

## Custer County Republican

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BROKEN BOW, - - - NEBRASKA

Russia's title to Manchuria is clear. She needs the land.

It does not affect the general rule of prosperity that year after year the barbers report the hair crop short.

Isn't it about time for President Harper of the University of Chicago to scrape an acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie?

Russell Sage says he approves of Mr. Carnegie's course. Evidently Russ has never had any hope of being remembered in Andrew's will.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Many a woman has succeeded in making a fool of a man, and some few women in making a man of a fool.

A negro minstrel whose skull was broken played for a week after the accident and is reported to have been a "funny as ever." A shock sometimes works wonders.

King Edward has established a high ceremonial court dress, adding: "This is not a republic." If it were, Edward would hardly be the ripple on the surface that he now is.

Charles M. Schwab says that the first great blessing of his life was in being born poor; and the public will be inclined to regard the latest great blessing of his life as his selection to manage the Steel Trust at a salary of a million dollars a year.

The Irish member who recently began a speech in the House of Commons in his "native tongue" was out of order. He declared that Irish was the only language in which he could adequately set forth the wrongs of Ireland. Certainly good Irish is better than bad English—and not so painfully common.

The world could better spare more popular novelists than the late Charlotte M. Yonge has been for some years. Dainty, delicate, pensive, pathetic, but lacking no essential of action or plot, her pages were wholesome, sweet and clean. The foulness which has been coming into the United States as fiction from Russia, Norway, Germany, France, Italy and England of late is a squalid substitute for the pure volumes of such novelists as Miss Yonge.

In the death of the Rev. Arthur Edwards, of Chicago, the Methodist Church lost one of its most influential men. In 1872 he succeeded the Rev. Thomas M. Eddy as editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, and has held that important position ever since. He easily took rank among the leading religious editors, and proved himself so capable that no one thought of removing him, and he endeared himself to multitudes by his weekly communications.

A woman was recently arrested for begging in the streets of New York. She was well known to the police, and when her case was called some curious information about her was brought out. She always had a thin, fretful baby in her arms, and the baby constantly cried. That was her capital, and to keep it unimpaired and productive she made a practice of pinching the child whenever it seemed inclined to settle into quiet. The ruse was so successful that the beggar had a comfortable bank account and a well-furnished home. All of which bears out the wisdom of a little investigation before bestowing charity, even when the case appeals strongly to the sympathies.

Sparta, when calling itself a republic, was one of the most odious tyrants of antiquity. It denied parental rights in the child, and claimed that the state alone owned its minors and was entitled to an exclusive voice in their education. Should the "associations" bill become law in France, that professed democracy will out-Spartan Sparta in domestic despotism. The bill excludes from the ranks of teachers all persons enrolling themselves in religious communities. As no religion is allowed to be taught in schools under state supervision, millions of families would thus be deprived of opportunity to have their children religiously instructed if they so preferred. Such a proposal in the United States would be deemed an emanation from an unsound intellect.

It has long been a disputed question whether America was peopled from Asia. The chief argument against the theory that man made his approach to this continent across Bering Strait has been the lack of resemblance in culture between the aborigines of this country and the known races of Asia. This may be accounted for, a Washington scientist maintains, by the fact that all the Asiatic arts and customs would in the course of generations have been frozen out of any migratory peoples in their getting around Bering Strait. As the tribes moved northward they would lose the characteristics of their life, one after another, notably agriculture and domestic animals, until finally, pressing near the Polar Circle, their whole energies would be absorbed in finding food and keeping warm. With his culture thus frozen out, according to this theory, early man crossed Bering Strait, and as he moved southward on this continent developed improved ways of living, but after such a long interval of time that the new customs

were entirely distinct from those of Asia.

