

Custer County Republican

D. M. AMSEBERY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW. NEBRASKA

Andrew Carnegie advises every young man to play golf—but he doesn't mean in business hours.

Somebody has called Edwin Markham the Alfred Austin of America. This will probably make both gentlemen fighting mad.

Young Mr. Rockefeller tells other young men how to get rich. But his recipe omits the most important item, to-wit: Choose a very rich father.

A dispatch from Ras Jibuti says the King of Gogjam has been poisoned. We refuse, however, to let this disagreeable incident interfere with business.

When river and harbor bills are under consideration in Congress, a favorite way of suggesting that a stream is too shallow to be worth spending money upon is to ask if paying would not be the best means of improving it.

As a wise judge Solomon had no peer in his time, but if he were alive to-day he would have to look to his laurels. A New York magistrate has settled a family quarrel by promising to give the wife a recipe for the kind of mince pie his mother used to make.

"I've kept school," said a Kentucky mountaineer, whose eyes were opened by a visit to Berea College, "but I can't say I've ever taught." With more adequate provision for training and an ever-rising standard of qualification, the pedagogical profession is taking on new dignity and power. All the more important is it not to rush things, for the finest results must depend on full tides of vitality. In twelve States associations of teachers met during the holidays. Schoolwork is wearing to brain and nerve, and it is open to question whether it is wise to pack the vacations with shop-work, however attractive or handsomely done.

The Department of Agriculture estimates that the farmers of the United States received \$1,861,466,000 for the corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, and hay raised by one side of the account. The department does not pretend to estimate the cost of production of these crops. Were it able to do so with some approach to precision it would be possible to form an idea of the profits of the American farmers for 1900. In 1895, when the price of wheat was disagreeably low, the assertion was often made that the farmers of the West were losing money on every bushel of wheat they sold. Many elaborate calculations of the exact cost of wheat raising were made and printed at that time. They did not agree. After the advance in the price of grain no more was written about the cost of production. Reasonably accurate information on this subject would be valuable and interesting, but the difficulties in the way of getting such information are perhaps insurmountable.

The man with a rasping, grating voice whose vocal cords have the corrugated appearance of a "rat-tail file" need not despair. There is hope for him in recent discoveries that have been made in Edison's laboratory. Twentieth century genius is going to sandpaper the human voice. It is going to take the knots and kinks out of the vocal cords. The sounds of the braying ass may become as soft and gentle as the cooing of turtle-doves. The discovery that a harsh and rasping voice may have its rough edges taken up and rendered as seductive as the silver murmurings of mermaids was made by one of Wizard Edison's young men who was making some experiments with a view to making some repairs in the voice of a singer who refused to believe that nature did not intend her for a star in grand opera. It was found that this singer's voice dropped out two half notes every time she used it. Of course the dropping of one whole note at a time would not have been considered a serious defect. Many opera singers drop a dozen whole notes in a single performance, and the manager of the opera drops a few more. But when the drops come along in the shape of half notes they caused perceptible and annoying depressions in her vocalization and she sought relief from Mr. Edison's "sound expert." One of the first discoveries he made was that "the hollow spaces in the mouth" had more to do with tone production than the vocal cords. After looking her voice over several times to locate the leakage of these two half notes the expert finally found a small pimple between the nasal and mouth cavities in the soft part at the back of the throat. This was clipped off with a pair of fine nippers, and in twenty-four hours all the half notes the singer had lost were restored. This discovery furnished proof that the old notion that "hollow spaces" have much to do with the quality and frequency of the human voice was correct. It has been observed for nineteen centuries or more than the person with the most hollow spaces was always the longest on voice. The discovery is certain to have far-reaching effect upon the twentieth century voice. The time will come when a man with a rasping voice can step into the parlors of a "voice chloroplast" and have the bunions removed from it at trifling expense.

A writer in the Musical World declares that few, if any, great composers or celebrated artists ever were happy. Wagner, it is asserted, was often

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"That was a great march," said Foxey, the fiercest of the Eighty-sixth Illinois. We had been talking of the death of Maurice Thompson, of his description of the march of Col. George Rogers Clark's command from Kaskaskia to Vincennes, and had been dwelling with soldier pride on the high spirit and endurance of the men who waded so many days through water and who forded so many rivers under the most trying circumstances, when Foxey broke out with: "That was a great march, but do you know it always reminds me of some of our own great marches in the civil war."

"In the march from Savannah through the Carolinas our brigade covered a distance of 500 miles in a campaign of sixty-two days, crossing ten rivers and participating in two battles and a dozen skirmishes. I remember that as we approached Avoyersboro in March, 1865, we marched for hours at a time through swamps always ankle deep and sometimes knee deep in mud, swayed rivers swollen by heavy rains and all the time harassed by rebels hanging on our flanks or concealed in our front. Our ambulances were overcrowded with wounded and some of the poor boys had to be carried forward on army wagons."

