

Custer County Republican

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If all women were homely none of them would dare to be wicked.

There is talk of a telephone cable between this country and England. Would it work? We don't know.

He was an observing man who remarked that men's arguments are generally but an echo of their wishes.

A woman will dress for three hours to appear for twenty minutes at a reception, and never notice the waste of time.

Tetanus is running a deadly race now with smallpox. You have a chance of getting the former by trying to avoid the latter.

The whole civilized world is tickled to note the art with which France brought that old dead beat, the Sultan, to terms of payment.

A railway conductor in Kansas found \$4,000 on the floor of a car in his train. Those Kansas farmers are becoming very careless with their small change.

Augustus Thomas has brought out a new play called "Colorado." Give Mr. Thomas enough time and he will have every State in the Union dramatized.

A stepmother has been driven from her husband's pretty home by his daughters' persistency in playing rag-time music. Is this an argument for or against?

A wife was granted a divorce in San Francisco because her husband had given her only 40 cents in seven months. How much do these women want, anyhow?

Discussion of the management of the postal savings bank in England recalls the fact that our government has not yet got around to establishing this desirable institution.

A Western man was taken sick and consulted eight doctors, one after the other. He declares that no two of them agreed on what was out with his internal trouble, but that six of them did agree on an operation. He is still alive and thoughtful.

China did not swing into the current of modern life like Japan under the leadership of Marquis Ito and take her place among the vital, growing, pushing nations. Wedded to the old customs, looking backward and not forward, China has preferred isolation and enmity to fellowship and cordial co-operation in the world's work.

Prof. Moenssen recently questioned a correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald as to the condition of municipal government in Chicago. When told that it was somewhat corrupt he replied: "Then the future of your city is gloomy. Cities are the blood vessels of the nation, and if they become corrupted the nation extends throughout the entire community." The analogy is true and the conclusion indisputable.

The only thing that really makes for peace effectively against war is the fearful cost of war. We are a thrifty people and we do not like to pay too much for the pipe who plays the piccolo that knells for the onset. We do not fear death greatly, but we have a wholesome fear of excessive taxes, long drawn out. The economic argument, not the so-called humane appeal, is the chief deterrent of war, the best friend of peace.

The ancient and honorable guild of baldheads will look with scant favor upon the new theory that the Roentgen X-ray is a specific antidote for the absence of capillary adonement. Happily the discoveries of science, when reduced to the practicality of a medical or surgical case, are not compulsory. The individual who has posed for years as an exponent of the results of early plecty or dalliance with the student's midnight lamp is not to be stampered by an iconoclastic scientist into a sacred foe of his own crown of glory.

It may be unfortunate, but it is true, that dress and manners count for about as much as ability in the capitals of Europe and South America. A diplomat who is laughed at in society can do little use to his government. He loses much of the gossip heard in exclusive circles which a diplomat ought to know, and he meets with coldness instead of cordiality at the foreign office. The general character of the United States representatives abroad has been raised of recent years. But Congress has not yet appreciated the value of the social standing of the Government's envoys.

To Minnesota belongs the honor of making wife desertion a felony. The first conviction under the statute passed by the last Legislature of the State has been recorded. Previously in Minnesota, as now in the American commonwealths generally, the wife deserter has gone scot free or been temporarily embarrassed by a rival claim which, too often, the deserted wife raised or earned the money to pay. In Minnesota now the wife deserter confronts a wholly new legal nuance. If he have property he must not only contribute out of it to his wife's support, he must at the same time at hard labor serve a penal sentence. If he have no property he must work under the su-

perision of the State as a convict. This is an admirable regulation and ought to be copied on the statute book of every American commonwealth. Only such law is adequate to the crime of wife desertion. Only such a law will check a shame whose prevalence is increasing to a degree which threatens to brutalize American society.

