

Custer County Republican

D. M. ANSHERRY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

It is a wise railway that knows who owns it.

The boy who says he would rather give his quarter to the blighted heathen than go to the circus will bear watching.

British ship owners are combining to fight J. Pierpont Morgan. We hope they have picked out a nice soft spot to fall on.

There is a possibility that the South-west may bat out new oil wells a trifle faster than the Standard Company can field them.

A man of 35 has married a woman of 51 "for love." You never can tell what a man will do when his taste runs to the tertiary period.

A New York waiter tried to "lick" a man who accused him of being a French count. Now and then even the worm does a turn.

There is something decidedly tiresome in the tales about butlers, cooks and their friends becoming rich through the tips of their employers.

Now that King Edward has pressed the leze majesty button, Emperor William will have to hitch up his trousers and do something else if he wants to keep in front.

The Sultan of Turkey got excited because a native dentist hurt him and killed the fellow. The Sultan was only doing what every one of us has felt in his heart like doing.

Possibly there may be something in Professor Moulton's idea that novel reading and gambling are akin. It is a good deal of a gamble to pay \$1.50 for a modern novel, anyway.

But will the example of that stenographer who lost her money and her faith in man by answering a matrimonial advertisement serve as a wholesome warning to her sisters?

Kissing is again charged by the doctors with spreading tuberculosis. It has also been known to induce breach of promise cases and several other kinds of ailments not mentioned by the doctors.

An Italian engineer has invented a submarine boat that is warranted to remain under water for thirty hours. That's nothing. A vessel went down in Lake Superior five years ago and hasn't come up yet.

A music trust has been formed and a great many people are praying that it will advance prices of "Goo-Goo Eyes" and "She's Ma Baby" pieces on the young lady who makes the neighborhood profane at 11 p. m.

When the system of wireless telegraphy is established on the ocean liners the people who become victims of card sharps in poker games can telegraph at once for more funds with which to "help a friend who is in trouble."

Five or six years ago no one thought that bicycles would ever be selling at present prices. The person who cannot afford an automobile should not be discouraged; they may be giving automobiles away as prizes with chewing gum in a few more years.

The chemist who, it is said, first manufactured sugar-coated pills died in Philadelphia the other day, and his principal achievement is now respectfully commended to the attention of debating societies. It is rather a large question, when one looks at all sides of it, whether the man who made it easier for people to take pills was or was not a public benefactor.

The American economizes on a grand scale and in large ways, scoffs at petty saving and distributes his national patrimony with a lavish hand, thereby unconsciously relinquishing much of the advantage that Yankee thrift might otherwise conserve to him. He will only enjoy to the utmost the fruits of his labor when he stops the leaks in his domestic economy and applies to individual action the large principles which have proved so successful in his corporate enterprises.

Watch the record of embezzlements and defalcations and see how many of them are due to "investments" in stocks, or grain, or something else. For the last thirty or forty years this speculative mania has been growing up under the name of business and the result is that it has permeated every corner of the country. The people who lose are not as much in evidence as those who win. They are not advertised in the papers. But if they were all known they would be vastly more conspicuous than the winners, for there are vastly more of them. It takes a great many losers to make a millionaire winner.

How readily ideas long cherished by a majority of men may be upset or corrected, is exemplified in the case of one Crampion, a lecturer, who had his tongue cut out at the roots by surgeons in a Brooklyn hospital. "Good-bye," said the unhappy man just before the knife was applied to his diseased organ of speech, so-called, and this was supposed to be his last verbal utterance for all time. All the same, when the surgeon who had performed

the operation noticed his patient a few days later, and from force of habit asked him how he was, the supposedly speechless man answered, "All right," much to his own astonishment and that of the doctor. Then followed a conversation which developed the fact that the tongue is not an absolute necessary adjunct of speech, the man's articulation being only in a slight degree imperfect, while the tone of his voice was unaffected. This discovery will make necessary a new phrase to supplant that of sharp-tongued, gib-tongued, long-tongued and the like, which are the popular form of indicating varied styles of speech.

