifty-second Ohio infantry. During the battle of Stone River the left battalion of the Fifty-second was detailed to guard a supply train from Nashville to the army at Stone River. Col. Dan McCook was then commanding the brigade on post duty as Nashville, but, eager to find excuse for going to the front, he on this occasion took command of his regiment and we started."

"When we reached the old asylum on the Murfreesboro pike, about eight miles out, Wheeler's cavalry attacked us, and before the battalion could be concentrated, cut a wide swath through the moving train. When company H double-quickened up from the rear to the point of attack we met Col. Dan coming to meet us from the head of the train. At that minute we became hotly engaged, as did the detachment with the Colonel."

"In a few minutes I looked up to see how Col. Dan was faring, and saw him and a Confederate officer riding in a circle firing rapidly at each other with their Colt revolvers. It was what the boys called a beautiful fight, and finally the Confederate officer fell from his horse. Col. Dan rode on to form the arriving companies, but Capt. Edward L. Anderson of his staff dismounted, placed the wounded officer behind a tree, and gave him such assistance as he could render."

"Col. Dan soon had his men in hand and drove Wheeler off. He delivered the train to the army in front and with his one battalion participated in the closing fight of the battle of Stone River. Meantime Capt. Anderson learned that the officer wounded in the spectacular fight was the son of George D. Prentice and he so reported to Col. Dan."

"As the latter was a warm personal friend and great admirer of George D. Prentice and had written him the day before in regard to the course of the war, he was grieved beyond measure that he had shot the son of the old friend of his family and himself. However, he had young Prentice cared for and used his influence to have him sent home."

"When Col. McCook next met Mr. Prentice (unexpectedly at a hotel in Nashville), he hesitated to approach him. Prentice noticing his constraint and divining the cause, took the matter in his own hands. He gave the colonel the most cordial greeting, and the two talked over the fight at the asylum, the Colonel expressing his regret that the fortunes of war had made him the antagonist of his old friend's son. When Col. Dan fell at Kennesaw no more touching tribute was paid his memory that that which came from the pen of George D. Prentice."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Expert Surgeon in the Ranks.

"You never could tell," said the colonel, "what kind of a man you were picking up when a man enlisted in the first year of the civil war. All sorts of men were eager to get into the service, and most of them were humble minded. I remember that in one of the earlier regiments mustered in Ohio we found a college president, three lawyers and two doctors among the privates, and hundreds of men who were reticent as to their previous standing in life. Much the same conditions prevailed, I know, in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. In that day the best of us did not believe that any man was too good to carry a musket in defense of the flag."

"Many of the men who enlisted in-cognito were not found out for months or years. For example, when we were going through the Carolinas in the last year of the war Surgeon McCauley of the Ninety-eighth Ohio overtook an Irish sergeant on his way from the field hospital to the front. Artillery and skirmish firing in front indicated that the brigade was having a hard fight, but the sergeant, well equipped as to arms and ammunition, and well fortified with 'spirits' (whisky), obtained at the field hospital, where the surgeons were too busy with the wounded to protect their supplies, seemed indifferent."

"Surgeon McCauley, taking in the situation, said: 'Pat, what are you having a fight in front?' Pat saluted and said in reply: 'Faith, and bedad, doctor, it is meself that is going to the same front where the boys are fighting. I carried Jamey back there to the hospital and strapped him to a dure while they took off his leg. It is a sorry day for the poor lad. These field hospitals are little more than butcher shops—a dure for an operating table. Bad luck to the whole of them.' After trudging along quietly for a few minutes Pat said, explosively: 'If I were no better sawbones than the spalpeens back yander I would never take scalpel in my hand again.'"

"A change in the bearing of the man, a change in the tone of voice, led the doctor to suspect that Pat was something more than a straggler who had drifted back to the field hospital simply to get a drop of the crcher, and he plied him with questions so skillfully that he soon learned that Pat was a graduate of Dublin Surgical college and had practiced surgery. A few days later Pat, at the suggestion of Surgeon McCauley, was detailed to assist in the field hospital. He proved to be, when sober, an expert with saw and knife, and in a few days made the quickest and neatest amputation recorded from Perryville to Bentonville. Later he made a hip joint amputation, regarded at that time as very difficult, and placed to his credit one of the noted operations of the war."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Early Days of the Great War.

"The volunteers," said the captain, "went into the army in 1861 with queer notions of military service. In the first year of the war I heard men well informed on general subjects contend that a commanding officer could not compel his men to march in the rain or to fight on Sunday or to make a campaign in winter. All these things they declared were in the army regulations, and if any general dared to disregard them there would be trouble."

