

Custer County Republican

O. M. AMHERST, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Honor of horrors! The Pullman porters have formed a union.

The follies of youth are drafts on old age, the payment of which is imperative.

The man who has nothing but money is the poorest and meanest creature on earth.

The Turk rides a bicycle, but in the matter of misadventure he is as old-fashioned as ever.

Cuba is a long way from being Americanized. Candidates for the Presidency of the new republic refuse the honor.

Now that Triggs has spoken, the people who voted to put Longfellow's name in the Hall of Fame must feel pretty cheap.

It was the irony of fate that the Uncle Tom's Cabin "actor" who went crazy should imagine that bloodhounds were pursuing him.

Now we have a doctor of divinity "diploma mill." Would St. Peter O. K. such a document, or is it intended simply for temporal use?

John D. Rockefeller is going to build a marble palace to cost \$1,000,000. No wonder J. D. keeps rich. He has land enough to raise his own vegetables.

The two-minute trotter has not as yet arrived, but they are preparing to make it possible for people living in Europe to be regular New York commuters.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews may be right about lying, but will the youth of the land be able to distinguish between the good lies and the bad ones?

Many unprofessional scientists doubt if kerosene oil will exterminate mosquitoes. It has been at work on the new breed girl for several decades and she is still here.

With regard to Professor Koch's new ideas on tuberculosis, they bid fair to have a hard time between the doctors who knew them all before and the doctors who utterly deny them now.

Some of the French people are calling on the government to suppress football. There it is again! There are always some persons that delight in attacking harmless sports and pastimes.

An inch of rain does not sound like very much but it means 100 tons of water to the acre. If the farmer had to pump it and carry it out to the fields he would have more respect for the ways of providence.

No wonder all eyes are upon America. God has favored us with a grand country, with the best cotton in the world, the best breadstuffs, the best machinery, the best petroleum, the best electrical apparatus, and the men able to handle wisely and well these incomparable gifts.

Beauty by surgery is now a fad in Paris. For the fee of \$1,000 you may have your countenance changed, nose made Grecian, lop ears remedied; while a slit in the face can be made a rosy mouth by deft touches of the needle and the lancet. Have your face ironed if it doesn't suit you.

The United States navy continues to increase. A statement by Rear Admiral Bowles, chief of construction, recently issued, shows that there are now building, or under contract, nine battleships, six armored cruisers, nine protected cruisers, four monitors, sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers, ten torpedo boats and seven submarine torpedo boats. At this rate the old song will soon have to be amended to read: "Britannia—and her daughter—rule the waves."

Gladstone's humorous advice to the farmers to convert their superfluous turkeys into beautiful jam has been abundantly acted upon, even in the virtuous United States. Around one case of the Agricultural Department's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition hang squares of cloth, originally white, now yellow, orange, scarlet, crimson, blue and purple, all colored by aniline dyes extracted from commercial jam and jellies. In comparison with such nefarious adulteration, comment would be colorless.

It is stated that the owners of the oil wells in Texas are facing a serious problem in finding ready markets for their product. There is a prodigious quantity of oil, so much that they do not know what to do with it. The gushers can fill 70,000 barrels a day, but the shipments amount to only 30,000 barrels a day. Transportation facilities are inadequate and must be enlarged. Every effort is being made to solve the transportation problem, and doubtless the companies will do it successfully. Pipe lines between the fields and New Orleans and Houston are being rapidly laid, while lines of tank steamers to ply between Texas and foreign ports are being arranged for to enlarge the foreign market for the oil.

When the young man has a fit of the blues and gets to growling about the lack of opportunity in this country, tell him that rank outsiders are coming in and finding it a very good country, in-

deed. The outsider has no pull in most instances. He works for what he gets, and gets things because he works. There is a new Professor of Chemistry at the University of Columbia, Mo., this year. His name is not Smith or Jones. It is S. Z. Yanigi Wara, and he is a Jap. When he came to this country he found that a young man could be almost anything by trying. There were no traditions that interfered with one's working, and a man's coat didn't so much matter so long as he was honest, sober and industrious. It was all strange to this Jap, and he liked it. He had only to depend on himself to get there, and he had confidence in himself. So he buckled down to study. He had some money, health and an unlimited amount of determination. They are all good qualities. He took many degrees, has just completed the course in Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, Ill., and was given the place at Columbia because he knows more about chemistry than any other man the trustees could lay their hands on. He has been in this country seven years and wouldn't make a bad pacemaker for a good many American boys.

