

Custer County Republican

D. M. AMSPERRY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW. NEBRASKA

Multifarious ghost stories should not be taken to indicate the spirit of the times.

Edward VII. is said to like his job. But work hard as he may, there is no chance for promotion.

Mr. Carnegie will find several persons just as ready to accept \$1,000,000 a month as he is to give it away.

Morgan and Rockefeller are watching Tesla's efforts to communicate with Mars closely. They want that planet.

A dead body kept in a perfect condition in Hungary fifty-six years, but this affords political "dead ones" no hope.

With the experienced Mrs. Nation's work excites no wonder. Most married men have long known what one determined woman can do.

Things have come to that pass with the slugger the country over, that instead of putting up his hands as usual he's throwing them up in disgust.

A new ruler of Great Britain always has one big advantage. It is not necessary for him to hide from people who want to get appointed as postmasters.

A Wisconsin judge has ruled that excessive smoking of cigarettes is ground for divorce. The festive "cotton-mill" seems to have no friends—only fiends.

Nell Grow thinks that the United States will have the distinction of being the last morsel to be eaten by the Russian bear. His prophecy is sufficiently in advance, but what's the use of getting beaten on a sensation like this?

The publisher of Burke's Peerage says he receives orders for more copies of the work from America and receives more inquiries from this country about questions of precedence than from all the rest of the world. Still, we must insist that there is a fair percentage of people in this country who are not snobs.

It is a question whether in a big criminal case the evidence of medical experts, directly contradictory of each other, does anything at all to aid justice or toward elucidating the case in the minds of the jurors. It is not edifying to hear two men—whose assumed devotion to their profession and to the sense of justice should raise them above the level of the average witness—testifying solemnly to diametrically opposite and absolutely irreconcilable statements and deductions.

The masters of English are not afraid to use homely words whose expressiveness more than offsets their plainness. Thus Lord Rosebery declares that England, in order to withstand international competition, must educate her youth, and he suggests sending "batches" of young men abroad to learn the best her rivals know. That honest word batch would have been passed over by a speaker less sure of his English, when speaking of an aggregation of individuals. In the use of language there is a happy medium between overfastidiousness, which weakens one's style, and out-and-out slang, which wrecks it completely.

Recent bank embezzlements have set officers of financial institutions on the search for some method of preventing trusted employees from abstracting funds. A Baltimore bank thinks it has discovered a successful plan. It is a secret method, and, of course, the details are not made public, but it has been successfully tried. An examination has just been conducted which was conducted with so much secrecy that not even the most trusted employees of the bank knew that it was in progress, although two weeks were occupied in making it. An examination which can be made without the knowledge of the men who handle the cash and the books ought to be an excellent safeguard, especially if cashiers who might be tempted to steal are aware that their books and their cash are likely to be scrutinized at any moment. The president of the Baltimore institution adds this satisfactory statement: "Under the system which we have adopted long continued manipulation of books and accounts will be impossible, and the consequent danger of breaches of faith upon the part of employees in all branches will be reduced to a minimum, if not prevented entirely."

We are not the only people troubled with partisan disputes over school histories. England's common schools are such recent affairs that a truce on their civil wars had been reached before there was a chance to wrangle over school books. But Englishmen have honsoled themselves by bitter complaints about the school histories of their neighbors across the channel. The recent action of the French Government shows how a school-history dispute may become almost an international complication. The British press has often complained that French youths were taught history from a book which systematically inculcated hatred of England. This book has been used in all French public schools for eighteen years. Its author died, and another writer employed to add a section upon the events since 1896. His comments upon the Fashoda affair broke from Englishmen a chorus of

protest which many Frenchmen admitted was perfectly justified. As a result of this combination of foreign and domestic objections, the Government has withdrawn the book from the schools. This Anglo-French episode and the reciprocal grumblings of Union and Confederate veterans over our school books illustrate the difficulty of writing history to please survivors of both parties to any great controversy. The disputants over school histories waste their time and the public's. If an author evidently intends to be fair, and especially if he keeps before himself and his readers the rule that acts of great men must be judged by the standards of their time, then censures of his opinion are idle. Time and experience will correct any errors into which he may have unconsciously led the youthful mind. It is useless to demand perfection of human nature, and the critics of the school history's opinions, as distinguished from its statements of fact, might as well concede the futility of their censures.

