Custer County Republican

D. M. AMSBERRY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA

In "Lives of the Histrions," a biographical dictionary just issued in England, it is said that when Hall Caine, whose resemblance to Shakespeare is well known, landed in New York on a trip to America, he was accosted by the late Ignatius Donnelly, a stranger to him, with the words, "Lord Bacon, I presume."

Some of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's friends once tried to have Lord Salisbury reinstate his erratic lieutenant. Salisbury listened to them patiently, and then asked: "Have any of you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have," retorted his lordship, "and I don't want another."

The Hon. James Bryce, M. P., in an article on William E. Gladstone, relates this anecdote: "Once in his later life when a question of great delicacy and difficulty was coming on in the House of Commons, and everybody expected to see him watchful and alert and perhaps fidgety over it, he deliberately composed himself to sleep on the treasury bench, and enjoyed a refreshing nap till the time came for him to speak, when, with no apparent effort, he awoke, delivered a speech in which he said exactly what was needed, and not a word more, and sat down, leaving his opponents so puzzled by the safe and guarded generalities in which he had half-expressed and half-reserved his views that the subject dropped in a short time, because no one could find in his words anything to lay hold of. It was often remarked that the greater the emergency the more composed and the more completely equal to it did he seem."

Very amusing is the story of the latest Parisian duel. Two rivals boxed each other's ears, and a mutual challenge to mortal combat followed. Accompanied by seconds and doctors, the foes, thirsting for each other's blood, drove out to the Bois early one very chilly morning. The spot was chosen, coats were doffed, swords measured, the referee said: "Go, gentlemen," and the fight began. But it soon dawned upon the seconds that the combatants were less determined with cold steel than they had been quick in gesture with the open hand. Both gallants exhibited an extraordinary circumspection in their play, and, after twenty-four resumptions of the battle, neither had received a scratch. It was already past 1 in the afternoon, the seconds were shivering, the doctors felt they were catching their death of cold, and there was no prospect of either combatant ever hitting the other. Suddenly one of the keepers of the Bois emerged from behind a tree, and exclaimed, crossly: "Look here, gentlemen, I have had enough of this. Here I have been for three hours looking at you two, and you are no further on with your fight than you were when you began. Now, dueling is illegal in this country. I don't mind winking at a duel for a reasonable time, but I can't go on allowing the law to be broken for three hours." Whereat foils were put up, and the great combat was stopped, to the intense relief of every one, particularly the combatants.

Biggest Bag at One Shot.

The biggest authenticated bag secured at one shot, of which I have ever heard, consisted of one rabbit (the cause of the shot), one beater, one onlooker (a French cook), a boy, and a dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shot—but this was in South Africa. They were on the ground, and they were shot for the pot. I have read of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) who shot a bumblebee and a butterfly, right and left; and, indeed, sometimes a large bumblebee does, for an instantaneous second, look uncommonly like a distant advancing grouse—just as, when on the alert for partridges, the fieldfares, breasting the hedge, often cause a nervous twitch of the gum.

Curious circumstances sometimes occur out shooting. A friend walking in line down a turnip field saw a startled hare running fast and straight toward him up a furrow. He stood still, waiting for her to turn, but the hare, with its peculiar vision, did not see him, and ran her head plump against his shin, killing herself and very seriously bruising his leg.—London Fortnightly Review.

Scotch, Irish and Welsh Music.

The battle music of Scotland, and still more markedly of Ireland, has a way of trying the voice by sending it suddenly up great heights. This, it has been contended by many authorities, was originally caused by the necessity, at some important point in the air, of making the words ring out above the bagpipes' very self-asserting accompaniment. Welsh music holds a place not lower than that of the music of Scotland and Ireland and has a tone and touch which are not borrowed from the notes of other songs.—Exchange.

Mrs. Sangster's Advice.

"I am engaged to be married. Ought I to tell my fiance, who does not suspect it, that I have been engaged before this, and that the engagement was broken by mutual consent?"

Certainly, you should tell your fiance. Do not begin wedded life with a secret. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Lightning.

It is believed that lightning is visible at a distance of 150 miles, but opinions still differ as to how far thunder can be heard.

IS CHRIST ALIVE?

