

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

SUCCESSOR TO
CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT GOOD, Editor and Publisher

Official Paper of Cherry County,
Nebraska.
\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered at the Post-office at Valentine, Cherry
County, Nebraska, as Second-class matter.

This paper will be mailed regularly
to its subscribers until a definite order
to discontinue is received and all ar-
rears are paid in full.

Advertising rates, 50 cents per inch
per month. Rates per column or for
long time ads, made known on appli-
cation to this office.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1896.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Who was nominated by the National
convention of the democratic party for
President of the United States, and
who was endorsed by the populist and
bimetallism parties at St. Louis.

Democratic Ticket.

For President
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Lincoln, Nebraska
For Vice President
ARTHUR SEWALL
Of Bath, Maine

Wait for the Fourth of July at Val-
entine in 1897.

A Bryan club has been organized at
Canton, Ohio, the home of "Majah"
McKinley.

Democrats are not joining the Mc-
Kinley clubs as rapidly as was anti-
cipated by the disciples of a Chinese
wall tariff.

Local politics are beginning to siz-
zle, and soon the omnipresent candi-
date will be buttonholing the "inno-
cent" farmer.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria
intends resigning the throne of Eng-
land. Here is a chance for some dis-
appointed politician to obtain an easy
job.

Many papers credit Tom Watson
with being the author of that famous
expression "Where am I at?" Hon.
Jas. E. Cobb, of Tuskegee, Ala., should
come out and assert himself ere he
loses his laurels as an originator of
that awful offense against English
grammar.

The assessed valuation of this school
district is \$118,000. The district can
therefore legally issue \$11,800 worth of
bonds. The proposed issue will
amount to only \$10,000, and the school
house will cost not more than \$8,000.
Built of native stone and by local
workmen, it means just \$8,000 more
in circulation in Valentine.

The nomination of McKinley is not
meeting with the enthusiasm that was
predicted. For two years republicans
have been going wild over the Napoleon
who was to lead them to victory, but
just now it seems that the coming
campaign will be more like Napoleon's
trip to Russia than his trip to Italy.
Next November will witness the re-
treat of the republican hosts in much
the same manner as the French re-
treated from Moscow.

As was anticipated, the Rushville
Recorder, which has been run as a re-
publican paper for just one week,
divides the publishing of the proposed
constitutional amendments with the
Gordon Journal, a staunch, tried and
true republican paper, whereat Bro.
Lyon, of the last named sheet, is justly
warm under the collar. This shows
the straits to which the g. o. p. is re-
duced. The Rushville Democrat sold
its principle for patronage.

SUPERINTENDENT CORBETT.

State Superintendent of Public In-
struction Henry R. Corbett visited the
Cherry county institute, incidental to
his campaign tour of the state, and
thereby hangs a tale.

The school laws of Nebraska provide
that the state superintendent shall at-
tend institutes as far as practicable.
July 21st he wrote Miss L. U. Stoner,
our county superintendent, saying: "I
shall go to Valentine Sunday, July 26,
and be with your teachers at their in-
stitute Monday, July 27th." This was
written and the appointment made
without solicitation on the part of our
superintendent, and the visit was
looked upon merely as the performance
of his official duty, incidental, as said
before, to his campaign of the state
preparatory to the coming election.
He came, he visited, he talked (we
won't say lectured) and he left, but he
forgot to pay his board bill. Instead,
he left a polite note saying that if the
institute fund for lecturers was not
sufficient to pay his expenses he would
do so on presentation of the bill!

Holy smoke! Have things come to
such a pass that we have to pay the
personal expenses of our state officials
in addition to their salary for the per-
formance of their duty? This gentle-
man(?) even went so far as to tell the
institute instructors here that "he
would look out for himself while in
town." He did, but he left his hotel
bill. This is a small matter, figured in
dollars and cents, but when principle
is considered it is a mountain, and
how Supt. Corbett can get over it is an
interesting problem.

