

## Custer County Republican

B. M. AMMERY, Editor and Publisher

### BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

As a rule the more a man wants the less he gets—and the rule isn't too stuck up to work rear end forward, either.

The French woman who shot at Minister Baudin, mistaking him for another man, admits that the "joke is on her."

Don't place too much confidence in the smooth individual. It is the rough cogs in the wheels that makes the clock reliable.

According to a female phrenologist, women's heads are growing larger. She does not mean that women have got the "big head," but just what she says.

Mr. Morgan is said to be convinced that a nation's merchant marine, like its navy, should be under one head. He knows also whose hat that head should be under.

A correspondent asks how kerosene oil can be used to exterminate mosquitoes. One effective way is to catch your mosquito and drown him in a tumbler of the oil.

Hetty Green has had to clamber over a fence eight feet high to avoid a camera, and her agility is said to have been surprising. Mrs. Green may be the most modest as well as the richest woman in the United States.

Plutarch lived in a town so small that he would not move away from it "lest it become smaller still." The remarkable decrease in rural populations revealed by the recent censuses in Germany, France and Great Britain suggests that the popular "revival of Plutarch" might acceptably be extended to his principles as a householder.

It is probable that the kindergarten bestows its greatest benefits on the children of the very rich and the very poor. Poor children are rapturously, pathetically happy in its pleasant room, playing the varied and delightful games and cared for by kind teachers. Rich children, their playgrounds crowded with discarded toys, find relief in the steady occupation of the kindergarten table from the affliction that even thus early attacks their class, ennui.

English as she is made spontaneously varies according to country. A British naval officer under arrest for forgery explained at the desk of a magistrate: "I would not have committed the crime had I not been down to it." The American would have explained it: "It was up to me to do it because I was hungry." Slang in each instance, but picturesque and intelligible. Thus poetry finds its way into common speech and in time makes literature which becomes classic.

No fair-minded landlord can any longer advance the old argument that wretched tenements are inevitable because the poor prefer filth to cleanliness, and that good tenements will not pay. The City and Suburban Homes Company of New York has disposed of that insufficient excuse of the parsimonious landlord. This corporation approached the problem with the idea of combining business and philanthropy. It has built excellent tenements in the poorest parts of the city, and rents them at prices as low as those of the miserable hovels about them. Its holdings represent an investment of two million dollars, on which it has just declared a dividend of 4 per cent. The landlord who pretends that good tenements will not pay is usually a man who wants 15 per cent.

Now comes the Medical Press and Circular with an attempt to trace the psychology of swearing. It ventures the opinion that most profane terms are the fossil remains of religious terms or ejaculatory prayers and that "the history of profanity is intimately bound up with the history of religion." As this does not seem quite to fill the bill, it suggests the theory "that profane objections are instinctive or imitative relics of the habit of our wild ancestors of simulating the cries of ferocious animals and of uttering sounds calculated by their harshness or their volume to inspire terror." After a while, according to this theory, words sacred because of their religious associations were used because such use savored of recklessness. Then men sought to inspire fear by imitating the anathemas of the church for their private uses. "The angry primitive man," concludes this medical authority, "tried to shock his enemy by calling on thunder and gods, and the angry modern man consigns him in tones of awful wrath to eternal punishment." All of which is very interesting but altogether devoid of the mark. The profane swearing of the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race is seldom intended or calculated to inspire terror or any other emotion than disgust. It is most shocking in communities far removed from religious associations. Nine-tenths of the profanity that defiles the conversation of Americans is a harsh and vulgar habit. For the most part, it is unmeaningly explosive—a means adopted by the ignorant to add a false virility to a barren and inadequate vocabulary.

One of the most striking features of modern American life is the accumulation of immense fortunes in the hands of individuals. In place of the millionaire we have that awkwardly named but potent personage, the "multimillionaire." It is not surprising that his

development is regarded with some concern. Great wealth is great power; and it makes a vast difference to the community whether it is used for the public good or wholly for selfish ends. One thing at least may be said by way of relieving solicitude upon this matter: that if Americans have acquired the art of getting great fortunes, not a few of them have learned to give generously from their abundance. The American endowments of colleges, libraries, hospitals and other institutions for the material, intellectual and moral improvement of the people mount up every year to a total which amazes observers in other countries, where such enterprises grow more slowly. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who holds to the principle that it is a disgrace for a man to die rich, signified his recent retirement from active business by creating a fund of five million dollars for the benefit of his former workmen. The income of one-fifth is to be devoted to the support of libraries which he had established among them. The income of the remainder is to be used for aiding the injured, pensioning the aged, and relieving the families of those who are killed by accidents. Mr. Carnegie did not make this gift as an act of charity. In his letter announcing it, he described it as a recognition "of the deep debt which he owed to the workmen who had contributed to his success." This is a form of debt which, unhappily, not all successful business men and industrial leaders recognize; but just so far as it is acknowledged and frankly met, as in Mr. Carnegie's gift, social problems are greatly simplified.

