

Custer County Republican

D. M. AMMELT, Editor and Publisher
BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

There are warnings that the young men who are considering matrimony had better get engaged. Diamonds are going up.

The refusal of Queen Wilhelmina to pay the debts of her Duke is a warning to bankrupt noblemen to marry only American heiresses.

If, eventually, an agreement is made whereby the Isthmian Canal may be built without trouble, it's another argument in favor of peace work.

Strange things continually happen. A woman in a New York court, being asked her age, promptly answered, "thirty-six," when everybody in court agreed that she didn't look over thirty.

It is said that the Czar of Russia is a good whistler, and takes especial delight in whistling American ragtime airs. This may in a great measure explain why so many attempts are being made upon his life.

A man heard his suspender buckle creak when he breathed, and argued that he had severe heart disease. He fell away rapidly but made a quick recovery when he got at the facts one day. Nothing does a man up like a good vigorous illusion.

That the trolley road is to become an industrial factor of extreme importance no one observing present conditions can deny. The New England and middle Western States are fast being covered with networks of electric railways, running, for the most part, along the highways. As soon as these lines are equipped with freight terminal stations the much-voiced problem of good roads will be solved, so far as the matter of drawing heavy loads is concerned.

Society and law combine to pay a premium for desertion of wife and children. Brutes capable of this infamy are governed by a profound selfishness. They voluntarily incur the responsibility attached to marriage. They could not induce any worthy woman to wed without an implied or express assurance of support. When morally or physically weakened, generally by drunkenness or other vice, such types of inhumanity cast off their voluntarily assumed obligations without remorse. Wife and children are left to suffer to the uttermost of endurance or to become recipients of charity as the sole means of living. There is no other form of brutality normal human nature detests more than desertion of wife and child. There is no other which it is so squeamish about checking or punishing. The whipping post will not be tolerated again in an American community. It should not be tolerated. It is less than the desert of the wife abandoner. But its stripes would fall without effect upon such backs. The rational, the humane course to be taken with a wife deserter is to compel him to resume his relinquished duty. He should be required by the State to go to work if in health and a portion of his earnings should be reserved for his family. Whether this work shall be indoors or out of doors is a question for each community to decide according to its local conditions. Street-cleaning would be an excellent expedient to check wife abuse or wife desertion.

Each new report of the superintendent of the life-saving service contains so many thrilling stories of heroism and humanity that it is easy to overlook the purely material benefits—the annual saving in dollars and cents—which the service accomplishes. During the last year the number of disasters to vessels coming within the scope of the service was six hundred and ninety-three, involving property to the value of nine and three-quarter million dollars. Of this great sum only two and one-half millions were lost. Seven and a quarter millions were saved. It is, of course, not asserted that all of this salvage was due to the work of the service. Not every vessel which met with disaster would have been a total loss even without assistance; but the saving would have fallen far short of the actual figures. Moreover, there is another great work to be set down to the credit of the service, by which enormous sums are saved every year, although the figures cannot be determined and no reckoning is made in the reports. It is the ounce of prevention furnished by the red lights of the patrolmen and the warning guns which show a vessel her danger before it is too late. By these timely warnings many a captain is enabled to work his way out to safety. His vessel does not figure as one of those which met with disaster, yet it is the vigilance of the coast-guard to which alone must be credited the saving of ship and cargo. Such cases are numerous. The total annual cost of the service is only a trifle more than a million and a half of dollars. Judged merely on the ground of outgo and income, it is therefore more than justified, and no one who has ever read one of the annual reports could judge it on that ground alone.