"Before our company had been six months in the service it had made several forced marches in the rain, had waded rivers on three different occasions, had fought its bloodiest engagement on Sunday, and the boys had revised their army regulations to read, 'An officer may do with his men what he pleases, providing always that he links the enemy.'"

"At Stone River a captain of the best disciplined company in the regiment ordered his men, retreating in line, to stop and pull out a gun carriage jammed in between two trees. The captain and two men stepped out and the company went on. The captain and his two helpers were prisoners in five minutes, and word came to the company that the captain had sworn he would have them all punished for disobedience of orders as soon as he was released from prison."

"In due time he was released and returned to the regiment in a new uniform. He came up with the column just as the men had been ordered to throw up intrenchments, and when he reached his company the men were as muddy as so many ditchers. They suspended work only a minute to give the captain a cheer. In that minute the wag of the company asked: 'Where is the captain, Cap?' This forced the issue, and the captain, laughing, said the joke was on him. In fifteen minutes he was working as hard as his men, but his new uniform was a sight to behold."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Nation's Badge of Honor.

The department of Minnesota adopted its badge in 1889. It is made of copper mined in the state and bears a representation of the state seal in relief. It is pendant from the pin by a cherry ribbon, the pin being inscribed "G. A. R. Minnesota."

Old Horse Nerves.

These old horses never forget the calls, no matter how long it has been since they last heard them.

One day some years ago, when I was passing an open lot in the outskirts of Chicago, I found a boy trying to play an old cornet, says a writer in Forest and Stream. While the boy and I were at work on the cornet, an old negro ash hauler came along driving an animal that had once been a good horse, but was now only a collection of skin and bones. The horse stopped when he heard us and stuck up his ears. I came to the conclusion that he had been a cavalry horse and asked the old negro where he had got him. "From a farmer," he said. I could not find a "U. S." on the horse; he had probably been discharged so long ago that his brand had been worn off. But taking the cornet, I sounded the stable call, and the horse began to dance.

"Hold fast to your lines, now, uncle," I warned the old negro. "I am going to make that old horse do some of the fastest running he has ever done since he left the cavalry." Then, beginning with the call for the gallop, I next sounded the charge, and the old plug went plunging up the road at his fastest gait, dragging his wagon after him. I gave him the recall next, and he came down to a walk, much to the relief of the old negro. He said that this was the first time he had ever seen the horse run. He had never been able to get him to go faster than a slow walk before. "You don't feed him well enough to get him to do much running," I told him. "That horse, when he did have to run, got his twelve pounds of corn and all the hay he could eat every day."

Importance of Proper Food.

"The fate of nations," says Brillat-Savarin, "depends on how they are fed."

The Law of Life

Lo! this is the law of life: A song of peace, and a day of strife; A day of strife, and a song of peace— And the thunder of battles that never cease.

From the morning gray of the farthest day. To the clash of arms, and the mad alarms Of trumpet and drum— This eternal truth: That the War God's ruth is akin to the fiercest hate; That Man, in the game, is as flax to flame— And the pitiful fool of fate!

From the days forgot—and when time was not. And the first man stood alone— Built their castles of oak and stone. Then to drink and fight in a wild delight Was the order of church and state; And Man, in the game, was the moth in the flame— And the pitiful fool of fate!

From the days of old—to the days of gold. "That we moderns so highly prize, Have the cries and groans and the sighs and moans. Of the dying assailed the skies. And to slay and fight from morn till night— Is the rule of the wise and great; And Man, in the game, is as flax to flame— And the pitiful fool of fate!"

Yea, the War God quaffs of our blood—and laughs. At his mother who gave us his birth; For his skull-decked throne is the brawn and bone. Of strenuous sons of earth! And the months roll on—and the years are gone. Yet his passion does not abate; And Man, in the game, is the moth in the flame— And the pitiful fool of fate!"

For this is the law of life; A song of peace, and a day of strife; A day of strife, and a song of peace— And the thunder of battles that never cease. And this is the law of life! —Ohio State Journal.

COULDN'T LIFT TEN POUNDS.

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Strength and Health to the Sufferer, Making Him Feel Twenty-five Years Younger.

