

Custer County Republican

B. M. AMBERLY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW - NEBRASKA

The story that Mrs. Nation is going to star as Little Eva is indignantly denied.

Talking of that newly formed shovel trust it is impossible to dissociate these things from a kind of scoop.

The railroads probably find it cheaper to issue a few thousand passes a year than to pay taxes on their property.

A Vienna medical sharp says that babies are dangerous carriers of germs. Boil your —, that is, wash your baby.

Be careful, girls. A Kansas miss jerked her head so suddenly when a young man tried to kiss her that she dislocated her neck.

The sultan has resumed the business of wiping out Armenians, probably just to let the powers understand that he still has confidence in them.

A Brooklyn man has been cured of paralysis by being hit on the solar plexus. It is only fair, however, to add that Mr. Fitzsimmons didn't deliver the blow.

King Edward is putting elevators in his palace. The king will now know how it seems to have the cold and stony faced elevator boy close the door on him when he is about ten feet away and go up to the top floor to rest.

The story of George Washington and his hatchet may have been a fiction, but various and sundry gashes in the bars of a number of Kansas saloons are abiding evidence that there is nothing mythical about Carrie Nation and her hatchet.

A couple of English editors have been compelled to walk up to the bar of parliament and apologize for printing attacks on members of that body. Think of an American editor being called before Congress to apologize. He would make the apology worse than the original offense.

"Good piano players make good glove saleswomen," says an old floor walker. If a woman is a good player you can make up your mind that she will be able to try on many pairs of gloves after she once gets into practice without feeling it. What an inducement to perfect one's self in music.

The educational campaign against spitting begins to show encouraging results. A man who recently offended in a New York ferry-boat suddenly realized that twenty pairs of eyes were regarding him as if he were a pickpocket. Greatly embarrassed, he flushed and slunk away to the men's cabin. Concentrated public disapproval seldom fails of its just effect.

Neither the law, medicine, literature nor art presents to the beginner half the financial inducements held out by the pulpit. The only profession into which a young man may step from school with an assurance of a comfortable salary and good social position is that of the preacher. The history of the Methodist Church is proof positive that its ministers have not been starved.

Youthful aspirants who plan to make a living by writing poetry ought to note the fact that the livelihood of the English poet, Austin Dobson, was earned as principal of the Fisheries and Harbor Department of the Board of Trade. He has just resigned after nearly half a century of service. A few men only can earn fame as poets. Fewer still are they who can trust to the productions of their muse to pay the butcher's bill.

A writer in the London Spectator remembers to have seen the border country of Suffolk and Essex lighted night after night with blazing ricks, fired as a protest against the introduction of thrashing machines. Where, to-day, he asks, is the man under fifty who can see a fall? The question is only an emphatic way of referring to labor-saving machinery. Imagine for a moment an attempt to harvest Western crops without a reaper.

The apportionment by lot of thirteen thousand homestead claims in the Kiowa-Comanche reservation was a vast improvement in good sense, order and fairness over the methods by which government land has usually been opened to settlement. Of course there were many disappointed home-seekers—there must be when one hundred and seventy thousand applications are filed for thirteen thousand claims—but there was no wild rush for choice sections, no trampling on the rights of the weak by the strong, no fighting and no disputes over priority. The distribution was conducted rapidly and in good order, through several days, until all the lots were apportioned, and through it all a crowd of twenty thousand people cheered and congratulated every winner as heartily as if each member of the throng had been himself the winner he hoped to be.

A Maryland preacher is disturbed over what he calls "the decline of marriage." He has been studying his congregation, and he makes the important discovery that the number of unmarried women in it keeps constantly increasing. Formerly, he says, he performed an average of eighteen marriages a year. Now his average is only

