

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

SUCCESSOR TO
CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT GOOD, Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897

1897!

Macco is alive once more, and the war in Cuba goes merrily on.

The people of Cherry county are to be congratulated on the fact that they are but slightly interested in the Golden Irrigation District.

The order of the board of health to citizens of Valentine should not be disregarded. Life is precious and a little cleaning up may save many doctor bills as well as lives.

Carpenters are still at work on McKinley's cabinet, and changes are made every day. It is probable that McKinley will take a hand about March 4 and make his own cabinet.

With the legislature in session at Lincoln, with Cleveland holding Congress at bay and the war in Cuba to distract public attention, there is no need of loyal Nebraskans dying of ennui, whatever that is.

St. Paul used the Parthenon at Athens as a model for her ice palace this winter, but for graceful outlines, symmetrical proportions and general beauty it can not compare with our building called a court-house.

There is going to be lots of fun over the seating of Kirkpatrick and Neville as supreme judges, all departments of the state government are to be turned wrong-side out and thoroughly aired, and sheol will be raised in general at the state capital, so newspapers will not want for editorial topics during the next few months.

The great New York democratic organization, Tammany, has been held up as the worst thing ever known in politics, but when it comes to spending money the "reform" administration of New York can give it cards and spades and win out easily. The increased cost of the city government for the year 1896 was \$6,519,611.27 more than in 1895, and the taxpayers have been assessed higher than ever before.

It seems to us that the crime of criminal conspiracy is one that goes unpunished more than any other crime. By this means banks are broken, business men ruined, and thousands plunged into want and misery by the gratification of this wicked desire to rule or ruin. Anything that tends to make the innocent suffer with the guilty is a blot upon civilization and a state of things worthy of the execration of all true men.—Gordon Journal.

The Hyannis Tribune is after stock rustlers of all kinds, and advocates a novel method of punishing the rascals. It means nothing more nor less than that all interested should petition Congress to pass a bill making it a serious offense for anyone to drive or hold upon any government land stolen stock. In support of this method the Tribune says:

As it is now there is one particularly discouraging feature connected with the business for those who are trying to suppress it. Resort to the gunning method is unpleasant to all concerned, and prosecution in the courts results in unjust acquittal. It is quite discouraging to one prosecuting to spend hundreds of dollars to hunt down a rustler clearly guilty, only to have him acquitted by a jury "of his peers"—who may be in the same business or have an underground affinity for it. The stockman can't afford to surrender and let the rustlers have a clear field, nor yet can they afford to put up money to buck a jury that stand in with the enemy.

DIVORCE LAWS NEED REVISION.

The divorce laws of the various states should be so amended or revised that they will conform to each other in essential principles, if not entirely, and to attain that end it is suggested that committees be appointed by the various state legislatures this winter with a view to the formation of a law to be presented and passed in the states which are represented. This would at least save a whole lot of trouble and prevent many people from having two or more legal husbands or wives at the same time. A peculiar case was recently decided in a New York court, wherein a woman obtained a divorce in South Dakota and remarried. Her husband lived in New York, and he also applied for a divorce, which was granted, the judge holding that the divorce granted the woman was void in New York, and that her second marriage was statutory grounds for the granting of a divorce to her first husband. The question now arises: "Was the woman's second marriage legal?"

Every day, almost, the need of new divorce laws is brought out. Take this case for example: Judge Kinkaid grants a divorce to a certain party. Under our state law the divorced parties cannot remarry for six months after the divorce is obtained, but in South Dakota the law contains no such provision. One of the parties desires to remarry and crosses the state line one week afterward, and without even the formality of obtaining a license is legally married. The absurdity of the thing is immense. Of what avail is our carefully constructed divorce law if it may be thus easily evaded? Either the present law should be repealed, or steps should be taken to make it binding.

JACKSON DAY

Tomorrow, Friday, January 8, is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, fought in 1815, with that great democratic leader, "Old Hickory" Andrew Jackson commanding the American forces. This day has by common consent been set apart as the one particular day upon which all democrats should show their loyalty to their party, and in many cities it will be observed by banquets, parades or speeches. In Valentine we will not do either of those things, but this paper calls upon all followers of Jackson and Jefferson to celebrate the day by registering a vow that they will remain loyal to the party and the principles it represents; that they will gird up their loins and regardless of our recent disastrous defeat will be found behind the breastworks of truth, honor and honesty in politics when next assailed by the enemy. The methods used in the last campaign to compass our defeat will not obtain in the next, and if all remain loyal we will win the next battle even as Jackson won the battle of New Orleans, though the odds were apparently very great against him.

