

Custer County Republican

D. M. AMBERLY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

The anti-cigarette forces show no disposition to smoke the pipe of peace.

The country's birth rate is increasing. As a kind of national baby show it is all right.

The tin can trust might begin business by canning a few of those jokes about itself.

Infernal machines should not be used in courting. It is bad enough that blowings up take place after marriage.

About the only use of the pick England encourages in that Ishman canal proposition is to pick flaws in the proposition.

There is this resemblance between a loaded trolley and a man that way. Each always seems to have room for one more.

Russell Sage doesn't like the way in which Andrew Carnegie spends his money. It sets a spendthrift example to other millionaires.

The statistics of crime in Chicago reveal the fact that \$7,200 worth of umbrellas were stolen in that city last year. The humorists are vindicated.

"The prime secret of my success," says Mr. Schwab, "is loving my work." Watch the man who is always kicking about his work. He rarely gets \$1,000,000 a year.

As France has ordered thirty-five new warships, she clearly purposes doing something with her mysterious accumulations of coal. For once a French political secret has been well kept.

The ordinary woman may love her husband just as much as Queen Wilhelmina loves hers, but she hasn't the happy privilege of naming an ironclad after him, as the Queen of the Netherlands has done.

The Spartan stolidness of the American people is shown in the fact that not a single agonized wail has come from them since Waldorf Astor announced that his book should not be published or sold in this beastly country.

The fact that corsets for men are being extensively manufactured in France was brought out in a recent trial between two partners of a corset firm in that country. The evidence showed that 18,000 corsets were made annually for Frenchmen and 3,000 for Englishmen. Those shipped to England are worn it is said, principally by army officers.

It is queer that so many persons are swindled by bunko steers and confidence men. Everybody knows who ever goes to the theater that the bunko steerer invariably slinks around with his elbows thrust out, his shoulders elevated and his chin aspiring, while the confidence man is distinguishable by his predilection for cigars and plug hats, and his penchant for evening dress in the early forenoon.

It was once stated by an eminent naturalist that if three varieties of dog—bulldog, greyhound and common yellow cur—were placed on a desert island and left to themselves, after a certain number of years the canine population of that island would be all yellow dog, because that is the nearest to the original tame wolf. It is exactly the same with the human race. The common "yellow dog" mongrel specimen, mixing half a dozen types in his one body, is the type to which all the others revert under unfavorable conditions.

It used to be that the divorce court was the place of last resort when wedded life was no longer tolerable, and even when sought under such conditions divorced persons felt some delicacy about their domestic infidelities and forbore for a period to parade themselves in society. Now, however, there is no longer any suggestion of moral ill in the breaking of sacred vows of wedlock, and divorce has come to be so common an occurrence that the institution of marriage more and more takes on the appearance of a probationary contract.

What power will interfere to save the Russian people from the brutality of the Russian government? While that nation is posing as a pacifist in China and annexing large sections of that empire as the price of its efforts to restore order, it is treating its own people with barbarity that shocks the world. The raid of the St. Petersburg police on the students who were celebrating the anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs furnished an astonishing exhibition of barbarism. The abolition of serfdom forty years ago has had little effect in making Russians in authority less tyrannical. The recent exhibitions of ruthlessness in Kieff and in St. Petersburg afford corroborating evidence of the possibility of the truth of the dreadful stories of Russian barbarities in the Chinese empire, which it was hoped would prove to be false or grossly exaggerated.

The other day the cashier of a Pennsylvania bank discovered that Remorse is the most awful and relentless avenger that ever camped on the trail of a guilty man. He was a thief. He robbed his bank of \$5,000 in small amounts. When a man steals it is ten chances to one that

he will suffer a general moral breakdown. It is easier to commit half a dozen crimes than the first one. The first step finds the feet halting. After that life generally becomes a toboggan slide for the thief. So the thief accepted the offer of his son to shoulder the burden of crime. The young man did all things necessary to make it appear that he had stolen the money, and then left the city. Imagine the condition of that father's mind. He had to accept sympathy, to hear his boy denounced as a rascal. He read in the papers of the young man who had gone wrong, and every word was like a blow in the face, while night and day Conscience said: "You did it." "You are a thief, and, what is worse, a coward." That sort of thing makes men old. It turns the hair gray; it makes nerves quiver; it invites paralysis; it makes life one long siege of hell. Then came the real courage, for the culprit went to the president of the bank and cleared his son. He was almost happy in his own disgrace, for at last he was honest with himself. A prison will probably have few terrors for that man. He deserves punishment. There are few mitigating circumstances in his case, but the mental torture he has suffered will do more to make him an honest man than years in a lonely cell possibly can.