Reason and faith through all the bitter night did strive;
Reason was icy cold,
I felt the chill;
Reason was loud and bold,
And swayed my will—
Faith lost her gentle hold
And then was still.
The Easter bells rang wild and free "Is Christ alive?"

Across the waste I heard them ring their challenge out;
My heart was heavy with its grief,
My prayers had brought me no relief—
I lifted up my voice and answered with a shout—
"No! Christ is not alive."

At once the bells died down, and I was borne away;
The rush of worlds was in my ears,
The sudden chill of mighty fears—
And then there rolled from some vast realm beyond the day—
"Christ is alive."

—Artemas Jean Haynes, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The early sun is shining,
The grass is soft and dry,
The bluebird sings his carol
Along the bright blue sky.
So bring the dainty treasures,
The eggs of every hue
The Easter hare hid slyly
On Easter night for you.
See, purple eggs and golden
And red as sunset skies;
Now don't you think he stole them
From birds of paradise?
Then start them on their journey;
How gaily down they roll,
As if a troop of flowers
Had started on a stroll.
The birds laugh in the tree-top,
The brooks laugh from the hill,
And all the little people
Are laughing louder still.

AN EASTER RECONCILIATION.

It was one of Mark Staunton's black days, in which nothing had any beauty to his eyes, nor enjoyment for his mind.

He certainly was somewhat ungrateful to insist upon being so persistently miserable, for he had enjoyed as reasonable a share of blessings as any one man has a right to expect. He was only 30 now, prominent in his profession, had held several political offices of honor, and had lately come in possession of a comfortable fortune, which, added to the competency he had amassed in his profession, made him a rich man.

Once Mark had been in love—yes, really in love; and, long ago as it was, recollections of that time would yet come up, and often brought him considerable bitterness.

It was when he was first setting out in the world. He was only 21, starting as a poor young lawyer.

But only two years after that pleasant passage in their lives, which ended in the disquiet and trouble such things often do, Katharine Anson had married and in all those years their paths had never crossed.

It was very long since Mark had believed himself in love with her; but there were times, in looking over his somewhat solitary life, it occurred to him how different it might have been had that affair terminated as it ought to have done.

The striking of the clock roused him from his reverie, and woke him to the consciousness that while he was dreaming, his dressing case sat ready packed on the table, and he had only just time to reach the train.

He was going into the country to pass a week or two with a far-off cousin, whose pleasant house and merry-hearted husband usually succeeded in driving away one of Mark's dissatisfied fits more rapidly than anything else.

It was growing near sunset when they approached the station where Mark was to end his little journey.

With a fearful shrieking the train made another halt, and Mark, in his leisurely way, followed the little crowd that got off at Briarton.

He stopped in the waiting room to speak with an acquaintance, and when he came out, he passed by a carriage in which a lady was sitting—her veil was up, and, after the first moment of puzzled recollection, Mark recognized Katharine Anson.

It was only an instant, and the carriage had driven on; he was unable to tell whether she recognized him or not. That was the first time they had met in ten years.

She was very much altered, he thought—thin, and he believed somewhat sallow. She was in half-mourning, too—that was for her husband—he wondered how deeply she had grieved over him. In his misanthropical mood he said to himself that she had not heart enough to be inconsolable about anything.

Mark's recollection of that past was not altogether pleasantly mournful. He had never felt that Katharine had been quite fair and honest with him.

Well, it was over long enough ago, that was certain; he was a fool to be troubling his head with those old memories! But he must wonder if she saw him, and if so, whether that meeting had any effect at all upon her.

He passed through the woods and came out into his cousin's grounds.

"Hello, old fellow!" some one called out, and, looking up, he saw Tom Ford running down the veranda steps to meet him.

There was a hearty exchange of greetings, for the two had always been the best of friends in the world, and a week in Tom's cheerful society never failed to send Mark back to his bustling life, elevated in spirits, and with pleasanter views of things in general.

He led the way up to the room Mark had always occupied—a pleasant chamber that Ellen had fitted up with an eye to their cousin's peculiar fancies.

"Here we are," said Tom. "Now you can beautify yourself as much as you please; there's the trunk you sent up by express—I hope it's got your most dandified clothes in it."