Hurrah for Jackson!

Hurrah for democracy!

GLOVER WAS RIGHT.

A couple of weeks ago the Brownlee Hornet said:

The Valentine official has decided that the Hornet cannot lawfully publish final proof notices for various reasons. One was that it was started for campaign purposes, and to secure final proof notices, and that there is no support for a paper, because so few people live here and other equally absurd imaginations. The fact of the matter is that very few people in Valentine realize that anyone lives down in this part of the county, but the time is not far distant when they will see the error of their ways, and they will no doubt feel disposed to grant us our rights, and if the land office officials, or others think they can "kill us off" by withholding patronage that justly and lawfully belongs to us, we can assure them that they are barking up the wrong tree; the prospects are that we will be here sometime yet.

In its last issue the same paper contained the following:

With this issue, the Hornet will cease to visit you. Our reasons for discontinuing the publication of this paper at Brownlee are that we expect to engage in the newspaper business at Springview, this state.

The Newport Republican of last week contains an article in which the editor advocates the appointment of Mr. J. F. Brown, of Hammond, Rock county, for receiver of the U. S. land office here, to succeed J. A. Fike at the expiration of that gentleman's term of office. Mr. Brown is described as an old soldier, the head of a family, is a farmer and has been a resident of Rock county for seven years. Mr. Brown may be a good man in fact we think he is, but as this is his first step in politics he may find a rough road before him.

The village board of Springview has passed an ordinance requiring all dogs which are allowed to run on the streets to be muzzled.

The treasury bureau of statistics reports that we imported wood and manufactures thereof to the value of \$16,836,222 for the ten months ending with October, 1896, against \$17,002,270 for the corresponding time in 1895. Turning to exports of wood and manufactures thereof, we find that the total value was \$29,125,942 for the ten months last year, against \$24,229,630 for the same time the year before.

The latest convert to the full-valuation assessment plan of raising taxes is the Alliance Pioneer Grip. In commenting on the subject the Grip says: "At the rate people are going, there will soon not be enough property taxed to maintain any government at all, all of which is a tendency back to barbarism, and customs of the untutored savage." With so many of the newspapers upholding the law and demanding its enforcement, the assessed valuation of the state will surely take a raise this year.

It may be a hard matter for people to obtain or borrow money for any other purpose, but it is a fact that for the purchasing and handling of cattle, any responsible person can get all the cash which he can properly handle. It may be for the reason that cattle is the only known property that can be converted into cash at a moment's notice with any hope of realizing as much as what was paid, but there seems to be plenty of cash for that purpose anyway. It will be great times for the country when everything is as prosperous.—Alliance Grip.

Bro. G. W. Fritz, of Brownlee, has killed his Hornet, the funeral sermon being pronounced last Friday. He goes to Springview to engage in the newspaper business, and THE DEMOCRAT wishes him success. Mr. Fritz is an able young man, and we like him, even if his politics are a shade off color. This paper did all that it could to keep the Hornet alive, clipping therefrom freely, but the proper fool silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1, was lacking, and it died. Papers of that class are most generally short-lived when they start with nothing but wind and large gobs of hope for foundation, but the majority have but sacks of gall to buoy them up, and that respect the Hornet was lacking.

KEEPING AT IT.

While on its deathbed last week the Brownlee Hornet said: "THE DEMOCRAT ought to be satisfied with the verdict of the people on the court-house question, and let it rest until the next general election." Now isn't that pretty doctrine for a newspaper, especially a populist newspaper, to expound? Why, bless you, the people of this county did not know anything about the court-house question, according to the Hornet, and this paper proposes that that plea shall not hold good next time. We're here to stay and fight it out on this line.

If the Brownlee man followed his own advice he would never say free silver, or Bryan, or tariff, or anything else about national issues for four years to come. "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," 'tis said, and this paper proposes to prove or disprove the adage. If any facts on the court-house question are wanted, write to the editor and they will be cheerfully furnished.

PROTECTION—TO WHAT?

The first need of the government and of the country is more revenue. The deficiency in the past three years amounts to nearly \$138,000,000. The Treasury is running behind now at the rate of \$70,000,000 a year. And yet Mr. Dingley says the "great purpose" of the tariff bill which he is to frame is "protection."

Protection to what? To the trusts and monopolies? Are they not fat and saucy enough already? To legitimate manufacturers? Are not many of them now exporting articles in successful competition with foreigners at home? To labor? Is there a single schedule of the present tariff in which the duties do not more than cover the difference in labor cost between this country and Europe? In many of them does not the protection exceed the entire foreign labor cost?

