

### Custer County Republican

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BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Our girls may go abroad to find husbands, but men generally like to find their wives at home.

Young Queen Wilhelmina is said to be quite a linguist, and this report is not given out by her new husband, either.

The explorer who proposes to seek the north pole in a submarine boat should have excellent prospects of finding Andre.

The strenuous life may be a trifle swift for Japan after all, for over twenty banks have failed recently in the little island empire.

An Ohio farmer plowed up an old tea kettle which was full of ancient coins. This ought to stimulate plowing all over that section of Ohio.

It is said that the national debts of the world now aggregate \$31,493,749,000. Evidently it is no joke to say that many of us are living on the interest on our debts.

Two thousand tons of American rails recently arrived in England. They show the lines on which the industry of this country is beginning to make tracks there.

It is claimed that the son of a Kansas farmer is the rightful heir to the throne of Serbia. If the young man will go on farming and behaving properly he may, however, be able to live it down.

"Do you know," asked Vice President Roosevelt, turning to Governor Odell at a recent public dinner, "of any task worth doing that is not hard in doing?" The silence that followed spelled out a louder answer than any spoken negative could have done.

There is a great deal of philosophy in this remark of a Kansas editor who is looking for a new opening: "We would prefer living in a small town, where the people will sympathize with you in trouble, and if you haven't any trouble, will hunt some up for you."

The "budget speech" in the New Brunswick Legislature disclosed the interesting estimate that the average cost of capturing a bull moose, taking into account, of course, the money the hunter expends while he is in the province, is five hundred dollars. Bull moose "come high"—but sportsmen willingly stand a tip-toe to hang pocket-books on their antlers.

When pessimists folk mount one of their favorite hobbies and rant about the decay of the home and the home instinct, and the scarcity of women with the feeling of motherliness in their hearts, there should always be at hand someone to deny their statements and back up the denial with the fact that in the last three years fifty-three baby waifs, charges of the city of New York picked up in streets and by-ways, have been taken into good homes, and many of them legally adopted.

Berkeley University of California has just added Russian to the number of foreign languages taught there, a fact which signifies how we are waking up to the new occasions of the time and the demands for a world-wide acquaintance for business men. Twenty-five, yes, ten years ago, the suggestion of the Slavic dialects as taught in a college would have been scouted. Possibly another decade may bring the coming students to the study of Chinese, as a requisite for broad culture and commercial advancement.

Of the twenty-five Vice Presidents of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt is the ninth to be elected from New York. The fact illustrates the influence, under our electoral system, of the large and "doubtful" States. Since 1875 the Republican party has, except in two elections, chosen its candidate for Vice President from New York. Moreover, Mr. Hobart, one of the two exceptions, lived only fifteen miles from New York City, in New Jersey, another doubtful State. The Democratic party has chosen its candidate for President from New York at six of the last nine elections.

The recent launch of the steamer Celtic at Belfast, Ireland, still further emphasizes the tendency to increase the dimensions of ocean-going craft. The Celtic is the largest vessel ever built, not only surpassing the Oceanic and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, but having a displacement 10,300 tons greater than the Great Eastern. Her dimensions are: Length, 681 feet; beam, 75 feet; depth, 44 feet; gross tonnage, 20,889; net, 13,670; displacement, 23,000. The Celtic is not designed for speed but as an emigrant carrier, her capacity being 2,850 passengers, besides a crew of 335. Although the Celtic is too slow to be conspicuous as an "ocean greyhound," her enormous size will make her an object of keen interest, at least until the advent of a greater.

The other night at a great concert in Cincinnati the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is a grand bit of music. It touched the hearts of thousands. In a far corner of the building an old man arose. His hair was white, and he stood with bowed head while the big horns and little horns, the clarinets and oboes and all

the rest united in a great burst of harmony, and a few people sang "Long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." The music died away, and slowly the old man sat down. He was not aware that he had attracted attention. He was a silent tribute to love of country and the flag. It was that feeling that made Englishmen for many years after old King George III. was gathered to his fathers arise and take off their hats whenever his name was spoken. Patriotism is not wanting. It is opportunity that shows just how much men love their country. There are countless thousands who would cheerfully give up their lives for Old Glory if put to the test, but, nevertheless, there was a silent lesson in the act of the old man who refused to remain seated while the Hymn of the Republic was being rendered. To him it was a prayer, a benediction. Teach patriotism in every schoolhouse. Teach it at home to your children. Tell them that well-governed people are self-governed men, and that freedom, as emblemized by the flag, is only possible when men and women and boys and girls, who will be men and women, keep the love of their country warm in their hearts.

