

CUSTER COUNTY REPUBLICAN

By D. M. AMSBERRY,

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA.

Women's Achievements.

There can be no reasonable complaint that women may not do nowadays anything which they can do well. The record of a single week tells of a woman elected collector of taxes; of another winning in competition the appointment as sculptor of the \$15,000 bronze doors of the chapel at Annapolis naval academy; of a third who has made a country home self-supporting by the raising of chickens, rabbits and cats; and of two other women who have sent one and a half million roses to market in a year. Surely these achievements represent a wide range of employments. From the studio to the hothouse and from the town treasury to the cattery, the variety is large enough to suit all tastes. Success in any of these directions has not come by accident. It stands for a certain whole-hearted devotion to work, a study of scientific or artistic methods; in short, of a wise grasp of the results of previous experiments, and a courageous improvement upon them. No one of the four occupations implies to the thoughtful person of to-day any of the "unsexing" of the workers on which critics harped so constantly 40 years ago. It is not unlikely that the tax collector drives about her country district with her children in her wagon. Rose house and chicken yard are natural accompaniments of a real home. The sculptor's work is exacting, it is true, in its demand for personal freedom. But even that may not prevent the artist from being the most beloved of old-maid aunts. Until women acquire the habit of disobeying the heart at the command of the head, they may safely be trusted to work in any way and in any place they wish in this busy world.

Danger in Dieting.

New Yorkers who are dieting themselves to reduce their weight may drop dead from heart disease, according to Prof. Alexander Haig, the English diet expert. He writes from London to the medical fraternity of New York city warning Americans against the popular notion that the average man eats too much. "Knowing the opinion is gaining ground," he says, "it is desirable to live on a smaller quantity of albumen than has hitherto been generally acknowledged as sufficient." I feel it my duty to draw attention to the subject because I believe that (owing to what I consider erroneous teaching) people may be led to underfeed themselves, and thus enter the danger zone, where their hearts may either fall directly or do so when exposed to special strain or stress. Debility from under feeding may come on so insidiously that it is often far advanced before it is in any way recognized by the sufferer. This condition is insidious also because with the decline of strength there is very often a decline of appetite, which leads to a further loss of both, and when in this condition and weaker than he suspects the sufferer undertakes some unwarranted or violent exertion, such as running for a train, there may follow a more or less decided collapse. "Nobody," says Dr. Haig, "ought to take less than nine grains of albumen per day for each pound of body weight."

Melting Down the Hips.

"Trim hips are the rage now, madam," said the beauty doctor. "Shall I melt yours down?" "Melt them down?" The man brought forth a stiff mold, a kind of corset, that laced in two places. A long piece of flexible tubing connected the instrument with the electrical apparatus at the other end of the room. "This mold," he said, "came direct from Paris. It cost \$250, though the material in it is not worth a pair of shoes. But it is very ingeniously constructed, and it works well. I'd guarantee it, in a week, to take six or seven pounds off your hips, madam. Heat and pressure, applied in conjunction, are the factors that do the work—two marvelous new factors that in local reductions exceed the wildest dreams of the past. Why, madam, if I put this mold on you, laced it tight, and turned on the electric heating apparatus, the mold's heat and its pressure together, would, in less than an hour, take an inch off your hips' dimensions. I have smaller molds, likewise electrically heated, for reducing fat backs, double chins, thick ankles, and so on. I am achieving wonderful results. The swift way I melt down my patrons in spots is amazing." Why wouldn't this treatment do for a fellow with the "big head?"

Miss Lucy E. Ernst, of Philadelphia, has received a Carnegie medal on account of the bravery she showed in Pike county, Pennsylvania, last summer. A boy was bitten in the ankle by a rattlesnake. Miss Ernst opened the wound slightly with a penknife, and with her lips drew out the poison. The Carnegie medal is the second she has received, the boy's parents having given her a handsome one shortly after the lad was bitten. Anyone familiar with rattlesnakes will understand the heroism of the act.

AMERICANS ARE PAINT USERS

It has been remarked that the American people consume more paint, both in the aggregate and per capita, than any other people in the world. In a recently published article on the subject it was figured that our yearly consumption is over 100,000,000 gallons of paints of all kinds, of which over one-half is used in the paintings of houses.

