

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Gun That Makes No Noise.
There is surely a terrible responsibility resting today upon the shoulders of Hiram Percy Maxim, the son of the inventor of the machine gun. So writes P. Harvey Middleton in the Technical World Magazine. For he has patented a gun which will kill a man with no more noise than the hissing of a snake. Armed with this silent weapon a murderer could shoot down his victim without attracting the least attention, and only on examination would the cause of death be revealed. On the other hand a single policeman using the noiseless gun could disable every member of a gang of burglars before they recovered from their surprise. It is an invention which may lead to the re-equipment of the armed forces of the world, and the revolutionizing of modern methods of warfare—will perhaps even hasten the happy day when there will be no war, for the very best safeguard against war is the invention of weapons of such terrible power that armies will never dare to stand against each other. "War," said Bismarck, "is the greatest enemy of war, and will eventually put war out of existence." In the next great war skirmishers may use noiseless rifles, enabling them to creep along an enemy's front and shoot down unsuspecting pickets one after another, and not until their dead bodies were discovered would the alarm be given. The extended front of a whole army, concealed in the underbrush or behind rocks, could work terrible havoc among the opposing forces before its position could be located. To the big game hunter the silent firearm will open up new horizons.

Perch Fishing.
And the other fishing days when you got up before dawn and stole down stairs to the dim kitchen. A drink of milk, a doughnut, and a triangle of pie, then you stole out quietly to the barn and got the spading-fork. Then the search, armed with fork and tomato-can, under the broad leaves of the rhubarb bed, back of the henhouse and down by the cow barn, until you had enough worms for the day's sport. Then, of course, you left the fork sticking in the ground—you never would learn to put things away—and started off. Through the garden and orchard, stopping long enough for a handful of currants and a pocketful of sopsvines—over the pasture bars, eating a handful of huckleberries or low-bush blackberries here and there. Into the wood road—very dark and still in the dawn—where you stepped along very quietly so as not to disturb the bears. You knew perfectly well there were no bears, writes a contributor of the Atlantic, but you rather enjoyed the creepy sensation. Then out through the deep wet meadow grass to the river, where the sun was now beginning to burn away the wisps of mist, and the red-winged blackbirds were making a tremendous fuss over their housekeeping. You reached the river bank at the post hole, or the big rock, or the old willow (of course, you know the exact place), and then you started fishing.

State universities, at the request of their professors, are to benefit by the Carnegie pension fund. Ten million dollars were originally given as an endowment for pensions for professors in unsectarian colleges. Colleges supported by churches and by the states were omitted, on the ground that if pensions were to be provided, they might well come from those who maintain the institutions. Many colleges, nominally denominational, have given evidence that they are unsectarian, and have been admitted to the benefits of the fund, and the National Association of State Universities petitioned for the enjoyment of the pension provisions. It set forth four reasons, the chief of which were that in the absence of pension allowances the state universities would find it difficult to compete with the other colleges for first-class professors, and that the prospect of pensions paid by the states was remote, as it would involve the acceptance of the policy of pensioning state officers. Mr. Carnegie has admitted the force of their argument by adding \$5,000,000 to the original fund, so that the state institutions may benefit. But professors in such universities will not be pensioned unless the state legislature and the governor join in the application that they be admitted to the foundation.

"Always ready for sea duty, but afraid of social festivities," is the way the wife of Admiral Evans recently characterized her distinguished husband. Medical science would probably agree that the admiral has discovered which is the greater danger of the two.

The Tacoma Ledger has discovered that "the art of letter writing has suffered with the introduction of picture post cards," but it isn't noticeable yet in the divorce courts.

Stoux Falls didn't go Prohibition. The South Dakota village cannot forget the people from whom it gets its advertising. It knows they must have something to quiet their nerves.

Chicago's policemen will hereafter wear white gloves. Up to this time they have handled everything without gloves, including soap.

It is hard even for a "Merry Widow" hat to be really merry when caught in a rainstorm.