In their efforts to prevent and stamp out various virulent diseases scientific men are recommending that certain animals and insects be exterminated. For a year or two relentless war has been waged on mosquitoes, at least in the pages of medical and other scientific journals. Mosquitoes, it is declared, are responsible for malaria, yellow fever and other kindred diseases, and should be destroyed. Now, on the authority of a Japanese scientist, his government is about to propose a world-wide war on rats. They are blamed with spreading the bubonic plague, and the Japanese savant declares that if the rodents be exterminated the plague will disappear with them. Both cats and dogs have been charged with spreading the smallpox, and a movement to wipe out these animals would not be surprising. The greatest difficulty in the way of exterminating either mosquitoes or rats lies in the fact that both are exceedingly prolific. As a rule, the smaller the animal the greater its power of reproduction. Thus, it would be easy enough to exterminate the elephant, and, in fact, that process is already well under way, while the American bison and other large animals have already been sent to join the dodo. But a mosquito reproduces its kind by the million, and rats multiply with astonishing rapidity, as any housewife will testify. Again, in undertaking to destroy rats or any other species of living creatures, science is taking a step in the dark. The rat is, to a certain extent, a scavenger, and in the economy of nature every living thing is supposed to have its place. What would be the result if rats were destroyed no man can tell with certainty. However, there is small reason to worry about such a remote contingency, as, in the nature of things, it will take a century or two to accomplish either of the objects at which scientists are aiming.

"I often feel," said a member of the Cabinet to a friend the other day, "that I could pick out better messengers and watchmen for my department than the Civil Service Commission gives me. But," he added, emphatically, "pity me if the commission ever goes out of business so that I have to!" His remark well typifies the relation of practical administrative officers toward what is commonly known as "civil service reform." They could, doubtless, by personal selection pick out quite as good men for the various places under them as they can get through the necessarily elaborate machinery of the Civil Service Commission. The trouble is that, under the "patronage system," an administrative officer is rarely permitted, except in mere form, to pick out his own men. Instead of selecting messengers and watchmen himself, he must concede "places" to the influential politicians who press him ceaselessly for "recognition." This is the invariable working of the spoils system. The clerks of the rural free delivery establishment in Washington have never been put under the classified service; as a result the head of the bureau who needs his time for the development of this great national enterprise, says he has to keep his doors locked against persons backed by political influence who are clamoring for places under him. "If the entire Postoffice Department were run in this way," he remarked the other day, "we should all have to move out of town to get any peace." Under civil service reform the commission examines all candidates for places, without regard to politics or influence, and designates those who are found, on the best obtainable tests, to be suitably qualified. From these the Cabinet officer or the head of the bureau must make his choice. The merits of this system, in plain American fairness, are manifest, but not least of them is that it gives the administrative officer some time for the really important work before him.

**Cruel Girl.**  
"Your conversation, Mr. Hevman," said Miss Peppery, suppressing a yawn, "reminds me of some champagne."  
"Ah!" exclaimed Hevman, much pleased, "so sparkling as that?"  
"No, but it's extra dry."—Philadelphia Press.

## THE FIELD OF BATTLE

### INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

**The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Binge, Etc., Etc.**

A Memorial Day reference to the origin of the gospel hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," in the New York Mail and Express, brought from the pen of a participant thrilling recollections of a famous battle of the Civil War, and one of the many heroic episodes of Sherman's march to the sea. "I helped to hold the fort," said the veteran, then a captain in the Union army. "I suppose there are not many of us left, for we were not many when the fight began, and we were weeded off faster while it was on than in any battle of the Civil War."

"When Sherman made the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta I went with him as a staff officer under one of his corps commanders. After Atlanta was taken I went back in a train with a squad of four men to pick up the staff baggage which we had left in Tennessee. Other officers from other commands were on like errands and by the time we had got what we went after and the returning train was nearing Atlanta, we had over 100 men aboard, including a border State major, who was the ranking officer, my own rank at the time being captain. Meanwhile, and this we did not know, Hood had swung around Atlanta and placed the entire Confederate army between us and Sherman. My story begins when we ran into the advance guard of his army beyond Allatoona.

