Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Young Men's Chief Fault.

The fault with most young men is that they are indolent and inclined to shirk their duty. The man who always tries to get off as easy as possible, and when working for others does as little as possible for the wages that he receives, will never advance, and never amount to anything in life. Every young man should through all his business career constantly keep in mind the parable of the faithful servant and the reward given to him: "Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." How many young men nowadays pay any heed to this? asks the New York Weekly. They all want to be great, to be successful, but they will not take pains with little things and work their way gradually to the top. They want to jump to the top rung of the ladder right away. They all desire to become Vanderbilts or Rockefellers or Morgans, but they throw away foolishly whatever money they earn because they hope some day to make it in great quantities. A young man ambitious to succeed in life should from the very start make it clear for himself that he must work hard and plod along, every day accomplishing the duties belonging to that day, and if he does this and leaves no duty undone, he will be sure to find his reward, first in a clear conscience, and ultimately in success, but he must not expect success or wealth to drop down into his lap without any effort on his part.

A Fair "Force."

What will the patient, suffering husbands and fathers say to the pending scheme to make women actual policemen? The New York club which has the matter in hand is convinced that the city of the future must have woman's help to "lead its future citizen away from the door of the saloon and induce him to fling away his half-smoked cigarette." The feminine policemen are to "exercise a general supervision over children in the streets and to mingle with their games." It remains to be seen, says Youth's Companion, what will be the effect on Miss Constable of "mingling" with a vigorous game of football in a vacant lot. The gentle art of handball might be acquired by candidates for appointment to the "force;" but what about baseball? Could a policewoman hope to "mingle" successfully unless she could manage a three-base hit and a home run? It is no wonder that the discussion of these perplexing questions was postponed by the club to a later date—and then the meeting resolved itself into a committee of the whole to discuss the dress suitable for the new officials. When the hour for adjournment came several vital matters were still unsettled. For example, what is the proper angle at which the helmet should be perched above the pompadour, and whether a veil should be adjusted over the aforesaid helmet?

One of the ways, it is said, to "corrupt" an anarchist is to make him rich. One way to cure a "leader" of men out of work is to offer him a job. In Boston recently an agitator collected a band of unemployed, a singularly well-dressed and not disorderly throng. When they were led up to the free employment bureau which Massachusetts maintains, only one-quarter of them filed applications. There are four classes of unemployed—those who will not work, those who will work only at a special kind of task, those who cannot work, and those who are willing to do any honest work. The first two classes owe an immense debt to society. With respect to the other two classes, the debt is on the other side. We have to divide the classes pretty carefully before we begin to solve the problem of the unemployed.

"Mostly of Chicago," is the way a man recently described his residence. His characterization seems reasonable. When he was six years old he cut off one of his toes with a scythe. When he was eight he shot off two joints of one of his fingers. He ran away from home when he was 14, and the frost of a winter night took off three more toes and the tip of his nose. At 25 he lost his entire right foot. A drunken halfbreed bit off an ear in the Klondike, a Dakota corn-sheller took his left forearm, and since then he has lost three fingers, a joint from another finger and one eye.

If one could secure the necessary information, a history of pseudonyms would make interesting reading. "Ouida," the authoress, who died recently in dire poverty, selected her childish pronunciation of her own name, Louisa.

According to a recent court decision, New York hotel men have the right to refuse food and entertainment to women after six o'clock if they have no escort. This means that practically a man is a meal ticket.

A Boston woman lecturer thinks we are living in too much luxury. This is cruel, when, in consequence of the financial stringency, the most of us have sold our racing automobiles and have cut down our diamond and champagne bills fully one-half.

"Mythomania" is the new scientific name of the disease that afflicts people who prevaricate merely because they prefer not to tell the truth. But old "shorter and uglier" will continue to be used when men get angry.

KEEN EYE SAVES LIFE OF TRAPPER

WOODMAN SEES DEAD ANIMALS IN TRAPS AND KNOWS SOMETHING IS WRONG.

FINDS MAN ILL AND STARVING

Peter Lovejoy Comes on Little Cabin in Ravine, After Two Days' Search, Where Fellowman Is Bedridden with Rheumatism.