In the last ten years the center of population in the United States moved westward only thirteen miles, and southward about three miles. In the previous ten years there was a westward movement of forty-eight miles; in the decade ending with 1880, fifty-eight miles; 1870, forty-two miles; 1860,

eighty-one miles; 1850, fifty-five miles; 1840, fifty-five miles; 1830, thirty-nine miles; 1820, fifty miles; 1810, thirty-six miles; and 1800, forty-one miles. In 100 years the center of population has moved westward 464 miles. In the same 100 years there has been little variation from the line of latitude on which the center of population has moved westward. In 1830, after the development of Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, and after the annexation of Florida, the center of population deflected southward of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude, but in the years after that the center of population drifted northward again and is now farther north than it was before 1830. Excluding Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, the center of the area of the United States is in Northern Kansas, or three-fourths of a degree north of and thirteen degrees west of the center of population, which is now in Southern Indiana about six miles east of Columbus. The greatest change in the center of population was in the decade ending in 1860; the slightest change, the decade ending with 1900. As there are no more new States to be thrown open to settlement in the West, and as many of the Eastern States are showing a steady increase in inhabitants, it is believed that there will be a little change in the center of population in the next decade as there was in the last.

Trusts cannot wither nor combinations state the tender grace of that memory which has carried Senator Dewey back to one moonlight night in June when his boat rocked idly on the deep current of the Hudson while he and his sweetheart looked into each other's eyes and all elysium swam before them in the meeting of their lips. The song awakened in his heart is singing there still, and this is the story it tells:
Why, worlds couldn't buy the memory of my first kiss, there on the river at Peekskill, in the moonlight! I remember it yet with an exquisite thrill. I can feel the brush of her curls against my cheek, feel the thrill of her touch, see her blush and her roguish eyes before me now. Pity, pity the poor creature who has never enjoyed an experience like that! When I was a boy in my teens I was a great oarsman, and I was often on the Hudson in my boat. This night my little bright-eyed sweetheart was with me. The moon was shining. Have you ever seen the big round moon shining on the Hudson at Peekskill on a June night? If you have you know what it is for a boy to be out alone with his sweetheart in that moonlight. I remember how I pulled out into the silvery stream, her mischievous eyes upon me. A kiss on his throne was never happier, and he never had half the right to be.
Well, we talked. After a while we let the boat drift. I rather think, maybe her eyes drew me nearer to her. Maybe her loose curls touched my cheek. Maybe we were saying tender nothings. Maybe I touched her hand. Then it happened. It is the touch that does it—the electric thrill. A young fellow could no more help it than he could stop a storm, and the girl couldn't, either.
And this is what is happening all over the world to-day, by river's brink and mountain side, where waters run and prairie zephyrs blow. The same touch, the same song, the same rushing together of the lips. And life is diviner and better that it is so, and that no matter what befalls no memory is greener than that which carries the man of three score and ten back to the rocking boat, the discreetly smiling moon and the touch whose after glow never fades completely from the heart of true manhood. Verily, trusts cannot wither nor combinations state the infinite and incomprehensible touch of the vanished hand that one time or another has led every real man captive.

FRIGHTENED BY A SNAKE.

East Indian newspaper Relates a Hair-raising Tale of Woe.

In the last copy to hand of an Indian contemporary is an interesting example of Hindi loquacity. It takes the familiar form of a "Letter to the Editor," and runs as follows:
"Honored Sir—I should like to bring to notice of public, through widely scattered columns of your valuable journal, a peradventure that overtook my personality while taking nocturnal perambulations on West Moat road, in order to caution fellow-citizens against simultaneous dangers. While wending my way along above said thoroughfare on the evening of the 23d inst., and pursuing a course as crow flies toward my humble abode, I was suddenly and instantaneously confronted with monstrous hissing and much confounded row in immediate vicinity. I first remained sotto voce, and then on applying close scrutiny of my double optics to spot whence proceeded above said disturbance, I was much horrified and temporarily paralyzed to lo and behold a might enormous reptile of cobra de capello making frontal attack.
"My pedal appendages being only clothed in wooden sandals, I thereupon immediately took to nether limbs and beat hasty retreat (as stated in war telegrams), or, in other words, made rapid retrograde movement by locomotion of lower stamks—though personally much courageous, I would like to indignantly question, What are our newly elected city fathers cogitating that they should not take commensurate steps to relegate such carnivorous animals to limbo of oblivion and insure safety of pedestrians and footpads? Please answer me this insupportable question, famous sir, Praying for your welfare and increase of filial bonds, I am, most obedient sir, your ever obedient servant.
"RUBU CHOWDURI BHOSE.
"N. B.—If this epistle is consigned to waste paper basket and no notice taken of my above humble complaint, I shall memorize it on other papers."