If in choosing this course the republicans are not inviting a recurrence of the defeat of 1890, then like causes do not produce like effects and history has lost the habit of repeating itself.—New York World.

LOVE PHILTERS.

Regular Articles of Trade in New York Shops.

Secret Stores Where Sleeping Potions and Other Quack Nostrums Are Sold in a Surreptitious Manner.

Love potions and love charms are regular articles of trade in many of the queer-looking little shops on New York's great east side. They are to be found for the most part in the dirty-looking groceries and the overcrowded dry goods shops.

There is also a constant demand for "sleeping potions" as well as for various odd poisons whose use is little understood by the medical profession here. Perhaps if these poisons could be traced their use might solve many an east side mystery that has baffled the police. Your east side foreigner has been in the habit of buying such things in obscure stores in the cities and towns where she used to live and the demand is still supplied in one way or another in New York.

The writer discovered one of these secret stores in a walk on the east side. It was connected with a little dry goods shop east of Third avenue. His attention was attracted to a collection of amber beads, which on the east side and other parts of the town are freely sold to anxious parents, who tie them about the necks of their children to keep off croup. The proprietor of the shop, who seemed to be a Roumanian, with a half Russian type of face, picked up a peculiar amber ring, which he offered for sale as a "love-ring."

"In the east," he said, "a number of drugs are used for the purpose of exciting love in a cold and careless lover. Some of these drugs are made into medicines, or 'love-potions,' to be swallowed, but there are many 'love charms' which can be made up with jewelry or worn on the body. Amber is firmly believed by the peasants in southern Europe to have peculiar powers in causing one who wears it to be loved. It is made into lockets, or set in a ring, or carried in a bag around the neck.

"Amber is also distilled into an oil and is used as one of the ingredients of 'love-potions,' which are given in a liquid form to be taken internally. It is a brown-colored liquid of hot taste and a strong, disagreeable odor. It is poisonous in large doses, but in small amounts is freely used in southern countries. It is frequently rubbed in the back with wonderful effect. Most of these 'love-potions,' or 'love-philthers,'" continued the old Roumanian storekeeper, "must have originated in oriental countries, where such things have been in common use from the earliest times.

"Another new drug used to stimulate the emotions of love is a salt of gold originally discovered by the old alchemists in their attempts to make gold out of silver or the other baser metals. It was long ago used as a secret 'love medicine' and is now used by physicians for that purpose. It acts like strychnine, which is one of the most powerful drugs known, but it also has a special action in exciting the passions. One of the oldest of 'love-potions' is called 'the essence of pearls.' It dates back to the time of Antony and Cleopatra.

"Among the German peasants," continued the old Roumanian, "a number of strange superstitions has been handed down, which are practiced even among the Germans in New York city to-day, at least among the more ignorant. A stick of lovage root is supposed by them to be efficacious in exciting love. It is used by young wives or unmarried girls who have doubts about their husbands or lovers. The lovage root is made into powders and baked in cakes given to the men to eat, or put into wine or beer for them to drink. An old superstition teaches that bat's blood is an excellent antidote for a apathetic lover.

"Nutmeg has been thought to have similar powers. A diet of mushroom and truffles is recommended by the Germans as a stimulant to the emotion of love.

The old Roumanian storekeeper had a curiously carved wooden chest containing several little metal flasks with some of these "love-potions," which he had brought from his native land. He also had recipes for the manufacture of others, but these he declined to show. He seemed proud of his reputation, which had brought him patrons not only from his own people, but people of various nationalities, even including Irish and negroes.—N. Y. Press.

An Index to a Horse's Character.

Phrenology as applied to horses is a new and interesting study, and the following maxim should be carefully studied by all lovers and owners of horses: "Every horse carries an index to his temper and intelligence in his face. The teachable, tractable animal is broad and flat between the eyes; the bony ridge of his face rises slightly from the point where the face narrows towards the nostrils. His ears are well set, sensitive, and far apart, with a well-defined ridge of bone extending across the top of the head between them. Always feel for this ridge in judging a horse. The eye should be large, clear and bright, with a prominent ridge of bone along the inner and upper edge of the socket."—Westminster Gazette.

An Animal Census.

The latest enumeration of the animals known to science includes no less than 386,000 recognized species. The real number is believed to be very much larger. It has been estimated that of insects alone the earth harbors 2,000,000 species, but the late Prof. Riley regarded even that estimate as far too low. According to his opinion 10,000,000 would be a moderate estimate of the number of insect species! The number of individuals is, of course, incalculable.—N. Y. World.