Woonga, Ont.—That the simple life is not always simple or filled with unalloyed joy was brought to the attention of Woonga villagers when they were called upon to go to Big Cat lake and bring Eugene Hardy, a trapper, who for nearly three weeks had been slowly starving because bedridden with an attack of rheumatism. That the man is alive to-day is considered remarkable.

Hardy, who, in spite of his name, is anything but robust, was found by a fellow trapper through the merest chance, and was then in such a wasted condition that it was impossible to take him out of the woods for six days. By administering coarse broths made from venison and partridge bones, he finally strengthened his charge enough to move him over 20 miles of trails on a litter. From that point the trip to civilization was made by ox and horse teams.

Peter Lovejoy, the woodsman who fortunately came upon Hardy, was prospecting for a new camp when he discovered traps with dead animals in them. His experienced eye told him that the animals had been dead from one to two weeks and they had probably been caught some days before death occurred. The latter fact was pretty conclusively established by the wasted condition of the bodies. Lovejoy immediately deducted that the owner of the traps had met with a mishap and he set out to find him.

At the end of a two days' search he heard a couple of wolves howling in a sheltered ravine and a little later he came upon a small cabin built against a ledge of rock. There was no indication of human life about the place. Snow, untracked save by wolves and other marauders, covered the ground, but a pail turned upside down, showed that someone had placed it by the door long after the first snow had fallen.

When Lovejoy opened the door, which had been securely caught with a drop latch, Hardy was seen lying on his bunk apparently dead. He was white, emaciated and still. The cabin itself was in disorder. Most of the rough furniture had been used for fuel and broken tables and chairs lay strewn near the fireplace. Some potatoe skins and strips of deer hide

He Discovered Traps with Dead Animals.

were soaking in a rusty pail of snow water and a few grains of wheat lay on a hollow stone where an attempt had been made to grind them. A bear skin, three blankets and an old coat covered Hardy while another skin lay within easy reach.

Lovejoy first determined that his fellow trapper was alive and then he set about to care for him. First he built a rousing fire and when this had begun to warm the cabin he went to a grove of spruce nearby and shot a couple of partridges. A rabbit was also knocked over. With this supply of provisions and some coffee and jerked venison from his own sack he prepared a substantial meal. The principal dish was a rich but coarse soup, and when a cupful had been forced down Hardy's throat he opened his eyes and looked about.

"Rheumatism," he said feebly, and then relapsed into a stupor from which he did not arouse for several hours. On awakening he was fed more soup, but it was not until the following morning that he could give an account of himself. In the night wolves appeared, but they made no effort to enter the cabin.

Hardy's story when finally told was pitiful in the extreme. He said that he had begun experiencing twinges of rheumatism in one arm early in the fall, but as they did not increase he paid little attention to them. Three weeks before he was found he got soaked in a chilling rain and next morning was in a high fever. When he tried to arise he was attacked by shooting pains in legs and arms, and it was with great difficulty that he could prepare his breakfast. He got through with the ordeal after intense suffering and managed to gather a little wood.

Work was out of the question and Hardy remained in his bunk for three days, getting out only to feed himself and keep the fire burning. All this time the fever kept up and the supply of wood and provisions diminished. To make matters worse wolves put in an appearance and howled about the cabin both day and night, making it dangerous for Hardy to creep out for wood.

How the time passed after the first week he scarcely remembered. He said that when the wood gave out entirely he managed to break up some of the furniture by rolling a heavy rock up an inclined board and letting it fall on tables and chairs. With the food gone he resorted to unground grain, tallow candles and strips of deer hide boiled in snow water.

Lovejoy saw he could not take the man out alone, so after getting supplies from his own camp, nine miles distant, he came here for help. Volunteers went into the woods and Hardy was carried out. He will probably be able to walk in a month.

DOOMED COW TRIED TO BREAK INTO A CHURCH

DISTRACTED MEMBER OF HERD, BLOCKED BY DOORS, VAULTS INTO PAROCHIAL HOUSE.

Cleveland, O.—With a slaughter house at the end of the trail a distracted cow tried to break into a

She Stuck Her Muzzle Against the Door.

church the other afternoon. Her efforts to climb a long pair of stairs bringing nothing but derision from a large crowd, the animal with a moo of despair fled in the direction of an insane asylum.