RECENT INVENTIONS.
A handy mullage or blacking bottle has been designed, having a removable cap, which keeps the liquid from drying up when not in use, a sponge being inserted in the nozzle with an outlet, through which the gum is fed to the surface.
Bags are supported for filling by a handy new holder, composed of a base carrying an upright post, with a curved band at the top, adapted to grip the mouth of the bag and hold it open, the band being adjustable on the post for bags of different length.

To prevent accidents on circular saws an Englishman has designed a guard to be mounted on the saw table, which automatically drops over the saw when not in use, the passage of a log on the carriage raising the guard high enough to clear the log.
Bicycles are easily supported by a new attachment, which is brought into use without the necessity of turning screws or pulling down a rod, two rods being fastened to the front fork in such a position that when the wheel is reversed they will rest on the ground on either side of the tire.
Fish are automatically hooked as soon as they take the bait on a newly patented hook, the slightest pull on the line releasing a trigger, which discharges a sharp pin at the point of the hook and impales the fish's jaw, a spring being mounted in the shank to drive the pin and hold it fast.

Blackmore's Accidental Success.
"Lorna Doone," the masterpiece of narrative and romance, was offered by its author to eighteen publishers before it was printed, doubtfully, by an unknown firm. Then it did not sell, until the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise took place, whereat some one, loyal and harebrained, thought that the new novel must in some way treat of the happy couple. Every one rushed to the booksellers and in this way the grand story was discovered.

Creating Love Letters.
An English woman has just had her maid servant arrested for stealing the love letters that she, her mistress, wrote to her husband during their engagement. The maid, it was brought out at the trial, considered them superior to any model letter writer to be found, and was going to use them as models in writing to her own sweetheart.

Old Names for Edible.
In London a sheep's head stewed with onions is called a "Field lane duck." Potatoes are "Irish apricots" and "Monster plums." A herring is called in different localities of England a "Digby chicken," a "Norfolk capon," a "Dunbar wether," or a "Gourock ham." In France it is customary to call a herring a "poulet de cerne" (Lenten fowl). In our own country, in New England, codfish is frequently known as "Cape Cod turkey."

You know how other people bore you. Look yourself over; maybe you have the habit.

WHERE YOUR HATS ARE MADE.

New York Produces Most of Those Worn in This Country.
"The business of manufacturing men's and boys' hats is one of the most thriving industries in the United States," said a leading wholesale hat dealer in New York to a Washington Star reporter recently. "Some idea of the enormity of the trade may be formed when it is known that there are at present in this country over 200 manufacturing plants producing hats and caps for men and boys. The hat factories give employment to 25,000 persons who turn out a finished product valued at \$25,000,000 annually. Of the gigantic business New York has the lion's share, there being about \$6,000,000 invested in the manufacture of hats and caps, and fully 2,500 hands employed. The value of the trade in New York was last year between \$9,500,000 and \$10,000,000."
"New York leads in the manufacture of fine silk hats, while most of the derby hats are made in Danbury, South Norwalk, Bethel and other Connecticut towns. The cheap soft hats are manufactured at Orange, N. J., while the wool hat is the product of factories at Peekskill and Newburg in New York State. There are 100 salable shapes in the soft hat line, while the silk and derby hat styles are, as a usual thing, limited to half a dozen different grades. The most popular and largely sold hat throughout the United States is the derby. This hat is worn commonly in Northern, Eastern and Western cities. In the South the prevailing head covering is the soft hat; perhaps to the extent of 80 per cent.

"There is practically very little importation of men's and boys' hats. Of course, there are a few Anglophobic people who must wear hats because they are made in London, but the quantity imported for their benefit is very small. We not only supply our home market, but we have some left over for export. Many thousands of American hats are now sold in Canada and also in Mexico and the neighboring countries, and there are numbers sold in South America, largely in the Argentine Republic. Considerable numbers are sold in South Africa, excluding the soft hats bought by American and other herdsmen and miners. The number exported to Europe is not great, but it is enough to count. It has doubled within a year, and is still increasing."