"Why, have you visitors?" asked Mark. "I thought I should be sure to find you quite alone."

"The truth is," said Tom, sitting down in an easy chair, and looking intently at the toe of his boot, "it's an old friend of yours, and Ellen and I were afraid the thing would be awkward; but there was no help for it. Katherine Warner is here, Mark," he added abruptly; blurting out the secret he had meant to communicate with such care as a man is sure to do when he tries to be extra delicate.

"We didn't expect her any more than—than the man in the moon," said Tom, falling back on that familiar comparison for want of a better. "She has only just got here from Europe. She was Ellen's greatest friend, you know, and only a few hours ago we got a telegram from her, saying she should be here to-night. It was awkward. But what could we do?"

Honest Tom grew quite red in the face with the energy of his explanations.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said Mark, in a stately way; "one female is about the same as another."

"That's the way to look at it!" cried Tom, quite delighted. "I was afraid you might be annoyed; and so was Ellen."

The tea bell rang before they had remembered to go down; then they hurried off at a great rate, and dashed down into the hall, where they met Ellen.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, giving him the cousinly kiss with which he was accustomed to be greeted.

She led him into the library, chatting carelessly, and in the childish manner which was partly natural to her and a little exaggerated for the occasion.

Mark was in the room. There stood Tom, talking to a lady. He knew he walked toward her—heard Ellen say, "I need not introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Warner"—was conscious that he shook hands with her, and said all that was proper on the occasion; but—it must be owned—the room looked a little unsteady for a moment.

However, he betrayed very little emotion outwardly; and Mrs. Warner appeared so perfectly self-possessed that it quieted him at once.

When Mark got into his room he was astonished to remember that he had not taken a fair look at his old acquaintance during the whole evening.

The next morning, even looking with his jaundiced eyes, Mark was forced to acknowledge that, if those ten years had taken away something of the girlish look from her face, she was much handsomer than she ever had been—with her dazzling complexion, her beautiful brown eyes, and the rare smile, which, when she talked, lit up the sad expression of her face.

Katharine comported herself admirably. She talked freely with Mark—sang Tom's favorite songs—was easy and unembarrassed; and for her pains, Mark, in his heart, denounced her as the most soulless creature that ever breathed.

"She never could have loved him," said Tom, one night, when he and his wife were holding a confidential talk in their room. "I fancy she was a bit of a flirt."

"Nobody was ever farther from it!" returned Ellen, indignantly. "It's my opinion that Mark was as unjust as possible. You know how passionate he used to be, and Katherine was always the proudest creature that ever breathed?"

Ellen was right there.

Katharine was sitting alone in the parlor one evening, amusing herself at the piano, playing old melodies, and recalling half-forgotten songs.

Ellen had gone out to visit a sick neighbor, and Mark she had seen wandering off toward the village, an hour before, so that she was left quite to herself.

But just then Mark was coming up the walk, and the tones of that low, sweet voice reached him through the stillness of the evening, and the song struck his heart like the echo of some half-forgotten language. It was an old, old melody she had often sung for him.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, entering quietly.

"You came in so suddenly that I almost thought it was your wraith," she said. "I had just finished my song—a sweet old melody that my mother used to love."

He was vexed that she should speak so composedly of a thing that had stirred his heart like a wind from the past.

"Will you sing me one of those Scotch songs I heard you singing to Ellen the other night?" Mark asked.

She sang him several songs, and then they fell into more familiar conversation than they had before done during all these days.

It was a full hour before Ellen came in, and there she found them, with the new moon looking in at the window and casting its light upon Katharine's face, and softening it.

Inwardly Madam Ellen thought a great step had been gained; but she was innocent as a dove.

The next day Ellen arranged it so that Mark was obliged to go out riding with Katharine; and, as she saw them depart, stood on the veranda and nodded her head in sign of approval.

The following day was Easter; and Katharine resumed her old place in the choir, the place which she had filled when she was Ellen's chum and schoolmate in the long ago.

How fair and sweet she looked as she stood in the organ loft singing; and how the beautiful words of the Easter carols fell from her lips.

"She must be happy," thought Mark, "to sing like that."

"He is risen. He is risen," sounded sweetly upon the air and the audience sat spellbound while the sweet singer's offertory filled the church.