four—a terrible and startling decline it must be admitted—provided there is no Gretna Green across the Maryland border to which the young people in this particular church delight to go to be married. In endeavoring to discover a reason for the decline of marriage among his people the Maryland clergyman finds that lack of social intercourse, has much to do with it. Few of the young men go to church, where they might meet the girls, he says, and there is a general tendency among the boys who have been raised in the country and in small towns to gravitate toward the large cities, leaving the girls behind to become old maids. But the decline of marriage is not confined to the country and the small villages. It is noticeable in the larger towns, in the cities even, and the Maryland investigator, summing up the result of his observations, says, referring to the matrimonial slump: "Down at the bottom of it all lies the generally prevalent tendency toward luxurious living. Girls are not satisfied with the simpler style of living. Instead of that they look forward to having homes furnished extravagantly and elegantly. And the men know they are unable to provide the luxuries that are expected." There is undoubtedly a good deal of truth in this declaration, and it is a pity that it is so. The girls must understand that not all of them can live in luxury any more than all the men can be millionaires or leaders in the every-day struggle for existence. Still, there is probably no immediate danger of a decline in our population on account of the disinclination of the boys and girls to get married.

Is the time coming when man may reasonably expect to live 100 years? Some of the scientists are inclined to believe that it is. Whether we may look forward to such longevity or not, it is certain that science is making substantial advances in this country against disease and thereby prolonging life. This is shown by the report of the vital statistics department of the census bureau, which contains figures that are highly encouraging. It is found that the general death rate in the United States has declined 1.8 per 1,000 of the population during the past ten years, and in 341 cities of 8,000 inhabitants and upward the gain for longevity has been much more pronounced. These cities show a reduced death rate of 2.4 per 1,000 inhabitants, as compared with the figures of 1890. In Connecticut and Vermont people seem to have the best chance for living. There the death rate was 17 per 1,000 of population in 1900. In the cities of St. Joseph (Mo.) and St. Paul (Minn.) the inhabitants are most nearly immune from death at the present time. There the rate per 1,000 inhabitants is 9.1 and 9.7 respectively. Among the large cities Chicago appears as a very healthful place, its death rate is given at 16.2 (in fact it was only 14.68 per 1,000), against a rate of 21.2 in Philadelphia, 21 in Baltimore, 20.4 in New York and 20 in Pittsburgh. Shreveport (La.) is the most dangerous city to live in, the death rate there having been 45.5 in 1900. Through this decrease in the general death rate the span of life has been lengthened. In 1890 the average age at which Americans died was 31.1 years. In 1900 the average age had increased to 35.2—more than four years in a decade. Undoubtedly this prolongation of human life has been due to better sanitary regulations, to improved methods of fighting epidemics and to general advancement in various branches of science. There are good reasons for believing that the improvements will continue. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that they have only begun. New methods for preventing diseases or checking them before they start upon devastating courses are being put into practice almost daily, and as the people become impressed with the importance of proper drainage and sanitation the difficulties of securing those things are lessened. These improvements, with increasing care and watchfulness in the management of hospitals, the rigorous enforcement of laws providing for the isolation of contagious diseases, the prohibition of adulteration of foods and the abolition of public dangers, such as grade crossings of railways and buildings rendered unsafe either through the probability of fire or collapse, must as the years pass result in still further lengthening the average of human life. About the only particular in which there has been a lack of progress is to be found in the inattention of people to the appeal to cease hurrying and worrying themselves to death.

Has a Phrenological Quarrel. "McGinulty, would youse be after tellin' me wot all this means? I'm after readin' in the paper 'bout tellin' a man's character by the bumps on his head," said Mr. Morrissey. "It's a new ting ter me." "Don't spake of bumps on ther head ter me," answered Mr. McGinulty. "Didn't I go home last pay night an' begin ter talk 'bout ther same ting ter Mrs. McGinulty, thinkin' her fool like that she'd be impressed wld we learnin' an' forget all about me not handin' over me wages wot I'd lost a shakin' dice down ther street. 'An' didn't Mrs. McGinulty pick up a roллин' pin an' raise more bumps on me head in four minutes dan siven of thim professors could fill about in a week. Don't talk ter me 'bout bumps, Morrissey, 'cause me temper is short an thim bumps on me own head are still as sore as a boll."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

British and French Blast Furnaces. The United Kingdom has 850 blast furnaces; France, 570. "That's all bosh about pre-natal influence: If there were anything in it, every baby would be born with naturally curly hair.