But James J. Hill Proves a True Friend to the Widow.
James H. Hill, the St. Paul railway magnate, does not pose as a philanthropist, yet he does many charitable deeds without ostentation. The widow of an early friend applied to Mr. Hill for a small loan. She said she was going to open a boardinghouse. "Sorry, Mrs. X, but can't let you have it. But you'd better get your boardinghouse started." "Why, Mr. Hill, how can I? I have no money." "Don't need money." "Why, surely, I must pay for the furniture." "No you mustn't; get a good house, get a bill for six months' rent, furnish the house, and send the bills to me. I'll pay 'em—sorry can't let you have the money. Good-morning, Mrs. X."

Flora Annie Steel's new novel, "The Hosts of the Lord," is published by the Macmillan Co., uniform with this author's other works, which include "Voices of the Night," "On the Face of Forgiveness," "In the Permanent Way," "Red Rowans," "In the Tideway" and "Tales of the Punjab."
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Divorced Woman Club.
A club of divorced women has been formed in the Austrian capital, the object being to provide the comforts of home for all women who have been compelled to divorce their husbands.
Brakenren are unusually smart about some things, but you can get them to pay \$40 for a \$20 watch by having an engine engraved on it.
In the game of matrimony, it costs a good deal to call.

THE ENGLISH POPE.

Monument to Be Erected to Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspere).
At last the only Englishman who ever sat on the papal throne seems to be about to receive honor from his own country. The project is now on foot to erect a monument in St. Peter's to Nicholas Breakspere, Adrian IV., which will be worthy of him and England. The only other Englishmen who have a monument in the Vatican Basilica are the two last Stewart pretenders, who were commemorated in by the great Canova, but the genii who guard the tomb offended the hyper-sensitive modesty of Leo XII., who had them draped.
The site for the new monument has not been mentioned, as the scheme is as yet only a scheme, started through the enterprise of Mr. Griselle of Oxford, who hopes to raise sufficient funds among English Catholics, especially those who are now on pilgrimage in Rome and those resident in the Eternal City. The design of the monument is already in existence, having been made centuries ago, and has waited all this time for some one to execute it. The pontiff and ecclesiastical authorities look with great benevolence on this subject, which really seems likely to be carried out.

Nicholas Breakspere was a most interesting man. He was born of poor parents in 1100, at Langley, near St. Albans, and although he wished to enter an English monastery, the request was refused. He then went abroad and rose from honor to honor until, at the age of 54, he was elected to the chair of St. Peter. It was he who conferred the sovereignty of Ireland upon England, and it was he who procured the execution of the celebrated Arnold of Brescia. To his account must be laid the beginning of the long and bitter feud of the papacy with the House of Hohenstaufen. He had a personal struggle with Frederick Barbarossa—who refused to hold his stirrup for him to mount his horse—which resulted in a complete victory for the English Pope. In 1159, the quarrel having gathered volume, he was about to excommunicate Frederick, when he died, and Frederick thus escaped what, at that time, was almost a matter of life and death.
And this man, to whom emperors bowed, has had to wait 800 years for his monument—Rome Cor. London Pall Mall Gazette.

COULDN'T LOAN HER MONEY.
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Mr. Hill was one day walking down Third street, once a flourishing thoroughfare, but now deserted by the general public. He stepped into a little tobacco shop kept by a German who had known him in the village days of 1830. "Hello, Joe," exclaimed the railroad president, "how's business?" "Bat, ferry bat. I have der chop, but vere is der beeples?" Mr. Hill glanced over the shop. There was no assistant tobaccoist whose discharge could be recommended. But Mr. Hill asked for a blank check, and the following week the old tobaccoist was besieged by "beeples" in a modern, well-stocked shop in the principal retail thoroughfare.
Some months ago Mr. Hill visited the office of a railroad in the stock of which he had just obtained an influential interest. Glancing through the doorway of one large office-room, he asked, curiously, "How many men here?" "About eighty-five," was the answer. "Can't you get along with less?" "No, we never could." "Well, I'll get a man who can."