The next morning Mark surprised his cousin by announcing that he had decided to go to Europe.

"Don't go—yet," whispered his cousin Ellen.

But Katharine gave no sign of disapproval.

Mark's departure was to be as sudden as his resolve; and that very afternoon he stood in the broad hallway with his satchel in hand, his baggage strapped for the train.

Mark and Katharine found themselves alone.

He had taken her hand—they both tried to speak—then she was conscious that he dropped it and turned away.

She stood there incapable of a movement—she knew that he was looking back at her from the doorway, and suddenly Ellen cried out in a voice full of misery:

"If you are human, Katharine, don't let him go so! Can't you see he loves you?"

At those words her false strength gave way—she heard his voice full of passionate tenderness calling:

"Katharine! Katharine!"

She could not speak—she put out her hands blidly, and in that instant Mark read more clearly in her heart than he had done even in the old time.

"Katharine—my Katharine!"

There was no time for many words; but in those few moments there was happiness enough to live upon their memory for life.

Ancient Easter Customs.

A custom called "clipping the church" was kept up in Warwickshire, England, on Easter Monday, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was pjerformed by the children of the different charity schools, who at a certain hour flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand, with their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number, till at last the chain was of sufficient length to surround the sacred edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, the party broke up, and walked in procession to the other church (for in those days Birmingham boasted of but two churches), where the ceremony was repeated.

An ancient custom still observed by the boys of Christ hospital, London, on Easter Tuesday, is that of paying a visit to the Mansion House to receive from the lord mayor what are known as the Easter Bobs. The ceremony annually attracts a good deal of public attention, as the boys march "in fours" through the streets of the city to the Mansion House, where they are forthwith regaled with two buns apiece. Thus fortified, they file before the lord mayor, who, from sundry piles of new money on the table before him, presents each Grecian with a sovereign, and all the other boys, according to their standing, with coins of lesser value. Before they retire, the boys have a glass of lemonade. At one time the alternative of sherry was permitted. This form of "local option," however, has been abolished.

She Knew.

Teacher—Spell "tray."

Elsie—T-r-a-y.

Teacher—Correct. Now then, when the "t" is taken away what is left?"

Elsie—A lot of dishes an' things to be washed.—Philadelphia Press.

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"I tried the doctor's medicines and found it money worse than wasted. A friend who had been cured through the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** advised me to try it. I did so, also your Sanative Wash, and I must say I never experienced such relief before. Within **six weeks** I was like another woman. I felt young and strong and happy once more.

"This is several years ago, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is my only medicine. If I ever feel bad or tired a few doses brings instant relief."—MRS. FRANCIS PODMORE.

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

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Cures CATARRH.

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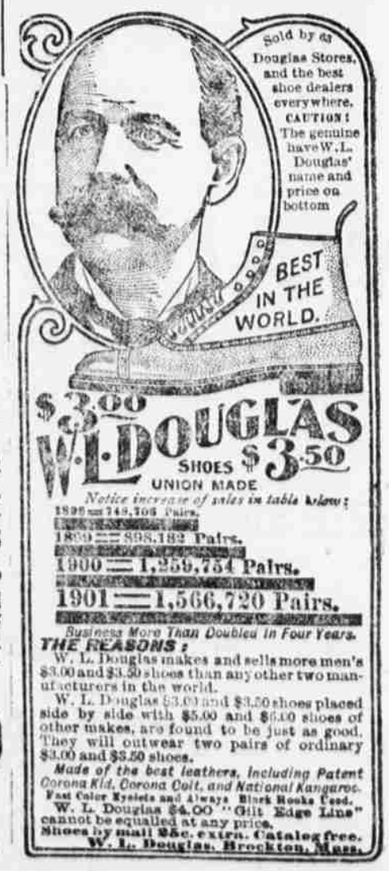

Milk Reduced to Powder.

Dr. M. Ekenberg, of Gothenburg, has made a discovery which will be of importance in dairy farming. He claims to have invented an apparatus by which milk can be brought into the form of a powder, like flour in appearance, but possessing all the qualities of milk in concentrated form, moisture excepted. It is said that this milk flour is completely soluble in water and can be used for all purposes for which common milk is employed.