

Custer County Republican

M. M. AMSEBRY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, - - - NEBRASKA

The preacher who officiated at the Vanderbilt wedding got \$5,000 for the job. Goodness, how nervous he must have been!

In these Kentucky feuds, instead of arming themselves to the teeth, there would be less harm if they merely shot off their mouths.

A Chicago man shot another for spilling some salt. In this case salt doesn't seem to have been particularly effective as a life-giver.

While less is being heard of the money question, there will always be differences of opinion on the subject. There are even two sides to a penny.

According to the latest fashion notes, the waist with a V open front is accounted decidedly smart. Anything in the shape of a V meets with our approval.

A Wisconsin man was made speechless by the grip; in most cases it operates the other way to the extent of impelling people to say things not proper to be repeated in polite society.

The discovery of the lost art of hardening copper by liquid air reminds older persons of Wendell Phillips' lecture on "The Lost Arts." As stated in that lecture, the Egyptians possessed the secret of hardening copper thousands of years ago.

A correspondent of the New York Mail and Express advances the theory that Mars is becoming uninhabitable and that the signs of the people of that planet seem to be trying to make air signals of distress. Will Mr. Tesla kindly hurry up and devise some plan for their relief?

The hazing investigation revealed a marked tendency among officers of the army to plume themselves on their superior sense of honor, and to scorn the meddlesome questions of mere civilians. As a matter of fact, we are unable to discover any merit in brass buttons that serves to lift men above the ethical plane of those who regard the violent practices at West Point as outrageous.

Who starts the good stories that help us to kill time and lighten the burden of the day? To be an expert teller of stories is to have a following. Men will pause in the midst of business to hear "something good." Pass the word along that so-and-so has a "new one" and see how the boys will gather for a laugh, mostly old and middle-aged "boys," not children. A few men appropriate every fresh story that reaches them and tell it in the first person instead of the third, as if they had just invented it. This requires assurance of a high order.

Let us be thankful for the consideration and condescension of the young gentlemen at West Point. They maintain that the practice of hazing is elevating and salutary, yet, in deference to public opinion, they will abandon it. Just think how disagreeable it would have been if the young gentlemen had seemed it their duty to continue hazing despite public opinion! We cannot too warmly commend the graciousness of the young gentlemen in thus deferring to the foolish prejudices of some 75,000,000 people. May their gracious concession be properly appreciated.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the consular service is gradually working out of politics, that more and more stress is considered in the original choice of consuls, that efficient men are promoted from less important to more important stations, and that the effects of the improved system in advancing American trade are so marked that the new way is approved by all who study the subject. The cleverness of some consuls in getting at the facts which will enable American manufacturers and merchants to compete in foreign markets is much more pleasing to Americans than it is to those whom they are supplanting in trade.

The woman, not the Queen, is monarch. Victoria's power came less through crown and scepter than through qualities as an individual. As maid, as wife, as mother, she filled the world's ideal. Her nine children were not reared as hot-house plants, but taught that life is something more, though royal be the blood, than time for pleasure. Her daughters are among the best housewives in Europe. Although wielding earth-wide influence and winning by her knowledge of statecraft the admiration of such men as Bismarck, she is most highly eulogized as "the greatest personal force of these times." Personal force comes from character. It is not necessary to be born of royalty to have that which made England's Queen pre-eminent.

Rev. George A. Campbell, of Austin, Texas, has begun a crusade against what he calls the Sunday school book; at the same time he pleads for the best action for the Sunday school pupils. "The great novels," says Mr. Campbell, "have been written by strong men, and children should look at the world through the eyes of such men." Mr. Campbell is sound in his theory. The only excuse for permitting a boy to read books written expressly for boys is to give the boy a taste for reading. The same may be said for many of the books written expressly for girls. Such reading should lead up to better literature as rapidly as possible. There is no

form of study better calculated to strengthen character, temper the intellect and exalt the spiritual nature than good fiction studied in childhood. But the child should be given the best. Instead of selecting books that "got down" to the child's plane the effort should be made to lift the child to the plane of the strong writer. There is plenty of such interesting, wholesome and unselfish literature. Books of this character will elevate, refine and purify whereas much of the stuff written for a moral or religious purpose enfeebles the intellect, gives distorted and false views of life and develops a sickly sentimentalism that is to be deplored.