In an argument drawn from exceptional cases where deception is justifiable Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews proceeds to the generalization: "Veracity is not merely a statement of facts, nor is it a lie a statement of that which is not true. A bad intention is necessary to constitute a lack of veracity." This is a reassertion in revised terms of the conventional old formula, "the end justifies the means," which is often urged as an excuse for the basest and most harmful kind of lying. It began with the father of lies and has probably caused infinitely more human misery than falsehood without the cloak of good intention. Intention is something that can almost always be satisfactorily explained to the individual conscience, and it can never be accepted as a standard. Its effects, even if it is honest, depend upon the variable factors of judgment, intelligence and character. An ignorant, narrow, stupid person may foresee calamity in the purposes of another and defeat them with good intentions by lying, only to bring on a ruin and distress that would have been avoided if the truth had been told. Many lives have been blasted by just this sort of veracity which comes within Dr. Andrews' definition. The justifiable exceptions to "a mere statement of facts," such, for example, as the breaking of bad news gently or the deception of a sick man with regard to his condition, can never be developed into a general rule which shall confuse veracity with intention. They are the extraordinary expedients of persons who make it a practice to state the facts and who follow the only safe and sure rule: "Tell the truth."

It has sometimes seemed that, in the United States at least, of the building of many railroads as of the making of many books there was to be no end. But railroad-building is going on now at so moderate a rate as to suggest that the construction of through lines is nearly at an end. Railroad combinations, not as in former "good times," railroad-building, are the most striking feature of the present period of general prosperity. Only about two thousand miles of railroad were built in the first half of the present year. This points to a total for the year scarcely one-third as large as in 1887, when it was largest. Railroad-building at present is not only more moderate in amount, but more conservative in character than formerly. No disposition is manifested to parallel existing lines. Railroad managers are shy on schemes for extending their lines into undeveloped territory far ahead of traffic needs. Most of the mileage built this year is in short lines, designed as feeders to existing systems. Two or three of the transcontinental lines are meeting the modern demand for swift transit by building extensive cut-offs, to shorten the distance between competitive points. The only long lines of importance now building are in the Southwest, and are directed to serving Mexican connections. There are now about one hundred and sixty thousand miles of railroad in operation in the United States. There can be little need in the future of adding new arterial lines to this enormous mileage. The most natural and healthy development will lie in the building of short connecting lines, which will be supplemented by the rapid extension of trolley lines—Doctor Holmes' "broomstick trains"—into rural regions aside from the steam railroads, or in competition with them.

Before and After Marriage.
Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a notable personage about whom many good stories are related. Some years ago a young curate, seeking to be licensed, was bidden by Dr. Temple to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that his fitness for conducting public worship might be judged.
"Not loud enough," was the criticism of the bishop when the young man had finished.
"Oh! I'm sorry to hear that, my lord," replied the curate; "a lady in the church yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly all over."
"Ah! are you engaged?" suddenly asked Dr. Temple.
"Yes, my lord."
The bishop smiled grimly, and said: "Now, listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells you; but," he added with a deep chuckle, "after you are married believe every word she says."
—London Truth.

Queer Taste.
The inhabitants of Cochis, China much prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones.

LABOR NOTES

The colored clergymen of St. Louis are helping to organize the workers of their race.

The report of the Pennsylvania bureau of mines shows that 677 persons were killed about the mines of the State last year.

Contractors in St. Louis granted the request of sewer and water pipe laborers for an eight-hour day. Ten hours has been the rule heretofore.

The hours of the clerks in the United States census bureau have been increased one and a half hours per day. The employees will receive \$15 extra per month.

Carroll D. Wright, the Federal Labor Commissioner, has come to the conclusion that the employers' liability laws of the various States are practically worthless as a means of protection to injured employees.

