

Cherry County Independent.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

The wood that a politician saws never helps his wife much in running the kitchen fire.

It has been discovered that Shakespeare's grandmother's name was Alice. It is due the bard to add that she was not the Alice referred to in "Ben Bolt."

It is reported that thousands of dolls which have been shipped from New York to Havana recently are filled with cartridges for the insurgents. Pretty toys, those, for the Cuban infantry.

A San Francisco woman announces that she will start for Chicago on her bicycle as soon as she obtains a divorce. This is rather reversing things. Ordinarily the trip to Chicago is made before the divorce is applied for.

The Monroe doctrine is an indefinite quantity so far as the details are concerned, but in a general way it means that no European nation should be allowed to colonize any part of the Western Hemisphere, or monopolize any of its commercial advantages.

Kansas boasts that it has a school for every 182 persons while Massachusetts has but one for every 690 persons. It should be remembered, however, that Massachusetts has no sparsely settled counties where only a dozen or so pupils are within reach of the school house. The Old Bay State is not particularly noted for illiteracy.

An English writer on naval affairs is preparing a work called "Ironclads in Action," which will deal with the history of fighting on the ocean during the last forty years. He should give the United States credit for revolutionizing the navies of the world a few months after the civil war broke out, and all through having an armored "cheese-box on a raft" at the right place at the right moment.

Some people say that advertising is all a matter of luck; that you cannot tell what advertising is going to do, or whether or not it is going to pay. This may be true; but it is very strange that the man who gives intelligent thought to his advertising, and does it in an intelligent, earnest, straightforward way, usually has the luck on his side. He is lucky in his advertising because he reduces it to a science. Advertising is just as certain as paying rent. Advertising is governed by the same common-sense business lines that govern buying a lot of tomatoes or codfish.—Grocery World.

The Territory of Oklahoma seems to be one of those phenomenal States that are liable in the future to revolutionize even our American ideas of rapid development. It seems only yesterday that we were reading of the skurrying of the multitude over the barren and unimproved land of the Indian Territory in a desperate rivalry to secure the most desirable sites for settlement. Now we are informed that there is established upon the Territory a population of 275,000, with a taxable valuation of \$40,000,000. Surely this is out-doing even the usual wonderful rapidity of American growth and verging upon the miraculous. The best of it all is that the Territory seems to have as well established a public morale as many of the older communities, as well as all the other elements necessary to the highest social and political development.

England is getting herself well equipped with ultimatums of various sorts. She has presented ultimatums to China and Turkey, neither one of which has been regarded as very serious. It was recently reported she had an ultimatum ready for Venezuela, but if this be so it has not yet reached Caracas. Her latest has been forwarded to the King of Ashantee and it will go into effect immediately. He has been notified by must stop his favorite pastime of human sacrifices and let neighboring tribes under British protectorates alone. An expedition is all ready to start into Ashantee, and if its king does not come to terms it will be all the worse for him. Fortunately the Monroe doctrine does not apply in Africa and none of the other powers have any interests there. Great Britain, therefore, will make short work of the dusky sovereign, and after that is over it may be safely presumed that she will swallow his kingdom.

A contemporary laments the fact that in rebuilding the Hartford her identity as Farragut's flagship has been destroyed, and hence that the object of the appropriation for her reconstruction has been defeated. It is unfortunate, of course, but what else could have been expected? You cannot turn an old hulk into a serviceable cruiser and keep it an old hulk. The idea of reconstructing the Hartford for cruising purposes was a piece of sentimental folly. She ought to have been laid up as a relic, with only such repairs as were needed to protect her from the weather. The money that has been wasted in rebuilding her would have provided a useful modern gunboat. When Holmes wrote the stirring poem that saved the Constitution from the boneyard he did not advocate turning the old frigate into an up-to-date cruiser and sending her out on squadron duty. The English keep Nelson's flagship Victory as a venerated memento, but they do not attempt to make her available for service in a modern line of battle. If our sailors should prove as gallant in the fu-

ture as in the past and so should provide us with a new stock of famous names, the policy that has led to the reconstruction of the Hartford might end in filling our entire navy with crippled and patched-up monuments to sentiment, without a ship that could fight