When a drove of cattle, piloted by a man on horseback, padded out Broadway, pedestrians stood open-mouthed in astonishment, as the sight is not so common as in days gone by. The prospective steaks and half soles were orderly except for one white-and-tan cow.

Somebody must have been reading Upton Sinclair to this gentle kine, because she clearly did not wish to be killed in a manner that would make a muss. Near Harvard street the cow sighted a church and, deploying from the common herd, started up the steps. The steps are long and not meant for bovine feet. She stuck her muzzle against the closed doors and the sad look in her soft, brown eyes made the crowd promise themselves not to eat her.

Her departure had not been noticed by the chaperon on horseback, but, to be on the safe side, the cow vaulted over a low iron fence and landed in the yard of the pastoral residence. Her moo then was one of triumph and the other members of the herd also clutched at this last straw. They spread out on the pavement just as the children of a nearby school were pouring out. The man on horseback had his own troubles. The children were squealing and at a respectful distance there was a deep fringe of grownups.

By dint of much dashing about the herder got all his drove together except the fugitive cow. She dashed out of the pastor's yard and started on a run for the Newburg insane asylum, in Bedford avenue.

If the cow contemplated obtaining a stay of sentence on the ground of insanity she was doomed to disappointment, as the man on horseback rounded her up. She took her place at the head of the line and journeyed to the place where things happen to cows.

Huge Rat Attacks Girl.

Bloomington, Ind.—A huge rat, driven to desperation by hunger, attacked May Knight, the eight-year-old daughter of John Knight, a blacksmith, in bed, and seriously lacerated the young girl's ear. The child was awakened by the rat sinking its sharp teeth in the tender flesh of the lobe of the ear, but her efforts to tear the rodent loose were unsuccessful, and it was not until the father ran to the bedside that the rat took fright and escaped.

First American Pencils.

Lead pencils were first made in the United States in 1811 by William Monroe, at Concord, Mass.

TINY BABE AVERTS INDIAN MASSACRE

WON HEART OF CHEYENNE CHIEF WHEN HE COMES TO RECONNOITER FOR A RAID.

THE PEOPLE ARE KIND TO HIM

White Mother Places Infant in Arms of Big Horse—Latter Says Great Flood Is God's Sign of Opposition to Killing.

Arapahoe, Okla.—John H. Seger, for more than 30 years a government employe among the Cheyenne Indians in Oklahoma, relates this story of how a massacre of the inhabitants of Darlington Indian agency, many years ago, was averted:

"Big Horse, the father of Hubbel Big Horse, the Indian interpreter, was a chief among a warlike band of Indians on the Washita river. He and his band plotted to go to Darlington and massacre all the whites at that agency. Grant's peace policy had just been well inaugurated, and the following will show that kindness can melt even the heart of a Cheyenne warrior.

"When this war party arrived near Darlington they camped for the night on the west side of the North Canadian, expecting on the morrow to go over and do the job they had planned. Fortunately for Grant's Quakers, a cloudburst a few days before up in Beaver county raised the river so that night the banks were full. Their object in killing these white employes was to get the provisions and cattle and horses. The Indians reasoned that they would lose much of the sugar and flour in crossing the river while the banks were full, so they decided to wait a day longer.

"Big Horse said he would go over and reconnoiter the agency and find the exact location of all the white families. He met the agent, a 70-year-old Quaker, who was a very kind hearted man. He took Big Horse to dinner with him. Then he went to see another Quaker family, and the little ladylike mother gave him her baby to hold. That night when he went back and the Indians smoked

The Baby Held Out His Hands to Him.

the pipe around, Big Horse told how kind the people were.

"The hot-headed young warriors, ready for the warpath and pillage, said 'Squaw! Squaw!'

"'Call me a squaw if you want to,' said Big Horse, 'but you never saw the man Big Horse was afraid of.'

"The next day the river was still up, and Big Horse told his warriors to stay in camp and he would go over again. This time the Quakers treated him even better than they did the day before. The little baby knew him and held out his hands to be taken. The big old savage warrior took the baby and held it in his arms until it slept and woke again.