J. B. Corton, farmer and lumberman, of Deppo, N. C., says: "I suffered for years with my back. It was so bad that I could not walk any distance nor even ride in easy buggy. I do not believe I could have raised ten pounds of weight from the ground, the pain was so severe. This was my condition when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly relieved me, and now I am never troubled as I was. My back is strong and I can walk or ride a long distance and feel just as strong as I did twenty-five years ago. I think so much of Doan's Kidney Pills that I have given a supply of the remedy to some of my neighbors and they have also found good results. If you can sift anything from this rambling note that will be of any service to you, or to anyone suffering from kidney trouble, you are at liberty to do so."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.

Swedish Bridal Superstition.

The Swedish bride, who is superstitious, fills her pockets with considerable distinction by Jews 500 years before, and it was still current at the time of the Spanish exodus."

Mr. Wolf traces the obscure origin of the family from the time when a certain Benjamin D'Israeli was born at Certo, Ferrara, the family having probably come from the Levant. This Benjamin D'Israeli emigrated to England in his 8th year, and was the ancestor of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Wolf mentions incidentally the interesting fact that Mr. Pinerio is a descendant of a collateral branch of the family.

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

David is not the only man who has flattered a loyal servant that he might set him in the front of the battle to secure his fall.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—W. M. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

To the receptive soul the river of life pauseth not nor is diminished.—George Eliot.

Disraeli and His Ancestry

Even in old age, when he was journeying to the grave full of honors, Lord Beaconsfield spoke proudly of his Hebrew ancestry; but Mr. Lucien Wolf is at some pains to prove that the whole story of the Disraelis, as set forth in his memoir of his father, is, to say the least, unreliable. Says Mr. Wolf:

"The statement that the name Disraeli had never been borne before or since by any other family is only true of Lord Beaconsfield himself, for he was the first Disraeli. His father to the end of his days spelt his name D'Israeli, and his grandfather, who was known in his young days, like his father before him, as simple Israel. Nor is it quite true to say that the name stands absolutely alone in the world's onomasticon. Throughout the 8th century a Huguenot family, named Disraeli, was a resident in London. It became extinct with one Benjamin Disraeli, of Beechey Park, Carlou, a rich money-lender and notary of Dublin, who died in 1814. There is also to-day, in Vienna, a family named Disraeli, but they rather tend to confirm Lord Beaconsfield's hypothesis, since they have only recently adopted the name. Even in its most authentic form of Israeli the name was not unprecedented in the 5th century, for it had been borne with considerable distinction by Jews 500 years before, and it was still current at the time of the Spanish exodus."

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Few Good Reading Clerks

"The meeting of congress reminds me that it is one of the rarest things in the world to find a good reading clerk," said an old reporter, "and there is, I suppose, a very good reason for it. As a matter of fact, it takes a peculiar type of man to make a reading clerk. There are a great many men who can read well for a while. But the man wanted by the large deliberative bodies must be able to sustain himself, and in order to do this he must learn how to control his voice. In fact, he must be as careful of his voice as the artistic singer."

"Reading clerks in legislative bodies often have a peculiar condition to deal with on account of the character of legislative halls. The men who read for Congress also read under difficulties. During the last national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties I had occasion to appreciate the difficulties of finding good reading clerks. Each convention selected a number of reading clerks, but the service was not at all satisfactory. It was impossible to hear the clerks a short while after they began to read. They would pitch their voices in a key so high that catch phrases would soon become husky and the men could not be heard at all. Another man would be pressed into service with the same result."

"On account of these difficulties it required the services of a number of men to get the platforms and resolutions before the conventions. And at that the reading was of a most unsatisfactory nature, for even the delegates who were required to vote on the various propositions involved could not hear and did not know what they were voting for. Good reading clerks are indeed rare and it would seem that young men with ambition might find it profitable to equip themselves along this line, where they are endowed with voices capable of being developed."

Queer Beliefs in Papua

Among the most curious superstitions of the people of Papua is the belief in Fifi, says a recent sojourner in the region of New Guinea. Fifi is supposed to be a spirit always invisible but occasionally audible. It is considered a bringer of both good and bad luck, but no attempt is made to propitiate it.

The cult is so absurd, says the Detroit News-Tribune, that the wonder is that the people believe in it at all, yet although there is apparently nothing supernatural on the face of it the Papuans are willing to credit its manifestations.

When a tribe wishes to know its luck and whether hostile attack is imminent the rites of Fifi are celebrated. This is always done at night. The tribe gathers round the fire and one girl is told off to be the medium of Fifi. She is chosen because she is supposed to possess some peculiar occult power fitting her especially for this office. She retires to some corner near at hand where she is not seen and from there she whistles in different keys.