Out of the news columns comes the statement that Dr. Joseph Eisen, a California scientist, is afflicted with cancer, and that he became inoculated with the cancer microbe while studying the germs "in the interest of science." The other day at a hospital a physician put his lips to a tube and sucked poison from a child's stomach. A "common operation," he said. His lips were burned, and it might have been worse. Bravery is becoming a common trait—so common that it excites little comment. It is expected. Perhaps men fear disease and death less than of old, but, at any rate, all over this land they are risking life and health, daring everything, to find the means of conquering disease. There isn't a bit of military thrill about that kind of heroism—no bands of music, no powder smell, no battle lust. In contagious hospitals men and women are working and studying. There are always volunteers. There isn't a disease or ailment that can reach so loathsome a stage that those who would investigate "in the interest of science" or for pure love of humanity are not at hand to save life, if possible, and at least to ease the sufferer's entrance into another world. What is it all for? That you and your children and millions of others may live more years in peace and comfort. It's a practical and glorious kind of bravery, don't you think?

Count Leopold De Melville, of almost everywhere, no long ago placed his aristocratic name on the blotter of a Chicago prison. Bigamy is the charge—not the ordinary bigamy, but wholesale wedlock—wives in regiments. The woman whom he last married says that he admitted that he had married about fifty other women, but could not be exact about the count. He has wedded them big and little, stout and lean. He has married in leafy June and chill December. That is why he is in jail. It also affords a reason for keeping him there, for there is a popular idea in this country that one wife at a time is enough for any man. Some people find humor in the situation. But it isn't funny. It is a tragedy. It doesn't speak well for the keenness of the women who were duped and betrayed that they could be so easily made victims by a man who had nothing but a smooth tongue and the fine appearance to recommend him. Liars who make love their bait for their deception succeed too often, and the women who married the Count didn't exercise half as much care in selecting a husband as they would in buying an Easter bonnet. Prudence was forgotten, and the honeyed words of a modern Ananias brought sorrow to homes, the number of which will not be determined till the returns are all in. Don't take any man on trust. It is a resolve that can work hardship only on the undeserving. Men who are entitled to love and loyalty and the companionship of good women can prove their worth.

The Alps in Roman Times.
The Romans had no appreciation of the beauty and grandeur of these mountains, so much admired by modern taste, but expressed only dread of them and abhorrence of their savage aspect. To them they were merely a wall shutting them out from the people living beyond them. So great was their dread of these unknown heights that they quietly endured the audacity of the rapacious tribes inhabiting them until 15 years B. C.

Yet Hannibal had crossed them in September, 218 years B. C. This was considered a deed of such magnitude that its success was ascribed to the assistance of the heavenly powers. The darkness which enveloped the Alps was first illuminated by the historian, Polybius, who visited them and described them fully. Afterwards, some fourteen roads were built over them, the laying out of which showed that they were made after careful study of the situation by engineers. The opening of the mountains to travel was followed by a throng of adventurers in search of the riches to be found. At one time, gold was found in such quantities that the price of the metal was depreciated 31 per cent through all Italy.

Why They Were Selected.
It has been recorded that Gen. Henry Knox, in 1783, was the "greatest" of eleven distinguished officers of the army, weighing 280 pounds. Noah Brooks, in his book entitled "Henry Knox," gives the following incident relating to the General's full habit:

With a Captain Sargent, he was selected to present the hard case of the starving and naked men at Valley Forge to the attention of a committee of Congress. One of the Congressmen, wishing to show his wit and sarcasm, said that he had never seen a fatter man than General Knox, nor a better dressed man than his associate.

Knox managed to keep his temper and remained silent, but his subordinate retorted: "The corps, out of respect to Congress, and themselves, have sent us their representatives, the only man who had an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body and the only other who possessed a complete suit of clothes."

CITIES THAT GO ASTRAY.