Casualties in the United States navy during the Spanish war were marvelously few, but it will no doubt cause surprise to learn that more deaths occurred in the American marine forces in China while the recent allied operations were in progress than in our own war with Spain. The period of American naval service in China was four months, and in that time there were 129 casualties of all sorts, from which 39 deaths resulted. The proportion of deaths from gunshot wounds was higher, too, in the recent hostilities than in the Spanish war, the comparative percentages being 24 and 19. The wounds made by the Mauser bullets were less deadly than those caused by the large-bore guns used by the Chinese. The heaviest loss of the Marine corps was in the legation guard at Peking, that small body of heroic men suffering 39 per cent of the casualties. It is unfortunate that the law does not permit a proper recognition of the bravery of the marines. The board which recently met to bestow rewards for praiseworthy work made this observation in its report: "In the case of officers of the marine corps the only reward, except for those who have received the thanks of Congress, is by advancement not exceeding thirty numbers, or by the bestowal of brevets. The latter method carries with it but little benefit and has come to be regarded as of little value. Section 1407 of the Revised Statutes authorizes the bestowal of medals of honor and a gratuity of \$100 upon 'seamen' who distinguish themselves in battle or by extraordinary heroism in the line of their profession. Unfortunately no such provision exists for the enlisted men of the marine corps." This discrimination against the marine corps ought to be corrected as soon as possible.

Because of her ineffectual efforts to "draw her husband into conversation," a school teacher in an Eastern city has sued for separation. Ever since her wedding day, she avers, she has been unable to get her husband to talk in anything but monosyllables. Before marriage he evinced wide familiarity with words of Latin derivation and weaved them into long sentences with a facility that captivated the mind of the susceptible schoolma'am. As soon as the nuptial knot was made secure, however, the Latin polysyllables, which were the delight of her pedagogical fancy, were dropped and the husband came back to the plain, practical Anglo-Saxon words of every-day speech. It is probably a fact that the State in which this couple live has failed to provide any etymological grounds for divorce, but it seems to us that the school teacher has a strong case. She averred in her petition that she had endeavored to open up a new line of conversation each evening, but without avail. She read extensively upon themes of current discussion, hoping to draw him out in the long words with which he was wont to do his billing and cooing in their courtship days. But he would not be drawn. The longest speech of her husband's which she has on record was given as follows: "Would you like to go to the library? Bertie will go with you and I will stay and smoke a cigar." We submit that a man who cannot reel off a longer string of words than this to tickle the mental palate of a schoolma'am has no business to enjoy the delights of her companionship in any conjugal relation. She should be permitted to break away from her monosyllabic husband so she can marry a "drummer" for a suspender factory or a right-of-way man for an electric street railway company. The world is full of long-distance talkers who would be glad to pay the rent to get a sympathetic, appreciative schoolma'am to listen to them.

From the Devonian Age. Off the coast of Norway last year was captured a specimen of the shark tribe which, in the form of its teeth, and in other characteristic features, closely resembles a species of shark that inhabited the ocean in that immeasurably remote period called in geology the Devonian age. A similar shark was captured by the Prince of Monaco's yacht off the Madeira Islands in 1889. These two specimens, with a few others found in the Japanese seas—which are remarkable for the number of survivors of ancient forms of life that they contain—constitute the only known representatives now on the earth of the Devonian sharks.

Small Anvils. The anvil that rings in the sturdy blacksmith's sleds may weigh 200, 300 or 400 pounds, but there are anvils whose weight is counted in ounces. These are used by jewelers, silversmiths and various other workers. Counting shapes, sizes, styles of finish and so on, these little anvils are made in scores of varieties, ranging in weight from fifteen ounces up to a number of pounds each. All the little anvils are of the finest steel. They are all ritually finished, often nickel-plated, and those surfaces that are brought into use are finished with what is called a mirror polish, the surface being made as smooth as glass.

Mourning Drapery from Germany. The German papers allege that most of the purple drapery used in London at the Queen's funeral came from Germany, whence large orders were executed at the shortest notice.

In telling the fortune of an old girl don't tell her to beware of any man, light or dark.

If a woman can cook spinach so it hasn't a gritty taste, that settles it—she is a good cook.