Death came gently to our dear friend Eugene Field. While he slept beside his little son the mystery of eternity was opened to him as in a dream and the children's friend passed into "the far off land of Ever-Plaisance." His verses and prose are read gratefully in every corner of the earth where English is spoken. He was beloved of children and the friends of children. Although with characteristic modesty and distrust of his own genius, he made no pretensions to the front rank among authors, the best of the day welcomed him to their fellowship. To the last he was a busy journalist. A poet of the people, the people bear testimony to the depth of his feeling and the deftness of his art. The news of his death fell with a painful shock upon many a bruised heart that has found comfort in his tender verses. The people of Chicago who knew him well and had come to understand and appreciate him feel they have suffered a personal loss. The gentleness of his disposition will live in the memory of his friends when all thought has passed of the pranks, born of boisterous, boyish love of fun, which gave him his earlier fame. As a journalist he had to deal satirically sometimes with the fallings and follies of friend as well as foe, but his shafts left no deep scars, none that were not effaced by after contact. He was, as he has written of another: "Good to the helpless and the weak; a brave and manly heart." He had not written much that he deemed of permanent value, but the seven or eight little volumes of prose or poetry are so exquisite in their style, so simple, so human, so pure, that they will carry his name far beyond our day. Thousands who have read his writings with affectionate interest and awaited the coming of new work from his pen with eagerness will grieve for the passing of the children's friend—Eugene Field.

"Up from the sea there floats a sob Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore, As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning, Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more."

The Youngest Hunter.
In the far West boys begin to be hunters at an early age. Eight-year-olds who go off with dog and gun are not extremely rare; but successful deer-slayers of six probably have not yet been developed—except in a single well authenticated case. The papers of Portland, Oregon, tell the story, and it is a simple one, but rather inspiring to a hunter.

Mr. O. D. Garrison, of Scappoose—a town not far from the Columbia River, between Portland and St. Helen—went deer-hunting recently. He had with him a friend to whom he wished to show some large game. They hunted with dogs.

The dogs started a deer, and gave chase. Closely pursued, the deer took water, jumping into the Scappoose Creek. Along the bank coursed the dogs, following the swimming buck down the stream.

Mr. Garrison's house is on the Scappoose, and in the course of time this was reached. Here the deer left the water, and standing on the bank, held the dogs at bay.

In front of the house Mr. Garrison's little boy, six years old, was playing. He heard the barking of the dogs, and the hunter spirit in him was aroused. He went and got a loaded rifle of his father's, marched to the bank of the stream, cocked the gun, rested it on a log, aimed deliberately at the deer's head, and fired.

The deer fell; and when, after a time, the hunters came running up, they found that the ball had entered the animal's forehead in exactly the right spot to cause instant death.

It is said that the little boy was "not nearly so excited over the event as his parents were." This may well be believed.

With a Modern Model.
An ungalantly Kangaroo and a squatly Dachshund met in the field. "What ungalantly limbs!" rudely remarked the Dachshund. "Of what use are they, pray?"

"They are good for jumping," replied the Kangaroo, making several prodigious leaps.

"Oh, that I could jump like you."

"Easy enough; let me stretch your banty legs for you."

The Dachshund agreed and the Kangaroo, exerting all his strength, elongated the nether limbs of his little friend until they compared favorably with his own.

At this juncture a huntsman espied the pair, who took alarm. The Kangaroo pushed the field out from behind him in a remarkably ungraceful but sudden manner. The Dachshund, however, being unaccustomed to his new stilt, tumbled down and was shot for a kangaroo.

Moral: This fable shows but one of the many evil results of having your leg pulled.—New York World.