Thirty-three Lost Towns that Have Been Recently Reclaimed.
The closing years of the nineteenth century were marked with many notable achievements in archeology. On the site of ancient Hium, on the plains of Persia, and in the mystery-haunted valley of the Nile reverent hands unrolled the long hidden secrets of the past and added a wondrous illumination to our knowledge of the very dawn of history. In such a work it is gratifying to record that American bounty and enterprise and scholarship played a most honorable part, this youngest of the world's great nations being foremost in making acquaintance with the relics of the oldest.

Forty years ago the Marquis De Vogue discovered in that part of Syria lying back of Antioch traces of an ancient civilization of a high order. He was able, however, to gain only a peep into the marvelous volume written in mighty monuments amid the desert sands. It was left for American enterprise in the last two years of the century to fully unfold the ample pages for the amazement and instruction of the world. No less than thirty-three long forgotten cities have been discovered and identified, some of them with architectural remains of surpassing grandeur and of exceptional interest as expositions of the civilization and the social order that there prevailed.

The admirable workmanship of ancient times and the climatic conditions of those desert uplands have served to keep these cities from decay, so that they stand there to-day substantially as they were 1,200 years ago, and the camera to-day lays before us scenes upon which Zenobia may have looked and across which Belshazzar may have swept in triumph. The story is one that reflects high credit upon the American explorers who did the work, and upon the four Americans whose names are yet modestly withheld, whose generous bounty supplied the means through which alone the doing of the work was possible.

No Time for Trifling.

An old couple, who had passed their lives in the quiet of a Derbyshire village, resolved to make a journey to London. The resolution was communicated to their neighbors, who gave them long instructions as to the best methods of taking care of themselves and avoiding city sharpers.

The villagers gathered at the station to see the departure, and all went well until the train reached Bedford. There the old man, in an evil moment, allowed himself to leave the compartment, with the result that the train went off without him.

Fortunately an express was due in a few minutes, and the station-master, taking pity on the old countryman's distress, permitted him to board it, so that he was enabled to reach London fully twenty minutes before the arrival of his wife.

He was waiting eagerly at the station when the train came in, and seeing his wife, he rushed joyously up, crying out:

"Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see you agene! I thought we wor parted forever!"

The old woman looked at him suspiciously, and remembering all the advice that had been showered upon her, said indignantly:

"Away w'ye, man! Don't be comin' yer Lunnon tricks w' me. I left my owd man at Collier station. Be off at once, or I'll call a bobby and hae yer locked up!"

A Hundred Miles' Ride Under a Train.

A Great Northern workman, employed in the locomotive department at King's Cross, has just had the thrilling experience of riding underneath a railway carriage from London to Grantham, a distance of over 100 miles. He was lying on the rods under one of the coaches of the 2 o'clock express from King's Cross—one of the fastest trains on the Great Northern system—attending to the brake gear, when the train started. It had acquired a good speed before he realized his perilous position. From the place in which he lay it was impossible for him to alight with the train in motion, and the man was well aware that the train did not stop again until it reached Grantham. Therefore, there was nothing for it but to make himself as comfortable as possible, and after about two hours, when Grantham was reached, he emerged from his singular quarters apparently little the worse for his adventure.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Clean Bowled.

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who had been making a disturbance in the street the evening before.

The bailie said to him:
"Come now, my wee man, you are too young to take the oath; but speak the truth, and tell us what you know of this affair."

"Weel, sir, dae you ken the coal wharf?"

"Yes, liddle."

"Weel, when you turn the corner from there, you gang up the High-st."

"Ay, lad, go on."

"Weel, you gang on till you come to a pump."

"I ken it fine, liddle."

"Weel, you can gang and pump it, for you'll no pump me."—*Answers.*

The Tables Turned.

Mrs. Meek—Bridget, I am greatly grieved because you will not work for me longer. Why are you going?

Bridget—Well, yer wint an' got a hat like moine, an' faith, I won't stand it at all, at all.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Every woman would like her son to be just sissy boy enough to dislike swimming.

