

# Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Boni has taken to absinthe, but will hardly deteriorate.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady nor did much of anything else.

Morocco would greatly oblige a fatigued world by backing off the map.

King Alfonso has gone to the Canaries—possibly to build himself a nest. Spring is here.

This year's hat boxes are available as steamer trunks when their original mission has been fulfilled.

In proof that it is becoming a truly western nation Russia reports a few sensational cases of tank looting.

Unfortunately several of the reports of the killing of the Georgia peach crop seem to have been true.

No, Elvira, the statement that a man in London paid \$6,000 for an orchid is not a case of simplified spelling.

Money is "easy" in London, as is natural in view of the near advent of the flood of gold-bearing American tourists.

An eloping couple from Buffalo were married in an undertaker's shop. They realized, doubtless, that marriage is a grave matter.

Two Chicago policemen went out after burglars and came back with a canary bird. Most Chicago burglars are birds, you know.

The wife of a missing man says she does not want to see him again. Needless to add, there is good reason for believing he is broke.

The president of one of the Chicago banks that failed loaned his cook \$25,000. It was probably the only way he could get her to stay.

If the magazine poet who writes: I was so content with my one ewe lamb My soul went up in a joyful psalm, ever compiles a dictionary of rhymes it will be a bouncer.

The indications at Craig-Nos are that Patti is going to make another farewell tour of the United States. Why not? She's only 63.

Do not pick up sample packages of headache powder that may happen to be thrown on your porch. They may stop all your aches permanently.

Down New Orleans way a man killed himself in a nightmare. Those dripped absinthes in that town will make a man do almost anything.

The editor who notes that Dr. Mary Walker "refuses to tell how old she is," meant, of course, to say that she declines to say how young she is.

Governor Pennypacker, they say, can speak six languages, so that he can give considerable variety to the expression of his opinion of the newspapers.

When a sartorial master like Edward of England turns his imagination loose, we get results. Beside the royal blue what becomes of the Quaker gray?

Olga Nethersole announces that she will quit the stage in eight years, when she will be—that is to say, when she will be eight years older than she is now.

If the people who keep diaries are wise, they never put into them the things that would make them most interesting to other people in the years to come.

When the airship, the automobile and the wireless telegraph come at it all at once, the North Pole may as well surrender to the age and the inventions.

That declaration of principles by the Phonetic Spelling association of Columbia university looks like a page fished from Josh Billings. But it was a joke with him.

Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, has been decorated by the emperor of Japan with the Order of the Rising Sun. Japan evidently isn't through borrowing money.

It develops that the Russian people have been given neither a constitution or a bill of rights, after all. The imperial manifesto is apparently a full brother to the gold brick.

If we ever should have absolutely fonetic spelling, a good many people would be surprised to discover that they have never learned how to pronounce the English language.

Now it will be just like some member of the Association of American Humorists to remark that the excitement during Bernhard's circus appearance in Texas was in tents.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript wants the spelling reformers to spell pants p-a-n-c. We are beginning to fear that this spelling reform business may, unless it is soon stopped, cause Boston to be engulfed in a wave of immorality. At any rate, this is the first time Boston has ever admitted that there are pants.

A Brooklyn man says it is nobody's business that he supports two wives. Yes it is, some of the rest of us would like to know how he does it.

Two Chicago boys who amused themselves by shooting at lanterns on railway trains, thus endangering the lives of passengers, have been sentenced not to touch firearms for two years. This awful punishment will no doubt cause all other young owners of revolvers to throw away their weapons and resolve to lead blameless lives.

## Has Studied Easter Customs in All Parts of the World

Miss Helen Mathews Laidlaw of St. Louis has seen Easter day celebrated in more different countries, perhaps, than any person on earth. In eighteen countries she has spent Easter, nineteen in England and Scotland be considered different countries.

To reassure those who may get an incorrect idea in regard to Miss Laidlaw's age it should be stated that she is but 31 years old, for she began her life of travel with her father, a writer and student since he retired from the ministry, before she was 12 years of age, and since then has visited practically every country on the earth.

Her Easter experiences, written at her father's request, to be read before a church organization, furnish a valuable addition to the history of that strange, part pagan, part Christian, part Jewish holiday.