A LETTER FROM OHIO

THE DEMOCRAT takes pleasure in
this week in giving its readers a letter
received from Ohio by J. H. Quigley.
The letter is written from Bellville,
Richland county, and is dated July 27.
It says:

The nomination of W. J. Bryan and
the adoption of a free silver platform
was just the proper thing to do. I
firmly believe that Bryan will carry
Ohio by a very large majority over all
the other candidates. The change
from all the other parties here to the
support of Bryan is simply wonderful!
We have very few democrats in cen-
tral Ohio who will vote the gold bug
ticket if one is nominated by the dis-
affected capitalists of the east. Do
not think for a moment that if there
is one nominated that it will strength-
en the McKinley party. When the
republicans met at Zanesville and en-
tered into a contract that Bushnell
should be governor, Foraker should be
senator and McKinley president, they
did not consult the people outside of
this state. I think you will be perfect-
ly safe in saying that McKinley will
never get the electoral vote of Ohio.
There are hundreds of men in this
county who never voted the democ-
ratic ticket who are earnestly sup-
porting Bryan. Men of influence in
the republican party are on the streets
every day more enthusiastic for Bryan
than many original democrats.

J. E. HOWARD.

Coming from the hotbed of McKin-
leyism this may seem strange, but
it is nevertheless true as the editor of
this paper can prove. He is an origi-
nal Buckeye, and was in Ohio while
McKinley was governor. Where the
"joes" is best known he is least liked.

THE DEMOCRAT this week publishes
the proposed amendments to the con-
stitution, and wishes all its readers to
study them carefully between this date
and November third. THE DEMOCRAT
is not a republican paper, and though
some surprise may be manifested at the
publication of these amendments in
this paper, the editor wishes to assure
his friends that the amendments were
secured without a sacrifice of princi-
ple, or a promise to support the repub-
lican ticket. This paper always tries
to keep its readers informed on hap-
penings of interest, even though it oc-
casions considerable expense and extra
effort. Its reward is the many kind
words spoken of, for and to it by those
who appreciate enterprise.

When W. J. Bryan was named for
president by both the silver and popu-
list conventions at St. Louis last week,
a deed for freedom was done. The
man, who will lead the American peo-
ple out of bondage, was chosen. All
reform elements now rally around the
standard of the "Boy Orator of the
Platte," and he will be carried into the
White House by a majority which will
forever put an end to John Bull's reign
over this country.—Stromsburg Head-
light.

The populists of Cherry county
showed great wisdom when they in-
structed their delegates to the state
convention to vote for Miss Stoner for
state superintendent.

The republican party has become a
party of calamity howlers with a venge-
ance. They will ruin the credit of the
country. It is about time the republi-
cans were taking a tumble to them-
selves.—Ainsworth Home Rule.

The suit of Mrs. Geo. Clark against
the city of O'Neill was compromised
last Tuesday by a board of arbitration
and the city will pay the plaintiff \$200
for injuries sustained by reason of a
defective sidewalk. Broken and de-
fective sidewalks are an expensive
luxury for any town.—Stuart Ledger.

According to Mark Hanna, the only
issue in the present campaign is "How
to Elect McKinley; or, The Mandates
of the Corporations Must be Obeyed."
On the third day of November the
sequel to the above will be written as
follows: "Bryan is Elected; or, The
People Have Triumphed."

There are now but two parties in
the field worthy of note. The popu-
crat and the republican. Those who
believe in neither can take their choice,
or not vote at all. The democrats are
not doing business at the old stand as
usual this year. Their turn will come
in four years hence, after the country
has tired of the lay out now clamoring
for recognition.—Alliance Grip.

The Standard is informed that a
gold-standard club was organized in
Rushville, on Saturday evening and
that it will be known as the McKinley
Club. A great effort was made to
start it off with a boom, but our in-
formant says there were just 25 persons
seen to leave the court house hall, the
place of meeting, and they were not all
residents of Rushville. McKinleyism
is leader than a mackerel in this part
of the country.—Rushville Standard.

