

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - - NEBRASKA.

The "innate modesty" of Harry Lehr is something to make the gods choke.

Having trained down to 234 pounds Secretary Taft doubtless feels right on edge.

Ghosts at Smith? What do the girls care, so long as the mouse traps do their perfect work?

A contemporary discusses "the ideal poorhouse." It is a house in which there are no poor.

If you have slipped up on any of your New Year's resolutions make them over again right now.

When Harry Lehr gets ready to trash anybody a lot of his acquaintances would like tickets of admission.

A husband at Washington, Pa., has given a pledge always to tell his wife the truth. More trouble coming to him.

A Chicago doctor wants a censor for the stage. It is unnecessary to add that he is an unsuccessful playwright.

How would you like to be a Brazilian and be called upon by the yellow newspapers to "Remember the Aquidaban?"

Money will not buy happiness; but who ever claimed that coal, clothing, groceries, glad garments and automobiles are happiness.

Editor Stead says all revolutions are caused by the pinch of hunger. Clearly it is not love, then, that makes the world go round.

One reason why Col. Mann did not repay those loans may have been a fear that some of his eminent creditors were subject to heart disease.

Chicago has a citizen who is 101 years old. He acknowledges, however, that it has cost him a great deal in pipes and tobacco to attain that age.

One of New York's business buildings is so high that an old farmer who strayed into the elevator wondered if he had got into an airship bound for Mars.

Now that Judge Gary of Chicago has decided that a wife is a luxury, the ladies will doubtless think it over and decide whether this is a compliment or not.

New Yorkers in one of the local dailies are disputing about the wording of the Lord's prayer. It is well to have the attention of the New Yorkers called to it.

A thousand dollars is offered for a dollar of the coinage of 1905. But how can it be expected that a man would hold onto a dollar that was made almost a year ago?

That big "Cullinan" diamond found in South Africa last year may be worth \$45,000,000, as Mr. Kunz says, but most ordinary people would rather have the \$45,000,000.

That man from Washington who was struck by 40,000 volts of electricity and survived must have been a senate lobbyist. The nerve of a lobbyist is equal to any shock.

The woman's club of Pittsburg insists that "for sanitary reasons" a woman's skirts should not extend below her knees. Let no sanitary precautions be overlooked.

A unionist member of parliament kindly has given his seat to Mr. Balfour, saying that gentleman from the fate of becoming a mere political straphanger, as it were.

China expects soon to have a free press, but unless the style of printing now in vogue over there is changed the matter will scarcely create any interest on this side of the world.

Lord Strathcona has spoken in the highest terms of the future of Canada. We never see Lord Strathcona mentioned without thinking that he has a name admirably adapted for a parlor car.

It is said of the late Marshall Field that he disliked publicity. Of course that means personal publicity. He was a tremendous advertiser, and that largely accounts for his fortune of \$150,000,000.

The London Saturday Review thinks that war is less immoral and shocking to the finer sense than an election. We infer that our contemporary does not like the outcome of the present British contest.

There was a session of the lower house of the New York legislature that lasted just four minutes. The proceedings consisted of a prayer and a motion to adjourn. It was more profitable, doubtless, than most sessions.

By order of a New York court a mother gave her seventeen-year-old girl who had attempted suicide a spanking with a hair brush. The fall from the sublime to the ridiculous might be more spectacular, but never more complete.

A New York physician has published a "lost, strayed or stolen" advertisement for "one redhead." He has received answers from or relating to girls, ducks, parrots, firecrackers and a white horse. But what he really wants in his office boy. Such is spontaneous humor in Manhattan.

"Peau de Messalines, plain Louisines, Peau de Cygnes and Faconne Shantungs," read the father of the family. And it was not a restaurant bill of fare, either, but a dry goods store advertisement in the newspaper.

The Companionable Girl.

A companionable girl is one who is good company. But what makes her so?