THE SLANG FOUNDRY.

THE UNITED STATES ORIGINATES THE BEST EXPRESSIONS.

After a Probationary Term in the Vocabulary of the Uneducated and Careless, the Really Expressive Phrases Are Adopted into the Language.

The London Society of Amateur Philologists, the members of which are devoted to the study of language, has gravely decided that if it were not for the additions made from time to time by Americans, English would have to be classed as a dead or at least as a rapidly dying language.

From this country, however, says the Chicago Tribune, come so many apt and novel phrases which are incorporated into the body of the English tongue that it is still alive and growing. And both in the United States and abroad students are beginning to recognize the importance and the value of words and phrases which start as slang and, because they vividly describe some prevailing condition, gradually find their way into the standard dictionaries. Both the philologists of London and American authorities agree in the opinion that comparatively little slang of the sort which endures and becomes part of the language originates in large cities. Nor is it used first by educated and refined people. The so-called "educated classes" add little to a language except some stilted words which are borrowed from the classics or scientific terms which are also likely to be derived from one of the dead languages. It is the men on the farm, on Western ranches, in gold and silver mines, and in other similar occupations, who give the language its vitality and growth.

Thus the men who pack mules and horses for the trail over the mountains and plains of the great West put a light "cinch" on many a "critter" before the general public began to talk familiarly of "getting a cinch" on any proposition in which it was interested. The lumbermen in the great woods of Wisconsin and the Northwest piled up many millions of logs in booms and watched the logs go tearing down the swift little rivers after the "boom was busted" for many years before the stock brokers and real estate agents adopted their phraseology. Now there are few people indeed who do not know what a "boom" is and what is likely to happen when a "boom is busted."

Speaking broadly, there are two kinds of slang. One depends for its popularity on the mere fact that the phrase is mouth-filling and pleases the popular fancy. Such slang is likely to have only a temporary popularity. The slang which lives and which sooner or later becomes a permanent part of the language is that which really means something, which describes some fact or condition in a new and vivid way.

The only class of highly educated people who contribute to any extent to the growth of the language is the college students. College slang is so vivid and has been so generally adopted that a dictionary has been issued which is entirely devoted to the subject.

It was at a college boarding club, for instance, that a student who wanted the small milk pitcher asked a companion to "drive the heifer this way." From terms originally used in college games the language has adopted many useful phrases. It is not many years since the first curved ball was pitched in a baseball game, and yet the current phrase, "I am onto his curves," has a meaning entirely without connection with the baseball diamond. From the field sports of collegians have come the phrases to "jump on" a man and to "jump on him with both feet." Even the great American game of draw poker, which will not be claimed as a college game exclusively, has added several common phrases to the language. Many a man who has never tried to "fill two pair" has "called a bluff" or declared that he would "go it blind."

It was a farmer's boy who had touched his tongue to the iron pump handle on a below-zero morning who discovered that "to freeze to" a person expressed a strong degree of attachment. The expressions "to get a load on" and "to carry a load" are plainly of country extraction and need no explanation. "A jag" is a provincialism which means a little load, so that to say a man has "a big jag on" is a contradiction in terms. "Jag" is one of the American expressions which has hardly reached England as yet, if one may judge from the expression of a recent author, who defined a "jag" as an umbrella and quoted as authority a paragraph from a St. Louis paper which announced that "Mr. Brown was seen on the street last Sunday morning in the rain, carrying a fine large jag." It was a Chicago humorist who declared that a man of his acquaintance was sometimes entirely sober, though he did "jump from jag to jag like an alcoholic chamolus."

Almost every business and profession has given the most picturesque words in its particular vocabulary to enrich the language. From the stock exchange, for instance, come "bulls" and "bears," a "corner" and "margins," though these words were originally borrowed and given new meanings by the stock brokers.