## HOW WELL IT HAS LINKED THE TWO TOGETHER!



### MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A monument for the soldiers! And what will ye build it of? Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze, Outlasting the Soldier's love? Can ye glorify it with legends As grand as their blood hath writ, From the inmost shrine of this land of thine To the outmost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it Out of our hopes made sure, And out of our purest prayers and tears, We would build it out of the great white truths Their death hath sanctified, And the sculptured forms of the men in arms And their faces they died.

And what heroic figures Shall be all brave and fair, Can the sculptor carve in stone? Can the marble breast be made to bleed, And the marble lips to moan? Can the marble brow be fevered? And the marble eyes be grave? To look their last, as the flag floats past, On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures Shall be all brave and fair, And, as befitting, as pure and white As the stars above their grave! The marble lips, and breast and brow Whenceon the laurel lies, Beneath its right to guard the flight Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the soldiers! Built of a people's love, And blazoned and decked and panoplied As the stars above their grave! And see that ye build it stately, In pillar and niche and gate, And high in place as the souls of those—James Whitcomb Riley.

### CROOKSIE.

HE had never known any other name than Crooksie Peters, though there was a rumor about in the townments that he had once been called Jerome, or Gerald, they had forgotten just which. What did it matter anyway? Crooksie was far more appropriate, for the only straight thing about him was the pair of little white pine crutches.

His memories of home were vague. There was a misty outline of a big, red-faced man, who stumbled in late, and went to sleep in the broken rocking chair, with his mouth wide open. There was a woman, too. Crooksie was more afraid of her. She had eyes that burned you, somehow, and straight, black hair, with gray in the tresses, people called her. Once the man went away, but the woman stayed at home, and kept the door locked and the old rickety bed against it, too. One day, just at evening twilight—that interval of hell before the noises of the night began, two horses came down the narrow street and stopped at Crooksie's door. The windows in the court were raised and grimy faces peered out.

Crooksie didn't know just what happened; but there was loud talking, and then the door gave in, and two men carried Nance, kicking and screaming, down the stairs and drove away. And Jackie Bollinas had sat until dark on the crying sledge over and over, in a drowsy monotony. "Crooksie's Nance has gone in the patrol wagon," Crooksie's Nance has gone in the patrol wagon. All this was long ago when Crooksie was only a child. He was nearly 12 now. Other townments had opened their doors to him, and there had been a great deal to do. There were babies to mind, and errands to go, and ever so many other things besides. As for Nance, he had never seen her again.

"I say, Crooksie, does yer want ter go out ter the graveyard to-morrow?" asked Jackie Bollinas one evening. Jackie sold papers and was authority on the news of the day.

"There's gon' ter be a big time out there—bands playin', an' speeches, an' real cannons, an' everybody in their best clothes! It's Memorial day, for the heroes, yer know?"

"What's them?" questioned Crooksie.

Jackie scratched his head. The crown of his hat was missing; that was convenient at times.

"Well," Jackie answered reflectively, "them's fellers what—what fights, or somethin', an' then goes an' dies, an' every year the people goes out ter the graveyard an' takes flowers, an' sings, an' prays, an' gits a hollerday. It's nifty. Let's me an' you go."

The first ray of light found Crooksie awake the next day. He knew just where in a neighboring court a milkweed had opened some fuzzy yellow blossoms, and the heroes should have them, every one.

It all seemed beautiful out there in the cemetery. In the townments death meant a black box for those who went and a black bottle for those who were left behind. But this little world of grass and sunshine where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed was different.

The exercises had already begun, and the eager, surging throng pushed and crowded on its way to the soldiers' plot. Once the boys were pressed almost under the feet of a big black horse.

The lady who was driving drew the reins sharply and stopped. The boys stared hard at her.

"Ain't she a pretty one, though?" whispered Crooksie, and Jackie nodded. "Sure!" he said.

There was something in the little bent figure, and the pinched, rain-scoured face of Crooksie that touched the pretty lady, for she leaned suddenly toward the boys and smiled.