"That night when he went back to camp and smoked the pipe around he said:

"'These people when they eat return thanks to God. This day the little baby knew me and held up its hands to come to me. I held it while it slept. My bravery has been tried on many a battlefield and no one ever saw Big Horse run from an enemy. My endurance has been tested in the hunt. But there is a Great Spirit. He sends the floods when there are no clouds. He sends the fire from the skies. Of these I have control. Now, I have a vow to make with you, my warriors. Now, the Great Spirit has sent this flood when there are no clouds. He does not want us to kill these people. But if the flood goes down to-night we will take it as a sign that He wants us to do what we have set out to do, and we will go over in the morning and do just what we came here to do. But if the river is still up we will return to Washita and say the Great Spirit did not want these people killed.'

"The next morning the North Canadian was out of its banks and all over the bottoms, and the old Chief Big Horse led his war party back to the plains of what is now Custer county, Oklahoma, and Grant's peace policy one time saved a handful of helpless employes and their few women and children from a massacre."

MEN INVADE SHOW FOR "WOMEN ONLY"

DISGUISED INTRUDERS BETRAYED BY EXCLAMATION AND LEMON SHOWER FOLLOWS.

Springfield, Mass.—A bevy of favorites in the younger society set is greatly discomfited by the knowledge that the vaudeville entertainment in the Woman's Club building the other afternoon was witnessed by two men disguised as women.

The intruders, who live in Long Meadow and belong to the man about town class, have been stricken from the calling list of every participant in the affair. The entertainment, which was for the benefit of the mountain whites of Kentucky, included folk dances, clowns, dancers in Dutch costumes, "Percy Petkin in His Silver-Toned Melodies," and "The Jo Jo

"By Jove, What a Figure!"

Brothers, Direct from the New York Hippodrome."

The costumes of the young women, it is stated, were the pink of propriety, though unfamiliarity with the fine points of masculine attire led some of the characters to appear in suits that were either too roomy or snug to the point of bursting. The young men arrayed themselves in a manner which spoke loudly for artistic taste in matters feminine. They were provided with tickets and passed the doorkeeper without question.

Their presence might still be a secret had not one of them observed with unconcealed enthusiasm: "By jove, what a figure!" A matron, who overheard the comment, bore the tidings to the management, which decided that as the performance was two-thirds over and the remaining numbers were quite commonplace, the easiest way out of the dilemma would be to let the young men remain.

An incident not on the program caused the youths to flee. The masterly performance of "The Whirlwind Jugglers" was imitated by fair clowns, who introduced lemons instead of the regulation spheres, and finally in disdain threw the fruit into the audience. The first lemon brought up against the nose of the "by jove" youth, and the next struck his companion. The masqueraders then escaped.

WILD RIDE IN A BALLOON.

Woman Describes Her 300-Mile Trip in a Storm.

London.—Hon. Mrs. Assheton-Harbord, who, accompanied by J. F. Pollock, left Battersea in the balloon Valerie on Friday night in an attempt to win the Northcliffe challenge cup, landed, after six and a half hours, in a forest near Verdun, about 300 miles from London, as the crow flies.

"At 10:30 we encountered a violent squall," says Mrs. Assheton-Harbord, in the course of a thrilling narrative of their voyage, and the car swayed to such an extent that we had to hold on to avoid being thrown out."

It took 51 minutes to cross the channel from Dungeness to Boulogne, and subsequently strong vertical currents of air caused the balloon to shoot alternately upward and downward very rapidly.

"There was a good deal of sheet lightning, and the car seemed illuminated as if by electric light," says the woman. "At two o'clock we encountered a terrific snowstorm, which half filled the balloon."

The balloon later shot up to an altitude of 8,000 feet, and then descended rapidly, crashing down on some trees with great force.

The envelope of the baloon was torn, and all the scientific instruments carried were smashed, and the aeronauts were compelled to get out of the balloon as best they could and wait in pitchy darkness till dawn, when they found themselves at the village of Handiomont, near Verdun.

Revolving Cylinder Motor.