The usual commonplace homilies on the "blessings of poverty" by those who are struggling strenuously to get away from the "blessings" are of little interest to the public mind. The only person who is competent to dissertate upon the "advantages" of poverty is he who has turned these advantages into a large accumulation of industrial stocks or the coin of the republic. The man who has something to show for an early investment in penury is assured of respectful attention, especially if he is suddenly flashed before the public eyes as the head of a colossal steel trust. When Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, tells us how early poverty is essential to success and how little he could have accomplished without it the young man with nothing but brains and brawn and good health pricks up his ears and takes a fresh start. He begins to realize that there may be something in the "poverty argument" after all, notwithstanding its temporary discomforts and inconveniences. And the rich man's son begins to wonder how he can overcome the obstacles of inherited wealth. Commenting on early poverty as an aid to his own success, the great steel employe says: "The rich man's son enters life's race with a handicap. Not only the handicap which a fortune is, because it deprives him of the necessity to progress and expand, but the handicap of never being able to appreciate what he has. For everything in life that is worth while is ten times more worth while when we climb for it. The first great blessing in my life was being born poor. The fundamental principles that founded my character were the lessons wrung out of early hardships and privations and self-denials. I would not give up the experience of a boyhood barren of luxuries and paved with obstacles for any amount of money. It would be like pulling the foundation out of a building." It would be idle to deny the force of such testimony as this. The average boy is prone to take these serious upon the beauties and potencies of poverty cum grano salis. The example of Mr. Schwab has been multiplied so numerously in this country, however, that the young man does not need to listen to sermonizers. He has but to look about him to see hundreds of Schwabs—some what lower in the financial scale, it is true—in his own town. It requires no profound study of analysis of human nature to discover the cause of the impelling power of poverty. Want and desire are the stimulus to endeavor. It takes an extraordinary man to accomplish anything if all his wants are anticipated and provided for. The hardships, inconveniences, discomforts and embarrassments of poverty stir a young man to action. His desire to possess the things of which he has been deprived by the accident of indigent parentage fills him with energy and determination, and hence poverty becomes the foundation of success. Fortunate indeed is the young man who is endowed with "magnificent poverty." He may become a Charles M. Schwab.

A Family of Pie-Eaters.
A very busy woman is Mrs. John Walters, of Blair County, Pennsylvania, who has every reason to believe that she holds the pie-baking record, at least in her State.
For the year ending Dec. 1 Mrs. Walters baked 8,303 pies for various deities, which were disposed of mainly by her husband and seven sons.
In July she broke the monthly record with a total of 869 pies, forced to this unusual exertion by the fact that several farm hands had been added to the harvesting force.
In an amusing calculation it is developed that Mrs. Walters' pies, if put all in a string, would reach thirteen miles and a half. If put one on top of the other, they would be 300 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. If put a step apart they would reach 435-19 miles, and a man would tramp on a pie at every step.
Mr. Walters is 65 years old, and is apparently none the worse for his pie diet. He figures on three pies a day, and thinks that on this basis he has 43,880 pies since his marriage.

Public Baths in England.
The first public bath in England for hot bathing purposes was opened in 1679.
Dry goods clerks have a contempt for any man who buys his wife's clothes.

PUSS WAS A GOOD WATCH DOG.

Even Her Master Was Unable to Break Past Her Guard.

"Talk about your watchdogs," said an acquaintance of mine. "Say, I've got a cat that will beat 'em all holler, and it's only a kitten, too."
"I went home after the city government meeting was over the other night and found the house dark and locked up. My wife was down to the club, so I cut with my latchkey and fumbled round the keyhole.

"The key went in all right, and I was laughing to myself when all at once the confounded key broke off. See there," and he held up as evidence the broken key.
"Well, I went around, and found one of the windows unfastened, shoved it up and started to climb in, when gee whizz! I heard such a growling! It was my kitten. I called to him 'Kitty, kitty, kitty,' but it was no use. He didn't know me, and kept right on growling, once in a while letting out a vicious spit.