The assembled savages, on hearing the sound, immediately exclaim that Fifi has come and judge by the whistle whether the omens are favorable or not. The priestess is not above the Delphic trick of framing her oracles to suit political necessity or her own inclinations and likings. One would think that a people of such general common sense as the Papuans would see the possibility of deception, but they have implicit faith in Fifi's manifestations. Certain insects were also regarded as Fifi. When one species of firefly entered the house at night had freely or immediately attack and extermination by hostile tribes would be predicted. This is, perhaps, the most ludicrous phase in the beliefs of this fascinating and, on the whole, amiable people.

Finding Warrant for War

On both sides of the great controversy which took shape fearful shape in the middle of the seventeenth century, but especially on the Protestant side, the minds of men were devoted, not to seeking that peace which was breathed upon the world by the New Testament, but to finding warrant for war—and especially the methods of the chosen people in waging war against unbelievers—in the Old Testament. Did any legislator or professor of law yield to feelings of humanity, he was sure to meet with protests based upon authority of Holy Scripture. Plunder and pillage were supported by reference to the divinely approved "spoiling of the Egyptians" by the Israelites. The right to massacre unresisting enemies was based upon the command of the Almighty to the Jews in the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy. The indiscriminate slaughter of whole populations was justified by a reference to the divine command to slaughter the nations round about Israel. Torture and mutilation of enemies was sanctioned by the conduct of Samuel against Agag, of King David against the Philistines, of the men of Judah against Adoni-bezek. Even the slaughter of babes in arms was supported by a passage from the Psalms. "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Treachery and assassination were supported by a reference to the divinely approved Phinehas, Ehud, Judith and Jael; murdering the ministers of unapproved religions by Elijah's slaughter of the priests of Baal.—Andrew D. White, in Atlantic.

Senate Gavel Lasts Long

Assistant Sergeant at Arms Stewart of the United States senate has ordered a silver band for the gavel that is used by Senator Frye in calling the senators to order. This gavel is unlike most of the symbols of authority wielded by presiding officers. It consists of a piece of ivory shaped like an hour glass. Nobody knows the origin or age of the gavel, save that it has been used in the senate for more than 100 years. It is yellow with age and is slick and smooth as the result of long handling.

"The history of this gavel," said Mr. Stewart the other day, "is wrapped in mystery. We have traced it back far enough to know that it came to Washington from Philadelphia in 1801, and has been on the vice president's table ever since. I have just ordered a silver band with an inscription for the gavel. It will bear the date 1801. One hundred years after the arrival of this gavel in Washington we bought an inkstand for the use of the presiding officer of the senate. The stand and the gavel are the only pieces of furniture allowed permanently on his desk in the senate."

The senate is such a decorous body that the vice president never breaks the boards in his desk pounding for order. Over in the house the carpenter has to put in a couple of new planks in the speaker's table every session. During Reed's regime the boards had to be renewed every month or so.

Even in old age, when he was journeying to the grave full of honors, Lord Beaconsfield spoke proudly of his Hebrew ancestry; but Mr. Lucien Wolf is at some pains to prove that the whole story of the Disraelis, as set forth in his memoir of his father, is, to say the least, unreliable. Says Mr. Wolf:

"The statement that the name Disraeli had never been borne before or since by any other family is only true of Lord Beaconsfield himself, for he was the first Disraeli. His father to the end of his days spelt his name D'Israeli, and his grandfather, who was known in his young days, like his father before him, as simple Israel. Nor is it quite true to say that the name stands absolutely alone in the world's onomasticon. Throughout the 8th century a Huguenot family, named Disraeli, was a resident in London. It became extinct with one Benjamin Disraeli, of Beechey Park, Carlou, a rich money-lender and notary of Dublin, who died in 1814. There is also to-day, in Vienna, a family named Disraeli, but they rather tend to confirm Lord Beaconsfield's hypothesis, since they have only recently adopted the name. Even in its most authentic form of Israeli the name was not unprecedented in the 5th century, for it had been borne with considerable distinction by Jews 500 years before, and it was still current at the time of the Spanish exodus."

Mr. Wolf traces the obscure origin of the family from the time when a certain Benjamin D'Israeli was born at Certo, Ferrara, the family having probably come from the Levant. This Benjamin D'Israeli emigrated to England in his 8th year, and was the ancestor of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Wolf mentions incidentally the interesting fact that Mr. Pinerio is a descendant of a collateral branch of the family.

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

David is not the only man who has flattered a loyal servant that he might set him in the front of the battle to secure his fall.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—W. M. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

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