Paid in His Own Coin.
The Atlanta Journal relates an amusing encounter which Maurice Barrymore once had with a stranger. "Will you oblige me with a light?" said Barrymore to a bearded stroller. "Certainly," said the stranger, holding over his cigar.
But when Barrymore handed back the perfecto the owner flung it away. "Out came Barrymore's cigar case. 'Take one of mine,' he said, with a tone to the invitation which made an order of it. The stranger hesitated and took the cigar.
"Let me offer you a light," added Barrymore, giving his lighted weed to the other.
Upon regaining his cigar, Barrymore, of course, flung it away.
"I should like to continue this indefinitely, but I have only a few cigars," he said, and walked off.
Barrymore would devote as much thought to a trifle like this as he would require to write a brilliant essay or memorize a part.

And She Went.
"I thought, Mrs. Sharpe, I'd stop and ask how you were. I must go again immediately."
"You are very kind and thoughtful, Mrs. Borum."—Philadelphia Times.
What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to say to the boys: "The next time I meet a nickel rolling up hill I will give it to you."

THE PRINTS OF FINGERS.

Not Always Reliable as a Means of Identification.
The constancy of human finger prints has chiefly been discussed in connection with the identification of criminals. Assuming that the evidence of finger prints is to be admissible in criminal proceedings, it will be not only necessary to prove that in the case of the same man the finger prints remain unaltered, but that no two persons have identical finger prints. Where is the evidence of this?
There are probably 1,500,000,000 men and women on the earth. Can we suppose that no two of these have identical finger prints? Nor, indeed, is this all. We may be comparing the finger prints of a living man with those of one who has been dead for years past, and the doctrine of hereditary might lead us to expect to find similar finger prints in the case of parents and children, and of different children of the same parents. It is, at all events, certain that if this finger print system were once introduced into our courts of justice there would be any amount of wrangling as to whether they were identical or only similar—experts contradicting each other and involving the whole subject in confusion.
Moreover, professional criminals would probably soon find some mode of altering their finger prints. No doubt if the person who committed a crime—murder, for example—has left the imprint of his finger on anything it may prove an important clue; but the same thing may be said of the imprint of his boots or shoes. But a clue is one thing, and a proof is another thing.
Let me point out another difficulty. In a country where there are a large number of criminals whose fingerprints are collected the number of these will soon be very large. How long would it take to examine this collection in order to find out whether any of them corresponded accurately with the fingerprints of the man who is now accused? The task would, I think, be a hopeless one.
That finger prints may be important in the detection of crime whenever the criminal has left the print of his fingers behind him, I do not dispute, but without much stronger evidence than we now possess that no two persons have undistinguishable finger prints such evidence ought never to be permitted to outweigh what appeared to be a tolerably satisfactory alibi—Knowledge.

Carnegie in Bare Feet.
Andrew Carnegie had a curious experience at Aix les Bains. He walked four miles down a rugged mountain side in his bare feet. Mr. Carnegie started early with three companions—an English woman and two French women—who were stopping at the same hotel, to explore the Savoy hills. A mule, carrying a basket of unch, accompanied the party.
When it was time to return one of the women found her shoes too tight. Her feet had been blistered frightfully and she declared she was unable to go home. The spot was deserted and night was approaching.
"Do you think you could for once walk four miles in your bare feet?" asked the girl of the millionaire.
Mr. Carnegie was puzzled, but the pretty maid finally induced him to give her his shoes, which, though tremendously large, enabled her to proceed slowly.
Mr. Carnegie at first accepted the offer in a spirit of fun, but the stones and thorns often made him cry out. Half way down he was compelled to discard his socks, which had become too tattered and filled with pebbles and sand. When the sedate Mr. Carnegie, who was somewhat ahead of the other three, was seen to enter the lobby of the fashionable hotel in bare and bleeding feet carrying a pair of dainty lady's boots swung on his alpenstock over his shoulder there was great excitement.

