

# CUSTER COUNTY REPUBLICAN

By D. M. AMSBERRY,

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA.

## Immigrants Enslaved.

The Italian immigrants and other laborers sent to the south and west by New York padrones are the victims of cruel treatment and repression is one of the statements made by License Commissioner John N. Fogart in the annual report of the work of his office, which he submitted to-day to Mayor McClellan. Mr. Fogart reported: "The Italian immigrants are too generally the victims of the padrone. It is characteristic of the Italian immigrant that he looks with suspicion on everybody but his own countryman, and in him he puts a confidence that is almost incredible. The padrone has practically instituted slave system among his countrymen. He hires the immigrants by the hundred to go out of the city to work on contracts and obtains from the employing corporation what is known as the commissary privileges; that is, he furnishes the workmen with food and lodging, deducting the cost from their wages. As the padrone is the sole arbitrator of the cost of these necessities, it can be imagined how much the ignorant immigrant obtains as the net result of his labor. In recent cases brought to the attention of the commissioner of licenses it was shown that hundreds of Italian immigrants who believed they were going to Philadelphia or Pittsburgh were really landed in the swamps of Florida and the wilds of North Carolina, where they were kept on railroad construction work under the surveillance of armed guards until they became too sick to be of value, when they were turned loose to make their way back to New York as best they could."

## Value of Services.

It only remains to decide who shall determine the value of the individual's service in industry. Shall it be determined by public officials who have no direct interest in the matter, or shall it be left to the judgment of those who receive the service? As to which is the safer method, says an Atlantic writer, there can scarcely be a moment's doubt. Granting all that may be said about the depravity of popular tastes and the whimsicalities of fashion, of the maltreatment of the genius and the prosperity of the time-server, all this and more may be said about the insolence of office, and the arbitrariness and stupidity of public officials, elective as well as hereditary. Obviously, no one is in so good a position to appraise the value of a service as the one who is to receive it. His judgment or his taste may be perverted, but the same is equally likely in the case of any functionary to whom it may be entrusted. If the individual is to be left free to pursue his own interest in the way of performing service, it seems to follow necessarily that he must also be left free to pursue his own interest in the way of securing the services of others.

## "Shape" Bars from Job.

Shape counts for more than scientific knowledge as a qualification with the civil service commission, according to the assertions of Miss Dana L. May, a comely miss from Michigan. Miss May is in Washington camping on the trail of the commissioners. She is a graduate of Ann Arbor high school and the state normal school at Ypsilanti, Mich. She brings documentary proof to show that on her mental examination she made a string of 100s in every branch except two or three. The result of her physical examination was a disappointment, and when she sought explanation she was informed, she says, that she was not tall enough in proportion to her width. Miss May confesses she is in the "short and stout" class. "If I were a society miss with a wealthy father I suppose I would be called 'petite,'" said she. "As it is I am short and stout."

While John D. Rockefeller is enjoying life abroad the manager of his huge estate in the Pocomo hills is paying 25 cents each for all snakes killed on the property. This disbursement is at the request of Rockefeller, who is mortally afraid of snakes. They abound in the Buttermilk hill section and the oil king never sets foot on the ground there, always having a carriage. He also offers two dollars for every dog killed on the estate, though he had some difficulty with neighbors on this account. His offer for the extermination of snakes has, however, been welcomed by everybody in the neighborhood.

It would not be advisable for the average man to follow the example of Gabriele D'Annunzio in the matter of traveling outfit. Recently on a journey D'Annunzio took 14 trunks and an Italian newspaper had the enterprise to make an inventory of their contents with the following result in part: Seventy-two shirts, 144 pairs of plain socks, 24 pairs of silk socks, 48 pairs of day gloves, 24 pairs of evening gloves, eight silk mufflers, eight violet umbrellas, ten green parasols, 20 dozen handkerchiefs and 100 colored cravats.

## Marah, the Place of Bitter Water

THIRD—In Cloud and Pillar Series

A STORY OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

Copyright, 1908, by the author, W. B. Edson.

Scripture Authority: Exodus 15:22-26.

"WATER! Water! Water!"

The cry ran down the long line of marching people, the glad news passing from mouth to mouth until the sultry air of the desert fairly quivered with the volume of the sound. In the distance away off to the left could be clearly seen the vision of cool springs and shady palm trees, and the welcome sight brought a wild thrill of joy and thankfulness to the thirsty, tired people.

For two days now since their departure from the Red sea, after their miraculous deliverance from Pharaoh, the Hebrew people had been struggling across the hot, dusty reaches of the wilderness. The water they had brought with them, while not exhausted, was warm and brackish, and their thirsty bodies were longing for a draught from some cool spring. Eagerly as they marched, obediently following the Cloud which went before them, they kept a keen lookout for the signs of water, and when the cry was raised: "Water! Water!" and the people saw the welcome vision in the distance, seemingly let down out of the very heavens for their refreshing, they clapped their hands and shouted for joy, crying to their leaders to turn and hasten thither.

