

Custer County Republican

D. M. ANSREY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

The old century failed to get away before Alfred Austin did several things to it in verse.

The train-boy seems destined to retire from the field of his activities, unlamented, unhonored and unsung.

According to statistics, the United States began the new century first in commerce, industry, wealth, education and morality.

A Missouri woman scorned to take advantage of her husband, therefore she got him out of the penitentiary before applying for a divorce.

That plate-glass trust in imposing on the wholesale glass dealers recalls the saying that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Isaac Kahn Mofakhammed Dovel is the name of the new Persian minister to this country. We learn from reliable sources, however, that he doesn't look it.

Husbands often have to pay for the presents their wives give them, but the postal authorities would hardly allow it to come under the head of fraudulent use of the mails.

An Eastern scientist has, after many years of study and experimenting, found that ducks fly at the rate of forty-seven miles an hour. Isn't it glorious to live in such an age?

There never yet was a system of brutality, at West Point or elsewhere, but that apologists for it could be found. Slavery and dueling were formerly defended by the same class of "reasoners."

It is a mad world, my masters. E. B. Bruce, a Baltimore man worth \$300,000, committed suicide because he had too much work. At about the same time in Chicago a poor man killed himself because he had no work to do.

A rather curious commentary on the much-vaunted West Point "honor" is presented by the fact that all the cadets who have told of their participation in hazing practices must have violated their oaths, taken on entering the academy. The future heroes of our military service need a little elementary instruction on the binding nature of a solemn pledge.

The circumstance that the W. C. T. U. has characterized kissing as intoxicating will undoubtedly bring to the front that eminent oscillatory authority, Dr. Frank W. Reilly, who brandishes a bottle of carbonized rosewater and declares that kissing is a pathogenic proceeding. We have an idea, however, that, despite the anathemas of the W. C. T. U. and the warnings of the doctor, kissing will go on pretty much as usual. Youth will have its way.

Eccentricities of genius do not figure very largely in Mr. Howell's recent reminiscences of our great writers of the last generation. There is no comfort in his book for silly young men who try to excuse their own lapses from decency by the examples of Byron and Poe; for Mr. Howells shows that our foremost Americans were clean-living as well as high-thinking citizens. The possession of genius does not confer exemptions; it imposes weightier responsibilities.

The luckiest person probably who has ever lived on this old round earth is the American citizen who in this year of grace 1901 is near to middle age. A man, say, of 40 or 50, has witnessed most of the developments in the way of practical science that have taken place during the nineteenth century. In addition to this valuable and interesting experience the man of 40 or 50 or even 60 may reasonably expect to see many developments in the twentieth century which will give him a most enviable opportunity of contrasting the achievements of two distinct periods of effort and progress.

"My boy there hasn't a habit—not a habit of any kind," was the remark of a proud father one day. What he meant was that his son did not use tobacco, drink whisky, or do anything of that kind. His use of the word "habit" is not uncommon, although it is incorrect. Putarch said: "Habit is second nature." Wellington added: "It is ten times nature." Every person, it is often remarked, is but a bundle of habits. A good many of the physical and mental actions of our lives are purely habitual. We arise in the morning and dress mechanically, without considering which article of clothing we shall put on first, almost without any mental attention to the physical movements necessary for dressing. Our minds may be in the South Sea Islands, while our nervous system, through what we term the force of habit, attends to the dressing for us. A learned college professor who has made a special study of "habit" says that the great thing in all education is thus to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy, by giving to it the care of as many details of daily life as possible. In other words, we should let habit attend to all the ordinary affairs, and so save our mental strength for other things. "There is no more miserable human being," the professor remarks, "than one in whom nothing is habitual but inde-

son." Absent-mindedness is not to be desired, but it is still less desirable to compel the mind to decide each time which sock shall be put on first. The happy man between the two is to select the best way of doing the ordinary routine things of every-day life, get into the habit of doing them in that way, and then let the nervous system carry out the program.