A Soldier's Life's the Life for Me

By COL. HENRY L. TURNER
GREECE, once beside a summer sea, in splendor queen'd it royally, but now her greenness is decay, her mighty men but mouldering clay, yet down o'er many a century still glory glid's Cheroamyla.
ROME, once o'er all the trembling world, her flaming ensigns wide unfurled, but now that city, seven-hilled, with her dim memories is filled; yet, though her heroes are but shades, still glory glid's their ancient blades.
THE great King Arthur's table round once righted wrongs, wherever found, the more rests lance in mailed grip, the great Pendragonship, the lists are closed at Camelot, yet glory flames round Camelot.

ROSE, once, the sun o'er Austerlitz, once, as some meteor flames and flits unbraided across the sky, a man of destiny rode by, and though his wondrous work's undone, still glory crowns Napoleon.

ONCE through our land, in dread array, barred to death the blue and gray, but now the dead united lie, the living band in hand, pass by, and though war's clamors sound no more, its glory glid's our country o'er.

SOLDIER'S LIFE'S THE LIFE FOR ME,
SOLDIERS ACHIEVED CHEROAMYLE,
ROME'S ARMY WON SUPREMACY,
THE BURNING LANCE MADE CHINA'S,
FRANCE EAGLES WON HIM VICTORY,
AND SOLDIERS SET COLUMBIA FREE.

"Col. Turner served through the civil war as a volunteer officer. Some years ago he became connected with the First Infantry of the Illinois National Guard and commanded that regiment during the campaign at Santiago, Cuba, in 1898. The poem is copyrighted by the author."

VISION OF GETTYSBURG.

Painted by a Little Girl for Her Soldier Grandfather.

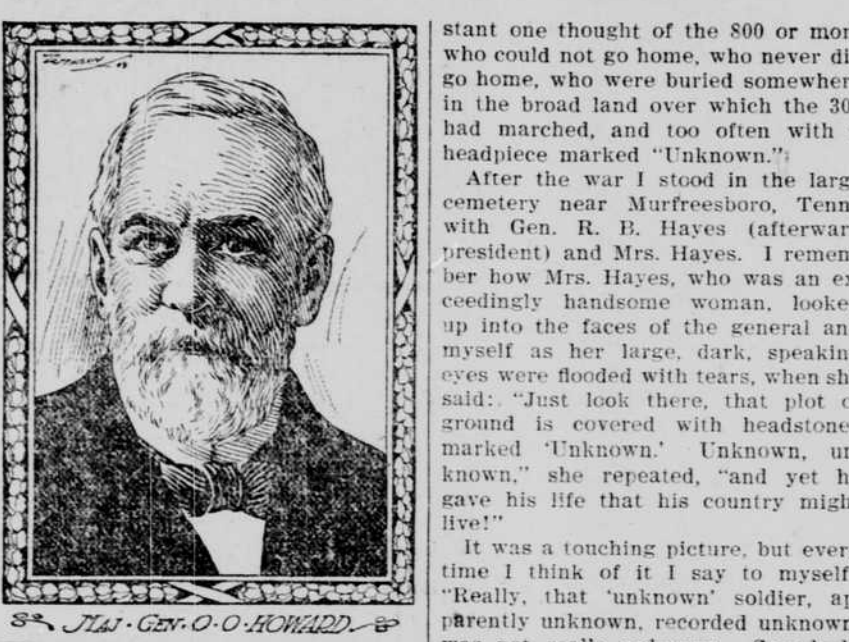
"Some years ago an old man with silvery hair was led into the cyclorama of Gettysburg by a bright-faced little girl. Aged and feeble, he sat down, while the child described to him the features of the picture. Occasionally he asked her a question as in doubt of the accuracy of her account. She had described the charge of the confederate columns and the struggle at the stone wall, when he asked: 'But where's the artillery, May?' 'Do you mean the big guns?' They're over there on the hill in a row.' 'All in a row?' he asked. 'Yes,' she said; 'there are some more down here, but they are all upset. I think they are bursted.' 'Is that where the men are coming over the hill?' 'Yes, grandpa.' 'Is there a grove of trees?' 'Yes, it seems to be full of men, but the smoke is so thick you can not see them.' 'Oh, I see them,' he cried.
"It was then noticed by some of the party near him that he was blind. The little girl answered: 'O, no, grandpa, you can't see them.' 'Yes, I can,' said the old soldier. 'I can see the men, the grove, and the broken cannon lying about.' The child looked at him in innocent surprise, and said: 'You are joking, grandpa.' 'No, my dear,' answered the old man. 'No, that was the last thing I ever saw. There was a caisson exploded there just this side of the stone wall, and that was the last terrible picture I ever saw, for it was then that I lost my eyesight, and I have never got the picture out of my mind.'