HOLIDAY TIMES.

Preparations for the Midwinter Season of Festivity.

With the passing of All Saints' day and Halloween the holiday season draws near. It has been the fashion of recent years to begin the season weeks before Christmas, and actually arrives. Christmas decorations decorate the shops and are displayed with holly and mistletoe from Thanksgiving until the high tide of the holidays sets in with Christmas week. All this time the holiday feeling takes hold of all of us, and for the time at least the golden rule becomes a living principle. Every one feels the new impulse which binds us closer to our fellow-men. The young, who are forever hopeful, are filled with bright anticipations of the season. The middle-aged forget their sordid cares—forget, almost, their struggle to keep the wolf from the door—and join in the holiday gladness.

The blessing of the holidays is seen abroad in the cheerfulness and self-sacrifice with which home people burden themselves down with bundles, all to give pleasure to loved ones. Men who superbly order all their packages sent home, take pleasure in carrying home their Christmas bundles, all for the pleasure of introducing them secretly, to hide them away until the day arrives.

There are those among us to whom Christmas brings sad memories, to whom Thanksgiving recalls a scattered household, but we cover our cares and sorrows for this festive season and rejoice with those who rejoice. Such sacrifice of self will be a power which shall let the dependent into an atmosphere of courage and hope. A large portion of these blessed weeks before Christmas is spent in preparation of holiday gifts and holiday feasts for poor children. There are a myriad of missions going forth on errands of mercy at this season.

Thanksgiving day, the first festival of the holiday season, is peculiarly an American feast day. Though it partakes something of the nature of the Jewish feast of the ingathering, it is not, like that, a purely religious festival. It is a season when families that are separated meet again under the old parental roof. Like all festivals of Puritan origin, it is celebrated with religious observances in New England. The Thanksgiving sermon was formerly as much a part of the celebration of the day as the dinner that followed. This day has been compared to the Harvest Home days of the English farmer or the "Kira" of Scotland. Both these days were public rejoicings of the entire community in the completion of harvest, and were celebrated with considerable rout and rattle. These were seasons of picturesque procession and merry drinking bout, and not of religious and home observance.

Let us all remember the holiday season in the holy spirit of good will to men. It matters little what our external giving may be, if we give to Heaven a grateful heart for the blessings that are showered upon us. Let us not profane this season by vulgar ostentatious gifts, which are beyond our means, and serve only to gratify our own self-esteem and pride. Let us meet the season in the spirit of Tiny Tim, with the prayer: "God bless us every one!"—N. Y. Tribune.

SUFFERERS FROM "FLAT FEET."

How the Breaking Down of the Arch Is Remedied.

Despite the fact that the beauty of a well-arched foot is much appreciated by people of an artistic turn of mind, has been sung frequently by poets and versemakers, there has been until lately little interest, from a scientific point of view, taken in its direct opposite—the flat foot. In a great number of instances flat feet are the occasion of considerable keen suffering, generally resulting from the breaking down of the arch—that is, the displacement of some of the many little bones of the foot, either from overstrain or some disease of the muscular structure. As the weight of the body constantly rests upon the foot there is no opportunity for the bones to get back to their proper places.

The result is that these little bones keep rubbing against each other, and the pain gets more and more severe. Commonly the persons afflicted in this way think that he or she has rheumatism and let it go at that. Until recently the only remedy was a steel-soled shoe that was clumsy and heavy. The new device is interesting. It is an "insole" curved to fit the foot, made of a bent strip of steel and acting as a spring. It is covered either with leather or with vulcanized rubber to prevent rusting, and, needing no fastening, but simply to be placed in position, it can be changed from one shoe to another at will.

In position it acts simply as a support, literally holding up the bones, and giving them an opportunity to slip back into their proper places. While any "insole" of the approximate shape will give relief, the best results are reached only when one is especially made from a cast or impression of the foot. A great proportion of the people troubled with flat feet come from the north of Europe, many of them from the lowlands of Germany. The inhabitants of the south of Europe, strangely enough, are seldom troubled with anything of the sort. Their insteps, especially in the case of women, are nearly always highly arched and finely formed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Death Warrants in England.

When a criminal is sentenced to death in England, the judge writes opposite the name in the calendar: "Left for execution." Fourteen clear days must elapse, and then it remains for the sheriff or sheriffs to appoint a day for execution. No warrant is issued from the home office, except for a reprieve or reprieve. The queen does not sign a death warrant.—Chicago Chronicle.