But apparently unmindful of the distant vision, the Cloud still led forward in the direction it had been going. What could it mean? Surely the Cloud was misleading them! Moses could not have seen!

Again the people raised the cry of "Water! Water!" and then the elders of the people hastened forward to find Moses. But to their inquiries and their expostulations he could only point to the cloud and say:

"Whither it goes, we must follow."

On and still on the Cloud led, and the multitude reluctantly followed. All afternoon the vision hanging in the heavens seemed to follow them with tantalizing persistence, but as the sun set and the light faded the vision faded from their sight. A wall of disappointment and anger swept over the people, and gloomily they set about the task of pitching their tents and settling down for the night. Jahziel, a man of considerable influence who had caused Moses trouble on former occasions, and who had been the first to discover the sight of the water in the distance that day, was loud in his denunciation of Moses, declaring that if he had it to do over again he would go after the water, whether any others went with him or not.

"In fact," he exclaimed, filled with a sudden determination, "I am half minded to go this night. It cannot be far distant."

"But perhaps the march will be taken up in that direction in the morning," remonstrated his friends. "Or we may find water in another place."

And after dint of much argument, the fellow was dissuaded from his plan. But the next morning when the march was resumed, and the Cloud without deviation from its course of the previous day went forward, the murmuring of the people broke out afresh. Jahziel was louder than ever in his protests, and set about secretly to stir the people to rebellion, and all through the morning, as the journey was pursued and they found no water, the people were more and more willing to listen to his seditious talk. After the midday rest and the journey had been again taken up and still no water, Jahziel and his followers were upon the point of turning back, when behold before them broke the welcome sight of pools of water.

Forgetting their disappointment and murmurings, and glad that they had not departed, Jahziel and his followers hastened forward, and behind them came streaming the multitudes eager to quaff their thirst at the cool pools. Casting aside their burdens and stooping low, they scooped up the water in their palms and sucked it into their mouths like the dry and parched earth draws in the rain when it falls upon it.

But what ails the people? With why faces they spit the water out more quickly even than they had drunk it in, and a howl is raised which spreads and grows as others of the multitude crowd up to the edge of the pool and drink also of the water. But so parched are the people and so eager for a drink that again they essay to drink, but again they spit the water out as before, and again the cry of disappointment and protest rings forth.

"Marah! Marah!" (Bitterness! Bitterness!) they cried. "We cannot drink these waters."

And they sought out Moses and complained angrily, saying:

"What shall we drink? For thou hast led us to Marah, the place of bitter water."

"Nay, but it is God who has led us thither. Let us not murmur against him," was Moses' reply.

"But thou art not going to remain in this place?" exclaimed the people, im-

patiently, as they saw that the Cloud was settling down, and the horns were blowing in obedience to the signal that there the camp was to be made.

"Yea, we dare not go on, except the Cloud go before us," Moses rejoined, quietly, but with such positive emphasis that it was evident that no pleading could alter his determination.

A howl of disappointment and rage swept over the assemblage at this announcement, and Jahziel stepped forward and said:

"Would you encamp here while we perish with thirst, when refreshing springs of water and the shade of palm trees are to be found behind us? Better that we turn back to the place our eyes looked upon yesterday. Here we have naught but the bitter water. There we shall find rest and refreshing."

Nois of approval greeted this speech, but Moses, unmoved by the defiant attitude of the people, replied:

"It is only as we abide where God rests his Cloud that we can expect his blessing." And as they cried again in their distress and anger that the water was bitter and they had naught to drink, Moses added: "God can make even the bitter water sweet. He will give us to drink."

"Can God change this vile stuff?" Jahziel broke in with a sneer. "Why need he have led us to such a place when we might have found springs of good water? You may tarry here if you will, but as for me, I am going back to that other place," and he turned and walked away, followed by certain of his followers.

In silence the people watched them, seeming half inclined to turn and follow, but the presence of the Cloud hovering over them and the stern, unyielding face of Moses held them in indecision until the crisis was passed and Jahziel and his company had passed out of view.

Then Moses withdrew into his tent, leaving the people standing there, and gradually the loud murmuring ceased, as the whisper went around:

"Moses has gone to pray."