Fairfax Spring Blown Up.
From Berkeley Springs, W. Va., comes word that the mineral spring set aside for public use a hundred years ago by Lord Fairfax has been blown up and destroyed by the people who were enraged because it had been leased to outsiders for a term of years.
Lord Fairfax, whose public bequest has thus been nullified, was the original owner of more than 5,000,000 acres of Virginia land. He early made the acquaintance of George Washington, then a youth of 16, and employed him to survey and lay out his estates. In this way began a personal friendship which survived all political differences, and lasted until the death of Fairfax. Bryan Fairfax, who succeeded to the title, was even a greater and more intimate friend of the father of his country. In 1780 he became an Episcopal clergyman, and for many years had charge of the parish of Alexandria, Va. His claim to the peerage was acknowledged by the House of Lords in 1800, but he never asserted it.

Conclusive.
"Did you refer to that physician as a good, old-fashioned doctor?"
"I did."
"But he is a very young man."
"I don't care about that fact. He is old-fashioned just the same."
"How can you tell?"
"I sustained an injury in the leg and he didn't hesitate to say he could save my life without performing a surgical operation."—Washington Star.
A bride who lives with his folks hasn't much of a show.



Miss Myrtle Reed has been accused eleven times in one week of being the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and many people have written her about it. It is safe to say she did not write the book.

G. W. Dillingham publishes another historical romance by Mrs. John Ellsworth, called "The Toletec Savior." Mrs. Graham is a native of Wyoming Valley, Pa., and a relative of the late Alice and Phoebe Cary.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored author, is keeping steadily at work to win recognition as a novelist. Dodd, Mead & Co. will soon publish his third novel, "The Fanatics." He has outgrown the ambition to be known solely as the teller of stories of his race.

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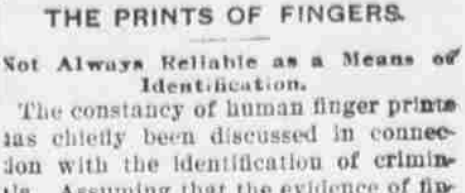
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Andrew Carnegie had a curious experience at Aix les Bains. He walked four miles down a rugged mountain side in his bare feet. Mr. Carnegie started early with three companions—an English woman and two French women—who were stopping at the same hotel, to explore the Savoy hills. A mule, carrying a basket of unch, accompanied the party.
When it was time to return one of the women found her shoes too tight. Her feet had been blistered frightfully and she declared she was unable to go home. The spot was deserted and night was approaching.
"Do you think you could for once walk four miles in your bare feet?" asked the girl of the millionaire.
Mr. Carnegie was puzzled, but the pretty maid finally induced him to give her his shoes, which, though tremendously large, enabled her to proceed slowly.
Mr. Carnegie at first accepted the offer in a spirit of fun, but the stones and thorns often made him cry out. Half way down he was compelled to discard his socks, which had become too tattered and filled with pebbles and sand. When the sedate Mr. Carnegie, who was somewhat ahead of the other three, was seen to enter the lobby of the fashionable hotel in bare and bleeding feet carrying a pair of dainty lady's boots swung on his alpenstock over his shoulder there was great excitement.

Fairfax Spring Blown Up.
From Berkeley Springs, W. Va., comes word that the mineral spring set aside for public use a hundred years ago by Lord Fairfax has been blown up and destroyed by the people who were enraged because it had been leased to outsiders for a term of years.
Lord Fairfax, whose public bequest has thus been nullified, was the original owner of more than 5,000,000 acres of Virginia land. He early made the acquaintance of George Washington, then a youth of 16, and employed him to survey and lay out his estates. In this way began a personal friendship which survived all political differences, and lasted until the death of Fairfax. Bryan Fairfax, who succeeded to the title, was even a greater and more intimate friend of the father of his country. In 1780 he became an Episcopal clergyman, and for many years had charge of the parish of Alexandria, Va. His claim to the peerage was acknowledged by the House of Lords in 1800, but he never asserted it.

Conclusive.
"Did you refer to that physician as a good, old-fashioned doctor?"
"I did."
"But he is a very young man."
"I don't care about that fact. He is old-fashioned just the same."
"How can you tell?"
"I sustained an injury in the leg and he didn't hesitate to say he could save my life without performing a surgical operation."—Washington Star.
A bride who lives with his folks hasn't much of a show.



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