"Well, I climbed up and got my head and shoulders inside, when that cat gave a spring and landed plumb on my head. His claws stuck into my hat, and both headgear and hat fell to the floor, while I fell on the snow outside. You see, I wasn't prepared, and it came as a surprise to me.

"When I recovered everything was quiet inside, and I thought I would make another attempt. As soon as I approached the window that growling and spitting began again.

"I shooed at him and said 'seet!' But he held his ground and growled back. "Then I tried to scare him by imitating a dog. I growled and barked to 'beat the band,' and he growled and mewled and spit back until we made such a noise a lodger in the next house shoved up his window and hollered 'Shut up!'

"'Shut up yourself,' said I.
"'Go 'way from that house,' said he.
"'I live here,' said I.

"'Then go inside and keep still,' said he, and he closed the window with a bang.

"Then I tried to get in again, but the cat heard me and still confronted me. Will you believe me? I had to stay outside there and wait half an hour longer in the cold until my wife came home.

"'Why, what are you doing out here without any hat on? What's the matter?' said she.

"I explained while we were going in and what do you think? When that cat saw us coming in the proper way he came up and rubbed himself against us, purring as nice as could be."—Watertown (Me.) Mail.

The Oldest Patent.

The question as to the holder of the oldest patent in this country has brought out from the heirs of Joseph Jencks some facts which tend to show that he was the first inventor in this country. Patents granted from the sovereign power of England for land water and other privileges were not uncommon in early colonial times. Joseph Jencks, of Lynn, Mass., a number of years previous to receiving a patent for an invention of a scythe had been granted one for "an application of water power to mills."

Biographical notes state that Mr. Jencks introduced to the Massachusetts colony the idea of patenting inventions, and that he might protect and introduce his ideas seems to have been his reason for coming to the new country. The grass scythe patented in 1652 was perhaps the most valuable of his inventions. The improvement over the old English scythe, with its short, thick blade, like a bush scythe, consisted in lengthening the blade making it thinner and welding a square bar on the back and strengthening it. To-day this scythe, practically unchanged, is used in Europe and America. The patent was withheld from Mr. Jencks for nine years, as it was thought to be too valuable to be monopolized.—Hartford Courant.

What Finger Nails Show.

That the mental condition of a person suffering from some physical ailment may be judged from the condition of his finger nails was recently shown by Dr. Marco, an Italian physician, who has for some time been making investigations in this direction. According to him, a patient whose nails are not quite smooth, but contain many furrows, is subject to acute diseases, since it is the inability to take adequate nourishment, caused by such diseases, which makes the nails defective. He also maintains that a series of grooves will be found in the nails of those persons who are mentally unbalanced, and especially of those who are periodically afflicted by some form of mental disturbance, and that from a simple examination of the nails any skilled physician can tell how frequent and how violent the mental attacks will be.

As Dr. Marco has carefully examined the nails of hundreds of patients and is widely known as a scientist of high rank, his novel doctrine in regard to the value of nails as indicators of health is naturally attracting wide attention.

Betrayed Himself.

"I am very much inclined to suspect that you misled me when you said that you had experience on the stage," remarked the stage manager of the Dashing Daisies' Burlesque Company.
"Why, isn't my work satisfactory?" inquired the comedian.
"Yes. But you took it very good-naturedly when the manager said he'd pay you part of your salary now and the rest later."—Washington Star.

Don't whistle; it takes the attention of the people from their own affairs in wondering what tune you are trying to hit.

Poll Tax in Mississippi.

The man in Mississippi who does not pay a poll tax cannot vote or serve on juries, and official returns show 29,371 white citizens have neglected to pay up this year. This neglect disfranchises them for two years.

TO CURE ACID IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box 25c.

A Family Ticket.

Mr. Suburb—"See here! What did you take up my family commutation ticket for?"

Railroad Superintendent—"That ticket has been presented to our conductors by forty different women within a month."

Mr. Suburb—"Oh, that's all right. They were servant girls."

No Market.

"Well Kayton, were you successful in introducing your breakfast food among the Parisians?"

"Far from it. Why those gay Parisians sleep so late that they don't eat any breakfast."—Chicago News.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.