It is curious how one idea can get a grip on a man's brain and destroy not only his morals, but his business sense and his love for decency. The man who collects bugs sometimes becomes so wrapped up in his fad that he knows nothing but bugs. The stamp collector who carries his hobby beyond the bounds of reason would swap his soul for a rare specimen. Some men lack the mental balance to successfully own a hobby. It masters them, and once mastered they are about as useless as human beings can well be. Twenty years ago Frank Bradley was general superintendent of the car works at Pullman. He was so good a superintendent that he drew a salary of \$20,000 a year. He had a faculty of managing men, and he made money for his concern. He got drunk on books. That is almost literally true. A rare volume would delight him more than a bottle of champagne does the lover of wine. They were more to him than food, or clothing, or music. Any habit or fad, no matter how innocent or elevating in itself, can be made criminal if carried to excess. Frank Bradley spent the last penny of his fine salary for books. He made his home a museum of art and bric-a-brac. To keep up the pace—to buy more books—to satisfy his appetite for rare bindings and fine texts, he became an embezzler. That was in 1880. Not many weeks ago an old man appeared in a Chicago police court. The charge was stealing a watch. Officers were in waiting to take the man back to the Michigan penitentiary to finish out a sentence for forgery. He was turned over to them. He had already served one term in the prison at Joliet, Ill. His wife and children died while he was in a cell. That was Frank Bradley, the booklover and art connoisseur. He is toiling out his few remaining days as a convict. And all because he was not master of himself.

It will be a long time before the ability to make "the kind of doughnuts mother made" becomes a determining factor in the selection of a wife. At least it will be a long time before a young woman can actually reach the heart of a man through the art of cookery. The young man may be willing to acknowledge that he admires this accomplishment in a woman, but he is not "falling in love" with cooks at the present time. But we are moving along. When Froda and Hilda have driven a few more men to drink and wrecked a few more households the young man who is looking for a wife may be constrained to inquire into the culinary possibilities of matrimony. He may ask his sweetheart, "Can you cook?" and if she answers may there may be a coldness come into his heart that forbids all possible alliance for life. In New York the other day a young man and a beautiful maiden appeared before a magistrate to be joined in holy wedlock. When questioned by the magistrate as to the sincerity of his desires the young man said: "It was a case of love at first sight. I go by her house and I see her father. She cooed and I fell in love right away." The matrimonial millennium, of course, is still afar off in the hazy future, but here is a man who fell in love with his sweetheart because of her "lovely cooing." She probably never heard of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," and wouldn't know a Browning sonnet from a haycock. Neither did she wish the atmosphere with a bristle on the verdant sea and wear a red coat. She just bumped right up against the young man's cardiac region with her "lovely cooing." Perhaps if the example of the New York lassie because suddenly contagious the crop of spinsters who look under the bed every night "for a man" would grow beautifully less.

Sumptuary Laws. Lycurgus was perhaps the first to promulgate sumptuary laws, and there was a long string of them. All respectable citizens were commanded to dine at a public mess table, that they might not be enervated by overindulgence in eating and drinking. Fifteen persons were placed at a board, to which each subscribed a monthly quota of provisions, and no dainties were permitted. One day Dionysius of Syracuse, who was a little fastidious, made a grimace at the sort of food before him, whereupon one of the guests remarked: "Sir, had you been dipped in the Eurotas you would have relished our broth." The Eurotas was the Chicago River or Havana Harbor of Sparta.

Something New in Ship Paint. A ship-bottom paint consisting of seaweed, which while green and moist is ground in oil and mixed with litharge, lead acetate, turpentine and linseed oil, has been patented in England. The coating is said to be not only a good protection against adhering of shells, but also prevents worms from entering wooden ship bottoms or any wooden submarine constructions.

United Frontiers. "You wretch! You miserable! You worst of villains!" exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal. The heavy villain, who had just joined the company, looked patiently aggrieved and said: "Excuse me; is that in the part, or are you acting as stage manager?"—Washington Star. You'd be surprised if you knew what people say about you.

GOOD Short Stories

The late Dowager-Empress Frederick once asked Bismarck to bring her a glass of water, and, as he handed it to her, she said to a lady-in-waiting, who sat near: "He has cost me as many tears as there are drops of water in this glass."

As a preface to his attack upon the recent army appointments in England, Rudyard Kipling tells a story of a man who was carrying a bag, and of whom a fellow-traveler asked what it was that the bag contained. "Mongoosees," was the answer; "my brother sees snakes, and I'm taking the mongoosees up to kill them." "But your brother doesn't see real snakes." "No; but these aren't read mongoosees."

On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particularly interesting work of his own. When the composition came to an end Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I too had written compositions to make a pile so high," raising his hand three feet from the ground; "but I had burned them!"

Once, while Daniel Webster was speaking in the Senate on the subject of internal improvements, the Senate clock began to strike, but instead of striking twice at 2 p. m., it continued without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until it had struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair: "Mr. President, the clock is out of order! I have the floor!"