A new motor is now made in which the cylinders form the flywheel and revolve around the shaft. This dispenses with the heavy weight of the flywheel and the material used in making the long crank shaft, crank box and bearings. It has a gyroscopic effect and spins something like a top, causing lubrication by centrifugal force as well as closing the valves without springs and forcing the heaviest part of the mixture to the ends of the cylinders. No fan or other method is used for cooling, as the rapidity with which the cylinders revolve throws off the hot air.—Popular Mechanics.

I AM A MOTHER

How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

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Obvious.

"My views on local option?" repeated the statesman, thoughtfully. "Well, now, as to a question of that sort, it seems to me that people holding an opinion must have a reason for it, and that having a reason, there must be some ground for the reason, so their conclusions are necessarily to a certain degree logical, and I, of course, within certain limits, agree with them. Am I clear?"

"You are, indeed," said the reporter, heartily, and made a note of it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Obnoxious Element.

The Rev. Dr. Somers was in the habit of addressing Sarah, his wife, in polysyllables when he wished the children to leave the room. He never dreamed that they understood until nine-year-old Jack, recovering from measles, was one day enjoying the dear privilege of hearing his mother read aloud.

The doctor ventured in and began softly: "Sarah—"

Up rose Master Jack in bed. "Sarah," quoth he, "eliminate the obnoxious element."—Lippincott's.

Difference in the Men.

"You have an analytical mind," said a senator to a Washington correspondent, "and I want you to tell me why Congressman X, who is sharp and witty, remains popular with his colleagues, while Congressman B, who is just as gifted, repels even his most ardent friends."

The correspondent promised to make a study of the two men. He heard both in debate, and made the following report: "Both men are gifted, witty, and keen as a razor, but Congressman X is a safety razor."

A Hard Head.

Representative McCall of Massachusetts said to Representative Williams of Mississippi, while chatting recently:

"John, is it true that one can never injure a southern darky by striking him on the head?"

"Absolutely true," responded Williams, with an air of great gravity. "As an instance in point will convince you. A Mississippi darky went to sleep in a barn with his feet against the side. In the night a mule kicked him in the head and the concussion broke his ankle."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Room and Plenty in the South.

There are 27,000,000 acres of arable land in the state of Louisiana and only 6,000,000 of these acres are under cultivation, according to the Charleston News and Courier. The secretary of the board of immigration of that state has issued an address to would-be settlers informing them that Louisiana planters with large tracts of land "stand ready and willing to aid every man who is willing to help himself and sell farms on ten years' credit." This invitation is supplemented by the state board of immigration with the statement that they are now trying to cause immigration to the state "by securing men who are willing to farm on shares." The further promise is made that "houses are provided for families who go. We furnish each family with a horse or mule, seed to plant crops and ground and garden trucking implements." This ought to be a very liberal and inviting offer to the thousands of unemployed in the northern states.

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It Was the Best He Could Do.

Hotel Man Made Up in Charges for Poor Accommodations.

The colonel had put up for the night at a wretched hotel in a village in the southwest, and when ready to leave in the morning he was handed a bill of three dollars. He was no kicker, but that thing seemed so much like robbery that he said: "Landlord, the meals I have eaten have been poor—very poor." "I don't dispute it," was the reply. "And the room was simply a rat hole." "Mighty pore room, sah." "And yet you have charged me just the same as if I had stopped at a first-class hotel." "Yes, I had to do it." "And will you kindly explain?" persisted the colonel. "Well, it's like this, sah. I traded a sawmill for this tavern a month ago. I don't know nothing about the business and everybody says I'll fail and I know I will, but meantime I'm going to do the best I can. I can't better the rooms nor the fodder, but I can charge at the rate of three dollars a day and make every traveler think he's been putting in time at Waldorf-Astoria. Three dollars, please. No mistake about your bill, sah."

Japanese Flower Decoration.

In the Japanese method of flower decoration—to become a master in which a man must study for at least 14 years, seven years of hard work making him only fairly proficient—only few flowers are used. One beautiful bough is considered ample esthetic food for a day. The Japanese know that only one beautiful object at a time can be appreciated, and they aim at placing that object in perfect relation to its surroundings. A vase of flowers in a Japanese house is the principal thing in the room, near which the chief guest of the evening is seated.