Every possible influence will be
brought to bear on individuals this
fall to make them fall into line for the
party of monopolies and trusts, headed
by Wm. McKinley. These same cor-
porations and trusts paid off McKin-
ley's debts a few years ago, and are now
looking after their pay. If they suc-
ceed in their efforts they are assured
of a return of their investment with a
great interest fund added.—Chadron
Signal-Recorder.

The Ainsworth Star-Journal is a
McKinley organ. Likewise it is sup-
posed to be in favor of a gold stand-
ard. But Prof. Berkley got rattled
last week and made some of the best
arguments in favor of free coinage
that we have had the opportunity of
reading in many a day. In an article
directed to Senator Stewart, Prof.
Berkley says:

Can't you understand that if you get
freedom of access to the mints with
your train-loads of silver, the dollar
will be full-valued dollars regard-
less of their value in exchange? They
may be worth 50c, or 40c, or 60c of
the present standard, but whatever
they are worth, they will still be full-
valued dollars. Do you imagine that
it will take a long time for people to
get their business down to a silver
basis? You surely must have forgotten
that this is a nation of railroads and
telegraphs.

The foregoing needs no comment.
Prof. Berkley has been converted.
There's no use denying it, and next
week the world will expect to see the
name of Wm. J. Bryan at the head of
the Star-Journal editorial columns.

THE EASTERN QUESTION

In his lecture before the Cherry
County Teacher's Institute last week,
Chaplain O. J. Nave made the remark-
able statement that the Armenian
trouble was not due to religious fanat-
icism so much as to Russia's inordi-
nate desire to extend her possessions
and gain control of Constantinople
and the Bosphorus. He contends that
Russia maintains a corps of emissaries
in Armenia and other Turkish depen-
dencies for the purpose of stirring up
stife, thus getting Christian nations to
denounce the Turk, in the event of
whose overthrow the Armenians would
naturally turn to Russia for protec-
tion.

The chaplain ought not upset our
pet theories in this manner. For
years Christians have been sympathiz-
ing with Armenia and cursing Turkey,
and to have to look upon the latter as
the nation imposed upon (by Russia)
causes a distinct shock to our feelings.
The poor Turk is the one to sympa-
thize with. He has nowhere to lie his
head. All nations are against him,
and even the followers of the Prince
of Peace advocate his annihilation.
The sublime porte has our sympathy.

THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH

Author of "The Adventures of Don Enrique Romero," etc. etc.

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THE DEMOCRAT offers a prize of
\$5.00 for the best solution of the mys-
tery on which this story is based. A
prize of \$3.00 will be given for the
next best solution; \$2.00 for the third
best; one year's subscription for the
fourth and six months' subscription
for the fifth best solution.

SYNOPSIS

Chapter I—Introduces the heroine, Isabel
Preston, the only daughter of the wealthy Ne-
braska ranchman, Henry Preston, with whom
three cowboys, Charles Thompson, Will Powell
and Edward Belden are in love. Chapter II—
The Preston Mystery. After supper Will Powell
and Isabel take a stroll, Will declares his love,
and is assured that he is loved in return. As the
lover bends to kiss his sweetheart a shot is fired
from the bushes and Isabel sinks to the ground,
shot through the breast. Chapter III—A Vain
Pursuit. Ranchman Preston hears the shot and
calls the cowboys together. They visit the river
but Isabel and Powell have disappeared. Dis-
covering tracks of horses they follow them and
almost overtake three horsemen who escape in
the darkness. Chapter IV—John Preston, of
the U. S. Secret Service, arrives at the ranch.
It is found that Edward Belden and Charles
Thompson have left the ranch. A party of cow-
boys find the body of Isabel and led by Dick
Jones swear to avenge her murder.

CHAPTER V. A Broken Heart.

When the cowboys left the ranch
with Preston, John Preston begged
leave to accompany them, but his
uncle would not allow him to do so,
as he was unused to rough riding, so
the young man reluctantly stayed be-
hind to comfort his aunt.