New Peril for the Colored Race.

Dix—"Did you hear of that chap who proposes to revolutionize Georgia?"

"Hix—"No. How is he going to do it?"

Dix—"He has submitted a proposition to the Agricultural Department to raise watermelons down there instead of watermelons."—Detroit Free Press.

Pronounce It.

Sigridur Jonsdottir, Kilmarnock, Reykjavik, Iceland, Europe.

This is the address given in an order for Dodd's Kidney Pills received and filed by the Dodd's Medicine Company of Buffalo on April 16.

This unique direction means, that to reach the sick people of Iceland, the parcel must travel to New York, then to London, England, then northwest to Greenland, to be landed finally on the lonely island at the edge of the Arctic Circle.

This is a pointed illustration of how United States goods find their way to the remotest corners of the earth.

America to-day produces better medicines, as well as better manufactured articles, than any other country in the world, and this fact accounts for the demand for Dodd's Kidney Pills from every part of the known universe.

Lured Into Overdoing.

"The boss raised my pay; he said it was because I was so cheerful."

"That was appreciation, truly."

"Yes, but in a month he cut me down again; he said I had been too cheerful."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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

In the schedule of a New York bankrupt recently filed in court it appears that he owes \$30 for beer and \$26 for pew rent.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kinn's Great Nerve Restorer. Kindly REFUSE all other bottles and treatise. DR. R. H. ELMS, Ltd., 361-a-n-st., Philadelphia, Pa.

How to be Happy Though Married.

More and more men as well as women are coming to think the belief is well founded that real marriage is comradeship. Milton believed it when he declared that the end of marriage was conversation. To make good comradeship that will last through life both must have interests that are worthy and permanent, both must have the power of growth, both must have the love of service, if life is to be closely lived together.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

How Three Women Found Relief.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to have been the plan of nature that woman should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition which produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors.

The three letters here published should encourage every woman who suffers:

Aug. 6, 1898.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered since the age of sixteen with painful menstruation. I have been treated for months, and was told that the womb had fallen a little. The doctor says that is now in place again, but I still have the same pain. Please tell me what to do."—MRS. EMMA KUEHL, 112 Trautman St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Jan. 19, 1899.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—After receiving your reply to my letter of Aug. 6 I followed your kind advice, and am glad to tell you that I have been cured of the severe pain at time of menstruation through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it, felt better after the first bottle, and after a while had no more pain or womb trouble.
"I had doctored from the age of sixteen to twenty-six, and had lost all hope, but your medicine has made me well.
"I would like to have you use my testimonial, so that others may see, and be inspired with hope, and take your medicine."—MRS. EMMA KUEHL, 112 Trautman St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Feb. 20, 1900.
"I saw your medicine so highly recommended I thought I would write to you for advice.
"My menstruation occurs every two weeks, lasts a week, and is painful. I have been troubled in this way for some time. I suffer from sick headache and backache all the time, especially if there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

"I was troubled with female weakness, irregular and painful menstruation, and leucorrhoea. The doctor's medicine did me no good. I have taken one bottle and a half of your Vegetable Compound, and thanks to your medicine, my pains are gone. I advise all women suffering as I have to use your Vegetable Compound."—EMMA J. PRIBBLE, Indianapolis, Ill.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

The Arkansas Legislature has indefinitely postponed a bill to make Sunday fishing a misdemeanor.

Love Carried to Extremes.
"There are cases where affection will really go to the ends of the earth for its object."
"I've never met them."

"How about that love of science which starts men searching for the poles?"—Philadelphia Times.

Two gypsies have been arrested in Washington on suspicion of being implicated in the kidnapping of Willie McCormick.

The Cuban delegates have been convinced that the United States sincerely desires the freedom of their country.

The Washington Monument.
The Washington monument in Washington D. C. is 555 feet high, being the loftiest structure in the world except the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

The base is 55 feet square, with walls 15 feet thick. The exterior is of crystal Maryland marble, while the interior, lighted by electricity, is occupied by a stairway of 800 steps, extending from the bottom to the top, and an elevator which makes the ascent in seven minutes.

A Match Starts the Meal

If You use a

WICKLESS BLUE FLAME OIL STOVE

No Fuss No Muss

If your dealer does not keep them, write to the nearest agency of

STANDARD OIL CO.