What Easter means to Christians everybody understands, but that the tribes of the earth, many of whom know little of Christianity, and more

gentry of the Roman Catholic services and processions are strangely mixed with other customs.

"The great Easter week parade is treated as a circus and the floats representing the epochs in the life of Christ are surrounded by great crowds, that come from all the country round to see the procession and participate in the wine drinking and feasting that follow. The float representing Christ, taken by the Centurion, brings the crowds to their knees all along the route, and there are storms of jeers, hisses and volleys of stones for Judas.

"One beautiful feature of the Spanish Easter is the choir of children in the processions. In the procession of 'Our Lady of the Angels' a hundred little girls in white, with white feathers in their beautiful black hair, paraded, singing. They were the 'angels,' although they looked for all the world like our American Indian children.

"The next Easter I spent in Mexico City—again among the Spanish—and

singers came forth and wandered in bands from hamlet to hamlet in the valley, singing their famous carols until the mountains and glaciers echoed with the Easter hymns. At each house the singers call the people to the door, and eggs, colored and marked with mottoes, are passed out to them, and wine and cake served, while the people of the house carol with the singers. Everywhere the people wear flowers, covering themselves with them.

"Rome, of course, is the center of the Easter celebration, and the ceremonies are more gorgeous even than at Jerusalem—where it was my luck to be last year. I witnessed one celebration at Rome, when the blessed Pope Leo led at mass in St. Peter's. The day opened with a salute of cannon from St. Angelo at 7 o'clock, and immediately the throng moved toward St. Peter's.

"It was the most impressive sight in the Christian world. The pope, seated in his sedia gestatoria, in vest-



"TOUCH ME NOT!"

that oppose Christian teachings, celebrate the day is not so well known. The early Celts, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Turks, the early Aryans, celebrated the day, and it received its name from Eostre, goddess of the dawn, the celebration being in honor of the dawning of spring.

The Aryan celebrated by singing, dancing and feasting, while the Semite observed the day with ritual, prayer and fasting, and from these the Jews drew their feast of unleavened bread and the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb, forgetting the origin of the custom in the story of the Passover. The Christians saw a new meaning in the sacrifice when Christ was represented as the Paschal lamb.

This synopsis of the origin of the Easter celebration precedes Miss Laidlaw's story of her own experiences.

"The Easter of 1886," says Miss Laidlaw, "was my first away from home, and I was that year in Seville. Perhaps the Easter customs in the world are so strange a mixture of the barbaric and the Christian as in Spain, and the center of the celebration is Seville. The pomp and pa-

I saw a repetition of most of the Seville pageantry over again. The peddlers sold small effigies of Judas in the streets, and they were hanged everywhere. There was one Judas, twenty feet tall, hanging from a rope in the center of a business street, and I was afraid it was an advertisement.

"In Mexico the women do penance—and the men, too. They kneel for hours in the streets or creep on their knees for blocks, scouring themselves. I saw one comely girl, dressed in coarse clothes, with a crown of thorns pressed upon her brow, kneeling in the street, surrounded by a respectful crowd. Two men held her hands as she walked on her knees—strangers to her they were—and I learned later that her father was a wealthy man.

"The next Easter was in a glorious land—Austrian Tyrol. We were at Swartzenberg, only a few miles from Lake Constance and above the valley of the Rhine. The Easter ceremonies are entirely religious, and every form of worship known to the church is observed. Later in the day, while the bells rang wildly throughout the beautiful valley the famous Tyrolese

ments blazing with gold and the triple crown upon his brow, was borne into St. Peter's. Great fans of ostrich feathers waved beside him and over him a canopy, richly embroidered in gold. The brilliant assemblage bowed during the stately mass, while the immense choir filled the cathedral with inspiring music. Later the pope was borne in his chair of state to the balcony, and, rising, blessed the immense crowds, gave benediction, and indulgences.

"In 1891 I was in Germany, and joined in the quaint games at Hamberg. The gifts of eggs, which the white hare is supposed to have brought during the night, begin early. At dawn the bells, which have been silent during passion week, break forth and ring wildly all day. The peasants say that the bells have gone to Rome during passion week and returned with a message from the pope for Easter. The gayly hued eggs are given everywhere, and none is refused. Every one must wear something new on Easter day for good luck, signifying that the beginning of Easter will mean many new things during the year."