A LIFE'S SAD ENDING. Sir Edwin Arnold's Days Solaced by His Japanese Wife. To thousands of Americans who have read the works of Sir Edwin Arnold and listened to his lectures it will be news to learn that the distinguished English scholar and sage, robbed of his life's savings by his son, is forced, though blind and feeble, to work hard for a living. The sharer of his burdens—the uncomplaining and constant attendant upon him—is a little, black-haired, black-eyed, dark-skinned Japanese woman, who, by virtue of the



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

magic which Japanese people attach to a cup of tea, is his wife. The pathetic tenderness and faithfulness of this little wife in the stricken condition of Sir Edwin, has caused great comment in social and literary circles in London.

Sir Edwin has lost the sight of his eyes and, as a result of paralysis, he cannot walk a step. Constant and tender in her devotion to him, is his little, dark-faced wife, who, before her marriage, was Mrs. Watabb, widow of a distinguished officer of the Japanese army.

His marriage to this woman was the sensation of England at the time. He met her in Yokohama in 1891 when he was visiting Japan with his daughter, Edith. Their marriage was sudden—so sudden that Miss Edith was shocked.



LADY ARNOLD.

ed. It was explained to her that they had been wedded by the Japanese method of drinking a cup of tea together. When the daughter asked her father about the ceremony, which seemed to her questionable, he said: "It is the custom of the country, and will be as binding to me as would be a pompous ceremony in a cathedral." And now toward the close of a life's vicissitudes the devoted creature who clings to him when others have forsaken is the woman whom he won by a cup of tea.

HIS "BLINDNESS" AN EXCUSE. Had His Eyes That So Didn't Know It What an Officer.

"Old Billy Jones, who picks up bones," remarked Recorder Broyles, poetically, as an aged negro came from the waiting room. The arresting officer had told the recorder that Billy Jones was a rag picker and bone gatherer by trade and a blind man by profession. "Old Billy Jones," said the recorder to the prisoner, "you will have to tell us about this blind man's bluff of yours. I understand that you play off blind and get a few coins by the trick. A policeman came along and you begged him for a dime, which was a stupendous folly as well as very thoughtless."

"How I gwine ter know hit war er perlice when I was blind?" asked the old man. "But you are not blind," urged the recorder. "But I had dese eyes shot, jest de same," the old man explained. "I am glad you have some sort of an excuse to offer," the recorder went on to say. "For the world would put you down as an idiotic ignoramus to expect an Atlanta policeman to have a dime. Don't you know it is against the law to beg on the streets?"

"I mos' knows hit now," stated old Billy Jones, "ter me sorrow." "I'm going to make you sorry \$5 worth," the recorder told him. "Larnin' in disser cote omes moufy high," muttered the old man, says the Atlanta Constitution, as he prepared to return to the waiting room. "Yes, we deal in a sort of fine art," stated the recorder. "You see, or rather you didn't see, you went it blind and the officer raised you one. The only stake you got was a mistake. Don't beg, Billy Jones, and if you do, let the copper pass you by."

How Wood is Seasoned. Timber is seasoned by the evaporation of the water, the extraction of the vegetable juices and the solidification of the woody tissue. When your troubles are so firmly anchored in your mind that you dream of them, who?

When a man likes gossip, he is the worst kind.

His Only Chance. "Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head? It's not raining." "No," "And the sun is not shining." "No." "Then why do you carry it?" "Cause when it rains pa wants it, an' it's only this kind of weather that I kin git ter use it at all."

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a terrible cough.—Fred Hermann, 209 Box avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1901.

Influence of a Good Example. When we have given our money to help the poor, and spoken our most encouraging words to help the weak, we have not yet exhausted all our resources. A true christian may help others as much by his life as by his words and gifts. Nay, the principal contribution which any one can make to the life of the world is not his word or deed, but himself. It is a vain thing to try to set a good example without a good heart. A life which is merely acted is not genuine, and the counterfeit will soon be detected. Artificial lives are like the artificial flowers which one sees in the market. They are beautiful to the eye, but shed no fragrance on the air. The bees never hover about them. A good life proceeding from a good heart creates a spiritual atmosphere which greatly affects every one who comes within its range.