In one of his conversations with Augustus Hare, Chief Justice Morris said he was sitting on the bench in Ireland, and after a case had been tried he said to the jurymen: "Now, to consider this matter, you will retire to your accustomed place," and two-thirds of them went into the dock. Another time he said to a culprit: "I can produce five witnesses who saw you steal that cow."

It is said that one evening when Dr. Friend was summoned from a rather too festive board to the bedside of a lady patient, he felt her pulse but could not count its beats. "Punk by Jove!" he soliloquized, and pulled himself together sufficiently to order some harmless mixture. His delight may be imagined when, the next morning, instead of an indignant dismissal from further attendance, he received from his patient a confession that he had diagnosed her complaint quite correctly.

The Duke of Wellington was once much surprised by receiving a letter which he read as follows: "Being in the neighborhood, I venture to ask permission to see some of your grace's best breeches. O. London." He answered to the Bishop of London that he had great pleasure in assenting to his request, though he must confess it had given him very considerable surprise. London House was thrown into confusion. The note was from London, the great gardener, and "breeches" should have been read "beeches."

PAYING OFF AN OLD SCORE.

Prarie Dogs Get Even with Their Old Enemy, the Rattlesnake. It is a familiar story that rattlesnakes are often seen entering or leaving the humble tenement of the prairie dog. The sight gave rise to the belief, formerly held, that the reptiles and the small owls which also frequent these underground dwellings are on the best of terms with the prairie dogs, and that all live together, a "happy family." That belief is now known to be without foundation, and a cottontail, of whom the New York Tribune tells, once witnessed a scene which shows that the rightful owners of these prairie homes, although sometimes forced to submit to eviction or intrusion, know how to balance the account when the opportunity offers.

On this particular occasion the cottontail was riding after some steers. He managed to get close to a colony of prairie dogs, and stopped to watch their quaint antics. Considerably apart from the others, two dogs were sitting with their noses close together. They appeared to be much concerned over the movements of a big rattler which was lazily crawling about near them. When the snake moved a length or two the dogs became excited and danced like little lunatics, but when he ceased his motion they were, with their noses together, managing somehow to keep abreast of him without seeming to follow him. Once the snake coiled, and then the dogs had business elsewhere, but when he straightened out they were close beside him again.

The rattler in the course of his wriggings came to a hole and stopped here, as if undecided whether it would be worth while to enter or not. The prairie dogs began to act in an unsentimental manner, as if they had been feeding on locoweed and suddenly left its effects. They danced on one hind foot and rolled over. They dashed up behind the snake as if they were trying to push him into the hole, and very little while they would come to attention, with noses together—talking, perhaps.

The snake soon began to slip into the hole. The dogs, although intent upon his movements, remained perfectly quiet until the last of him had disappeared. Then they got to work in earnest, and the way they kicked dirt into

that hole would put a railway section hand to shame. They worked systematically. When the entrance was well filled with loose dirt they tamped it and then threw in more dirt, and tamped that. They were not satisfied until the entrance to that hole was blocked and packed down with dirt until it was as solid as the original soil. Then the little rascals seemed greatly amused, and rubbed noses times innumerable before they danced off to join their friends and relatives, apparently with the intention of telling them all about it.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Blaze Would Have Been Costly Had It Happened in the Night.

Mr. Ransom's nephew was building a house, but an uninitiated person, seeing Mr. Ransom's daily supervision of work and workmen, would have been convinced that he himself was the rightful owner of the new cottage. One day, while making his daily tour of inspection at the noon hour, he discovered a little bunch of shavings on a window sill. Seizing them in his hand, he hurried downstairs and out to the big elm under which the carpenter and his two assistants were eating their dinner.

"See what I found on the window-ledge!" he demanded, pointing an accusing finger at the carpenter. "Seems to be a clump of shavings," said the man, wonderingly, as he munched a doughnut. "Yes, sir, that's what 'tis," declared Mr. Ransom, "and I'm surprised to think a man of your experience should 'low such doings!"

"There was a man in South Plympton, where I was raised, that was building him a house with bull's-eye window panes in the windows. The men that were a-working on the house left a bunch of shavings no bigger'n this one on the window ledge, and the sun was terrible hot, same as 'tis to-day, and it made a focus through that window pane, and what happened?"