Kidnaping as an infant industry presents varied phases, the latest of which is a scheme to utilize the excitement occasioned by the forcible seizure of children in the street as an opportunity for deft pickpockets circulating in the assembled mob of indignant citizens. The police broke up such a performance in a crowded New York thoroughfare, the enterprising promoters of the new business being sentenced to terms of imprisonment likely to check its rapid growth. Now, if the same measure of energy could only be brought to the hunting down of genuine child-stealers, to be followed by a punishment corresponding in severity with the heinous nature of the crime, there would be real cause for public congratulation. It is to be doubted, however, if such well-meant designs as those of Pat Sheely, described as a "square gambler," who proposes to give \$5,000 for the return of the little McCormick boy, to ask no questions and to guarantee immunity to the criminals involved in his abduction, is the most effective way of dealing with a form of villainy that menaces the happiness of thousands of households throughout the land. Payment of ransom and offers of rewards alike appeal to the cupidity of conscienceless scoundrels of the type who figure in the Cadaby and McCormick outrages. What is needed is the stern and relentless imposition of exemplary punishments that will dissuade would-be imitators of a crime that is the refinement of cruelty, and that is so difficult to guard against except by extraordinary precautions.

**Getting On in the World.**  
In an interesting article on the Trust Builders in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly the author has a good story to tell of Charles H. Schwab, the new president of the billion-dollar trust.

It is said that at the time when Mr. Schwab was chief engineer at the Carnegie works he received an offer of \$50,000 per year to go to England to take charge of a steel works. He refused this offer, but said nothing about it to Mr. Carnegie, who heard of it indirectly. Carnegie summoned Schwab to him and asked why he did not accept the position. Mr. Schwab replied frankly that it was not what he wanted, and in response to his employer's inquiry as to what he did want replied that he hoped in time to become a partner in the Carnegie works. This ambition was realized in 1896, when he was placed in supreme control of the company, with more than forty thousand men under him. Mr. Schwab is now a little past forty, and, in addition to the salary of one hundred thousand dollars per year, which he received from the Carnegie company at the time of its absorption in the steel trust, he held an interest of fifteen million dollars in the concern. Among his subordinates were a dozen men who received from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year.

**The Final Proof.**  
In an English county court the judge was in a quandary the other day. A coat was in dispute. The parties were Irish, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants.

After much wrangling, Patrick Peters, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent, Timothy McGuire, should see whose name was on the coat. Timothy searched in vain, and the coat was handed to Pat, who immediately took his knife, opened a corner of the coat, and out dropped two small peas.  
"There, d'ye see that now?" said he.  
"Yes; but what of that?" said Timothy.  
"A date it 'as to do with it! It is my name, to be sure—pen for Patrick, and pen for Peters, be jabbers!"  
He got the coat after that, New York Evening World.

**A Cowardly Piece of Business.**  
Dawkins—Does your baby keep you awake nights?  
Benson—No, he never disturbs me in the least.  
Dawkins—By George, you're in luck. How did you ever get him trained?  
Benson—Didn't train him. I fixed up a room for myself in the attic.—Cleveland Leader.

The good things of life are distributed with justice; if the older sisters do have the nice clothes, their younger sisters have the youth, and look better in old ones.

If you amount to more than your neighbor, did you ever think that you might be because you had the good luck to hang on the sunny side of the wall?

# DOINGS OF WOMEN

### SELF-HELP FOR NERVOUSNESS.

**B**EFORE nervousness has been established and become a habit is the time to attack it. Once it has got possession, more severe measures must be taken to eject it—and advice will have to wait till the war is over. "To read the riot act to a mob of emotions is valueless, and he who is wise will choose a more wholesome hour for his exhortations. Before and after are the preacher's hopeful occasions, not the moment when excitement is at its highest and the self-control we seek to get help from at its lowest ebb."