The Teacher's Wife. Clarissa, Minn., Oct. 28.—Mrs. Clara Keys, wife of Chas. Keys, school teacher of this place, tells a wonderful story. For years her life was one of misery. Her back ached all the time, her head ached all the time; neuralgia pains drove her to desperation. She used much medicine, but failed to get any relief till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She says:

"Very soon after I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills all my aches and pains vanished like the morning dew. I consider this remedy a God-send to suffering womanhood." Encouraged by their success in her own case, Mrs. Keys induced her mother, an old lady of 74 years, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for her many aches and pains. Now both mother and daughter rejoice in perfect freedom from illness or suffering which is something neither had enjoyed for years before.

A Mean Fellow. First Broker—"Of all mean, despicable, dishonorable fellows, I think Quotem is the worst." Second Broker—"You don't say! What has he done?"

First Broker—"He made a big pile in that last stock flurry, and now he's going to retire from business and live on the money, instead of giving his old true and tried friends on the street a fair chance to get it away from him."

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and In-growing Nails, Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Very Suspicious. Friend—"Why, Elvira, what's the matter?" Elvira—"Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death. I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet." "She doesn't?" "No; not a word. She must be in love with my husband."

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by druggists.

Beneficial Egotism. "It's real nice since Ella got an idea that she's such a grand singer." "How's that?" "Why, she has such an exalted opinion of her ability that she won't sing when you ask her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the house-keeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package 5 cents.

How Should She Know. "What a bright little thing!" exclaimed the prominent society woman, patronizingly cooing at a baby out for an airing in the park. "Whose little one is this?" "Yours, ma'am," replied the nurse. "O'm the new nurse that kem yistherd'y."—Catholic Standard.

The theatrical supe appears before the critics give the actors a roast.

Trifling that Costs. Neglect

Sciatica and Lumbago

And you may be disabled and incapacitated for work for many long days.



St. Jacobs Oil

Will cure surely, right away, and save time, money and suffering. It

Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 50c. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

Of Course Not. Lady—"These souvenir spoons look like forks." Dealer—"Of course, ma'am; you wouldn't have souvenir spoons look like spoons, would you?"

Imagination to the Rescue. "Did you cry when your mother put the mustard plaster on you?" asked one small boy. "No." "How did you keep from it?" "I shut my eyes and made believe I was in swimming and had struck a sea nettle."

Miss Louise C. Danforth, who has had charge of the postoffice in Weatherfield Bow, Vt., for 50 years, has resigned. Her salary, depending up on the stamp cancellation, has been about \$150 for a number of years.

Love's Flame Turned to Ashes. The woman wept bitterly. "Once," she protested, "you talked of burning with love!" "And now," sneered the man, "I am not permitted to smoke, even in the house."—Stray Stories.

Advertisement for Syrup of Figs. It is an excellent family laxative, refreshing to the taste, and acts pleasantly and gently. It assists one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. With many millions of families Syrup of Figs has become the ideal home laxative. The combination is a simple and wholesome one, and the method of manufacture by the California Fig Syrup Company ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product, which have commended it to the favorable consideration of the most eminent physicians and to the intelligent appreciation of all who are well informed in reference to medicinal agents. Syrup of Figs has truly a laxative effect and acts gently without in any way disturbing the natural functions and with perfect freedom from any unpleasant after effects. In the process of manufacturing, figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinally laxative principles of the combination are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially on the system. To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Co. Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

Strangers Now. Mrs. Wages—When my husband sought my hand in marriage he wrote his proposal on one of his cuffs. Mrs. Naggs—Oh, then you were his washerwoman! How very romantic.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. The bottle. Adaline Clark, 3717 Vincennes Ave., Chicago.

FITS Permanently Cured. No more nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. Send for FREE 62¢ bottle and literature. DR. R. H. KING, Ltd., 591 Ave. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Advertisement for W.L. Douglas's Major Union Made \$3.50 Shoes. The World's Greatest Shoe Maker. Sold by all shoe stores in America. Catalog Free.