From the stage has come another whole set of words which are now in general use. The words "mascot" and "hoodoo" were invented on the stage, and have since been added to the vocabulary of the general public. Another common word which originated on the stage and passed thence into newspaper offices is "fake." To-day almost

every one would know what is meant when a man is described as a faker or a plan as a fake.

ONE OF LOWELL'S JOKES.

Got an Opinion on His Manuscript that Did Not Flatter.

James Russell Lowell once determined to play a joke upon the popular monthly to which he often contributed. He accordingly wrote a long, clever article which he called "The Essence of American Humor," and read it to a few of his intimate friends, who said that it was one of the best of his many compositions. He engaged some one to copy it and sign it "W. Perry Paine," and sent it to the Atlantic Monthly, with the request that, as it was a maiden effort, the editor would give an opinion in writing to the said Paine.

He waited a fortnight, but heard nothing of his paper, when, being in Boston, he dropped into the office of the Atlantic, and, meeting the editor, James T. Fields, adroitly turned the conversation upon humor, and remarked that it was singular so little was written on the subject. "Oh! we get a great deal of manuscript on humor," replied Mr. Fields, "but it's so poor we cannot use it. I threw into the waste-basket the other day a long article entitled 'The Essence of Humor,' which should have been styled 'Essence of Nonsense,' for a more absurd farago of stuff I have never seen."

Mr. Lowell, much to the surprise of the editor, burst into a roar of laughter, and informed Mr. Fields of the authorship of the article. The editor turned all colors and declared it was one of Lowell's jokes. "Indeed it is," responded Mr. Lowell, "and the best I ever played! I never thought highly of my scribbling; but I don't believe it was the most ridiculous stuff you had ever seen!"—*Cassell's Journal.*

EMPRESS TAITOU.

Some Idiosyncrasies of Abyssinia's Rather Remarkable Queen.

There is no European queen consort filling a more dignified station than the Empress Taitou of Abyssinia. She has a large household of her own, her lord stewards, chamberlains, butlers, cooks and guards. She directs all the grand feasts, has immense appanages all over the empire, and resources in kind. She leads a sedentary life because there are no interesting promenades, but when she shows herself in public she is surrounded with ladies, mounted on richly harnessed mules, with runners, umbrella-bearers and other attendants. The umbrellas are of many colors, but Taitou's is red.

The empress is a stickler for etiquette, to which Menelek attaches no importance. Nobody who has not been formally presented to her must gaze on her even within the precincts of the palace. She has a large kitchen garden, which is one of her many delights, but the moment the red umbrella appears the gardeners must retire. All the servants stand aloof with downcast eyes as she walks by. Not taking much exercise, Taitou is lost in fat. Nevertheless, her presence is dignified. She is wonderfully well informed, converses cleverly, and can be charming. Her letters are well written, and in a bright, natural style. They might put to shame those of many a well-educated European lady. The dress of the empress is only distinguished from that of her ladies by its impeccable cleanliness and neatness.—*London Standard.*

Specimen of Negro Logic.

That famous southern clergyman Rev. Dr. Porter, recently told a good story illustrating the whimsical ingenuity of the Ethiopian mind. A southern planter who was puzzled by the disappearance of a great deal of rice found out that it had been purloined by a favorite slave. He sent for the latter and said: "Sam, I am very sorry to discover that you are a thief and have been taking my rice." The slave smiled and answered: "I took your rice, masser; but I'm no thief." "How do you make that out?" came the query. "Well, masser, does I belong to you, or does I not?" "Yes, you belong to me." "An' don't that rice belong to you?" "Certainly." "Well, then, if I take the rice and eat that rice it belongs to you still. It hasn't gone away from you and no other man's got it, and I couldn't have stolen it, could I?"—*Evening Wisconsin.*

Sympathy Misunderstood.

I was walking in the direction of a certain hospital the other morning when I noticed a little girl some 5 or 6 years old toddling along at my heels. Whenever I stopped she stopped, and waited for me until I started on again.

"Well, Bess," I queried. She looked coyly down at a pair of ragged shoes. "What do you want? A cent?" I ventured.