"On the night of the 18th of March we went into camp five miles or more from Bentonville, at a point near the crossing of the Clinton, Smithfield, and Goldsboro wagon roads. General Sherman had traveled with our part of the army up to the morning of the 19th of March, when he went to General Howard's command, thinking Hardee would make no further resistance to our entrance into Goldsboro. But Hardee was of a different mind, and on this morning there opened one of the bloodiest battles into which our brigade ever rushed. We were in the second division of the Fourteenth army corps. The first division was driven back pell-mell by the furious attack of the Confederates."

"In their retreat they caught our brigade on the flank or at least opened the way for the rebels to make a flank attack. We were driven back a short distance, but the boys rallied and made as hard a fight as they had done years before at Chickamauga. The other brigades held their ground from start to finish, giving the Johnnies a fearful drubbing. During this terrific struggle, the train of some 700 wagons and thirty ambulances had been pushed ahead until the ambulance division of the train had penetrated the line of battle."

"I was on that day in charge of the stretcher-bearers, and, noting the way in which the ambulances were becoming involved, I set to work to get them back to a safer position. But there followed one of the most tremendous stampedes of the war. Teams and wagons and ambulances were mired in the sand and mud, and mules floundering and walling in fright, the drivers swearing, everything in confusion. Finally, I succeeded in getting the head ambulance started to the rear and toward the spot where Dr. Charles Payne, of the Tenth Illinois, had decided to establish the field hospital. I stood at the turning point and gave every ambulance its direction for the home run."

"The bullets were flying like hailstones. The air seemed to be filled with them. Several of the drivers were hit, and we lost two or three mules, but we succeeded in getting back to the hospital with all the ambulances. After resting a few moments, I asked the doctor for permission to return to the front. On my way I came across companies F and C, of the Eighty-sixth Illinois, with the regimental colors. They had been carried in one direction by the rush earlier in the day, while the other companies had been carried in another direction. I acted as the guide of companies F and C to where I had seen the other companies in line of battle, and the full regiment made as good a record as it ever did in any battle."

"One of the strangest things in the march to the sea," said the Doctor, "and in the march through the Carolinas, was the multitude of slaves that followed or hovered about Sherman's army. General Sherman could not, from the necessities of the case, encourage the negroes to follow the army, but in spite of orders thousands did follow us, some of them in independent detachments, living off the country; others, in organized bodies, for pioneer work; all looking forward to freedom. At the beginning of the war the relations between the army and negroes were very different."

"While Fremont was in command in Missouri he issued a proclamation that brought a great many slaves to camp. When he was succeeded by Halleck very strict orders were issued to the effect that all slaves coming to the army should be returned to their owners. This went against the grain, particularly in one case. One battalion of our regiment stationed at an outpost was taking things easy one night, when a colored man came in from a plantation ten miles distant, and stated that his master at the head of a superior force was coming by secret march to capture the camp. Preparations were made and when the attack came, just as the colored man said it would, the enemy were repulsed, because our men were ready for them. The next day a demand was made on the Colonel that

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TRAIL OF VANDAL ARMIES.

What the Soldiers of Civilization Have Done in the Chinese Empire.

"The sacking of the imperial palaces at Peking," writes a military writer in a Bavarian paper, "was thorough and complete. The walls, even when the Germans arrived, were nearly bare. There was hardly enough furniture left to fit out the dwelling of the staff. Only very heavy things, such as big looking glasses and screens, were there. Beds and bedding had to be produced from elsewhere—not without difficulty. Cupboards, boxes, drawers were pulled open, broken and ransacked. Barbarian work. Bronze statues were thrown down to find the gold in the interior. Sometimes it was found, sometimes not. Very often, in order to simplify the work, the statues were smashed."

"Objects too heavy to be carried away were broken and only the valuable parts were carried off. The Chinese are very fond of clocks and watches ingeniously constructed so as to make music. Some are heavily gilded. In the imperial summer palace were two big clocks (under glass) in the apartments of the empress. The figures were on a big sun, whose rays were made of the best and heaviest gold. Sun and clocks are still there, but the golden rays were taken away."

"Near the lotus lake of the imperial palace in Peking stands a small house with a sort of belfry, with clocks of various dimensions. They were struck by a hammer and produced a most harmonious concert. The big clocks are still there, but the smaller ones are all taken off. On the other shore of the lotus lake was the private mansion of the emperor, since the empress dowager kept him prisoner. The emperor's apartments consisted of three rooms—a reception-room, bedroom and library—full of costly books bound in the precious yellow silk, the privilege of the imperial family."

"The emperor's bed was here not a bench, as usual in China, but a real sleeping sofa, a couch covered with dark brown, heavy silk, which was torn off to the edge of the couch. Everything pillaged! Chairs, tables, benches were made of a very hard, valuable, dark-brown wood adorned by wonderful carvings. They were broken, knocked about by hundreds. The work of barbarians! By which nation was it done? It is impossible now to say."