For it was noted that the Cloud had settled down upon the tent of Moses and enveloped it, as it was wont to do when the Lord would talk with their leader. Subdued by the sight, the people waited, forgetting for the moment their distressing thirst and their disappointment at the bitter waters. Then the Cloud lifted again and Moses came forth. Without the least glance to the right or the left, he passed on by the people, who watched him with mingled awe and wonder. On and on he went, never pausing until he came to the very outskirts of the camp, by which time all the assembly of the people had been stirred by the unusual proceedings and came to gather with the rest of the people and followed him at a distance.

And while all eyes watched intently, Moses stopped before a certain tree from which he speedily gathered several boughs and then turned and went swiftly towards the pools of water from which the people had so short a time before turned away in anger and disgust.

What strange thing was this which their leader was doing? With growing interest the people followed and came up to the edge of the waters as Moses cast therein the boughs he had gathered and spoke with a loud voice so that all standing near could hear, saying:

"Here would the Lord prove thee, whether ye will walk in his ways or no, for again has he given you deliverance. Drink ye of the waters, for God hath touched them with the finger of his power."

The voice ceased. But in all that great company of people there was not one who moved to stoop and drink, so blind and hard of heart were they, that they were slow to believe the words which Moses had spoken.

But at last there came one and kneeled down by the waters and sipped half hesitatingly from the bough he dipped into the pool. Then a glad shout rose from his lips, and drooping on both hands he plunged his face into the pool and drank long and eagerly. Then another and another followed his example, and soon the great thirsty throng was slaking its thirst, and shouting for joy over this thing which God had done for them.

In the meantime Jahziel and those with him had lost no time in journeying towards the place of their vision, but not that night nor the next did they find aught but the burning sands and the rocky waste. The little water they had brought with them was now well nigh exhausted, and death stared them in the face. Wearily they dragged on and on. Now no longer hoping to find the place for which they had set out, they sought to retrace their steps and regain the company from which they had so willfully withdrawn, in spite of the protests of Moses. And at last when they had about given up hope and were ready to lay down and die, they again came in sight of Marah.

Eagerly, expectantly they pressed forward with what little strength they had left, but when they had come to the place where the camp had been pitched they found it deserted and the people had gone.

"Yea, we might have known they would have gone, for how could they remain here where the waters were unfit to drink, and were but an aggravating reminder of their greatest need," spoke up Jahziel, bitterly, as he dragged himself away from the water's edge, followed by his companions. "There is nothing for us to do but to press forward."

And on into the desert they went, ignorant, because of their sin and unbelief, of the miracle God had wrought at Marah, and missing the blessing which might have been theirs even at Marah, the place of bitter waters.

## NEW HOMES IN THE NORTHWEST.

Shoshone Reservation to Be Opened to Settlement - Chicago & Northwestern R'y Announces Round Trip Excursion Rates from All Points July 12 to 29.

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Write for pamphlets, telling how to take up one of these attractive homesteads.

Information, maps and pamphlets free on request to S. F. Miller, A. G. F. & P. A., Omaha, Neb.

**Girl Horsebreaker.**  
Miss Winonah Von Ohl, a New Jersey girl 20 years old, is making quite a reputation as a horsebreaker. Five years ago, a slender slip of a girl, she went to South Dakota with her mother, who had been sent thither for a change of climate. Miss Winonah learned to ride bronchos out there and on returning east she took to training and breaking horses, in which work she has been remarkably successful. She has never sustained any injury while thus engaged.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

**Angel of Lower Rank.**  
Father Taylor's youngest grandchild declared she saw angels in the clouds beckoning her to come and play. One day a little friend said: "You're not the only one who sees angels. There's a friend of mine up there, too. See!" Little Pearl looked, and then drawled with exasperating indifference: "Oh, yes. But she isn't much of an angel, is she, sitting on the back doorsteps of Heaven, a-swinging her feet?"

**Little Girl's Desire.**  
Mabel had always worn high-topped shoes, much to her own dissatisfaction, and one day while admiring her mother's slippers she said: "Mamma, can't I have a pair of low-necked shoes next summer?"

**His Experience.**  
"Pa," said Willie, thoughtfully, "I think I know now what the minister meant when he said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" "Yes? What was it?" "Castor oil."

Lewis' Single Binder straight six cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Glistening generalities are the rhinestones of speech.

## No Improvement.

In one of the Sunday schools in Malden, Mass., recently the teacher of a class of small boys inquired of each one if he thought he had been a better boy during the year. Each answer was in the affirmative except one little fellow about eight years old, who was conspicuous for his silence. The teacher put the question to him a second time, when with considerable earnestness he replied: "I am just as worse as I ever was."

As a rule women are not inclined to lay up anything for a rainy day—probably because they dislike the idea of shopping in the rain.

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## On Time Yeast

for 5 cents, warranted by the On Time Yeast Company to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Two packages of "On Time" will cost you 10 cents and are equal in weight to three packages of any other brand for which you will pay 15 cents.

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