Five hundred girls and women are employed in the foundries of Pittsburgh doing work for \$4 and \$5 per week for which men were formerly paid from \$14 to \$16 per week. They are principally employed in coremaking and "snag" mending shops.

Dayton unionists held a conference and resolved to call on the A. F. of L. to levy an assessment and raise funds to determine how far courts can go in the matter of laying injunctions, and whether employers can exact damages from strikers.

Since eighteen months ago the International Boot and Shoe Workers enrolled about 50,000 members, and have rolled up a surplus of \$55,000 in their treasury. They have unionized about 150 factories in the United States and twelve in Canada.

There is talk of the railroad unions amalgamating to resist the demands that are sure to be made on them by the recently consolidated railroad interests. The centralization of a vast corporate interest will, it is believed, tend to the solidifying of the unions.

A big hat trust is forming, and one of the purposes announced is to abolish nearly all traveling salesmen, and have a central office in New York, through which the trade is to be supplied. Some of the hatmakers also fear that an onslaught will be made on the union label.

The National Bread Company has been incorporated in Trenton with \$3,000,000 capital, to acquire all the bread bakeries in Newark and Jersey City, and later New York. There is some talk that this company is a step toward the formation of a bread trust, to control the business of the cities of the whole country. The company will use in the manufacture of bread a new machine, which it is claimed kneads bread without handling, and which, at the same time, increases the size of the baked loaf 30 per cent with the same quantity of flour. The labor-saving problem will enter largely into the calculations of the new concern, the promoters figuring that with the machine in general use, 5,000 men can be dispensed with.

"PORT" AND "STARBOARD."

German Movement to Abolish These Old Nautical Terms.
The Marine Journal calls attention to something which will interest not only seafaring men, but all who handle or sail in boats. This is a movement on the part of German shipowners to do away with the use of the terms "port" and "starboard." The proposition is to substitute for these words "left" and "right," and to apply them to the direction in which the head of a ship is to be turned. All sailors know that at present "starboard" means the right-hand of the ship looking forward, and "port" the left. But, when these terms are used as steering orders, they refer to the helm and not to the ship's head. To port the helm sends the bow of the vessel to starboard, and to starboard the helm sends the bow to port.

These orders were brought into use in early days, when the helmsman had only a tiller to handle. All vessels except small yachts are now rigged with a wheel for steering, and many of them have the wheel so arranged that it turns in the same direction as the bow of the ship. With such a wheel the helmsman who receives the order to port his helm must turn the wheel to the right. It can readily be understood that, no matter how skillful the helmsman may be, mistakes may actually occur with wheels rigged to work with the ship's head, and such mistakes lead to collisions, sometimes with serious results. The use of the terms "right" and "left" applied to the ship's head would make mistakes of this sort impossible. The terms "starboard" and "port" could be retained, if desired, for such things as port tack or starboard braces, but the probabilities are that, if "right" and "left" supersede the present steering orders, they would come into general use for everything on a ship.

As the Marine Journal wisely remarks, "There is no reason for clinging to old-fashioned terms and conditions on shipboard when they can be simplified and better understood through a more apt application of language or invention."
—New York Times.

A Trick for Golfers.
According to the Cork Examiner there is a probability that before long golfers will imitate the billiard player by applying chalk to their clubs before driving. This precaution, it is said, is a practically safeguard what is known as "sliding," which frequently occurs when a golfer is taking a long drive.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

I gave the felon a terrible look.
"Are you not ashamed," I thundered, "to be a mere thief when it is so easy to be an astute financier?"
"But it was not my fault," whimpered the fellow, "that my victim had only \$10!"

A Creditable Movement.
Mrs. Horse—A lot of us girls have started an Audubon club.
Mr. Horse—What's that?
Mrs. Horse—Why, we are not going to wear birds or wings on our hats.

Re-ruined.



He—I've lost a wealthy aunt to-day.
She—When did she die?
He—Oh, she isn't dead, but her niece has just jilted me.—Judy.

Education.
"These Indians who have been educated at college seem quite like the others, do they not?"
"Except for their 'Rah! rah!' at each end of the war-whoop, yes."

Within Bounds.
Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it?
Castleton—No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately well off.