What are the ten books of the century which have most influenced its thought and activities? The question is not an easy one to answer. Probably no two persons would independently name exactly the same books, although several books might be included in nearly all the lists. Ten persons were requested by the Outlook to furnish such a list. These ten persons happen to be all men. One would like to see what answers would be given by ten equally well-known women. Among these men are James Bryce, Henry Van Dyke, Arthur T. Hadley, T. W. Higginson, W. De Witt Hyde, E. E. Hale, and G. Stanley Hall. Charles Darwin with his "Origin of Species" heads the procession. He is named in every list. Goethe with his "Faust" comes next, having seven votes. Hegel also has the same number. Emerson has six. Mrs. Stowe with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has five. Walter Scott has four. Wordsworth four, Tennyson four, Renan four, Comte four, Ruskin four, Browning four, Spencer four, Victor Hugo three, Carlyle three, Tolstol three, De Tocqueville two, Hawthorne two, Strauss two. The following have each one: Ma thias, Schiller, Karl Marx, T. H. Green, Daniel Webster, Mazzini, Champollion, Niebuhr, Wagner, Lyell, Napoleon, Froebel, Sainte-Beuve, Horace Mann, Bryce, and Ibsen. As Principal Fairbairn of Oxford justly remarks, the question as to the ten most influential books of the century is not so easily answered as might seem at first sight. For an influential book is not necessarily great; it may be little more than timely. The effect may be chiefly due to the peculiar existing conditions. It would be much easier to give the ten most influential men; still more easy to give the ten most influential ideas. Few people, says President Hadley, would deny that George Eliot's "Middlemarch" was a greater work of art than "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—an opinion which any one is at liberty to differ from. But, as he adds, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a historic power which "Middlemarch" did not and could not possess. President Hadley names first in his group Napoleon's "Civil Code." Mr. Bryce puts first Darwin's "Origin of Species," a treatise which he says has done more to turn the current of speculative thought in general as well as to cast light on the most difficult problems of natural history than any other within the last hundred years. The next two writers, in his opinion, who seem to have counted for most in forming and stimulating thought are Goethe and Hegel. Stanley Hall includes in his list Horace Mann's "Educational Reports," the fountain-head of a reform which have us our graded school system. He also names Wagner because he re-echoed the myths which constitute the best part of the ethnic folk lore of his race, and brought them home to the heart by the charm of a new musical method. When President Hall ventures to add Ibsen as "the dramatist of the future" the remark may be left in the air, as a matter of private opinion.

When He Held the Jack.
"He was a softish sort of chap, but played a tolerably fair game of seven-up," said ex-Sheriff Warren K. Ridgway, of Pike County, Pennsylvania. "We were sitting in, up at Luckawanna, playing for a quarter a corner. I knew he was dead gone on a girl up at the Narrows, and so remarked, casually, early in the game:
"Every time a fellow gets the jack of trumps in seven-up it's a sure sign his girl is thinking of him."
"Then I sort o' watched the young fellow, and the very next hand he plicked up I noticed his eyes light up and a real nice flush of pleasure spread over his face. So I led out, and, sure as pollywogs! I caught his jack, as I thought maybe I would. And it worked so well all the evening that I had a whole lot of his quarters when we quit. But he seemed pleased, and went up to the Narrows on the next train."—New York Evening Sun.

Ruins Made to Order.
There is hardly anything in the way of altering the face of the earth that the landscape gardener cannot carry out successfully, and any one who cares for a section of the Alps in his back garden has only to order it. The much-admired ruins at Virginia Water, which many people think are genuine, were all carefully placed in position by a firm of landscape gardeners, and there is in Shropshire, a model of the world-renowned falls of Gelsbach, water and all, which owes its presence to the same art, while in Hertfordshire is a Norman castle in a most orthodox state of ruin, but built by a Sussex firm. Cliffs can be and have been made, and a lake with a few islands or a babbling stream are quite easy tasks.

The Egg Crop.
Twenty-six million eggs a day is the crop of the United States. England imports 3,000,000 a day from the continent.

It is always easy to find excuse for abusing a policeman.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.



THE night after the funeral of General Grant," said the Doctor, "I was one of the guests invited by General Phil Sheridan and Colonel Charles G. Otis to a quiet dinner. I had served that day as an aide on General Otis' staff, as had Colonel Harry Gilmer, an ex-Confederate. After the ceremonies at Riverside, General Sheridan, Colonel Otis, and other members of the staff of that day returned to the Fifth Avenue hotel, but we remained there only long enough to wash our faces and hands. Then we followed a guide out of the hotel and several blocks to an improvised restaurant fitted up for the occasion by Colonel Otis and M. Relotta. And thereby hangs a tale.