The First Easter Dawn

# TOLD OF THE VETERANS

"Blessed Are They That Mourn." Oh, deem not they are blest alone Whose lives are peaceful tenor keep; The Power who pities man has shown A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again The lids that overflow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest For every dark and troubled night; And grief may hide an evening guest, But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier Dost shed the bitter drops like rain, Hope that a brighter, happier sphere Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart, Though life his common gifts deny; Though with a pierced and bleeding heart, And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day And numbered every secret tear; And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay For all His children suffer here.

After the Great Struggle. "The average volunteer officer," said the sergeant, "captain, colonel or general, had too much rather than too little of the milk of human kindness. Bluff and gruff and a rigid disciplinarian, he might be and yet win the respect, if not the affection, of his soldiers. And in all such cases the men in the ranks won at least the respect of their officers. The relations of such officers and soldiers after the war were worth study. We had in our regiment from the first a preeminent sort of a captain of military training. His ambition was to beat the raw material of his company into shape, to drill the regiment into form, and, sternly persistent, he succeeded.

"In the last year of the war he was promoted to colonel of one of the new regiments and we lost sight of him. Two years after the war I was visiting a Western penitentiary with a legislative committee. When the guard was formed for our inspection I saw in the ranks the old drill master of our regiment, the captain of our crack company. I looked for some sign of recognition, but there was none, and I made no advances. But I went that night to our old division general and told him of my discovery. He thought I must be mistaken, but he would investigate.

"In two days the general sent for the warden of the prison and asked him if he didn't need a captain for his guards. The warden said he did, but added that he could not find a trustworthy man to take charge. The general replied that he had among his guards one of the most capable and most trustworthy officers in the old volunteer army. Why not appoint him to the captaincy without explanation? He warned the warden that the colonel was a proud and sensitive man, and no questions should be asked as to how he came to be a prison guard.

"Meantime our committee paid a visit to the warden and made practically the same recommendation. I had told the story to all the old soldiers in the legislature, and they went into action. The colonel was made captain of the guard, was later made chief of police through the influence of his old company, and the officers of the division. As he told me later, the boys did the work and he accepted promotion after promotion, with no questions asked. Some years later I was with this officer in the city, when we passed an old staff officer of our division general. He shook hands with us, saluted in his old dignified, soldierly way, and passed on. The colonel said to me at once: 'The major is in trouble. I know the signs. We must help him as you fellows helped me when luck was running against me.'

"We discovered that the old fellow was in absolute want and was too proud to let any of his old army friends know the truth. In three days he received an unexpected offer of lucrative employment and accepted the position. He never admitted that he had been close to starvation, but when I visited him in his last sickness he told his family the story of how his old boys had helped him, and that the colonel and myself had been leaders in the conspiracy. In the army he was one of the most lovable men I knew, and yet he could be as remote as the Arctic ocean when occasion required.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Commander-in-Chief's Orders. Commander-in-Chief James Tanner announces in orders the following changes in the National Council of Administration of the Grand Army of the Republic: Comrade William J. Patterson of Pittsburg, Pa., vice Comrade Thomas G. Sample, deceased, and Comrade Oscar L. Stranahan of Hood River, Ore., vice Comrade B. F. Pike, resigned.

Comrade Martin V. B. Ives of Potsdam, N. Y., has been appointed a member of the executive committee of the National Council of Administration, vice Comrade Thomas G. Sample, deceased.

The following comrades are appointed on committees and assigned to duty as follows: Committee on legislation for veterans in the public service, Ivory G. Kimball, chairman, Washington, D. C.; Isaac F. Mack, Sandusky, Ohio; Leo Rasseur, St. Louis; J. P. S. Gobin, Lebanon, Pa.; George H. Patrick, Alabama; F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.; John R. King, Baltimore, Md.

Committee on fraternal relations with the Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., William H. Armstrong, chairman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ell Torrance, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. W. Tirrell, Manchester, Iowa; Robert Mann Woods, Chicago, Ill.; A. G. Weisert, Milwaukee, Wis.; Robert E. Beath, Philadelphia, Pa.; Allan C. Bakewell, New York City.

Committee on Bull Run battlefield monuments, E. W. Whittaker, chairman, Washington; James McLeer, Brooklyn; C. A. E. Spamer, Baltimore, Md.