The woman who suffers from nervousness must try to study for herself her life, habits, environment, temperament, in order to discover whence the trouble springs. Often some departure from proper ways of living will be found at the starting point. It may have been unavoidable when it occurred, or have been thought so at least, or more likely not thought about at all until the mischief was done. Few things will more certainly insure a future disastrous result upon the character than a habit of yielding to or cultivating to excess the expression of all the emotions. Tears for trifling pains, or loud complaints about small annoyances—physical, social or what not—may give at first momentary relief to the weeper, but soon become a habit which weakens the power of self-control, and lessens the possibility of endurance in all forms. It is not within the ability of every woman to absolutely suppress all manifestations of suffering; it is surely within the power of everyone to make up her mind—and to teach her children—to endure the smaller necessary woes of existence without an outcry, and thus aid in the acquisition of control over larger forms of trouble.—Dr. John Mitchell in Harper's Bazar.

**Million from a Conin.**  
For a few more than twenty years Miss Ellen Rigby has lived on a small farm in Hickory Township, near Sharon, Pa. Her life has been a quiet one, and she has had few ambitions, certainly none to be the owner of a million dollars. Several weeks ago Miss Rigby got a letter from a firm of lawyers in Philadelphia, asking for the first names of her father and of her paternal grandfather. The letter also asked if she had ever heard of a relative named Peter Rigby. Miss Ellen answered, giving the names, and stating that she knew of no Peter among her relatives. More recently she got further advice from the lawyers to the effect that one Peter Rigby, once a resident of Philadelphia, had died recently in Rio Janeiro, Brazil, leaving a fortune of something over \$2,500,000, of which amount she is heir to more than one-third. Peter Rigby, the cousin of whom she had never heard, ran away from home when a boy and made a big fortune in the coffee trade. He left his money to be divided among such of his relatives as could be identified.



MISS RIGBY.

**Boston's Girl Cigar Dealers.**  
"Goodwin Sisters, dealers in cigars and tobacco," is the sign which hangs over flourishing cigar stores in Boston. The proprietors of the business are two extremely pretty and bright young women who chose to make their living by going into business rather than by putting on spectacles, cutting their hair short, and setting up as "school ma'ams" in the regulation way. The sisters have been successful and their success has brought with it some degree of embarrassment. A few weeks ago a brief account of their unique enterprise was printed in a Boston paper, and since that time they have been almost overwhelmed with offers of marriage. These offers come from all sorts of men and from all parts of the country. Miss Hattie, the youngest sister, has already fled away thirty-six offers, and every mail adds to the list.



MRS. GOODWIN.

**Election Has an AT and VA.**  
A good college education stands for the investment of power, says a writer in Success. The student invests power, and power he takes out; for education creates and increases power. Two forms it specially promotes, which modern life demands, the power to think, and the power to will. The power to think is the greatest intellectual power. The power of knowledge is the power of the granary, which gathers up and holds the harvests of many a field; the power of thought is the power of the mill which grinds these harvests into flour for the use of man. The power of thought is the power to see, to foresee, to reason, to judge, to infer. It is the power which every study of the college helps to train. Language gives discrimination, science, observation, analysis and synthesis—the taking apart and the put-

ting together of elements of thought; history, comprehension, and philosophy, self-repletion and self-discovery. In some ways—and the exact way is still unknown—the man who pursues these and the other studies of the college four years becomes a thinker. When he entered college, he knew little and could think less; when he leaves college, his knowledge is still limited enough; but he has gained a distinct power to think.

### Interested in Silk Culture.

Mrs. Blackburn Hughes is the head of a committee of Southern women arranging for an exhibit illustrative of silk culture at the South Carolina and West Indian exposition, which opens, next December, at Charleston. These ladies purpose showing the silk worm in its various stages of development, the cocoons, the raw silk, the spun silk and the rarest productions of the loom. One of the interesting features of the display will be the silk dresses and other articles made from silk manufactured in South Carolina. In the days long past, when Gov. Brumfield planted mulberry trees at "Mulberry castle" on Cooper River, and Sir Nathaniel Johnson tried similar experiments at "Silk Hope," in South Carolina.

**The Clothes Make the Woman.**  
It is simply a matter of dress, I say. And the feminine half of the race to-day might hold in our history just as great a place as the lords of high estate. Had they been permitted to wear the clothes And follow the selfsame styles of those Who, having been born of the opposite sex, Had never a worry their minds to vex.