There is one sort of "glorious expansion" to which no man can object. It has no politics in it. It offers a problem that should be studied and solved by all Americans. It is the reclamation of the arid deserts of the West. Out there is a land of perpetual sunshine and of amazingly fertile soil. All that nature needs to make it an Eden is water. There is plenty of water to be had, but the construction of a great irrigating system is a matter of millions. Prof. F. H. Newell, of the United States Geological Survey, can write a better editorial about this subject than any editor. Here are some of the things he says: "Briefly stated, there are 950,000 square miles, or 600,000,000 acres of vacant public lands. This does not include arid and semi-arid lands held by individuals or corporations. Of these 374,000,000 acres are suitable for grazing, 96,000,000 acres are covered with woodland, in which there is also grazing, and from which fuel, fence posts, etc., can be had; there are 70,000,000 acres of forests of commercial value, and about an equal area of absolutely desert land having no present value. There is water sufficient for the irrigation of from 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres, depending upon the methods of conservation employed. The average size of an irrigated farm is about 40 acres to a family of five persons, not including in this the grazing range land. Probably 10,000,000 people could find homes on the farms and be self-supporting if the water supply were properly regulated. The experience of the old world has shown that there is almost no limit to the density of population within the arid region, where, with ample water and continuous sunshine, the soil produces the most wonderful succession of crops."

A Chicago physician expresses the belief that people can live 200 years, and cites himself as an example of a man of 80 years renewing his youth. The belief, or rather the expression of it, is not original with the Chicagoan. But the theory does not seem to be reducible to fact. There is no known method of prolonging life that somebody has not sometime adopted; and the frequently longevities appear to be in defiance of all scientific teaching. The whisky drinker, the tobacco user, the glutton and the grossest violator of the laws of nature in other respects, often live to a ripe old age, while those who live abstemious lives, and are faultless in all their habits, frequently fall before the three score years and ten are half ended. It is true that the majority of people are suicides. Life usually is a reckless defiance of death, but the conqueror of us all eventually holds his flag of triumph. It may be safely concluded that no person on earth to-day could extend his life 200 years; and it may be safely concluded that nobody will ever live who can. There is a natural limit to the life of the human being, as there is to the life of machinery or of the animal. The wild beast of the forest lives under perfectly natural conditions. Nature places its creations under just such conditions as conduce to their best interests. But they live a certain period and die. The mechanism wears out, their work is done and the fact is so universally recognized that men have sought "the spring of perpetual youth" and resorted to other folly to repair a mechanism that was worn out and practically useless; and seventy years is the highest average of time for the human body to wear out or rust out. The exceptions are due more to heredity than anything else. The length of life, however, is of much less consequence than the improvement of the time we do live. The world would be better off if some people did not live as long as they do, while the useful life accomplishes all that should be expected or asked of an individual even within three-score years and ten. Time can be very much better occupied than in the study of how to live 200 years, even if the problem were capable of solution.

A Burmese Divorce.
Easy are the methods of settling domestic difficulties in Upper Burma. When a husband finds that his better half is not the unalloyed blessing he has been led to think, he calls into his house all the old men and women of his village and expresses his desire to divorce her, and a trial by candle is prosecuted. The husband and the wife are each given a candle, which they light simultaneously at the order of the eldest person present and place in the middle of the floor. Then every one in the house sits around and watches to see which candle burns out first. If the wife's does so the husband has a right to divorce her, even against her will and turn her and her relations out of his house without more ado. If on the other hand, the husband's candle burns out first, the wife has the option and right of either refusing a divorce or agreeing to it, and turning her husband and his relations out of the house which, with all goods and chattels in contents, becomes her personal property.

The Saucy English Sparrow.
On the corner of 44th street and Lexington avenue, New York city, high above the pavement, there is carved in lion's head, in the mouth of which a pair of sparrows recently built their nest and raised their young unmolested regardless of the ferocious eye and mouth of the king of beasts.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.



"DON'T quite like this talk about cavalry raids," said the Colonel. "The intimation is that infantry never made any raids, but they did, and they made pretty good time, too."

During the Civil War nearly all raids in the mountains were made by infantry, and we 'foot cavalry' had some rich experiences. The plan was like this: A brigade would march out to a given point within striking distance of the district to be raided, would go into camp as a reserve, and a regiment would be sent out in light marching order to do the real work of the expedition.

"On one occasion our regiment hurried almost at a double-quick through a series of narrow valleys to destroy some rebel salt works. The people along the road fled from us as from a pestilence. Unionists as well as rebels scurried up the mountains as we approached. No one stopped to ask any questions, but everybody ran away, and the panic extended to the horses, cows, hogs, and dogs. All this seemed very unmanly, but the column in blue went sweeping forward without a straggler or a looter, to do its work. The next day a raid was made in another direction, our regiment covering thirty miles in fifteen hours and destroying mills which the rebels had been using."