"Wouldn't you like to ride?" she asked. Crooksie's heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. He had never ridden in all his life; but now something was choking him. He shook his head, and the lady drove up the hill alone.

The morning wore on and noon came. Children grew tired and cried, with their little faces hidden in their mothers' skirts, or went to sleep on the green turf. Women sat singly or in groups on the copings and ate sandwiches and boiled eggs. Thus does life assert itself in the presence of death.

At last the memorial address was over, and the heroes below the Stars and Stripes slept under a quilt of flowers. The valley had been fired, and the cannon's deep-mouthed cry went echoing through the hills.

Then there was a terrified shriek. "Runaway! Runaway!" somebody called. "Look out for the runaway!" and a big black horse came plunging down the narrow drive. The phaeton held the pretty lady. People screamed and scattered like frightened sheep. There was not a man among them who dared to stop the beast.

Near the foot of the hill a tiny figure stood, with one little crutch outstretched. "Crooksie! Yer durned fool!" screamed Jackie Bollinas. "Crooksie—"

"Get the kid out of the way!" yelled a man. "He's no good!" and the women shut their eyes.

There was a crash. The horse had struck something and stood still; a policeman caught him by the bridle.

It was hours before Crooksie showed signs of returning to life. Then there was a rushing sound in his ears, like the wind in the pinest; he was drifting somewhere, and patches of red and yellow light danced before his eyes.

"He's coming round at last," said the doctor.

Then Crooksie felt a soft, cool hand on his forehead, straight into the face of the pretty lady.

The night lamp shed a tender glow through the dainty room and rested lovingly on the little bed.

Crooksie had never seen such a room before. He tried to sit up, but fell back with a cry of pain and lay quite still.

"My precious little boy," said the pretty lady. "My dear, brave little hero."

Crooksie's eyes had a question in them and the doctor raised him on the pillow. "Yer didn't mean me?" he said. "Cause I'm crooked, yer know, and there ain't any crooked ones, is there?" "Crooked what, dear?" asked the lady. "Heroes," he said with an effort. "Is

there any with bad backs, an' legs that are sort or wabby?"

The big doctor laid him suddenly down and walked away, but the pretty lady knelt beside the little bed and took Crooksie's hands in both of hers. Hot tears were blinding her, but to a woman it falls—this duty of taking the pilgrims half way to heaven.

"Dear little man," she said, "there are all sorts of heroes; big ones and little ones, white ones and black ones; yes, dear—and crooked ones, too."

"An' do they put crooked ones out where the grass an' the birds is?" was the eager question.

"Yes."

"And will they give 'em flowers—'tlets an' peerywinkles an' pinks?"

The little voice was growing very weak. "Yes, dear," said the lady, "and the backs are all good in the land where the heroes go, and the legs will all grow strong."

A happy smile gloved for a moment on the little face, and Crooksie gave a long, contented sigh. "If Jackie—could only—know," he said.

Next morning an early sunbeam peeped

slant through the curtain. It gilded a pair of tiny idle crutches and kissed a little sleeper. Some one had placed a sprig of mountain laurel in the childish hands, for the world had lost another hero.—Indianapolis Press.

### One More Eulogy.

Lieut. A. W. Thomson says, in the Independent, that when the Civil War was practically over, he was sent from the camp at Lincoln to Charlotte, N. C., under a flag of truce. He entered the town, and was conducted to Gen. Echols' headquarters in a large upper room, evidently a schoolroom.

Our guide pointed out the general, a fine, portly gentleman, seated at a table. I advanced, and laid my papers on the table.

Gen. Echols, I presume? I said. "These dispatches are from Gen. Gillam. Shall I wait for an answer?"

"Please be seated," the general said. Glancing around, I saw sixteen or eighteen gentlemen, all with one or two exceptions, in military uniform. Col. Morgan came up to me, shook hands and said:

"I believe you and I are not entire strangers."