"We were riding along with no thought of a rebel when the train stopped with a jolt and word came that a hostile force was holding the track a distance in front. The boys swarmed out of the freight cars with fixed bayonets and that major shouted 'charge!' I looked ahead and I could catch the gleam of rifles here and there. I could hear the rumble of moving cannon and I could see clouds of dust rising far and wide. Evidently what we were approaching was not a guerrilla band, but an army in motion. I was scared and mad at the Kentuckian at the same time.

"Charge nothing," I said. "That's Hood's army coming and he will eat us up. Get back into the coaches, boys." "The dust clouds were thickening as I spoke and the boys promptly scrambled into the train and we started back the way we had come. The major had to follow and after that he did a thinking part, for the soldiers would not obey him. Our destination was Allatoona Fort, where Brigadier General Corse and a regiment of Iowans were guarding the pass and a million and a half of cracker rations.

"That night we halted alongside a block house where a lieutenant and some fifty men were stationed. At dark he and I climbed a nearby hill, whence we could see the campfires blazing behind us for miles. The bray of mules came to us on the clear night air, the distant shouts and songs of the soldiers and the vast murmur that tells of the near presence of a host. We looked and listened and then I urged the lieutenant to abandon his fort and come on to Allatoona, where we would have a chance to make a real fight. But he had said he would stay there until Sherman ordered him to get out.

"The next morning we steamed away, more in sorrow than in anger, leaving the blockhouse and his blockhouse to their fate. We were scarcely clear of the village when the rebel guns began to play. I saw the red brick dust fly from the blockhouse and then I saw a white flag fly over it. It was all over with the lieutenant and his forlorn hope. We kept moving and at last we came to Allatoona. There we awaited the rebels.

"When they came they came with a rush, 7,000 strong. Soon Corse was winged and the next in command was killed and there was no one above the rank of captain left. That was why we 'held the fort.' Any general would have surrendered rather than have exposed his men to such a butchery. But it was a soldier's battle and the soldier never knows when he is whipped.

"In their first rush the Johnnies got into the sheds, almost within stone's throw of the fort. We found them lying dead there when the battle was over. They were behind trees and back of mounds, and they were blazing away at us from the plain. There was not room for every man in the fort and my few men and myself had one partridge among us. Four would load the big Enfields while the fifth fired them and handed them back. When his shoulder began to ache with the heavy recoil he would exchange places with one of the loaders.

"It was deadly work and as it seemed to us, hopeless work. The men dropped at the loopholes. In the trenches they were falling everywhere. All our flags went down. Over yonder on Kenesaw Mountain, Sherman was signaling: 'Hold the fort; I am coming,' and we signaled back a cheery answer, and soon all our signal men were shot down and Sherman could only guess by the noise of our guns that we were still fighting. We could not keep the colors up and our fire began to dwindle. I remember at last I picked up my army overcoat. I was sure it was all over and I thought I should need it in Andersonville. "But there was a young lieutenant, sleek with some wasting fever, who sat inside the fort, his lips moving and his eyes blazing. When the thought of surrender was uppermost with all of us, suddenly he sprang to his feet and, seiz-

ing one of the shattered flags, leaped upon the parapet and stood waving it there in the midst of that storm of bullets.

"He dropped dead in a moment, but he did not die in vain. His heroism drove us back to the defenses and nothing could drive us away. When the fighting ceased again it was because the Confederates had drawn off, convinced that the game was not worth the candle.

"Sherman came as he had promised, but it was not until the day after the battle. I was standing in front of the hospital as he came riding up on a black horse. Sherman had nerves of iron, but the sight of the wreck of that battle was more than he could endure. As he came abreast of me suddenly his horse went up in the air; the rider had drawn back with an involuntary shock and his steed, feeling the sudden pressure on the rein, had reared under him. Thus we held the fort."

**A Memory of Gettysburg.**  
The apple blossom season never comes," said the veteran as he wandered about in his orchard, "but what I think of the charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, through the orchards of peach and apple bloom up to the muzzles of the Union guns. History has always called the orchard at Gettysburg, where the culmination of the battle was, a 'peach' orchard. It was, but there were then as many apple trees in the valley as peach, and there was bloom everywhere, and after a time dying men and dead men, overturned guns and slaughtered horses. I was with Kilpatrick then, just by the orchard, and you," speaking to the girl by his side, "were not yet born. Your mother was up north here waiting for me to get out of the army and come to her for our wedding day. And we were married the next year when the apple bloom came round again.