After goodness of heart and true uprightness of character, which always come first, she must be an agreeable people to be really good and agreeable people to be really good and conscientious at heart while having unpleasant ways, but it is a thousand pities not to be pleasant besides.

"Why can't all good people be nice?" questioned a vexed young person after coming in contact with one who was really good but not gracious.

To be agreeable means to be ready to agree, to be of the same mind. Yet, if all people thought exactly the same thing it would be excessively stupid.

The companionable girl is social. If she is glum and grumpy, she is a poor companion. She likes to tell her own experience, but she does not make it a point to keep at it continually and never let her neighbor have a chance to tell hers.

A German student finds one of the causes of the inability of the Russian railroads to handle their traffic is the antiquity of their locomotives.

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WESTERN CANADA'S MARVELOUS CROP RETURNS

The increase in the crop returns of the Canadian West, in the past few years has approached the marvelous, and there is no reason to believe that a corresponding increase will not result for many years to come.

The yield has been particularly noticeable in what was formerly known as the Northwest Territories, but which, on September 1st, 1905, became the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

From the official returns we find the following results in the acreage sown to wheat, oats and barley, in the years mentioned, and a more favorable showing cannot be pointed to in any other country during a like period.

	Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.
1898	307,580	105,077	17,092
1899	363,523	134,938	14,276
1900	412,864	175,439	17,044
1901	504,697	229,439	24,702
1902	625,758	310,367	36,445
1903	837,234	440,662	68,974
1904	965,549	523,634	98,154

The yield has been uniformly good every year except 1900, when there appears to have been a slump all along the line. This, however, was more than compensated for in the following year, when the bumper crop in wheat, oats and barley put the returns of all previous years completely in the shade and gave an impetus to settlement in the west which has prevailed to the present, as the following table by bushels will show:

	Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.
1898	5,542,478	3,040,307	449,512
1899	6,915,623	4,686,036	337,521
1900	4,028,294	4,226,152	353,210
1901	12,808,447	11,113,066	795,100
1902	13,956,850	10,661,295	970,417
1903	16,029,149	14,179,705	1,842,824
1904	16,875,537	16,332,551	2,205,434

It will be seen that the number of acres sown to wheat, oats and barley in 1898 was 429,749, and that this had increased in 1904 to 1,587,337.

The total crop in the cereals mentioned was 9,033,297 bushels in 1898, and in 1904 it had grown to the magnificent total of 35,413,522. In the year just closed the "forward movement" in the agriculture of the west has been the wonder and envy of the world.

New sections of the country have been placed under tribute to the plow and harrow, and the grain area has been largely increased. This is particularly the case where it has been demonstrated that "Alberta Red" winter wheat may be successfully grown, and along the lines of the new railroads towards the centre of the country, where mixed farming prevails.

The future of the Canadian West is assured, and for years to come it is bound to be the land of promise to the agriculturist of every nation and of every clime, and the land of opportunity to every settler within its bounds.

Fuller information can be secured from any Canadian Government Agent.

Women get about as much out of life as is to be found for the least possible cost to themselves.

FROM PLANT TO CIGAR.

Frank P. Lewis has recently returned from a trip through the best tobacco sections, looking over the growing fields. He noted the best crops and engaged them, and will go later to watch the curing and packing of same.

South America has about twice the area and about one-half the population of the United States.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms.

Only 75 per cent as many children are born in England now as were born thirty years ago.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 2c.

A woman's adjectives are always larger than her ideas.

True Friendship.

DEER'S RACE WAS FATAL

East Boston admits it is a suburb, but denies that it is in the class with Lonesomehurst and Swampville, says the Boston Journal. Yet when a deer from the forest walks unmolested and bold down its main street, its claims as a component part of the town might be doubted.

It was about 6:30 yesterday morning that a little brown deer came out on Meridian street, having made his way across vacant lots from the Lynn woods, and gazed in wonder at the buildings and the works of man.