The sight of the dead form of her
loved daughter proved too much for
the already unnerved mother and she
fainted away. All night the poor
woman raved in delirium, calling the
name of Isabel.

At daybreak Jones, who was judged
the best rider on the ranch, was dis-
patched to overtake Preston's party,
and at nightfall the jaded band came
back.

What a change had come over the
features of the grief-stricken father in
the past few hours! His hair, which
had been of a raven blackness, was
actually turning gray in places.

Entering the house, reeling from side
to side with fatigue, he sank with a
deep sob by the dead form of Isabel.

It was a terrible night. A great
storm arose at midnight; the thunder
crashed; a gale tore madly around the
silent prairie home, and the rain pour-
ed down in heavy sheets as if to drown
the sorrows of the wretched mortals
within.

Toward morning Mrs. Preston raised
herself on her couch and called
faintly for her husband. He was at
her side in an instant. She had sunk
back and was breathing heavily.

"What is it, Margaret; are you ill,
dear wife?" asked the ranchman, bend-
ing tenderly over her. "I am dying,
Henry," she answered, faintly, "and I
am glad God is so good to me. Soon
will I be with my little Isabel." The
voice was growing fainter.

"Oh, Margaret," moaned the unhap-
py man, "leave me not, dear wife; my
heart, too, is broken; I cannot face a
double grief alone."

But the end had come. With a
faintly murmured farewell the weary
mother sank into a sleep that knows
no waking. A smile rested on the
pale features of the dead woman. No
more would earthly griefs trouble the
kind old mother.

Long did Preston gaze stonily upon
his dead wife's features, then sinking
by her side he moaned: "What have
I done to deserve such sorrow? I
care not to live longer. All I held
dear on earth is gone. Alone must I
face my grief; but not for long. God
give me strength to hunt down the
murderer of my child; then I am
ready to go."

Next morning a double grave on a
little mound near the river received
the remains of Isabel and her poor
mother, while with uncovered heads
the cowboys stood sadly by.

When the mound had been smooth-
ed above his loved ones, Preston knelt
beside the grave with bowed head.
Long did he kneel there as if in silent
communion with his dead, then he
arose and went, a broken hearted
man.

CHAPTER VI. An Extract.

In the Omaha Weekly Hornet of
June 25, 18— appeared the following
article, headed:

A NEBRASKA MYSTERY!

"A story comes to us from the cat-
tle country, a story the full details of
which are, as yet, enveloped in deep
mystery.

"On the evening of June 10, the
beautiful daughter of the well-known
Nebraska ranchman, Henry Preston,

left home for an evening's stroll in
company with the ranch foreman,
Will Powell. A little later the family
are startled by the sound of a pistol
shot in the direction of the river.
Hurrying to the river bank the ranch-
man and his cowboys discover a pool
of blood and the imprint of hoofs in
the soft sand, but not a trace of the
foreman and the girl. A thunder
storm arising soon after, all chance
for following the trail of the horsemen
is lost.

"Next morning the cowboys dis-
cover that two of their number are
missing, Edward Belden and Charles
Thompson respectively, and they are
suspected of having murdered either
or both the foreman and the girl.
The surrounding country has been
thoroughly searched, but to no pur-
pose.

"Later—the body of Isabel Preston
was discovered several days since
where it had been lodged ashore in a
bend of the Niobrara. A pistol wound
was discovered in the left breast, which
had evidently caused instant death.

"Three horsemen were met riding
swiftly westward on the night of the
murder by John Preston, of the U. S.
secret service, who was journeying on
foot from where the stage had left
him to his uncle's ranch, but nothing
has since been heard of them. The
tragedy is shrouded in complete mys-
tery.

"We understand that the shock
caused by her daughter's awful death
resulted in the death of Mrs. Preston.

"John Preston, Henry Preston and
Richard Jones, who found Isabel's
body, have started to trail down the
cowardly murderer. The Hornet hopes
to hear of the early capture and con-
viction of the murderer or murderers
of this sweet young girl."