For the Public Good.
"There's another thing Carnegie might do."
"What?"
"Start free ice-cream soda water fountains all over the country."

Caustic Meanness.
"Apples, raw apples, are now said to be good literary diet."
"Yes; and for some poets I'd prescribe green apples—to keep them from writing."

No Close Season.
"Expect to do any hunting this fall?"
"Yes, my wife and I are going to start out next week."
"That's rather early, isn't it?"
"Maybe it is, but we'll get the start on the other house-hunters, who are now out of town."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Lunch Counter.
Mrs. Sticker—I don't like blackberry pie, but I suppose I'll have to take it.
Mrs. Schoppen—Why so, if there's some other kind you like better?
Mrs. Sticker—I'm in mourning, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Out Five.
He came to borrow five, and I was out. It's just a sin! I wouldn't have been out if I had only not been in.
—Philadelphia Press.

A Hot One.



"Shall I open the window?"
"Why?"
"So you can get the air."—Detroit Free Press.

Busy.
"Young Mr. Dawdles has become very industrious since he decided to go into business. His office hours are from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m."
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I understand that he has had to raise his office boy's wages for staying all that time to tell people that Mr. Dawdles has just gone out, but would be in at 11 o'clock next morning."—Washington Star.

Log's.
Maud—When are they to be married?
Ethel—Never.
Maud—Never? And why so?
Ethel—She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him.—Fun.

The Past.
She—You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you?
He—Oh, yes. Ever since the first time the war ended.—Life.

Not Easy at All.
"No," said the impetuous one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers."
"Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked.
"I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true."
"You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say that people were easy."—Judo.

A Party.
She—I don't see how I can possibly get along with this paltry allowance you give me of three hundred a month.
He—But, my dear, that is more than I pay most of my clerks, and they have whole families to support.
She—May be so; but I am sure they are not continually annoyed by vulgar tradesmen the way I am.—Puck.

A Party.
May—Jack bet Bess that he'd be engaged before she was.
Pamela—Which won?
May—Neither. They're engaged to each other.—Puck.

A Party.
Mrs. Dedbete—Why are you so particular about there being a fire escape leading from our apartments?
Mr. Dedbete—I simply want to guard against paying the rent.—Ohio State Journal.

Easy.
"Which would you rather, Tommy, be born lucky or rich?" asked Uncle Tredway.
"Both," replied Tommy, sentimentally.

Overstocked.
"I argued and argued with young Nibbs to have more self-esteem."
"Was he influenced by your efforts?"
"He's got so much now that I can't stay around where he is."

Cause of Her Cold.
"Poor Emersonia has a very severe cold," said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bostling.
"Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon," replied the latter.

A Sense of Fitness.
Lady of the House—You needn't ask for a cup of coffee; our gas stove has been turned off for hours.
Tramp—Coffee, madam, is out of the question; have you any left-over sherbet or yesterday's lemonade in the ice chest?

Fractional.
"I am told that you've been married before, Mr. Sooter," said Miss Bunting to her proposer.
"Yes, er—yes."
"Your first wife had at least a portion of your heart?"
"Yes—er—yes."
"That's what I thought. Well, I couldn't consent to marry a half-hearted man."

Of Course.



Mrs. O'Flanigan—Be'gona, if we call wan of the twins "Kate" what'll we call the other?
Mr. O'Flanigan—Dupli-cate.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Difference.
Jonkley—He used to be a newspaper man, but a rich uncle left him a small fortune.
Conkley—But I understand that wasn't to make any difference.
Jonkley—O, yes. He's a journalist now.—Philadelphia Press.

No Wonder He Blanches.
Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter.
Husband—What letter?
Wife—That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!
Husband—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.

Exaggerated Circumstance.
Mamma—What makes you so ill? I hope you haven't been chewing tobacco.
Tommy—O-boo-hoo! No, ma'am.
Mamma—I'm glad to hear that, but what—
Tommy—I was glad to chew it, but—boo-hoo—I saw you comin' an' I swallowed it.