Suddenly there was a hoarse clang behind him, and a huge tunnel car tore over upon him. Terrified, the deer sprang forward, and it became a race between the animal and the car, which he thought was chasing him.

The short breadth of Noddle Island was covered in a few moments and the victorious deer, his little head jumping with terror, sped straight down to the sea, to where a South Ferry boat lay at the slip.

Right through the ferryboat sped the deer, and then, with a mighty bound, the frightened animal went over into the harbor.

This was a greater terror, this huge monster, which was swimming alongside to devour him. The deer tried to get away, but the sailors secured him with ropes and swung him on board the tug, where he lay panting. The men tried to restore the little creature, but between its terror and the salt water he had swallowed, he was too far gone, and died before they reached Commercial wharf.

The deer weighed but seventy-five pounds. The fish and game commissioners took charge of its carcass.

THE EPIGRAM IN HISTORY

An epigram, in its primary significance, was nothing more nor less than an inscription, writes Edmund Gosse in Harper's Magazine. It was "something written" to mark a spot or an event; it was the form of words attached to an altar, or a monument, or an image, to show whose image or monument, or altar it was. If you consecrated a secular elm to Pan, you planned an epigram on the bark to announce that fact; if you presented to a friend an amethyst cup engraved with a figure of Bacchus, you embodied in an epigram your sentiments.

It is a mistake to suppose that these pieces were in their first inception satirical, but the Romans made them so, and, as time went on, the trick of writing them, in Latin as well as in Greek, involved an attention to concentrated effect. The epigrammatist tried to fill his little glass as full as possible, and there were bubbles of malice round the brim. Gradually the idea grew that an epigram ought to finish with a snap; that the very end of the last line ought to contain the essence of the lampoon.

This type of the form was amusingly defined by Dr. Edward Walsh, a poet of the latter half of the eighteenth century:

An Epigram should be--if right Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright, A lively little thing, A wisp, with taper body, bound By lines, not many, neat and round-- All ending in a sting.

The poetical shape was always preserved, since without it an epigram would scarcely have been anything at all. A French wit, La Monnoye, said that an epigram in prose is a cavalryman dismounted. But a large proportion of the Elizabethan and Jacobean epigrams were beggars on horseback, who, if they had been turned off their rhyme, would have been beggars--and nothing else. The idea was that a joke, or a statement of fact, whether grave or gay, had but to be rhymed to become a piece of literature, worthy to be printed and preserved in the archives of a poet's writings.

FROM ACROSS THE SEA

A new Ashanti war is inevitable in Africa, according to a German provincial paper, the Chemnitz Allgemeine Zeitung, which publishes the following communication, dated from Tarkva, near Sekondi, on the British Gold Coast: "The Ashantis have long been possessors of a massive golden throne of great value and accounted a sacred and national relic. According to the tradition of the tribe the kingdom of Ashanti would remain in existence as long as the throne remained intact. The British have for many years been attempting to gain possession of the throne, but have hitherto been unsuccessful. Several years ago a certain Ashanti placed himself in communication with the British government and offered to obtain possession of the throne for the English on condition that he himself was nominated king of the Ashantis. The British government agreed to the proposal and appointed the traitor as chieftain. The Ashantis, however, succeeded in placing the throne in a safe hiding place and now they demand from the British government the de-thronement of this chieftain. The British government, in order to preserve its own prestige, refuses to concede the demand of the natives, so that a new Ashanti war is inevitable."

FOUND GREAT SALT LAKE

Jim Bridger stands forth as the most conspicuous figure in the brief but glorious reign of the trapper and trailmaker in the far west. The greatest hunter and the greatest pathfinder of them all, and possessing the most intimate knowledge of the Indian nature ever vouchsafed a white man, Bridger will grow in stature as time goes on and accurate history is written.