"What happened?" repeated Mr. Ransom, with increased solemnity. "Why, the shavings ketched fire, and a blaze started, that's what!" "But there ain't any bull's-eyes round here," suggested the carpenter, mildly. "Makes no odds, one way or 'other," replied Mr. Ransom, severely. "What's happened once one way may happen next time some other way!"

"Did the house burn up?" inquired one of the other men, with a natural curiosity. "No, it didn't," admitted Mr. Ransom, "but that was just by good luck. 'Twas the noon hour, and I was there, for the man was a friend of mine that I'd known from boyhood, so the blaze was put out. But s'pose it had happened in the dead of night. The whole building would have gone. Nothing could have saved it. I tell ye, ye can't be too careful 'bout things o' that kind!"—Youth's Companion.

An Up-Country Rising.

In spite of the old saying, the lawyer who conducts his own case does not always have a fool for a client. The Hon. Jeremiah Mason, who was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1791, was a man of great height, but during the early part of his professional career, says the Green Bag, was so slight and apparently frail in build that, as the phrase is, "he looked like a boy."

Traveling once in a sleigh after a great snowstorm, he met a countryman in a similar conveyance. Mr. Mason turned his horse and sleigh as far to one side as he conveniently could, and courteously requested the other person to do the same.

The other man, however, was sturdy of figure and stubborn of nature, and taking Mr. Mason's courteous speech as a sign of a craven spirit, he refused to budge an inch, and demanded a free way for his vehicle.

At this Mr. Mason's eyes flashed. The day was cold and he had sunk deeply into the robes of his high-backed sleigh; but now he drew himself up and sat erect on the seat for a moment; then he began slowly to divest himself of his wrappings and to get upon his feet, gradually displaying his real proportions to the astonished countryman, who exclaimed:

"Say, mister, you needn't see any more. I'll turn out!"

Editorial Responsibility.

The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the greedy looking post who wandered into an English newspaper office, venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering.

"Give me your address," said the editor. "That, sir," was the frank reply. "It depends entirely on yourself." "On myself?" said the astonished editor. "How so?" "Well, you see," went on the unabashed post, "it's this way; if you take the poem my address will remain 77 King street; if you don't take it I shall have no address. My lady is a woman of her word."

Finding a Grave With an Egg.

The Miao-tze, a tribe in Asia, will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg. This operation is curious. While the body is being prepared for burial, a number of Miao-tze, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot, bearing a large basket of eggs.

Stooping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. Its breaking is considered an ill omen and another spot is selected. In this way the party often wanders about for hours, dropping eggs until one strikes a place where the shell does not crack. The undraped truth doesn't always show up in a neat story.



Rev. Marguerite St. Omer Briggs, 35, Mount Calm Street, Detroit, Michigan, Lecturer for the W. C. T. U., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My professional work has for the past twenty years brought me into contact with scores of homes of sickness, and I have had plenty of opportunity to witness the sufferings of wives and mothers who from want, ignorance or carelessness, are slowly but surely being dragged to death, principally with female weakness and irregularities of the sex. I believe you will be pleased to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other agency that has come under my notice. Hundreds of women owe their life and health to you to-day, and, therefore, I can conscientiously advise sick women to try it."—MARGUERITE ST. OMER BRIGGS.

\$5000 FOR HIM IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Love and Sympathy are common enough things, perhaps, but, oh, how pitifully slow they sometimes are to gladden our homes! Families will go through life loving each other, ready to make almost any sacrifice for each other and yet holding back expressions of this love and readiness to serve as though they were something to be ashamed of and concealed. Now and then, in time of great strain or anguish, the crust will be broken for a brief instant, and the heart will reveal itself. But a return to the normal conditions, and the love—the sunshine—will be overshadowed by a cloud of reserve, abiding just as strong and true, perhaps, but not familiar enough for every day use. Not all are like this, thank God! There are some whose lives are as open and sunny as days in June, and between whom and those around them there is no timidly and lack of frankness. Such as these are true missionaries in the world, rising above reserve and mingling and rejoicing, and making all around them more beautiful and glad by the sunny inspiration of their presence.

Delicate Consideration. Mother (just before Christmas)—"Why did you jump and run when your father came in?" Daughter—"I had a lap full of Christmas presents." Mother—"But they are not for him." Daughter—"No, but I wanted him to have the pleasure of thinking they were." A Conscientious Dealer. Indignant Female—"That lamp you sold me exploded, and burned down the house." Dealer—"Well, mum, I'll give you a new one." "A new house?" "A new lamp."

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