"At the beginning of the war Otis was looking after the interests of his father in the elevator factory at Yonkers. A company of the Twenty-first New York cavalry was organized by the mechanics in the shops and the citizens living near and Otis was made captain. Among others who joined the company was Relotta, a soldier of the French army, a cook and caterer, a chemist and a mineralogist. In the course of time Otis was promoted colonel and Relotta looked after the headquarters table. In one of the battles in the Shenandoah valley some of Otis' men, in a panic, threw down their arms and ran. Relotta dropped his own work, caught up one of the discarded guns, and fought in the ranks until the enemy retreated. From that time Sheridan and Otis were Relotta's first friends, and although the latter was a major before the war ended, he never lost his enthusiasm as a caterer.

"Otis and Relotta had planned to have Sheridan and his aids and the committee of arrangements take dinner with them instead of at the hotel, and had prepared dishes to suit the tastes of those to be present, all of whom except myself had known Relotta in the service. There were fifteen guests, including General Sheridan, General Sickles and Butterfield, and Colonel Otis of the committee of arrangements, Colonel Gilmer and others. The dinner was cooked and served under the immediate direction of Relotta himself as a sort of memorial offering to old army friendships, and the whole affair was marked by a delicacy and sentiment that made it memorable.

"When the dinner had been eaten and the cigars lighted General Sheridan said: 'We have buried to-day the greatest man that ever stepped away from earth. I ask Colonel Otis to recite in honor of the old commander "The Burial of Sir John Moore," as I have heard him recite it scores of times in camp.' Colonel Otis stood upon his feet, as a specimen of soldierly manhood as ever lived. He was a natural orator, and his rendering of "Sir John Moore" was more than a recitation. His rich voice trembled and his hands and arms moved in impressive but simple gestures, and we seemed standing at Grant's grave at Riverside.

"As he finished the poem Otis, scarcely heeding the hearty applause, said: 'I am reminded of an incident that occurred when the old commander was alive, and when most of us were in service on one side or the other. Before daylight one morning I was ordered out of bed by General Sheridan, instructed to take eight of my best riders, men who knew the country, who could swim their horses across rivers or jump fences, and make a secret reconnaissance into the enemy's country and get back by breakfast time. We started at once, taking nothing to eat or drink, and rode hard through the dark of the early morning and all of the next day, finding in all the country traversed not a thing to eat.

"Just about sunset the guides took us along a cowpath to what was to be the turning point in our expedition. Unfortunately we took the wrong path, and were captured by Colonel Gilmer, the gentleman to my right. When we had dismounted, Colonel Gilmer came to me and asked if we had anything to eat. He explained that they had started early in the morning, expecting to live off the country, but had found absolutely nothing. I explained that we were even in worse condition as to supplies, and the colonel seemed to feel very much humiliated that he could not extend any hospitality whatever to his prisoners. After a time he thought of a wealthy farmer who before the war had been a great friend of his. He reasoned that this farmer must have provisions of some kind.

"We were taken to the farm, but when we arrived there it was discovered that this man of great resources in times of peace had nothing in the shape of eatables except cornbread and cabbage, and not very much of that. All that he had was cooked, and Yankees and rebels sat down to eat it without bread, without salt, or vinegar, but I want to say that with the exception of the dinner of which we have just partaken it was the finest meal I ever sat down to. The next day full supplies arrived, and we were treated like princes. I desire now to thank Colonel Gilmer and his men for their courteous treatment, and especially for that cornbread and cabbage."

"There were of course calls for Colonel Gilmer, who was as much of an orator as Colonel Otis. He complimented Colonel Otis for his rendering of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," saying that every line had a new meaning to him, and would always have a new meaning. He said, further, that he could bear testimony as to the good riding and courage of the eight men who were with Colonel Otis when he was captured. He could also bear testimony that, in addition to being the best riders he ever saw, they were the best eaters. 'But,' he added, 'Colonel Otis did not finish the story.

"In the last year of the war, while I was out with my men on a scouting expedition into the enemy's country, we were all captured by Colonel Otis' command. I knew we would be treated well. In that great Union army, with all its lines of communication open, with everything that soldier could wish for in camp, I looked forward to the first meal with great expectations. What do you suppose Colonel Otis gave us? Corned beef and cabbage. It was a reminder of that meal at the old farmer's house, when Colonel Otis was my prisoner, and I understood it, and I want to say that never did any friend of mine among my own people come nearer to me in the hour of trouble than the gentleman on my left."

Then changing his tone to one of intense feeling, Colonel Gilmer turned to General Sheridan and said: 'I want to express my heart-felt gratitude to you and to Colonel Otis, General Sickles, and General Butterfield and all of the committee of arrangements for their invitation to take part in the obsequies of the greatest soldier of this or any other age. By you soldiers who wore the blue and who loved General Grant I will not be misunderstood when I say that the men who wore the gray came also to love him. As time moves on our children and our children's children will with one accord declare that General Grant was not only a great general, but a typical patriot of the age. His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man; this was a man."