The reason for this great consumption is twofold: a large proportion of our buildings, especially in small towns and rural districts, are constructed of wood, and we, as a people, are taken to neatness and cleanliness. For, take it all in all, there is nothing so cleanly or so sanitary as paint. Travel where we will throughout the country, everywhere we find the neat, cheerful painted dwelling, proclaiming at once the prosperity and the self-respect of our population.

Fifty years ago this was not so; painted dwellings, while common in the larger cities and towns, were the exception in the rural districts; because, on the one hand, a large proportion of those buildings were temporary makeshifts, and, on the other hand, because paint was then a luxury, expensive and difficult to obtain in the out-of-the-way places, and requiring special knowledge and much preparation to fit it for use.

The introduction of ready mixed or prepared paints, about 1860, changed the entire aspect of affairs. As the Jack-of-all-trades told the Walking Delegate in one of Octave Thanet's stories, "Anyone can slather paint." The insurmountable difficulty with our predecessors was to get the paint ready for "slathering." That the country was ready for paint in a convenient, popular form is shown by the immediate success of the industry and its phenomenal growth in 50 years from nothing to 60,000,000 gallons—the estimated output for 1900.

Some pretty severe things have been written about and said against this class of paints, especially by painters and manufacturers of certain kinds of paste paints. Doubtless in many instances these strictures have been justified and some fearful and wonderfully constructed mixtures have in the past been worked off on the gulleless consumer in the shape of prepared paint. But such products have had their short day and quickly disappeared, and the too-enterprising manufacturers that produced them have come to grief in the bankruptcy courts or have learned by costly experience that honesty is the best policy and have reformed their ways.

The chief exceptions to this rule are some mail order houses who sell direct to the country trade, at a very low price—frequently below the wholesale price of linseed oil. The buyer of such goods, like the buyer of a "gold brick," has only himself to blame if he finds his purchase worthless. With gold selling at any bank or mint at a fixed price, owners of gold do not sell it at a discount; and with linseed oil quoted everywhere at 50 to 70 cents a gallon, manufacturers do not sell a pure linseed oil paint at 30 or 40 cents a gallon.

The composition of prepared paints differs because paint experts have not yet agreed as to the best pigments and because the daily results of tests on a large scale are constantly improving the formulas of manufacturers; but all have come to the conclusion that the essentials of good paint are pure linseed oil, fine grinding and thorough incorporation, and in these particulars all the products of reputable manufacturers correspond; all first-class prepared paints are thoroughly mixed and ground and the liquid base is almost exclusively pure linseed oil, the necessary volatile "thinners" and Japan driers.

The painter's opposition to such products is based largely on self-interest. He wants to mix the paint himself and to be paid for doing it, and to a certain class of painters it is no recommendation for a paint to say that it will last five or ten years. The longer a paint lasts the longer he will have to wait for the job of repainting. The latter consideration has no weight with the consumer, and the former is a false idea of economy. Hand labor can never be as cheap or as efficient as machine work, and every time the painter mixes paint, did he but know it, he is losing money, because he can buy a better paint than he can mix at less than it costs him to mix it.

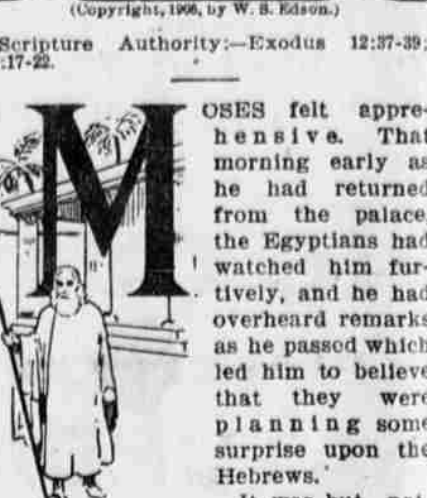
Prepared paints have won, not only on their actual merits, but on their convenience and economy. They are comparatively cheap and they are incomparably handy. But when all is said, the experienced painter is the proper person to apply even a ready mixed paint. He knows better than anyone else the "when" and "how" and the difference between painting and "slathering" is much greater than it appears to a novice. Everyone to his trade, and after all painting is the painter's trade and not the householder's.

ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

Many a good resolution quickly runs down to the heel.
A pretty girl can teach a man most anything but good common sense.
It pays to look a mule in the face when you have anything to say to him.
About half of the things bought on credit would not be bought if cash were demanded.
Have you noticed that the bottom of a cup of joy that runs over is seldom far from the top?
It's a good deal better to think poetry than to write it, and better to write it than to print it.