"That last day at Gettysburg I saw one of Pickett's men go to his final end under the bloom. He came across the Emmitsburg road with Pickett, mounted, riding a big bay horse. Once I was near enough to him to have called the time of day or to have asked him what he thought of the dance old Hancock and Meade were giving him and his. Perhaps he was 20 years old, and he had a face as soft in shape and as pink and white as yours. Our men were holding their fire while Pickett advanced. They had to, for ammunition was short and we had almost everything in line, for one last struggle, that we possessed.

"When we did open up more than 12,000 men were firing point-blank into the Confederates. Stop them? Not a bit of it. The young fellow that I could not keep my eye off was coming right on. He belonged to the Ninth Virginia and the best blood of the South was following him up. He laughed all the time. That struck me as very strange at the moment. On he and they came to our rifle pits and into them. Our men were pushed behind the guns. Gunners were bayoneted. Confederate guns were flaunted in our faces and we were doing all that humans could do to save our position and the day.

"Then, my girl, something happened. Over on Cemetery Hill many of our batteries had been silent—the guns were cooling off. Now, just as the Confederates seemed to have the best of us, these guns opened up. God, what ruin they wrought. The Confederate line was simply mowed down. The dead and dying piled up so fast they rose like winrows in a hay field. My young lad with the laughing face did his best to hold his men. How could he? Of 250 of his regiment over 200 were dead or out of action.

"The young fellow turned at the last moment to make his escape, and then came his moment. I saw him go high out of his saddle up to the bloom that was in the trees and then he fell to the ground like a leaden mass. We were victors. I did not see the young Confederate again until the next day, when we found him under the trees and gave him a decent burial. I never knew his name nor anything more of him but that he wore the insignia of the Ninth Virginia."

**Vitality and Pluck.**  
As an instance of remarkable vitality and pluck, I believe a surgical case we had at the battle of Lexington, Mo., in September, 1861, will equal anything during the war. A member of Company E, Thirteenth Missouri, was struck by a cannon ball which carried away his arm and shoulder, and also lacerated his chest. This happened about 4 p. m. the first day of our fight. The boy was picked up and carried to the hospital, but as the case was considered hopeless and many others to attend to, nothing was done for him until 11 p. m., when all the other wounded had been cared for. Finding him still alive he was carried to the table and his wounds carefully dressed, but with no expectation of recovery. On the seventh day Price's men captured our hospital, which was in a brick building some two hundred yards to our right, and our wounded were put in a cellar to be out of the way of bullets. When our men charged to retake the hospital, this boy seized a gun in his own hand, run out with arms at trail from the cellar, and led the charge into and through the building. He lived through the trials and exposures of our imprisonment and is living to-day.

**A Shrewd Fellow.**  
Swiggers—That man Killtime is a shrewd fellow.  
Swiggers—Why?  
Swiggers—He gave a lawn mowing party yesterday and had the guests cut the grass.—Ohio State Journal.

In spite of its capacity for hard work, the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four or occasionally five hours.



### HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

**Bread Pudding.**  
One pint of stale bread crumbs, soaked one hour in one quart of milk. Beat two eggs; mix one-quarter of a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of nutmeg or cinnamon and one tablespoonful of softened butter. Stir into the eggs and then stir all into the milk. Bake one hour in a buttered pudding dish. Add one cup of raisins and you have a plum pudding. The raisins should be first boiled, at least one hour, in water to cover, till plump and soft, as they will not cook sufficiently in the baking. Four eggs may be used when a richer pudding is desired, and this becomes the queen of puddings by leaving out the whites, and, after baking, spreading a layer of jam over the top, then a meringue of the whites and browning slightly.

**The Muskmelon.**  
The ability to select a good muskmelon is said to indicate unerring judgment in all things. However this may be, it certainly seems to be a gift with some to know at a glance when a melon is "just right;" and there is nothing more disappointing than the discovery that spicy richness of flavor makes them so delicious is missing. When selecting a muskmelon or cantaloupe see if it has odor, press gently on the stem end, and if it is sweet and "manky" it is quite ripe and a good melon. Also observe if the skin between the sections is yellowish green, not bright yellow. The skin on the raised sections should be quite rough and green. A melon that is too ripe is insipid and unwholesome.