Committee on Lincoln memorial, John S. Kountz, past commander-in-chief, Toledo, Ohio; Thomas J. Stewart, past commander-in-chief, Harrisburg, Pa.; William M. Olin, past senior vice commander-in-chief, Boston.

Mass.; the Rev. Mark B. Taylor, past chaplain-in-chief, Brooklyn; Dana W. King, Nashua, N. H.

The thirty-ninth national encampment of the G. A. R. having created the offices of national patriotic inspector and department patriotic inspectors, and amended the rules and regulations accordingly, the duties heretofore devolved upon the flag committee are hereby assigned to the national patriotic instructor, Comrade Allan C. Bakewell, who will communicate with the several department patriotic instructors and define their duties in this respect.

Were Bitter Against Morgan. "If Ellsworth had lived a few months longer," said the Colonel, "a good many of the Zouaves who went into Turchin's regiment would have gone East. The story of the military companies in existence in the several states in 1860 is a curious one. But in no state was the history of such organizations more highly spiced with romance than in Kentucky. During the excitement preliminary to the outbreak of hostilities in 1861 companies in many counties were organized for both armies. In Lexington John Morgan, captain of a crack company, went into the Confederate service. Sanders D. Bruce, captain of the Chasseurs, another crack company of Lexington, went into the Union service.

Bruce was given command of the Twentieth Kentucky, and later of a brigade under Nelson. Morgan was given an important cavalry command, and made several raids in Kentucky. In 1862 he surrounded one battalion of the Twentieth Kentucky with 6,000 men, and after a stubborn fight captured it. This gratified him exceedingly, but the several Kentucky cavalry regiments galloped after him through Kentucky and Ohio, and in turn captured Morgan and his immediate command.

"I saw those Kentuckians when after their long ride, they made their last charge on Morgan's men, and it was worth remembering. In all my war experience I never saw men so eager to make a capture as were these Kentuckians—some of them Morgan's old neighbors. They were not malevolent. In their own language, they 'simply wanted to take John in out of the wet.' But they went at it in a way to make Morgan feel that he would like to surrender to somebody else."

Sheridan's Horse in Museum. Sheridan's horse is in the old military museum in Governor's Island, N. Y., under a glass stall that occupies the whole center of the floor, and is the first thing you see at the top of the stairs, the real Winchester that brought him down to Cedar creek that memorable day.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray; By the flash of his eye and the red nose of his play He seemed to the whole great army to say, 'I have brought you Sheridan all the way From Winchester down to save the day.' The horse looks so real that it is almost ghostly. His coat looks sleek and brown as if the blood were still warm underneath. He wears the saddle, bridle and all the dignified trappings he wore through forty-seven engagements of the civil war.

Gen. Rodenbough said, at the time the museum was opened, he wrote to Sheridan, who was then in Chicago and had the horse with him, requesting that when the horse died his hide and bones be given to the museum. Sheridan replied that he had received the same request from many sources—but that he could not bear to think of the horse's death, and although he was then old and disabled—that Winchester was human to him.

When the horse died, Sheridan sent his body to Gen. Rodenbough. "Mysterious Effect of Wounds. 'I often wondered,' said a veteran, "at the coolness and quietness of wounded men, but I wondered just as often at the excitement or distress of men who narrowly escaped death or serious wounds. A shell passing near a man without striking him, or a spent ball striking a man without leaving a wound, often caused the keenest distress. When the batteries were concentrated on the left center at Stone River, one of my men was struck by a spent ball, which dropped into his haversack. The boys near him laughed at the incident, but the man was deathly sick.

"He came to me and said that if the battery was ordered forward he couldn't go with us because he never felt worse in his life. 'I directed him to lie down, believing that he would feel better in a few minutes. But he did not, and was miserable and listless for two days. On the day we went through Murfreesboro and pursued the enemy at a gallop, the man who had so severely wounded in the haversack, as the boys put it, was in his place, and in the excitement of the chase the misery left him and he was as good as new."