There are two modes of making the Mississippi river of greater value for traffic purposes than it is now. One of them is the expenditure of large sums by the general government for the improvement of navigation and for the maintenance of improvements when made. The other mode is the introduction by private enterprise of vessels which can be used for traffic purposes without the necessity, for extensive and costly improvement works. The latter mode, if feasible, is decidedly the better of the two. Government aid never should be invoked where private enterprise is competent to do the work. Some St. Louis capitalists are endeavoring to find out whether the whaleback boats, which have been a success on the great lakes, can be used to advantage for freight purposes on the Mississippi. One of these boats, having a minimum draft of eight feet, has recently made a trial trip to New Orleans. It had a cargo of 45,000 bushels of wheat and corn and considerable general merchandise. Everything went smoothly on this first trip and the men who are interested in the scheme are much encouraged. They are firm in the faith that by using vessels so constructed as to draw little water, while carrying large cargoes, the great Western river will be as serviceable for traffic purposes as it once was. The business men of New Orleans would like to see this happen, and the products of the agricultural regions of the West seeking the ocean by way of their city. If this St. Louis experiment stands the test of time, and it is found profitable to ship Western products via the Mississippi—without expending tens of millions of dollars of public money—more cheaply and conveniently than they can be shipped by any other route, then the producers and consumers of the products in question will be winners. If New Orleans gets a greater share of the export trade it will be because that city is fairly entitled to it.

Two Converts.
No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet. The association is too intimate. But a man may be a hero to his reporter. There is a story of two brothers, shorthand reporters, working on different newspapers, one of the brothers being a Republican and the other a Democrat, which affords an illustration of this truth. The Republican reporter was detailed, during the recent presidential campaign, to follow Mr. Bryan wherever he went, and to take full notes of his speeches, sending the same by wire every night to the paper on which he was employed.

To the Democrat reporter was given a similar assignment, except that he was to accompany Governor Roosevelt, whose speeches he was to report in full.

After the campaign was over the two brothers met at the paternal mansion for the first time in many weeks, and they looked rather sheepishly at each other.

"Well, George," said one of the two, "after campaigning with Bryan three months I've come back a Democrat. I'm of your politics now."

"Not a bit of it!" returned the other. "I've been campaigning with Roosevelt, and I've come back a Republican."

In One Word.

It is by no means necessary for a man always to enter into an elaborate explanation of his feelings in order to make them clear.

"What's the name of the fellow who wrote the tune of that con song we've just been favored with?" asked one man of another at a meeting of the Amateur Composers' Club.

"Jones," returned the other man. "James Jones, I believe. Frank Waley wrote the words."

"Ah, I was about to ask the name of Jones' accomplice," was the rejoinder.

Riley's Long Wait for Fame.
"A friend came to me once," says James Whitcomb Riley, in Success for February, "completely heart broken, saying that his manuscripts were constantly returned, and that he was the most miserable wretch alive. I asked him how long he had been trying? 'Three years,' he said. 'My dear man!' I answered, laughing, 'go on, keep on trying till you have spent as many years at it as I did.' 'As many as you did!' he exclaimed. 'Yes as long as I did.' 'What? You—James Whitcomb Riley—struggled for years!' 'Yes, sir, through years, through sleepless nights, through almost sleepless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles."

"I was not a believer in the theory that one man does a thing much easier than other men. Continuous, unflagging effort, persistence and determination will win. Let not the man be discouraged who has these."

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Mrs. Samuel G. Dyer Tells a Harrowing Tale of Suffering.

McCarron, Mich., April 8.—(Special.)—Mrs. Samuel G. Dyer of this place has given the following interesting letter for publication:

"For years I suffered intense pain in the region of the heart. I doctored with the best physicians. Some of them would relieve me for a short time, but the pain always returned. My heart was so bad that I would have to sit up in bed for hours, to get relief. I would be awake almost all night. I am 62 years of age, and no one can understand how much I suffered with this Heart Trouble.

"About a year ago I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and commenced to use them. From the first my condition improved. The pain in my heart gradually grew less, and my general health much better, and now I can say positively that I am entirely cured. I can sleep all night, and enjoy almost perfect health. I thank God for the cure that has come to me through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have thought long over the matter of giving this letter for publication, and am doing so now without any solicitation whatever, and simply because I feel it to be my duty to express the profound gratitude I feel for my recovery, and to let others who may be suffering as I was know how they may find a cure. I know that nothing else but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, because I have taken no other medicine for over a year. I feel better now than I have for many years, and it is all due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mrs. Dyer's case and its cure has attracted a great deal of attention, and her letter is a splendid tribute to the curative properties of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Knew His Place.
"Anyhow," remarked one of the court flatters, "your majesty may claim to be the John D. Rockefeller of your age."

"No," responded Croesus, with proud humility. "I am only the King of Lydia, I am not the King of Greece"—Chicago Tribune.

A Month's Test Free.
If you have Dyspepsia, write Dr. Shoop, Rector, Wis. Box 16, for all bottles of Dr. Shoop's Food. No money. Send no money. Pay \$5.00 if cured.

Chasing Dish Party.
Clarence Conley—"What's you going to cook, Miss Monkington?"

Miss Monkington—"A Welsh rabbit. Clarence Conley (eagerly)—Would it be askin' too much, Miss Monkington, to save de left hind foot fo' yo's sincerely?—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, the bottle.

Nearly all the kitchens of the better class of residences in Sidney, Australia, are on the top floor, and the clothes are dried on the roof.

Adds to the Insult.
"You see now, you wretch," vindictively exclaimed the fair prosecuting witness, after the trial was over, "that it's an expensive thing to kiss a woman against her will."