She shook her head. "I wants to foller yer to der hospital."

"All right. Come along," I answered.

"But what are you afraid of?"

"I'm a-scared to go alone. So I follers some one."

"Scared of what?"

"Der Salvation Army," she answered. "Dey ketches yer and brings yer inter der armory house, an' den dey says, 'Yer my chile,' an' so I'm a-scared."—*Boston Advertiser.*

No Wooden Pavements for Paris.
Wooden pavements in Paris have been condemned, as they serve as a breeding place for all kinds of dangerous germs.

California Fruit.
California fruit dealers ship out 50,000,000 cans annually.

We are admonished to "never do things by halves," but how about opening oysters?

Deep Lace Collars.

French dressmakers seem at last to have perceived the picturesque qualities of the deep lace collar. These collars appear on many of the smartest models, and are formed of lace or of embroidered lawn. The lace used is not fine, but open and rather coarse, and of Irish linen being first favorites. The collars are round and deep, and are worn with no neckband. Cuffs of the same lace often appear on the sleeves.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Knew the ropes.

"I suppose," said the tenderfoot to Two-Tooth Thompson, "I suppose that you are what we easterns call a 'bad man.'"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied Mr. Thompson, "but I'll say this for myself. I don't need no guid when I'm huntin' fer trouble."—*Baltimore American.*

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

is taken internally. Price, 75 cts.

Bank Advertising.

A glance into the future is afforded by the newspapers of Burlington, Vt., where every local banking institution advertises with as much spirit and enterprise as a department store. The Merchants' bank (one of the oldest and most conservative in the state) changes its "ads" every day, and besides telling what it can do for people gives good advice which leads them to save money. The time is not distant when every unforgiving financial institution in the land will follow this example.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Capturing the Female Vote.

Of course it happened in the West where woman have full suffrage. "How is it," the political manager was asked, "that you failed to get the woman vote?"

"We were caught napping," he answered frankly. "We thought everything was all right, but the opposition got out an engraved ticket, while ours was only printed."—*Chicago Post.*

A Brother's Love.

Lostant, Ill., July 8.—James Watt, of this place, by one little act, has given a splendid example of that never dying love which exists between brothers, no matter how far apart they may be.

Mr. Watt was a great sufferer from Kidney Trouble and Nervousness. He was very much used up, and although he had tried a great many things, he had found nothing that would in any way relieve him. Some one suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he used six boxes, and was completely cured.

His first thought was for a brother in Belfast, Ireland, whom he knew to be afflicted in the same way that he had been. Mr. Watt immediately sent a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills to this far away brother, together with his recommendation based on his fortunate experience.

An Easy One.

"Boys, I've got a riddle for you: It's gray, has got long ears and you can ride on its back?"

"I know the answer, grandpop! It's you!"—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Something new. A gent's solid gold Collar Button guaranteed 20 years for only 45c. Ink 2 bottles 85c. Lead Pencils 14c and thousand other cheap articles. F. W. Krueger Supply Co., Fayetteville, Texas.

How to prevent falling out of hair and promote growth of same. Is a performed cosmetic and can be made for 25c per pound. Send 4c in stamp for recipe. J. W. Lipscomb, M. D., 728 W. Division St., Chicago.

Permanently cured. No pain or inconvenience. Fits first day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. Sold by I. H. F. 50c per bottle and treated. DR. R. H. KLING, 1241 1/2 Ave. St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Diplomacy is the first boon of reason.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever!
DR. T. FELIX GUERARD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTY PREPARATION.
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Itches, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish of beauty, and defaces complexion. It has stood the test of 25 years, and is as effective as ever. To be sure it is a proprietary matter, and no counterfeits of similar name. Dr. A. Barry said to a lady of the East: "As you ladies will see them, I recommend you to use Guerard's Oriental Cream on the face. It is the best I have ever used. The skin preparatory to the hair. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe. PREPARED BY T. FELIX GUERARD, Prop'r, 27 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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