Dr. Pillem—Did you administer the opiate at 9 o'clock as I directed? Mrs. Gamp (with a sniff)—That I did, but it seemed a pity to wake the poor man out of the first sound sleep he's had in four days to give it to him!—New York Morning Journal.

A THANKSGIVING SOLILOQUA.

M' wife, she wants a winter coat, And so do I. An' that'll spoil a good-sized note, (Though clothes ain't high). Then both the boys are wantin' pants, An' I am, too, An' ordinary circumstance The hull year through.

Kitty an' Emmy want new shoes, M' wife the same. Lord! it does give me the blues, To set and name The things 'I hev to go an' buy Day after day; Don't make no difference how I try, There ain't no way

To keep from spendin' all I git, Or pretty nigh. —I hev saved up a little bit An' laid it by— An' come to think, now, I dunno 'S I oughter be A settin' here a talkin' so, Especially,

Considerin' the dream I had The other night; My young ones an' my wife had fled Out o' my sight, An' Satan says: "Old man," says he, "You want 'em back? Jump in that stream along with me, It's deep an' black,

"An' you'll hev to swim a hundred years." An' with a yell He dove into the stream o' tears An' swam for — well, I jumped in, too, or thought I had, But struck the floor An' found I'd jest jumped out o' bed An' nothin' more.

I s'pose 'twas eatin' hot mince pie That made me dream, But still, there ain't no doubt that I Felt how 't would seem To have no folks; and here I've sot— Well, I'm no saint, But I'll offer thanks for what I've got; That beats complaint. —Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

TIM AND HIS TURKEY.

IT was the night before Thanksgiving, but Tim Daly could see very little to be thankful for. His father was a drunkard. His mother took in washing. Tim sold a few newspapers, and mother and son supported the family of six, and to crown it all Tim had just lost the 50 cents he had been saving for weeks to buy a very small chicken for the family's Thanksgiving dinner.

The chicken was to have been a great surprise to his mother, and 50 cents was what Tim called a "reg'lar boodle." The boy could not keep back the tears when he discovered the hole in his pocket through which the 50 cent piece had fallen.

Tim had spent nearly six of his twelve years on the streets, and there was nothing girlish about him, but he was a pretty good boy. He helped always kind to his mother. He helped her with her work in the kitchen, and he gave her nearly all the money he made. The secret of it all was that she was a very good mother and Tim knew it.

Chicken was rarely seen upon the Daily table. Like Maggie, the simple minded girl in "Little Dorrit," Tim had never had any "chickin'" but once that he could remember, but the flavor of that one tender drumstick seemed to hover about his palate still. When the idea of his proposed surprise came to him he had at first planned to get a turkey, but while the spirit was willing the pocket-book was weak, and a cheap chicken replaced the big fat turkey as his heart's (and stomach's) desire. But now his whole hobby scheme had been balked, and as he searched in vain for the missing coin along the city covered asphalt in front of the city hall his coveted chicken seemed to have suddenly blown so far away that it was but a mere pin feather in the distance.

A few minutes later the world looked even darker to Tim, for a tall, thin, ragged, red-nosed man, who looked like a tramp, suddenly seized him from behind, and crying, "Please don't, father!" Tim shielded his face with one arm from the blow bitter experience made him expect. The elder Daly was, as usual, very drunk and very ugly. He demanded Tim's money and struck the boy in the face when he truthfully declared that he did not have a cent. More blows followed, and in his frantic struggles to get away Tim dove between his sire's unsteady legs, upset him in the snow and ran like a deer toward Broadway in front of the city hall.

At a safe distance Tim turned and looked back. The drunkard had tottered to his feet and was shaking his fist in a threatening manner. "It was a reg'lar 'Trow him down, McClosky," panted Tim. "I didn't mean to really trip him up. Sorry I dumped him so hard. No sleepin' at home now for a few nights."