He had been our prisoner a year or so before. While we waited, a gentleman in a civilian gray suit turned to address Gen. Echols. The cold stare of a glass eye caught my attention, and the features were somewhat familiar.

"Ah, Jefferson Davis! Are you here, pressed to the wall?" was my first thought. His face was far more pleasant than our Northern papers had pictured it.

A dispatch was handed to Gen. Echols, who read and reread it with an earnest, anxious look. Half rising, he passed the paper to Mr. Davis, who read it slowly, and then handed it back.

"Well," said he, "we have lost a generous enemy."

It was the news of President Lincoln's assassination.

### How Flags Wear Out.

It costs money to fly even two small flags every day in the year. The two small ones on the east and west fronts of the Capitol, each about three yards long, which is small for such an immense structure as the Capitol, fray out so fast that it costs one hundred dollars a year to replace them. They are darned every day, and on windy days probably two or three times. Even with all the economies, one hundred dollars worth of fine wool floats off into the air in such fine particles that never a trace of it can be found even at the foot of the two flagstuffs.

We can always see considerable poetry about the hard work other people have to do.

Forest fires are raging in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, doing great damage.

Florida will continue for four years at least to lease its convicts to the highest bidders.

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

### Not Attractive.

Mrs. De Good—"Why aren't you going to church?"

Mr. De Good—"Last Sunday the roof leaked, and three or four drops went down my back."

Mrs. De Good—"The roof has been repaired since then."

Mr. De Good—"Huh! Then they'll be wanting money to pay for the repairs."

### Sure Sign of a Hypocrite.

Wife—"Such horrid language you do use! It's all nonsense, at the best. There was Mr. Dand—the other day he jammed his finger with a hammer, and he didn't swear."

Husband—"A man who won't express himself appropriately when he jams his finger is a hypocrite."—Boston Transcript.

### A Month's Test Free.

If you have Rheumatism, write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Box 160, for six bottles of his Rheumatic Cure, express paid. Send no money. Pay \$5.00 if cured.

### Capital and Character.

Capital, says some modern economist, justifying what is termed the capitalistic age, is accumulated by self-denial. It is brought into being when an individual defers present enjoyment in order to secure a better one in the future. So, too, is character produced. Character is potentiality of appreciation and enjoyment kept in check, the reserve force of the individual looking to secure the higher happiness, the more permanent, in preference to the lesser, the unstable and the fleeting. It will not barter a calm and reasonable enjoyment in consonance with ideals for mere sensation that leaves one weak and dissatisfied. Character may be termed the exalted economy of the soul.

### An "M. D.'s" Open Letter.

Benton, Ill., May 20.—R. H. Dunaway, M. D., of this place, in an open letter, makes the following startling statement:

"I had Diabetes with all its worst symptoms. I applied every remedy known to the profession, as well as every prescription suggested in our books. In spite of all, I was dying, and I knew it."

"As a last resort, and with scarcely any faith whatever, I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. In one week I saw a great improvement. After I had taken five boxes, I was sound and well. This is ten months ago, and I have not taken any medicine of any kind since, and am convinced that my cure is a permanent one."

"As a practicing physician with years of experience, I most positively assert that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine in the world today, for Diabetes or any other Kidney Disease. Since using them myself, I have used them in many cases in my practice, and they have never failed."

"I am making this statement as a professional man, after having made a most thorough test of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and because I feel it my duty to the public and to my professional brethren. The truth can never hurt anyone, and what I have said is the absolute truth."

"R. H. DUNAWAY, M. D."

It is no wonder that the public are enthusiastic over this new medicine, when our leading physicians themselves are being won over to its use.

## PERUNA

THE GREAT TONIC

HEAD OF THROAT LUNGS STOMACH KIDNEYS BLADDER FEMALE ORGANS

GEN. JOE WHEELER

Says of Peruna: "I join Senators Sullivan, Roach and McNary in their good opinion of Peruna as an effective catarrh remedy."

PERUNA THE GREAT TONIC

HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water