Had Columbus and all of his valiant crew Worn hats that the ladies of our times do, They wouldn't have sailed in those damp, old ships— 'Twould have taken the curl from their ostrich tips, And I'm more than delighted brave Paul Revere Didn't say on that night when the foe drew near; 'D like to go warn all the folks, I declare, But I haven't a thing that is fit to wear." Had Wellington dared but five minutes to wait In trying to fasten his hat on straight (While Napoleon's hurrying forces came) He wouldn't have climbed to the heights of fame, And had Washington lingered to "frizzle" his hair The night that he ferried the Delaware He couldn't have gotten his army away Till the British had gobbled them up next day.

And so, I say, in the race of life, The woman has more than her share of strife, And man would find 'twould be hard to gain The prize if he had to manage a train, A shopping bag and a parasol, And high-heeled shoes a size too small— Ah me, oh my! Why he'd have a fit, And he'd never, no never, come out of it, —Nixon Waterman, in Good Cheer.

**How to Polish the Windows.**  
The action of the sun, moisture and the carbonic acid in the air on the soda or potash in the glass produces an opaqueness more or less pronounced. To remove this wet the glass with diluted hydrochloric acid, and after a few minutes go over the glass with powdered whiting. Pour the acid slowly into the cold water, using four ounces of the acid to twelve ounces of water (one pint and a half). Polish with channels or soft paper. It must be remembered that this acid will attack metals and should not be allowed to touch them, nor should the bottle be left open an instant longer than necessary, as the fumes are very destructive. —Ladies' Home Journal.

**Baby Triumphed.**  
Mrs. Traves Ralston was the wife of Lieutenant F. W. Ralston, a Philadelphia millionaire and famous athlete. They lost their money. Then they quarreled. He went away to the war, and his society wife opened a millinery shop. She got a divorce. Every day a small boy asked, "Where's papa?" Every night he said his little prayer and closed with, "Please God, bring papa back to me." Friends arranged a meeting, love triumphed again. Lieutenant Ralston is going back to the Philippines, and this time wife and baby will go with him.



MRS. RALSTON.

**A Necessity in Summer.**  
The white linen or pique skirt is a necessary article in the summer wardrobe, and the pure white shirt waist is the correct thing to wear with it. It may be plain, tucked or embroidered, but it should be white and worn with a white belt and a white stock. White waists are also worn with the beige colored linen skirts, and some of them have the embroidered ecru batiste collar.

**Scotch Shortcake.**  
Measure 1 1/2 pints of sifted flour; add four tablespoonsful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sift thoroughly together. Rub in four teaspoonfuls of cold butter; do not use the hands; add three eggs well beaten, a scant cup of milk and a little grated lemon or orange peel. Mix to a smooth dough with as little handling as possible and roll out to the thickness of quarter of an inch; cut and fold over in the form of a small envelope; brush with melted butter and milk and on each cake, three small slices of citron and sprinkle with a few caraway seeds. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

**To Be Expected.**  
Professor De Science—"Statistic show that men are growing shorter and women are growing taller."

Lady—"Not unlikely. I don't know of anything that has such a stretchy effect as banging on to street-car straps."

**Ambrose McKay's Case.**  
Rockbridge, Mo., June 24.—The neighborhood and particularly the members of Rockbridge Lodge, No. 455, A. F. & A. M., are feeling very much pleased over the recovery of Mr. Ambrose McKay, a prominent citizen and an honored member of the Masonic Fraternity. Mr. McKay had been suffering for years with Diabetes and Rheumatism, which recently threatened to end his days. His limbs were so filled with pain that he could not sleep. He was very bad. Just then some one suggested a new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—which has been much advertised recently as a cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

After Mr. McKay had used a few doses, he commenced to improve. His pain all left him, and he is almost as well as ever. He says Dodd's Kidney Pills are worth much more than their cost. They are certainly getting a great reputation in Missouri, and many very startling cures are being reported.

Electric street-sweeping machines are in use in Paris. They are planned after the model of the automobile, with revolving brooms.

**Unappreciated Philanthropy.**  
Friend—"What's the strike in your factory about?"  
Workman—"The boss wants to turn it into a co-operative institution, and make us work for a share of the profits."  
"Well, what's the matter with that idea?"  
"There isn't any profits."

Most of the horses in Japan are shod with braided straw, and the shoes are fastened to the feet with straw ropes. They are about half an inch thick, and the cost of four is about two cents.

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