Tim sighed, for the night was cold. Hours afterward he crawled into a big packing box that stood on the walk near a crockery store. The box was half filled with dry straw, into which Tim burrowed and fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by the sound of two voices near him. He listened sleepily until he heard one of the men say, "Golden's place is just de mark for us. De wife where he keeps his diamonds dead easy."

At these words Tim became very much awake and listened with all his ears. Golden's, he knew, was the name of a large jewelry store on the Bowery, and the words "diamonds" and "safe" indicated that this was the place referred to by the speaker, who very evidently meditated burglary.

"When'll we do de job—about three?" the second voice inquired. "Yes," was the reply. "From de roof we kin git through de skylight, and next down stairs and at his old safe. Say, it's easier'n a pantry cupboard."

Both men laughed softly. They were talking in low tones, but were so near the box that Tim heard every word they spoke. He almost held his breath for fear they might discover him. Suddenly, in spite of his attempts to remain quiet, the lay rustled.

"Sah! What's that?" one of the men whispered. "Somebody in de box?" Tim lay very still and pretended to be asleep, but an instant later one of the men thrust an arm into the box, seized him by the leg and roughly jerked him out upon the snow-covered walk.

"It's only a kid," said one of the men. "G'way. Le' me be," Tim murmured, rubbing his eyes and pretending that he had just been aroused from a sound sleep. "Have you been asleep, young feller?"

THANKSGIVING IN THE FAR WEST.



On the ranches of the far West "turkey grabbing" is a prominent as well as wonderfully exciting sport. The turkey is buried in the ground with only his head and neck above the surface, allowing him full swing for dodging and ducking. The cowboy mounted on his pony sweeps down at full speed, and as he passes the

buried gobbler leans far down and attempts to grab it by the head. Dragging the head along the ground and grasping the neck is barred—the head alone being the part to be grabbed. The successful turkey grabbers are few, and when an expert comes along he is the hero of the day.

Tim's captor demanded, catching him by the collar. "Come, now, were ye sleppin' or only shammin'?" If ye lie, I'll half kill ye. "Le' me be, don't hurt me!" cried Tim. "I ain't done anythin'."

"Did you hear us talkin'?" "Le' me be," Tim sobbed in real alarm. "I guess you're all right, but if you heard us and ever tell any one, I'll break every bone in your body," said his captor. Then the two men hurried away toward the Bowery.

Tim watched them until they disappeared down the street before he moved from the box. He was very much frightened, but for all that he intended to notify the police at once. Golden's store was not far from the Elizabeth street police station, and selecting a roundabout way so that there would be little danger of his meeting the two burglars, Tim ran as fast as he could toward the station.

He arrived there pale and out of breath, and between his gasps told his story to the sergeant on duty. The officer was at first inclined to disbelieve Tim's statements, but the boy stood the test of rigid questioning, and as it was already 2 o'clock in the morning of Thanksgiving Day four officers were detailed to catch the burglars. Tim wanted to accompany them, but the Sergeant ordered him to remain at the station house until the men returned.

Fifteen minutes later two policemen, disguised in citizen's clothes, were watching the front door of Golden's store from hiding places across the street, while the other two crept over the roofs of neighboring buildings to the roof of the jewelry store, and concealed themselves behind chimneys near the skylight. It was not long before two men came sneaking along the roofs, cut a pane out of Golden's skylight, unlatched and opened it, and let themselves down into the jeweler's building by means of a rope. The two officers did not molest them, for the plan was to allow them to enter the store proper, give them time to begin work on the safe, and then have the officers in the street alarm and drive them to the roof, where they were to be captured.

This plan was carried out to the letter. When one of the fleeing burglars gained the roof he waited to help his companion through the skylight, and the moment both were upon the roof the officers rushed out and covered them with their revolvers. One burglar surrendered, but the other showed fight, and was shot through the shoulder and felled with a night stick. The officers marched their prisoners to the Elizabeth street station, where Tim, who had been fast asleep in a chair, identified them as the men he had heard plotting the robbery.