HIS DAY.



Foundation of Great Deeds.
All the great men who have soared above their fellows, whose names are carved on the adamantine rocks of time for the deeds they accomplished, were all, without exception, in love with their work, no matter what it was, and herein lay their greatness.

Daily Thought.
The great question in life is the suffering we cause; and the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics cannot justify the man who has pierced the heart that loved him.—Benjamin Constant.



Gen. O. O. Howard.

AT GETTYSBURG
How soon the first fierce rain of death, in big drops danc'd on the trees, withers the foliage—At a breath, hot as the blast that dried old seas, falls the clover like drops of blood, from mortal hurts, and stains the sod; the wheat is clipped, but the ripe grain, here long ungarner'd shall remain; and many who at the drum's long roll sprung to the charge and swelled the cheer, and set their flags high on the knoll, ne'er knew how went the fight fought here:
For them a knell tumultuous shells shook from the consecrated bars, as here they formed that silent rank, whose glorious star at twilight sank, and night, which lulls all discords—night, which stills the folds and vocal wood, and with the touch of finger light, quiets the pink-lipped brook's wild mood, which sends the wind to seek the larch, and whose young eyes while mothers watch—
Night stays the battle, but with day their lives, themselves, foes hurl away, shall be to-morrow's battlefield. Ere dying died or dead were cold, new hosts pressed on the lines to hold, and held them—hold them now in sleep, while stars and sentinels go around, and war-worn chargers shrink like sheep beside their riders on the ground.
All through the night—all through the North, Speed doubtful tidings back and forth; Through North and South, from dusk till day, A sundered people diverse pray.
So gradual sink the deliberate stars, The sun doth run the laggards down, At sleep still meadows burst the bars, and flood with light the steeped town. Blow! bugles of the cavalry, blow! Blow! bugles of the cavalry, blow! Forward the infantry, row on row! While every battery leaps with life, and swells the tongueless throats the strife!
—Isaac Riving Pennypacker, in New York Evening Sun.
CROWN WITH FLOWERS.
Children, if you were spared the sorrow That was brought with war and strife; O'er this land sweet peace has brooded All your young and happy life.
But to you is given this duty; To remember the dead brave, And to crown with fairest flowers Every noble soldier's grave.
—Elizabeth B. Comins, in Memorial Day Annual.

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THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My son, and only one, was battle slain,
And he was all the world, and more, to me;
I gave him at my country's sacred fane,
When Sherman marched his legions to the sea.
In danger's threat'ning cloud, at country's call,
He left my side, and parting said to me:
"If in the battle, mother, I should fall,
My country and her God will care for thee."