"Some months later we were raiding another mountainous district which had been paroled by rebel cavalry, when we came down into a settlement near the river. Here the people did not run away, but watched our movements with interest. The boys feared an ambush, and details were sent to see that no men were in hiding in the several houses. One man sitting on the front porch of a brick house was asked: 'Any rebel cavalry here to-day?' He replied: 'Not since breakfast,' and when we proceeded to search the house made no objection. We were so impressed by the homeliness of the house that we apologized for the intrusion, but the owner said: 'That's all right. If you are not going to stay it is just as well that you searched the house. If you are going to stay, it doesn't make any difference. My name is Brownlow.'

"Any relation to the Parson?" asked one of the boys, and when the man said 'Yes' all our squad shook hands with him, and the spokesman of the crowd said in an easy way, waving his hand toward the main column, 'If you don't see what you want, ask for it.' There was good feeling all round, but Brownlow said quietly: 'We people of East Tennessee want you to come to stay. A raid like this will bring down on us to-morrow a regiment from the other side. I can take care of myself, but it is hard on the women and children, and when I saw you sweeping down the valley I hoped that you were coming to stay.' The result of that interview was that our brigade camped the next day within a stone's throw of Brownlow's house, and stayed there."

"Infantry raids," said the Major, "were as common in our part of the army as pecker skirmishes. Most of the boys remember the several raids we made toward Red Clay early in 1864. Our regiment was there one day, and the next a rebel cavalry regiment occupied the place. The day after that we drove them out, remained a few hours, and our rear guard was scarcely out of the place when the rebels occupied it again. Three days later we found the place unoccupied, swept around it, and were returning when we were attacked half way to camp. Raiding is not occupation of a country. A raid has a definite object, and its success depends upon the mobility of the moving column."

"In the Western army infantry came to have almost as much mobility as cavalry. Our regiment was often out a week at a time covering almost as much ground as a cavalry command would cover in the same time, and we had all sorts of adventures. I remember on one occasion, as we approached a rather pretentious house, we saw a man in gray walking from the stable to the house. We had come up quietly, moving quickly, and our arrival was wholly unexpected."

"When we reached the house an old lady who came to the door said there were no men about the place; that all her sons were in the Southern army, and that the men servants were away. The orders were to search the house. We went through every room without finding any signs of a man. At last, before giving up the search, I said to the boys: 'I will look under the bed.' I did so, and was surprised beyond measure to find a man in a Confederate officer's uniform looking me in the eyes. I covered him with my revolver and demanded that he surrender. He replied promptly: 'I will see you in hell first.' 'I knew we had a fight on our hands, and we disposed ourselves to capture the officer who had the advantage in position. He was a plucky fellow, however, and proposed to make his fight in the open, but as he crept from under the bed one of the boys who was on the bed caught him by the hair and checked his face down on the floor, shouting for him to surrender. At this the old lady sprang forward, threw her arms around the man on the bed, and pleaded with him not to murder her

only son. The reply was: 'The best way to save your son is to tell him to surrender,' and she ordered that officer to surrender just as if he had been a boy 6 years old."

"The officer obeyed, and came out from under the bed crestfallen and indignant. When he looked out of the window and saw the full regiment awaiting the outcome of the scrap, he said: 'All right. But it's hard; it's devilish hard. I paid \$200 for my furlough, and I haven't been at home an hour. Now, what are you going to do with me?' He was taken away with the regiment, walking along with our captain, and talking easily about the war and the country. We captured several other officers and men at home on furloughs, and caused a commotion throughout the whole district through which we raided.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Prisoner Arrested Him.
Have you ever seen some dwarfish and insignificant little fellow who had the bravery to fight a circular saw in motion, provided there were two great, big, strapping fellows holding him, who were fools enough to believe he would attempt such a desperate thing? Well, you have an idea, then, of the kind of soldier one man would have made. But he wasn't a soldier further than standing guard at Andersonville, scouting around for deserters and escaped Union soldiers made one.

He was one of those "brave" men whose affected "back" would not permit his going into the regular service, yet as his patriotism was so strong and he could see no need of a board of physicians examining into his disabilities, a compromise was made by giving him an easy place.

There were larger men on guard at Andersonville than he, yet no one gave such giant orders to the men while getting out slabs or digging trenches in which to bury the dead. In fact, the great navy pistol he always carried buckled around him, and the musket under the weight of which he staggered, were the real incentives to his bravery.