**Virtues of Buttermilk.**  
The virtues of that old-fashioned and easily procured drink, buttermilk, have not been half sung these days. Physicians say that its lactic acid is even more healthful than the citric acid of oranges and lemons. It is credited, too, by those who should know, as being of value to a rheumatic patient. It has been found to be both nourishing and fattening, as well as remarkably easy of assimilation. If liked at all it is undoubtedly a better drink in summer than many of the carbonated artificially flavored drinks that are consumed in almost unlimited quantities.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**Baked Tomatoes.**  
Take a deep pudding dish and butter the inside of it well; first put a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; dredge on a little flour, pepper and salt; now begin with bread crumbs again, tomatoes, onion and seasoning, till the dish is full; the top layer must be bread crumbs, with salt and pepper and a few small bits of butter over it; put this in the oven; keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let it brown. It does not require too hot an oven. It will take at least two hours to bake.

**A "Goodie" for the Afternoon Tea.**  
Here is a recipe for little chocolate biscuits that are nice for 5 o'clock tea: Melt half a pound of butter in a large basin over hot water, and stir in gradually, in the following order, two beaten eggs, half a pound of white sifted sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of cocoa, and a pound of flour. Sprinkle over the whole a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, roll out thin, cut into biscuits about the size of a wine glass and bake on a buttered tin in a quick oven about ten minutes.

**Currant Marmalade.**  
Strip the currants from the bunches and soak them in boiling water until they break. Then place them in a sieve to drain and when they are cold press them through the sieve to clear off the seeds, and then dry them over the fire until the sugar is brought to the boiling point, allowing as much sugar as fruit. Mix as well together, simmer over the fire until it is quite thick and then place in marmalade jars, being careful that they are hermetically sealed.

**Boiled Corn.**  
Have the capon drawn and well "cleaned," and boil in equal quantities of water and white wine. At the last of the cooking add salt and a bit of white pepper to the water, which should be the time the capon is tender be reduced to less than a pint. Take out the capon, add to the water in which it was boiled a dozen fresh mushrooms chopped, a few truffles chopped and thicken with a little flour braided with butter.

**Stuffed Peaches.**  
To prepare the dainty dessert known as stuffed peaches, brush the down from the ripe, solid fruit, place on a dish in a steamer to cook until a straw will pierce them; cool, then rub off the skins; cut a slit in one side so as to remove the pit; in its place put a marshmallow; roll the peach in powdered sugar and stick browned almonds over each; when serving, place a bit of jelly on each or a piece of candied sugar.

**Old-Fashioned.**  
An appetizing way of preparing eggs is this: Cut some thick rounds of stale bread and hollow out a space at the center of each piece, leaving a cup-shaped space. Brush over with melted butter and brown slightly in the oven. Drop an egg in each of these bread cases, season with salt and pepper, and lay a small pat of butter on top of each egg. Return to the oven and cook about four minutes longer.

**He Couldn't.**  
"Oh, Mr. Spoonleigh, pray rise. It is not right that you should kneel at my feet. Rise, I beg of you," implored the fair lady.  
But he didn't rise. His Irish did, though, and he replied solemnly: "I'm afraid—er—Miss Grace—I'm afraid I'm kneeling on your—er—that is, you dropped your chewing gum, and, oh, Miss Grace, I'm stuck on you!"—Denver Times.

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Hope is pretty poor security to go to a bank to borrow money on.

**A Hopeless Case.**  
Lady—"What is the matter with my husband?"  
Doctor—"I cannot be sure yet. Have you noticed him doing anything unusual lately?"  
"Let me see. Well, last evening, instead of lighting his cigar the moment he left the table, he walked into the library and put on his smoking-jacket, smoking-cap and slippers before beginning to smoke."  
"Hum! My, my!"  
"And, later on, when he wrote a letter, he wiped the pen on a pen-wiper."  
"Horror! It's parestis!"

**A Narrow Escape.**  
Bath, N. Y., Sept. 18.—There is now at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home here an old soldier who has been nearer death than anyone who has lived to tell the story.  
His name is A. E. Ayers. For many years he lived in Minneapolis, Minn., where he is well known.  
Four physicians of that city once told Mr. Ayers that he could not live four days. He had Bright's disease.  
As a last resort he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. He is strong and well today.  
He says "I was in the very presence of death, but Dodd's Kidney Pills saved me. They are the greatest medicine in the world."



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