OUT OF BONDAGE

A STORY OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM
By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher
(Copyright, 1906, by W. B. Edson.)
Scripture Authority:—Exodus 12:37-39; 13:17-22.



MOSES felt apprehensive. That morning early as he had returned from the palace, the Egyptians had watched him furtively, and he had overheard remarks as he passed which led him to believe that they were planning some surprise upon the Hebrews.

It was but natural that the Egyptians in their grief, for there was no house where there was not at least one dead, should charge the calamity which had fallen upon them to Moses and his people. In fact, it was known generally that Moses had warned the king that unless he would let the Hebrews go the hand of their God would be heavy upon the land of Egypt, and so in that awful midnight hour, when death claimed the firstborn in every household and the living in wild terror were wallowing over their dead, the cry went up everywhere: "It is the vengeance of Moses' God! Except the Hebrew people go we be all dead men!"

With a superstitious fear they had watched Moses' arrival at the palace, and upon his departure after his interview with Pharaoh they had followed him at a distance, and as they talked excitedly among themselves he caught the words: "Goshen," and "Settle with Hebrews."

Light was just beginning to break in the east as he returned, but not a soul was stirring about in Goshen. The doors to the rude huts of the people were still shut as Moses had directed, and the blood marks on the top and sides stood out in the dim light in bold relief.

Moses as he passed along to the place appointed where he was to meet the elders of Israel ere the start was made was deeply moved by the sight of the blood, and he could not help but draw the sharp contrast there was between Egypt and Goshen.

"It is wonderful, marvelous!" Moses exclaimed. "There is the blood, the sign of God's mercy, the evidence of His faithfulness in keeping His word given unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." And then, turning to Aaron, who had been walking silently by his side, for he too had been to the palace, he said: "How could we have ever doubted God?"

"But we have waited a long time for the fulfillment of God's promises, and the way has been long and trying," replied his brother.

"Yes," was the response, "but it is all plain to me now. How necessary was the discipline for our people. How they have been led step by step to put more and more confidence in God. And how patient has He been with Pharaoh in trying to win his consent to let our people go to worship in the wilderness. Surely, God's way was best."

"But we are not out of Egypt yet, and I fear the Egyptians are plotting some mischief. Thou knowest their looks as we passed by on our way from the palace, and their words?"

children care free and happy and expectant, trotted on by the side of their parents, and their cheery voices mingled with the glad songs of the birds which flitted through the air.

How little the people realized the full portent of that movement. Yes, they knew they were going to a land promised the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, whose children they were. They understood that the God of Abraham was different than the gods of Egypt and the nations about. They in a vague, uncertain way grasped the thought of God's presence with them, and in reverent awe they had slain the lamb and placed its blood above and on either side of the door, knowing that this sacrifice in some way made a difference between them and the Egyptians and gave them protection from the angel of death as he passed through the land. They knew that from now on they were to begin a new life, and were to become a nation. But as for entering into the larger thought and plan of God for them and for the world, they could not, even as the little child is unable to understand or realize the hopes and plans and purposes which the parents in loving wisdom and forethought cherish for him.

But that people gathered there was a type, a figure, of that larger deliverance which God was to accomplish through the Christ. The lamb slain gave shelter under its blood to the children of Israel, and the Lamb of God "slain from the foundation of the world," was to give shelter to a world in bondage to sin. And Israel led out of bondage, after redemption under the blood, was but an example of what God is doing for needy souls to-day as He gives them salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ and leads them out and away from the old land of sin to the promised land of His privilege and blessing.

Again the blast of the horn is heard, and slowly that vast assemblage of people begins to move forward under the direction of the leaders. The preparations and the excitement have so engaged the attention of the people that they have not observed in the distance the approach of a large straggling group of people. They came forward in a great, irregular line, apparently unguided by any leader, but each moved by the impulse to go in a common direction. Thus they proceeded and had reached a point not far distant from the stretching line of the Hebrews when the eyes of Moses and the other leaders fell upon them, causing them to stop suddenly. The commands which were being given died away on their lips. They trembled with apprehension. The people, noting the actions and looks of their leaders, turned their eyes in the same direction, and at the sight of the advancing multitudes, singly and in pairs and in groups, they turned as though to flee, crying at the same time:

"The Egyptians are upon us!"