AT A PATRIOT'S GRAVE

Grandmother's Memorial Day Speech
By DORA OLIPHANT COE.
GRANDMOTHER ADAMSON had reached into the depths of her rose-sprigged bandbox, but just as her fingers touched the stiff ruching in the front of her best bonnet her attention was arrested by a ring at the front door. As though suddenly petrified in her stooping position, grandmother waited, creaked through the passage way leading from the kitchen.
At the first words of greeting grandmother straightened with a snap like a jack-knife, and an angry color flamed on her cheeks.
"Why, Martha Ellen, what lovely roses! Did you ever see the flowers so handsome as they are this year? Come right in. It's dreadful hot, ain't it? Seems like I never grewed it to warm up as early as— this season, but, then, it's been awful fine for the flowers. 'Pears like the roses and laylocks and pinies has just tried themselves to see who could do the most bloomin'! Now, that's a pretty idee, ain't it, Mrs. Rayburn, that laylock wreath?"
"Yes; laylocks was Dick's favorite flower, and he set this bush out hisself, and I thought I'd make a wreath to hang on the cross on his tombstun."
The expression on Grandmother Adamson's face would have made a good study. From a blaze of anger it passed through all the stages of horrified scorn to a stony determination.
The development of the conversation beyond the paper-covered board walls collected her nebulous chaotic emotions into a stern resolve.
Susan Ann was stout, and she had grieved all the morning over the long walk to the graveyard. As she sank ponderously into a chair, she lamented:
"I get heavier on my feet every day I live, and the heat to-day is just awful on me. If mother hadn't had her heart set on it, I wouldn't try to go to the cemetery. I just know I'll be sick."
"Couldn't she walk up with us?" Mrs. Rayburn asked. "We'll not walk fast."
But grandmother, with what was almost no movement, had stooped forward and slipped off her congress garters, at the same time taking from its box her bonnet. She slipped a hand through the round handle of a little basket and scurried down the passage-way and out through the back door.
The cemetery was being made bright with flowers when grandmother passed through the iron gateway, and her face hardened as she recognized some of the stooping figures and the graves over which they bent.
At a brilliantly-decked mound she stopped and kneeling, said:
"I hate to do it, Jeremiah, but I know you'd want me to. I won't take them to any one else, though, Jeremiah, though I know you'd say for me, if you was here. But dearie, I've keered for these things ever since they was buds, jest as tender as if they'd a ben babies, and jest so's you could have them to-day, and I jest can't see any one else have 'em. How would you like to look over these posies and see that laylock wreath—hangin' on old Dick Rayburn's tombstun? You ought, bled and died almost for nothin', Jeremiah, when that old copperhead gits jest as many flowers as you do."
Grandmother had turned up the skirt of her black alpaca dress and, into the receptacle thus formed, had put every flower that had lain on Jeremiah's grave. She carried them all over to a far corner of the cemetery and buried them under a pile of

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DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

Deafness cannot be cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way of curing it, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound in the ears, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation is taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. It is not a matter of days, but of weeks, and months, and if not cured, it may lead to insanity. Deafness caused by catarrh can be cured by Hale's Catarrh Cure, see our circular, free of charge. Write to J. C. GLENN & Co., 123 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists. Take Hale's Family Pills for constipation.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

"You shouldn't," the doctor advised, "permit yourself to be worried by little things."
"Good heavens," replied the patient, "I wouldn't if I could help it, but how is a man who has married a widow with six children going to get around it?"

EATING COCOONUT-CUSTARD PIE.

Everybody praises Cocoonut-Custard pie, but it is so easy to get sick after eating the entire meal. Green's Eye Salve, "OUR EYE SALVE," each fifteen-cent package containing just the proper ingredients for curing your eyes. Get the Cocoonut for Cocoonut-Custard pie. Put up by D-Zert's Food Co., Rochester, N. Y.

WHEN DEATH, THE GREAT RECOMFORTER,

has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

IF YOU HAVE COMMON SORE EYES.

If lines blur or run together, you need PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All drug-gists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MAN WHO IS AFTER RESULTS

is always particular as to the means.—Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder Cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

THE FINEST OF ALL THINGS

fair on earth is virtue.—Shakespeare.



MISS SOPHINA KITTELESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PERRINA

Catarah Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.
Miss Sophina Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes:
"I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help.
"Then my brother advised me to try Perrina, and I did.
"My health was very poor at the time, I began taking Perrina. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough.
"Perrina has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved.
"I recommend Perrina to all my friends who are troubled as I was."
PERRINA TABLETS: Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Perrina tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Perrina. Each tablet equals one average dose of Perrina.

Man-a-Lin the Ideal Laxative.

Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.



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Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Fico and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

EPILEPSY ITS TRIAL

FREE
If you suffer from Fits, Falling Convulsions or Spasms, or have Children that do so, we will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle of Dr. May's EPILEPTIC CURE. Complete directions and testimonials of CURES, etc., FREE to mail. Express Prepaid. Give your full address. W. H. HALL, R. F. D. 548 Pearl Street, New York.