He never seemed to appreciate any favor; the only thing that ever seemed to please him were words of praises. To illustrate his ingratitude, it was related that on one occasion he over-calculated his ability to leap a deep ditch, and in making the attempt was precipitated to the bottom, and though a good swimmer would, due to the weight of that great pistol, have been drowned, had he not been rescued by one of the men he was guarding. He ever afterward held that prisoner in contempt.

His greatest ambition was to do something that would distinguish him, which was realized by all his companions. His greatest craze was arresting, unnecessarily, privileged prisoners. Some boys reported that a "blue coat" had been seen in a skirt of woods, when our man immediately set out to make the arrest. He felt of no less importance when he found that all his assumption at bravery had been made in capturing a real coat.

But this incident only made him ambitious and alert to find some victim to pounce upon.

A few days later just beyond the line, he came across a "blue jacket" asleep.

"Wake up, you — — — and march."

The Union man raised himself to a sitting position, rubbed his eyes and began to yawn.

"Trot, or I will have to waste some ammunition in killing a dog."

The man began to move along.

"I will have you hand-cuffed, your big bully, you," and he gave the man a kick.

"Have a notion to waste a load on you any way, you cowardly hound," and he administered another kick.

Endurance had been taxed to its utmost, the prisoner could stand no more; he wheeled, snatched the gun, and soon had the drop on our man.

"Now, I guess you will have to march," came the command.

Our man hesitated, but he soon decided that discretion was the better policy and was marched to headquarters, where the trusted Union prisoner was allowed to go about his business.

The Hoop-Pole Chargers.
Shortly after the battle of Chickamauga, our command of mounted infantry was sent to Harrison Landing for picket and patrol duty, where, after eating all that the Government had, and the citizens also, we were relieved by infantry, and sent to Bridgeport, Ala., to recruit up our forces. There we got four months' pay, a new suit of clothes, and two or three rations, and then we felt fat and saucy.

While we were at Bridgeport, a sutler camped there one night with a load of supplies, and we got it into our heads we would like to sample them. It had to be done without creating any racket, so we armed ourselves with a good twelve-foot hoop-pole apiece, marched quietly up to the fire, and commenced paying them down. There were three or four soldiers that belonged to our regiment sitting by the fire talking with the sutler, and to remove them, though it was against our wishes, we had to pay them off with hoop-poles, too. The sutler got up and cocked his revolver, whereupon some fellow hit him a crack on the wrist and he dropped it and took to the brush, together with the others that were sitting there. Quick as a flash each one of us seized a box and took to the brush, too. There we divided up, each our plunder and returned to camp. The sutler left next morning for parts unknown, and we supposed nothing was known of the affair outside of our regiment, till some time afterward, at Ringgold, Ga., when facing a line of the enemy our commander, General Kilpatrick, yelled: "Now, go in, you d—d hoop-pole chargers!"

WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

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"I have used your Peruna both for myself and my mother, Mrs. Hannah J. Bennett, now in her 88th year, and I find it an invaluable remedy for cold, catarrh, hay fever and kindred diseases; also a good tonic for feeble and old people, or those run down, and with nerves unstrung."—Belva A. Lockwood.

to these patients, 'I fear you have catarrh, madam.' They will generally reply, 'Oh, no, I never had catarrh. My nose is perfectly clear, and my breath is not bad. I am not troubled with coughing or spitting, or any other disagreeable symptoms of catarrh.' But, my dear madam, you may have catarrh all the same. Catarrh is not always located in the head. You may have catarrh of the lungs, or stomach, or liver, or kidneys, and especially you may have catarrh of the pelvic organs."



Mrs. T. Pelton.

Mrs. T. Pelton, 262 St. Anthony avenue, St. Paul, Minn., writes: "Peruna has done wonders for me. It has cured my headache and palpitation of the heart; has built up my whole system. I cheerfully recommend Peruna to all sufferers afflicted with catarrh. My mother is never without Peruna. When one is tired and generally out of sorts, if Peruna is taken it immediately removes that tired feeling."

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Expressive.
"How that wind shakes the sashes, dear," said Mrs. Shadyside nervously to her husband, while the gale was high.

"Yes, the windows are having a rattling good time," assented Mr. Shadyside.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph

Changing Significance of a Word.
The word preposterous originally meant a process of reversing the natural order of things, such as indicated by the common expression "putting the cart before the horse." By an easy gradation it has come to be used in its present significance.

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