Tim was quite a hero, and when Jeweler Golden, who had been telegraphed for, reached the station house at 7 o'clock he drew Tim aside and asked him if there was any particular thing he wanted very badly.

"Yes, sir, I want a chicken, or—er, better yet, a big fat turkey for to s'prise ma with," Tim said promptly. Then, in response to questions, Tim told Mr. Golden about his drunkard father and his good mother and the lost 50 cent piece. When he had finished the jeweler said heartily: "Come on, Tim, and we'll buy the biggest turkey for sale on the Bowery."

He kept his word, and half an hour later Tim staggered into the Bowery street tenement with a turkey so large and plump that he could hardly carry it. What joy there was in the Daly family! Even Daly senior forgave Tim when he saw the turkey and heard Tim's story. The boy said nothing about one incident of the morning, however, until his father had gone out to get liquor. Then Tim gave his mother the \$10 bill Mr. Golden had thrust into his hand at parting, and that day, for once in their lives, the Dalys not only had turkey for Thanksgiving, but cranberry sauce as well.

King Turk's Proclamation.
Thanksgiving! and with spirits blue, Headless I've come to call on you; Attend to what I have to say; 'N let your appetite delay. Knowing you've murder done most fowl, Should my uneasy spirit prawl, Greet not my shade with cruel sneers If follow the poor shell appears, Void of all dressing, empty, thin, It may in dreams come stalking in, Now thankful for a speedy roast, Good-by, I'm yours, sincerely most, THANKSGIVING TURKEY, 1895.

A Thanksgiving Trill.
For all the joys of living A long and sweet Thanksgiving! For this old world, with roses rife, For mother, friend, and sweetheart—wife! For every soft wind blowing; For fields where Love is sowing The seed to blossom in the years— For woman's love and woman's tears That sweeten earthly living— The heart's divine Thanksgiving! In blessings shared with humble lots The truest joys we trace; Who gives the freest charity Gives thanks with fairest grace. —Kansas City Journal.

RABBIT TIME.

Rabbit time, trappin' time Dat's de time fo' me. Set mah trap So hit snap, Hide behin' a tree. Froo de snow, dar he go, Rabbit jumpin' past, Gits de trail, Wags his tail, Crawls in—dat's de last. Wif a clap down hit drap.



Rabbit caught fo' sho— In de jail. Wif out bail, Can't git out no mo'. Den a pie, rabbit pie, Deeked in gran' array; Jus' fo' two, Me an' you, On Thanksgiving' Day.

THANKSGIVING IN THE ARMY.

THANKSGIVING in the army? Well, I should say so, writes Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, D. D. It was in 1861. Our regiment, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, was stationed at Annapolis, Md., where, for twenty-two weeks it was engaged in fitting out the "Burnside expedition to Roanoke Island" and other military movements on the Atlantic coast.

My company was sent out in November to protect the Union men at the polls during the State election of 1861, and then to guard the railroad between Annapolis and the Baltimore and Washington line. We were also employed to intercept the contraband trade in arms, medicines and other supplies then being carried on between Baltimore and Richmond, across the Potomac River at Aquia Creek, below Washington. My company headquarters was about six miles east of the main line on the Annapolis branch in a neighborhood of bitter secessionists; while the outposts were stationed along the railroad for six or seven miles to keep the enemy from tearing up the track, which was of the utmost importance in the transportation of troops and supplies to the ships in the harbor at Annapolis.

My soldier boys were most all from Barre, Mass., and vicinity, and their hearts turned toward home as Thanksgiving drew near. Letters from home told of the preparations and of the vacant places belonging to the dear ones in the army. Many a brave heart was sad and longed for home. All wanted an old-fashioned Thanksgiving, and so we went at it in earnest to provide for a good dinner. Only two turkeys could be obtained in the neighborhood, but a couple of geese and plenty of chickens were added; then a

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.



bushel of biscuit were baked for us by a Union woman living on a farm near the camp. In the place of cranberry sauce and other fixings we secured a bountiful supply of wild honey; doughnuts and apples were substituted for pumpkin pie. We had abundance, if not variety.