But as they saw their little ones clinging about them, and the flocks and herds in their midst, and cumbered as they were with their baggage, they huddled together like a great flock of frightened helpless sheep.

Moses stepped forward quickly towards the advancing lines of Egyptians and demanded:

"What brings you thither? The Lord has commanded that we go into the wilderness to serve Him, and Pharaoh has given his consent. Why then this demonstration against us?"

"We be not come to hinder you and your people," was the cry. "But rather are we come that we may urge your going, for if thou remain longer in the land, Egypt will contain none but the dead, for this night a terrible thing has happened in Egypt and there is no house where the dead are not. Haste, then, and get you out from this land, for we fear thy God, that His wrath be stayed against us."

Moses breathed easier at the hearing of these words, and the fear left the people as quickly as it had come.

"What are these things which thou art bearing in thy hands?" Moses again demanded, as he noted that each Egyptian was carrying some article or other, and that they were not weapons, as the first frightened glances had made it appear.

For answer the people with one accord rushed forward and cast their burdens at the feet of the Israelites, who looked on in speechless amazement. There was the glitter and glisten of gold and silver, and as it was cast upon the ground the precious metals gave out their cheery ring. There was choice raiment without limit, which was in striking contrast to the homely, coarse garments which the Hebrews wore. And there were other articles which would bring greater comfort and ease on the journey.

In speechless amazement the Israelites and their leaders looked upon the piles of precious jewels and raiment, etc., grow higher and higher, but no one made any move or attempted to touch aught which the Egyptians had brought. Again the Egyptians spoke up, eagerly, insistently:

"Take these! Take all! Thou hast served Pharaoh long in this land, and lest thy God should exact more of us, even our very lives, as He did last night with the first-born of every Egyptian household, we have brought thee thy wages, even that which Pharaoh has withheld from thee. Go! Hasten! Tarry not!"

And as the Egyptians thus spoke, they stooped and taking the gold and silver and raiment and other gifts in their hands again they thrust them upon the Hebrew people, until almost every man in that great company of people had his treasure, his article of jewelry, his raiment, or other choice thing.

THE BACK-YARD PROBLEM.

First the Soil Must Receive Attention, Then Cover Unsightly Fence with Lovely Vines.

The first gardening problem to tackle in an ordinary back yard is the soil, and it is generally the last to receive honest attention and a "square deal." It is probably full of bricksbats and other builder's rubbish and almost devoid of available plant food.

The first year or two a part of the garden allowance should surely be put into compost, which should be thoroughly mixed with the soil when it is spaded. Don't give up the most stubborn, sour-looking soil. If it will grow a pig weed the chances are that it will grow something more desirable. The finer the soil is made the better. Wood ashes, lime and manure will all help the soil in texture as well as in the line of plant food.

Next, the fence and ugly outbuildings must be hidden. Vines will do this. The rear elevation of the house deserves the same careful treatment. On the permanent vines Boston ivy is best for stone and brick. Virginia creeper for wood. Wistaria is excellent for great cities, but seldom, if ever, blooms there. Its foliage is worth the cost. It needs iron rods for support.

Annual vines of many sorts will cover the fences the first year or so and pay their way in cut flowers. Nasturtiums, scarlet runners, wild cucumbers, morning glories, are all good and cost little. There are more seeds in some packets than you can use. Divide with your neighbors. Hall's honeysuckle can be grown from seed if necessary for economy's sake, but nursery-grown plants give quicker results. They eventually climb high on verandas and will make beautiful hedges if they have a framework of woven wire fencing. Their white and straw colored blossoms make fragrant and graceful table decorations.

WILHELM MILLER.

EGG-PLANT RECIPES.

There Is No More Tender Vegetable Nor More Toothsome When Properly Prepared.

EGGPLANT WITH ONIONS.—Cut an eggplant into thin slices lengthwise; dust over with salt, and let remain until the bitter liquor is drawn out. Then place in a frying-pan with olive oil and butter, whichever preferred, and brown over a brisk fire. Take them out of the pan and lay them at the bottom of the baking dish. Peel four medium-sized onions, cut them in slices and put them in the frying-pan; add more butter if required, and fry until browned. Lay the onions over the eggplant, season with salt and three teaspoonful of sugar, pour in one teacupful of water and half that quantity of vinegar, and set the pan over a slow fire. When the moisture is nearly all absorbed, arrange the eggplant and onions on a hot dish and serve.