No part of the great Rocky Mountain country held a secret from Jim Bridger. He was the first white man, after John Colter, to view the wonders of Yellowstone Park, and the first to look on Great Salt Lake. Seemingly bearing a charmed life, he wandered through the lands of many Indian tribes, sometimes fighting the red men, but more often living their life and finding the solace of true brotherhood at the lodge fire. Every mountain Jim Bridger climbed, every stream he crossed, and every game trail he followed, was written down in the most marvelous memory ever granted a plainsman. As a result, years later, when the white men, bold but blundering, sought the easiest paths over the mountains, Jim Bridger showed them the best trails for their wagons and, when the chief engineer of the Union Pacific had well-nigh given up hope of getting his rails across the Divide, it was Jim Bridger who showed an available pass which he had traversed years before in his trapping days, and the existence of which no other white man knew. A few months ago, this chief engineer, Gen. Granville M. Dodge, showed his gratitude by rescuing Jim Bridger's body from a neglected grave and interring it at Kansas City, under an appropriate monument--probably the first act of gratitude ever performed for the man who had put the whole empire of the west in his debt--Arthur Chapman, in Outing Magazine.

IN AN AFRICAN FOREST

An explorer describes a Central Africa forest: "Ten miles west of the lake begins the only piece of real virgin forest met with. It is through-out a dense virgin forest, and almost impenetrable. It consists of very large trees of many varieties. The upper parts are festooned with a light grayish-green moss, hanging in long streamers, and giving to the forest a very fantastic appearance. When these long streamers are agitated by a storm they make the whole forest seen from one of the hills near, look like a rough sea. Again, when the sun is vertical the whole forest appears dark, but when the sun is low the general effect on the sunny side is curiously light.

"All the trees are bound together with innumerable lianas and creeping plants. Between the stems is a dense tangled mass of lesser vegetation. The forest stands to a great extent in the water and mud of the swamp. A singular feature of it is the abruptness with which it begins and ceases on the plain. The grassy swamp or open country reaches to the mighty wall of trees, which continue in the same density from one side to the other, forming a transition from the open plain to the forest.

"Inside, the silence and gloom are accentuated by the apparent absence of animal or bird life. There are some herds of buffaloes that make it occasionally, monkeys and parrots are sometimes seen, and a harnessed antelope now and then appears at the edge; but the general impression left is one of lifelessness."

JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while the hands shall rest, A little while the eyes shall close, And then--the silence, soft and sweet, Enguils our earthly life: A little while--Alas, why thus I hear the night-bird sing-- O, Grave, where is thy victory, O, Death, where is thy sting?

A little while the breaking heart Shall struggle with its pain, Awhile the aching limbs shall smart, Beneath their galling chain, And then--Above the ashes-waste The phoenix-soul shall sing, O, Grave, where is thy victory, O, Death, where is thy sting?

A little while the helpless babe Shall bend beneath its cross, Awhile the sick man's bed shall creak, The soul that hounds its dress, And then--This carnal chrysalis Shall burst by force of wing-- O, Grave, where is thy victory, O, Death, where is thy sting?

A little while the storms shall beat Upon the shores of life, And then--the silence, soft and sweet, Enguils our earthly life: A little while--Alas, why thus I hear the night-bird sing-- O, Grave, where is thy victory, O, Death, where is thy sting?

A little while the dip and dirge Resound upon the ear, Awhile the sea of life shall surge In tides of hope and fear-- A little while--Alas, why thus To life's poor wreckage cling? O, Grave, where is thy victory, O, Death, where is thy sting?

A little while--perchance to-night The soul shall wend its way Beyond the waste of winter's blight Resound upon the ear, Perchance--yet, no! I will not yield To hope's vain, endless day-- O, Grave, thou hast no victory, O, Death, thou hast no sting! --Shelby Sutton, in Los Angeles Times.

A Country Boy's Opportunities.