FISH THAT BURIES ITSELF.

Queer New Zealand Product that Puzzles the Naturalists.

A fish of curious habits exists in New Zealand, and it has apparently hitherto escaped the notice of naturalists. The fish is called by the Maories the kakawai. Its habitat is very extensive in the North Island and it may be found on the Wairarapa plains, the Forty-mile bush, etc. It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making postholes in the summer time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two feet under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter. The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in summer and put into water it dies at once. If, however, it is brought to daylight in May or early June (the end of autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about bright and lively. When dug up in the summer there appears to be a growth of skin or perhaps of a dry gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to aestivate through the dry weather and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long fasting burial. Of course in winter there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often all evidence of such natation disappears in summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plain seems the last place on earth in which to find a fish. When the skin is cast off vivid little spots of red appear on the body, so that, some people have said that the fish is a small trout. This is not the case (although they are now used as bait for trout); the kakawai was well known to the natives ages before trout were introduced from England; well known, although the name by some chance has been missed in making the Maori dictionaries, just as naturalists have missed noticing the fish."

American Wealth.

In the last ten years the United States has increased its wealth \$26,000,000,000, which makes the wealth of the nation \$91,000,000,000. This gives an average per capita wealth of \$1,135. This is not so great a per capita wealth as Great Britain's for her figures are \$1,300 for each inhabitant. But her aggregate wealth sinks into the background before ours, for she has only \$50,000,000,000 against our \$91,000,000,000. Her increase in wealth in ten years is \$19,000,000,000, as against our \$26,000,000,000. The increase in wealth in this country in the last ten years has been \$337 for each inhabitant."

A Royal Photographer.

The German empress is an exceptionally skillful amateur photographer, and she has a most interesting collection of pictures. The empress takes snap-shots at the court festivities, and she has secured a photograph of the crown prince when he appeared for the first time on parade as a full officer of the guards. Every woman knows of people who can be described in no other words but "a trifling good-for-nothing set."

A glass lamp combine is impending.

The capital of the trust will be \$10,000,000.

In Holland they deny the report that President Kruger will visit the United States.

Muslin gowns are being made with colored flounces—as, for instance, a white muslin with pale blue ruffles.

The Carthage, (Mo.) Chautauque will, if it can, secure Minister Wu Ting Fang as one of the lecturers this season.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vandenburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A New York newspaper recently contained an advertisement announcing that babies at a certain foundlings' home could be had for adoption. In a short time 200 little ones were thus disposed of in respectable families. It is now learned that many of these infants were placed in the asylum by parents comfortably off in order to avoid taking care of the children.

A Gold-Lined Goose.

A sensation was caused in New Westminster, near Vancouver, the other day, by the discovery of 29 worth of fine and coarse grain gold in the crop of a wild goose. The goose was shot at Pitt lake, which is fed by numerous mountain streams. The sand bars along the shore were known to contain gold, but had never been prospected.—Chicago Record.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

The Wife and Mother-in-Law of Mr. Charles Keys.

Clarissa, Minn., April 15.—(Special.)—No family in this vicinity is better known or more universally respected, than Mr. Charles Keys, the local school teacher, and his estimable wife, and mother-in-law. For a long time Mrs. Keys has been in ill health. Recently, however, she has found a cure for her ailments in Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I cannot speak too highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills, or of what they have done for me," said Mrs. Keys. "My life was miserable, my back always ached, also my head. I was troubled with neuralgia in the head and face and suffered extreme pain, but thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills, all those aches and pains have vanished like the morning dew, and it now seems that life is worth living. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a God-send to suffering humanity. They may rightly be named the Elixir of Youth."

"While speaking of my own case and the wonderful benefit I have received, I might also add that my mother, who is now an old lady of 74 years and who lives with me, has been troubled more or less with aches and pains, as is natural with one of her advanced age. When she saw what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for me she commenced to use them herself, and she says that they have done her more good than any other medicine she has ever tried. "This testimony is given in the hope that others who may be afflicted as we were may see and read it, and be benefited by it."

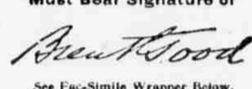
What Mrs. Keys states in her letter can be verified by reference to any of her many friends in this neighborhood. Dodd's Kidney Pills have already a wonderful reputation in Todd County. Nothing has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy but Dodd's Kidney Pills.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

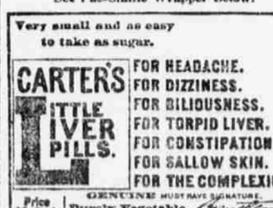
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE NEW MUST BEAR SIGNATURE. PURELY VEGETABLE. *Warranted*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY!

THE ORIGINAL

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

PROTECTS BOTH RIDER AND SADDLE IN THE HARDEST STORM

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK. CATALOGUE FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARDENS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 39

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water