BROILED EGGPLANT.—Peel the plant and cut into half-inch slices, roll in flour, put into a pan which has already been supplied with melted butter or sweet oil if preferred. Let broil, turning as needed, for five minutes. Take off and serve with a gill of maitre d'hotel sauce.

EGGPLANT FRITTERS.—Boil in salted water flavored with a little lemon juice; when tender, skin, drain and mash into a pulp. To every pint of pulp use a half breakfast cup of flour, beat up and add two well-beaten eggs; season with salt and pepper to taste. Shape into any form chosen, and drop in boiling fat, and fry both sides until brown.

BOILED EGGPLANTS.—Remove the skin, cut into moderate-sized pieces, put into a saucepan of boiling water, pinch of salt, little parsley and an onion. Boil until tender. Prepare sauce as follows: Place one ounce of butter into a small steppan with one-third of a tablespoonful of flour and mix it over the fire, then stir in a small bottle of catsup and keep on stirring until it boils, season with salt and pepper. When cooked drain the water off and serve with the sauce.

FRIED WITH CHEESE.—Peel the plant, cut into quarters lengthwise, scoop out the seeds and cut into convenient lengths. Rub garlic over the steppan and put in a large lump of butter, melt it, then lay in the strips of eggplant, season with salt and pepper, and small quantity of nutmeg, grated Parmesan cheese and more butter if necessary. When quite tender turn the eggplant into a hot dish and garnish with buttered toast.—N. Y. World.

Wicker Furniture.

Unvarnished wicker furniture that has grown unsightly can be made to look very nice by enameling, preferably white. Another way is to dye them some color, red being particularly effective. Wet the wicker work with clear, hot water before dyeing so it will color evenly.

Under the Matting.

When laying matting, place several thicknesses of newspaper under it, to catch the dust which sieves through. After a thorough sweeping, freshen matting by going over it with a cloth dampened with ammonia water.

When Cleaning Carpet.

To clean your carpet, lay it face down on grass and whip with rattan switches. Then sweep thoroughly on both sides, and lastly go over the right side with a cloth wrung out of ammonia water.

Washing Windows.

Never attempt to wash windows when the sun is shining on them.

CHILD'S AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

Screamed with Pain—Suffering Nearly Broke Parent's Heart—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that the Cuticura Remedies have put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot, and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and got it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

It is considered probable that the British parliament will increase the tax on motor cars this year. It will be levied in the purchase price.

An improvement in the latest London "tube" is stations painted distinctive colors, so that passengers may recognize them without hearing their names called. Not much of a change, suggests an English paper—merely the substitution of a hue for a cry.

England was represented in Switzerland last year by 53 commercial travelers; Germany, which enjoys the lion's share of the Swiss import trade, employs an army of nearly 5,000 "drummers," and is followed by France, with 1,386, of these enterprising agents, who annually sell there \$40,000,000 worth of French merchandise.

Few lawyers in Great Britain make over \$50,000 a year, but Mr. Moulton, who has just succeeded Lord Justice Mathew, is believed to have given up a practice worth at least twice that much. He is regarded as one of the most widely read men of the time. In classics, languages, mathematics and several sciences he is an expert. His mastery of electrical science made him a tremendous power in patent cases.

Restaurant keepers of Berlin are in the midst of a war with their guests as to whether "broedchen" shall be free with meals or be charged for in the bill. From time immemorial Berliners have eaten as many rolls as they desired, but the restaurateurs determined to put the bread into the reckoning. They hung up notices to that effect in their dining rooms, but their guests tore down the placards and refused to pay for their "broedchen."

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys.

Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Music for Neighbors.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors."—Washington Star.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of  J. C. Ayer.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

"De reason," said Uncle Eben, "why de elephant an' de mule figures so much in politics is dat one allus wants to be on parade an' de other is allus ready to kick."—Washington Star.

Hard to Shut Up.

"Putting a parrot in a strong cage," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "doesn't shut the bird up altogether."—Yonkers Statesman.

From the way some men prepare to go to heaven they must imagine that all they need is a letter of credit from their bankers.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Idleness is the incubator of a lot of industrious iniquity.—Chicago Tribune.