"This fervid speech, this tribute to the old commander, delivered with all the warmth and earnestness of an intense Southern nature, took the men about the table by surprise. As Gilmer took his seat the others as one man stood on their feet. General Sheridan put his arm around Gilmer's neck and then shook both his hands and thanked him from the bottom of his heart for his tribute to Grant. The others came one by one with their congratulations, and men who had stood emotionless in time of battle were as children in their demonstrativeness."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Divided by Death.
A remarkable coincidence of the second battle of Manassas is thus related by a veteran:

In 1853 Bishop Capers, Rev. Dr. McSwain, Rev. Dr. Whitford Smith and Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Virginia, each entered his eldest son at a boarding school at Cokesbury, S. C. This was a fitting school for the Wofford Methodist College. The four parents were Methodist preachers and had been life-long friends.

The boys remained in the school as classmates and roommates for two years, and then entered Wofford College, standing, respectively, first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They continued to be roommates for four years and until graduation, when their standing was relatively first, second, third and fourth.

The young men then entered a law office in Spartanburg, S. C., and studied under the same chancellor. When the war broke out they entered Captain Walker's company, Jenkins' rifle regiment. They were messmates, and being near the same height stood together in battle.

At the second battle of Manassas a shell from a Federal battery fell in the midst of Walker's company and exploded, killing these four comrades, but injuring no others in the command. They were buried on the battlefield and are still sleeping in the same grave. The grave is marked by a granite cross and is inclosed with an iron fence.

Why Ain't You Killed?
The battle of Shiloh many of the Federal troops were raw recruits, who had seen no service, and were but poorly disciplined. The division containing these raw recruits was nearest the front, and hence received the first attack of the enemy. The onset was so sudden that their commander, Gen. Prentiss, had not time to properly form his men. He rallied his forces as best he could, however, and made a vigorous fight. As a matter of course, there was more or less scattering among these new recruits. The fight, by the way, was a pretty hot one, and at the surrender of the Prentiss division there were only about one thousand men left out of six thousand. Five thousand were killed, wounded, or had fled to the rear.

As Gen. Nelson crossed the river he met some of the demoralized recruits, and endeavored to rally them. Hailing a captain who seemed to be more demoralized than any of the privates, he ordered him to get his men in order and fall in line. The captain's face was pallid and he trembled with fear. Said he, "My regiment is cut to pieces. Every man of my company has been killed."

Gen. Nelson reined up his horse and turned upon the captain, thundering out, "Then why ain't you killed, you coward?"

For Safe-Keeping.
Mr. Fijit—Say, that's the rottenest tobacco I ever smoked.
Mrs. Fijit—O, George, you're smothering up my fancy alk! I put it in your tobacco jar for safe keeping.—Ohio State Journal.

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

A Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman.

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON GIVES PERUNA A HIGH ENDORSEMENT.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known, not only in his own State, but throughout America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as Mayor of the town in which he lives. During which time he became widely known as the founder of the Meekison Bank of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to Dr. Hartman as the result:

"I have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be able to fully eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing. Yours truly,

"DAVID MEEKISON."

Many people can tolerate slight catarrhal affections. A little hoarseness, a slight cough, a cold in the head, or a trifling derangement of the digestive organs, do not much disturb the average person in his business. But this is not true of the public speaker or stage artist. His voice must always be clear,

"This dollar that I hold in my hand," he said, "reminds me of a deep, dark, scandalous secret."

"Oh, George!" his wife exclaimed, dropping her hands in her lap, and bending forward eagerly, "tell me about it."

"Yes," he went on, "it reminds me of a secret of that kind because it's so hard to keep."

And then she refused to speak to him for three hours.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Oregon during the past year paid over \$100,000 in bounties for the capture of coyotes, cougars, gray wolves and timber wolves.

WET WEATHER WISDOM!
THE ORIGINAL
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lungs perfect, digestion undisturbed. Hence the popularity of Peruna among the leading actors and actresses of this country. They have come to regard Peruna as indispensable to their success. Their profession is so exacting that it requires perfect health in every particular. They regard Peruna as their friend and safeguard. Many letters are received from this class of people. Miss Carrie Thomas, in speaking of Peruna, says: "I have used Peruna with splendid results. Would not be without it. No money would hire me to have a settled cold or chronic cough, or hoarseness. Catarrh is the most dreadful thing that could happen to one of my profession. Peruna is my shield and protector against this most undesirable disease."—Carrie Thomas.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

There was a rummage sale in Jacksonville, Fla., to which a generous stable-keeping firm contributed an article that shocked the ladies. It was a shabby old hearse, which for many years had seen much service.

For 14 Cents
We mail the following rare seed varieties:
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