Green Apples Are Now in Our Midst.
Mrs. Bellefield—Well, it's a good thing that Benny came past the Fourth without injury.
Mr. Bellefield—But don't boast, my dear. The green peach season is coming.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Banquet.
First Mosquito—Anything on this afternoon?
Second Mosquito—I believe not.
"Then come over to my house and join me at a baby's nap."—Life.

One or the Other.
"That social reformer has a very spectacular way of presenting some extraordinary theories."
"Yes. The man is either posing or supposing all the time."—Washington Star.

Something Between Them.
"I have called," began Mr. Forchun Hunt, "to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us."
"No," replied Mr. Goldross, "but I'm sure there will be pretty soon."
"Ah!"
"It will be the Atlantic Ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense."

No Change There.
"This is a good year for peaches," said the huckster. "If you'll buy 'em by the basket, ma'am, you'll find the price isn't high at all."
"No," said Mrs. Hauskeep, "but the bottom of the basket is as high as ever."—Philadelphia Press.

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WOMAN AND CHILD
who suffers from
Rheumatism
should use
St. Jacobs Oil
It Conquers Pain, acts like magic, and has no equal on earth as a pain killer.
Price, 25c and 50c.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

THE HOUSEHOLD

A Pea for Single Beds.
Two in a bed is the usual custom of sleeping, in the United States at least, and also in Canada and England. But in Germany and France, single beds are the rule. The latter plan is the more healthful and comfortable. It is gradually coming into use in this country. Single beds involve more linen, more work in making beds, and more washing, but I never knew a family to return to the old plan after once giving single beds a fair trial. Especially in summer is the single bed to be preferred, or even sleeping on the floor, to two in a bed. Many families declare they never knew what comfort was during hot summer nights until they adopted single beds. I might add a word of protest against allowing babies or young children to sleep with old people. The latter certainly draw upon the vitality of the former. This is probably true as between any bedfellow—a one of whom is sickly or less strong than the other. Consumption and other diseases have often been communicated from one bedfellow to another.—Good Housekeeping.

Warming Pans Have a Boom.
A household implement which the complete country housewife of past times could not be without was the copper or brass warming pan. It is still to be seen in some farmhouses and cottages hung on the kitchen wall, and so highly polished that you may almost see yourself in it as a mirror. A certain number of old-fashioned folk use their warming pan to this day. They half fill it with glowing cinders, and add to these a few lumps of loaf sugar, holding that the effect of the latter is highly soothing, and will take away any stiffness a traveler by road may have contracted through a long walk or severe exercise. The warming pan, splendidly polished, is now hung up as an object of beauty in the hall, dining and even drawing-room. There is a run on old warming pans, and their value is going up; if the fashion lives much longer old warming pans will have to be manufactured in some quantities, or the supply will not be nearly equal to the demand.—London Express.

Mrs. Madison's Case.
Polk City, Iowa, Oct. 14.—For over ten years Mrs. Elizabeth P. Madison, a respected lady of this place, has suffered most severely with kidney trouble complicated with derangement of the bowels and liver. Rheumatism, another painful result of deranged kidneys, added its tortures to her burden of pain.

Treatments and medicines without number were tried; physicians also exhausted their skill, but all to no purpose.

At this stage of the case a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills was resorted to, and the results were simply miraculous, from the very first box an improvement was noticed and the continued treatment resulted in a complete cure.

This remarkable cure created a decided sensation in the neighborhood, because of the complications of the case as well as its severity and apparent hopelessness.

Upon investigation Dodd's Kidney Pills are found to be the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy, and these hitherto incurable diseases are readily conquered by this remarkable remedy.

Small Laddie.
One cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of light brown sugar, three-fourths of a cup of raisins, seeded and cut up, one-half cup of currants; mix above ingredients and add one cupful of sour milk with one teaspoonful of soda, two pinches of cinnamon, one pinch of cloves, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chopped suet, enough flour to make quite stiff; put into greased cake tin with a hole in the center; steam two hours; serve with hot brandy sauce. This pudding can be reheated a number of times, and will keep well. To make the sauce take three-fourths of a cup of butter, beaten with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, pour into three-fourths of a pint of boiling water; stir until smooth; add two tablespoonfuls of brandy. May be served hot, or is good eating when cold.