"You are right, madam," said the wretch who had just paid a \$50 fine for the offense. "It isn't worth it."

It's a wise cook that knows enough to leave well done alone.

An Unexpected Guest.
Mr. Roslyn—I guess your sister did not expect me to call tonight.

Little Willie Hempstead (frankly)—I guess not, too. She put Mr. Bert-whistle's photograph on the parlor mantel.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The Office Seeker's Guest.
"The leaves and fishes the office seeks is after never changes."

"Never. The loaf is a chance to do nothing and the fishes some nice perch."—Philadelphia Times.

Choice Article.
Inquisitive Neighbor—Dear little thing! How much did she weigh?

Proud Young Mother—Six pounds, I believe. But we don't estimate babies in this family by weight. Mrs. Nextdoor.—Chicago Tribune.

Interested.
"What do you think of Mr. Hard-hit's execution?" said Miss Gushly at the rosy musicale.

"I hadn't heard of it," said old Growly, "but I think it's a good deal; when does the hanging take place?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Certainly Not.
"Mr. Meeker, are you carrying any life insurance?"

"Certainly not. Mrs. Meeker carries the life insurance. I merely look after the payment of the premiums."

Good Reason.
Lady—Oh, how dirty your face is, little boy.

Boy—Yes'm; we ain't had no company for more'n a week.—Judge.

Leslie's Monthly. Russell Sage's Yankee ancestry reappeared in his face, figure, speech and thought. Once when Manhattan elevated stock was below par, someone asked him his age.

He smiled, answered, and added: "But like the elevated, I propose to above a hundred!"

To an impertinent friend, who asked what was the most philanthropic way of using a large fortune, he replied:

"Keep it constantly active, in order to give employment to the largest number of human beings."

When he gave Sage hall to the Troy Female seminary, someone said:

"Why didn't you present it to some men's college?"

Mr. Sage responded quickly: "The women needed it most."

A new hotel which is to be built on Fifth avenue will have many interesting electrical features, among which will be a system of electric service elevators, or movable pantries, fitted with electric heating tables. They will be run through every apartment, insuring rapid service and hot food to guests taking their meals in their rooms.

The Delaware house of representatives has passed, by a unanimous vote, a bill to make the punishment for kidnapping a child death or life imprisonment.

A tax of ten per cent on all theatre tickets sold in France is used to maintain the paupers of that country.

He Never Returned.
London Answers: "If ever again you use that word 'she' instead of 'it,' I shall consider it to be a personal insult!" screamed Reginald's sweetheart.

"It's very rude, in my opinion, to use the same word for ships and such things as you do for ladies!"

"But my dear," protested Reginald, "everyone does it, and I don't see why you should look at it in that light."

"I don't care what you see or don't see!" cried the famous young lady: "I object to it!"

"I think there is good reason for it in some cases," said Reginald. "A locomotive, at any rate, is rightly called 'she.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, putting on a weather-office look which seemed to say—"expect squalls." "And why?"

Reginald hastily prepared to depart before replying. Then he said: "Because it makes such a horrible noise when it tries to whistle."

THE BEST HE EVER SAW.

A Missourian Pronounces on the Farming Possibilities of Western Canada.
Just at present considerable interest is being aroused in the fact that a few new districts (of limited acreage) are being opened out by the Canadian government in Saskatchewan and Assiniboia (Western Canada), and any information concerning this country is eagerly sought. Mr. W. R. Corser, of Higginsville, Lafayette County, Mo., was a delegate there during last summer, and, writing of his impressions, he says:

"I found surprising yields of grain of all descriptions. One farmer I visited threshed out 175 acres:

"Six hundred bushels of wheat from fifteen acres, forty bushels to the acre. "Six hundred bushels of barley from ten acres, sixty bushels to the acre. "Fifteen thousand bushels of oats from 150 acres, 100 bushels to the acre. "The samples were all No. 1."

"I also saw a considerable number of stock. Swine do well and there is no disease among them. They are a good source of income to the farmer. The cattle on the range beat anything I ever saw. Fat and ready for beef, fully matured and ripened on the nutritious grasses of the prairie. I am firmly convinced that this country offers better facilities for a poor man than any I have ever seen."

Information concerning these lands can be had from any agent of the government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

A new organization has been formed in Paris called the Society of United Arts, composed of painters, sculptors, and designers of furniture and decorations. Their first show is held at the Georges Petit galleries. Among the painters who work in a large decorative way is the Canadian, Blair Brace.

Excursion Rates.
To Western Canada and back. Regular rate to low to secure 150 acres of the best wheat growing land on the prairie. Can be secured on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the nearest agent. Special excursion rates will leave St. Paul, Minn., on the 1st and 15th of each month, and specially low rates on all lines of railway are being quoted for excursions leaving St. Paul on March 28th and April 4th, for Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

Write to F. Pedley, Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc., free of cost; W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska, Agent for the Government of Canada.

Special Excursions to Western Canada during March and April.

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