Yankee ingenuity soon turned the rejected ties along the track into a table, which being covered with the flies from our officers' tents appeared quite presentable. No mother in New England was prouder of her table that day than were our dear fellows. The members of the company were gathered in from the railroad, except one lone comrade from each picket station, whose doom was sealed by lot. When all was ready Lieut. Williams, a wicked sinner, as men are generally counted, called out: "Attention, company! Comrades, we must not forget the way the old folks at home keep Thanksgiving; and, as our company commander is a minister, we will ask him to conduct religious service." Every head was uncovered, and seventy-five brave men went down on their knees around the well-spread table. We prayed, and all went back again with the old folks at home in feelings and imagination. A big lump got into my throat, and I could go no further; a comrade struck up, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." All arose and sang—oh, how they did sing. Few dry eyes were around that table. Soon the company cook shouted, "Attention, company! Prepare to charge! Charge!" Never such a charge before upon a helpless and innocent foe. Story-telling and jokes mingled with the footing of that storehouse of good things. They ate until many felt like the Yankee boy at Thanksgiving dinner, who cried because he could hold no more.

A black fringe had slowly gathered around our party, and when all had eaten more than enough we began to toss over the fragments that remained to the hungry darkies. How their eyes did laugh as their teeth tore in pieces the remnants of turkey, goose and chicken. By the way, I forgot to say that the darkies brought us a lot of "hoe-cake," hot from the coals where they had baked it for the "Linkum solgers." Next to watermelons the Maryland darky loves hot "hoe-cake and honey."

After dinner was over and a little rest had been taken the games began. As all were too full for utterance, speech-making was omitted, and also all violent exercises; in fact, a shooting match was about all we could undertake. A few chickens remained for prizes, but, to tell the truth, only one was even wounded, and that by an accidental shot from the commander's revolver. Who could shoot after such a meal? The final scene was one long to be remembered. Every comrade was silent, and as I came out of my tent to learn why it was so very quiet, I found the dear boys engaged in writing to the loved ones at home all about our Thanksgiving in the army.

Union in Thanksgiving.
It was at a time when "union" as well as "liberty" was the watchword of our country, that the festival which is so distinctively American became more entirely a national affair. The incident which led to such a change of basis is thus described by the author of "Seward at Washington":

One morning, early in October, 1863, Mr. Seward entered the President's room and found him alone, busily engaged with a large pile of papers.

"They say, Mr. President," he began, "that we are stealing away the rights of the States. So I have come to-day to advise you that there is another State right I think we ought to steal."

Mr. Lincoln looked up from his papers with a quizzical expression. "Well, Governor," said he, "what do you want to steal now?"

"The right to name Thanksgiving day. We ought to have one national holiday all over the country, instead of letting the Governors of States name half a dozen different days."

The President entered heartily into the suggestion, saying that he believed the usage had its origin in custom and not in constitutional law, so that a President "had as good a right to thank God as a Governor." In fact, proclamations had already been issued by the executive after great victories, though the annual festival had always been designated by the Governors.

Mr. Seward drew from his portfolio the outline of such a proclamation, which they read over together, and perfected. It was duly issued, and since that time the President of the United States has always fixed the date for this national holiday.

More Money than Brains.
There is a woman here—quite a prominent woman, too—who has lots of money and a kind heart. That's really about all she has to recommend her. She gave a luncheon last week. The cream for the berries and the butter was so unusually good that one of her guests remarked it.

"Yes," said the hostess, complacently; "we have all our milk and butter sent in from our farm every day. They make butter out there—have a regular creamatory, you know."—Washington Post.

At the Boarding-House.
"We should be thankful for small mercies," said the boarding-house mistress. "We have to be," replied the star boarder, as he gazed at the diminutive turkey.—Truth.