Popular Officers of the W. R. C. Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Berry, national press correspondent W. R. C., reports that Mrs. Abbie A. Adams, the national president, during her recent trip to the New England departments, has greatly endeared herself to all who have had the privilege of meeting her. She impresses everyone as possessing a remarkable blending of executive ability and the traits which characterize the highest type of womanhood. Exceptionally dignified and firm in her bearing, she at the same time wins all hearts by her sweetness and sympathy. On the various occasions upon which she was called upon to speak she impressed all as having unusual ability in this line, her utterances being direct and forceful, and always clothed in well chosen language. Mrs. Mary R. Morgan, the national secretary, is also a ready speaker, with a stock of ideas which are fresh and always to the point.

### A LIVING DEATH.

Vividly Described By a Citizen of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Andrew Johnson, 411 West Twelfth St., Sioux Falls, S. D., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. My doctor, from a careful analysis of the urine and a diagnosis of my case, had told me I could not live six weeks. I was struck down in the street with kidney trouble, and for a whole year could not leave the house.



I lost flesh, my eyes failed me, I bloated at times, my back hurt and I suffered a living death. There seemed no hope until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then I began to improve. The pain left gradually, the swellings subsided, I gained appetite and weight, and to make a long story short, I got well!"

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Great Men of Single Names. In response to a question as to why "everybody that amounts to anything always has but one first name" school-marm thought is over and was surprised to find how much truth there was in the child's statement. She says that it is one of the little things which are worth looking into.

The Mohammedan Koran. It is claimed by Mohammedans that their prophet Mohammed was an inspired man, as he asserted that the Koran—the Mohammedan Bible—was revealed to him by the Angel Gabriel during a period of twenty-three years.

### SAVED BABY LYON'S LIFE.

Awful sight From That Dreadful Complaint, Infantile Eczema—Mother Praises Cuticura Remedies.

"Our baby had that dreadful complaint, Infantile Eczema, which afflicted him for several months, commencing at the top of his head, and at last covering his whole body. His sufferings were untold and constant misery. In fact, there was nothing we would not have done to have given him relief. We finally procured a full set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about three or four days he began to show a brighter spirit and really laughed, for the first time in a year. In about ninety days he was fully recovered. Praise for the Cuticura Remedies has always been our greatest pleasure, and there is nothing too good that we could say in their favor, for they certainly saved our baby's life, for he was the most awful sight that I ever beheld, prior to the treatment of the Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Mabel Lyon, 1826 Appleton Ave., Parsons, Kan., July 18, 1905."

### Newspapers for Travelers.

The Japanese railways have introduced newspaper reading cars on some of the passenger trains. Tall piles of newspapers are kept at the service of travelers so that they may read as they ride.

Birds as Weathercocks. All birds when perched on trees or bushes serve as weathercocks, as they invariably roost with their heads to the wind.

Happiness in the Hollows. Dar never wuz no lowgrounds or sorrow but a sunbeam found its way ter 'em en set some bird a-singin'.—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Best Guaranty of Merit Is Open Publicity.

Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., has printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients entering into its composition. This fact alone places Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines in a class all by themselves. They cannot be classed with patent or secret medicines because they are neither. This is why so many unprejudiced physicians prescribe them and recommend them to their patients. They know what they are composed of, and that the ingredients are those endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart regulator and blood purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, overworked, broken-down, nervous women, contains any alcohol or other enticement to a place all by themselves. Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure, medicinal strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and, furthermore, that it possesses valuable medicinal properties of its own, being demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient antiferment.

Neither of the above medicines contains alcohol, or any harmful, habit-forming drug, as will be seen from a glance at the formula printed on each bottle wrapper. They are safe to use and potent to cure. Not only do physicians prescribe the above, non-secret, medicines largely, but the most intelligent people employ them—people who would not think of using the ordinary patent, or secret medicines. Every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines has the strongest kind of an endorsement from leading medical writers of the several schools of practice. No other medicines put up for like purposes has any such professional endorsement. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." Easy to take as candy.

### CURES INDIGESTION

When what you eat makes you uncomfortable it is doing you very little good beyond barely keeping you alive. Digestive tablets are worthless unless, for they will in time deprive the stomach of all power to digest food. The stomach must be toned up—strengthened. The herb tonic-laxative,

### Lane's Family Medicine

will do the work quickly and pleasantly. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

### PATENTS FOR PROFIT

Must fully protect an invention. Booklet and Descriptive Form FREE. Highest References. Communications confidential. Patent Attorneys, Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D. C.