The country has many advantages over his city cousin, even though he is deprived of many opportunities that the city affords. Success has the following to say on the above topic:

"In the country, boys dream of the city and its great opportunities. They see, in their minds, enormous stores, vast libraries and reading rooms, great opportunities for self-improvement; excellent day schools and evening schools, Young Men's Christian association, evening universities, and other institutions where seekers after knowledge may satisfy their longings. In other words, to the country boy the great city is a sea of opportunities.

"On the other hand, the city-bred boy, who has breathed this air of opportunity from childhood, who has passed libraries and reading-rooms so many times that their familiarity and commonness have taken the edge off his mental appetite for their contents, longs for the free air and wider space of the country.

"If a country boy is made of the right stuff, instead of dreaming of great opportunities in the city, and longing for access to better libraries and larger schools, he will try to redeem himself from the meagerness and narrowing influences of his surroundings. Every book will be to him a precious luxury, an opportunity to open a little wider the door of his narrow life. If he is determined to get on in the world, the things that seem to hold him back will be converted into stepping-stones to higher levels. Like Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Burritt, and the long list of our country's great men who had to struggle against far greater odds, without the advantages of the country boy of today, he will prove himself greater than his limitations."

Not Yet.

An eastern singer, referring to a trip to a hereafter, says: "I shall see Shelley and shake hands with Keats."--And truly, that would be a great meetin'! But not even to swim with Shelley in a sea of glory, or to sit with Keats, crowned, on a cloud, would we undertake that journey--Atlanta Constitution.

When "Vapors" Were.

In the middle ages hysterical subjects were regarded sometimes as saints, but more often as possessed of devils. It then occurred frequently; later on they were supposed to be affected by "vapors," which gave rise to these various conditions.

Obligation Rests on All.

It is obligatory upon decent people to be obliging, an obligation to their decency bound up in the necessities of the case. Noblesse oblige is one of the best motives and sentiments, implying that a man's very status as a man compels him to be obliging.

Warm Baths for Employes.

By utilizing its waste water a large factory in Austria makes it possible for all of its 100 employes to indulge in a daily warm bath.

The latest addition to the London Museum of Natural History is a collection of 200,000 beetles bequeathed by Alexander Fry.

Infallible Cure for Toothache.

A London physician, at a meeting of a medical society, stated that extraction of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled to cure the most desperate cases of toothache, he said, unless the case was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to tooth.

Burglar Was Too Fat.

Guests in a well-known hotel in Paris heard pitiful cries for help coming from the cellar at 1 o'clock in the morning, and the waiters and manager rushed downstairs. The door was locked, but they battered it down, and discovered a very fat burglar held fast in the ventilator, through which he had tried to escape. The brick-work had to be knocked down before he could be extricated.

31 Boxes of Gold

300 Boxes of Greenbacks

For the most words made up from these letters

Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts

331 people will earn these prizes

Around the fireside or about the well-lighted family reading table during the winter evenings the children and grown-ups can play with their wits and see how many words can be made.

20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a \$10.00 gold piece.

10 people will each win one box containing a \$5.00 gold piece.

300 people will each win a box containing \$1.00 in paper money and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing \$100.00 in gold.

It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added.

A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play.

Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as for instance "grape" and "grapes."

The letters in "Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts" may be repeated in the same word. Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted. Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc.

Calumet Baking Powder

complies with the pure food laws of all states. Food prepared with it is free from Rochelle Salts, Lime, Alum and Ammonia.

The Trust wants you to pay 45 or 50 cents a pound for their baking powder which leaves large quantities of Rochelle Salts in the food. Rochelle salts is a dangerous cathartic drug.

Rode on Turtle's Back.

In the North Borneo Herald it is recorded that two English women, Mrs. McEnroe and Mrs. Darby, recently paid a visit to the lonely island of Tazanan. Among other adventures there the two eat up one night to watch for turtles, and at midnight saw a large one come out of the sea onto the sands. When it was returning to the water first Mrs. Darby and then Mrs. McEnroe mounted on its back and rode for some distance.

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