A HOME FOR LEPERS.

Their Only Place of Refuge in This Country.

An Institution in Louisiana Where the Poor Unfortunates Are Happily Housed and Cared For.

Perhaps few people know that the only leper home in the United States is one recently established in the parish of Iberville, not many miles above New Orleans. It is a state institution, its board of directors entirely masculine, but if you would know who gives personal service to these diseased outcasts, ah! then, indeed, look to the women.

The whole civilized world has begun to take alarm at the fact, indisputably shown, that leprosy is on the increase everywhere. Not the frightful leprosy, perhaps, of Scriptural days, but a disease incurable and hideous enough and only to be stamped out by the complete isolation of its victims.

To this end was the lepers' home in Louisiana established and has for its inmates men and women, black and white, who have come to it from different states of the union.

After the board of directors had formulated their plans, after the funds had been placed at their disposal, one great difficulty frowned on them. Who could they get to care for the lepers? Men? Preposterous! Then one illustrious director proposed that they set forth their dilemma to the mother superior of the convent at Emmitsburg, Md. Forthwith this mother called on Sister Beatrice, then in charge of the hospital at Lowell, Mass. When the summons came Sister Beatrice cheerfully resigned her charge and became the zealous and untiring superior of the lepers' home in Louisiana. Sister Annie, Sister Thomas and Sister Cyril soon joined her and, together, they have made this home a real home for those who dwell in it. The sisters established themselves in the old Camp mansion, once one of the finest plantation residences in Louisiana, but now somewhat fallen into decay. With that genius for systematic and wise administration which is characteristic of the order, they soon converted the dilapidated dwelling into a comfortable home. The house stands in the midst of a grove of towering pecans and wide-spreading oaks. Not far from this building is a new house, wherein dwelt the resident physician and a priest of the church, both consecrated to the service of humanity.

In this building also, all the patients take their meals, prepared by a black maids of the pots, an artist in her line. The sisters strive to interest and amuse their patients, encouraging those who are able to sew, wash, cut and sew wood and cultivate the garden. There is a large park for their exercise and recreation, furnished with swings, benches and outdoor games of various kinds. The lepers live in small cottages built on either side of a live-oak avenue. These houses are comfortably furnished and spotlessly clean. Each house is occupied by two persons, except where there are more than two members of the same family, in which case they are all permitted to live together. In one of them live four sisters, all afflicted with leprosy, and each with a different type.

Among the patients is a man of 75, who does not remember when he was not a leper. Another is an union veteran, drawing a pension and still in love with life. Yet another is a young mulatto, who was employed as a carpenter in building the cottages. Hardly had he driven the last nail when he found himself a leper. But the most interesting patients are a pair of lovers, the tragic pathos of whose story is almost without parallel.

About six years ago, in the parish of Lafourche, there lived a young fellow of about 25 who was engaged to a good, pretty girl of 18. Almost upon the eve of marriage he made the horrible discovery that he was a leper. He released the girl from her promise, though she implored him to marry her. He sought a clearing in the heart of the woods and lived there utterly alone.

As soon as the home was open he sought his shelter. His sweetheart still loved him, still declared that some day they would be united. Six months after her lover entered the home she, too, sought it, crying: "Unclean! unclean!" Thus this woeful pair, so tragically united, are yet forever disunited, as marry they cannot, at least as long as they are inmates of the home. They spend much of their time together and seem cheerful enough.—Chicago News.

Pigeons Outwit a Hawk.

An observing southern sportsman told recently about a flock of pigeons that measured brains with a hawk and came out on top in the contest. H. B. Edwards owned a flock of pigeons, which one day were cut off from their cote by a large hawk. The pigeons knew that if the hawk once got above them one at least of their number would go to make the hawk a meal, and so up they flew in circles, perhaps going higher than the hawk. The latter kept under the pigeons and leisurely followed their laborious movements. Then came a curious and unexpected sight to Mr. Edwards. Every pigeon closed its wings, and they appeared to be the size of sparrows, and down they came past the hawk at a terrific rate. That astonished the hawk. It actually dodged the dropping birds and missed half a dozen wing strokes before it got in full chase of them. When it got down to the barnyard not a pigeon was in sight—some were in the cote, some were in the porch, two were in the well house, and one in the kitchen. The hawk had been outwitted completely. It is a question how the pigeons managed to check their fall, as they did not slacken up until they were about 15 or 20 feet above the ground, when they scattered in all directions to escape the hawk.—Sports Afield.