"The Preston mystery was the chief
topic of the times for quite a period,
but at last, as time passed and nothing
further was heard concerning it, it
was dropped, and became a topic of
the past, shrouded in a mystery as
deep as that which surrounded the
Iron Mask.

CHAPTER VII. The Silver Three.

The scene of our story is now
carried to a town that—at the time our
story opens—was one of the most
lively on Nebraska's frontier, North
Platte. In its brightest days, when
the Denver trail was the great over-
land route of the plains, the road for
teamsters, gold seekers and adventur-
ers, North Platte was as busy a place
as could be found anywhere on the
entire western frontier. With Sioux
and other Indian tribes to both the
north and southward; the numerous
bands of frontier outlaws overrunning
the surrounding country; gamblers
and toughs of every description within
the town, times were anything but
quiet and peaceful for its inhabitants.

Within the brilliantly lighted saloon
of the Perry House on the evening of
the day we mention, May 1st, 18—,
almost a year after the happening of
the thrilling events recorded in our
former chapters, two men might have
been seen seated at one of the card
tables conversing. The face of one of
these men, that of the elder of the two,
is worthy of more than passing men-
tion. It is deeply seamed, and his
hair, which is of a silvery whiteness,
falls in silky waves over his broad
shoulders. In the piercing but sunken
grey eyes, grief, a grief that has
wrecked his life, is plainly shown.

He is watching the crowd of cow-
boys, gamblers and teamsters who
come and go, but all are strangers—he
sees no familiar face.

The younger man, who seems to be
of about twenty-five years of age, is
also closely scanning each new arrival
as if expecting to see a face he knows.
As he turns his head to address the
elder man we see the pleasant features
of John Preston.

"Well, Uncle Henry, for almost a
year we searched the entire western
portion of Nebraska in vain; it is dis-
couraging, but, somehow, something
tells me that we will finally here find
the key to the Preston mystery."

"You remember, Uncle," continued
John, "when we met the weird old
woman hobbling along the Dismal
valley, when, after our consenting to
have our fortunes told, she said that
we three were trying to solve a great
mystery, the key of which was a silver

"3," and that we would find it in
North Platte, you scoffed at the idea,
and for that matter, so did I; but
something causes me to believe that
this night will not pass without giving
into our hands the mysterious "3."

"God grant you may be right, John.
I grow weary of life—of the chase it-
self; I sometimes wish that death
would end it all; I live only to clear
up this great mystery."

The old man bowed his head and
gave a weary sigh.
At this moment a man seemingly of
about middle age, approached John.
He was dressed in usual frontier garb
and heavy spurs clinked on the heels
on his handsome top boots as he ap-
proached.

"Good evening, pard," was his
pleasant greeting, as he halted near
them. "What say you shall we have a
game of cards?"

"With pleasure, sir," replied John.
"I will play with you. My uncle, I
suppose, does not feel like playing."

"No, John, I will stroll about while
you play with the gentleman," answer-
ed the elder Preston, rising and walk-
ing away.

"Doesn't the old gentlemen feel
well?" asked the stranger, as he deftly
shuffled the bits of pasteboard.

"He is dying of grief, stranger," re-
plied John. "I suppose you remem-
ber the mystery of the Preston ranch?"

The man nodded.

"He is Henry Preston, the father of
my murdered cousin Isabel."

"I remember hearing something of
the story last year," said the stranger,
carelessly; "I imagine a grief such as
his must be would have killed me long
ago."

Several games were played in sil-
ence, the stranger losing steadily. At
last he arose to go. As he did so he
held forth a packet to John who gazed
wonderingly at the man as he took it.

"You asked awhile ago if I remem-
bered the Preston mystery; I do.
That packet will tell you something of
it, Mr. Preston, and will, if I mistake
not, aid you to unravel the mystery of
the Niobrara. Open it and read its
contents."

John hurriedly untied the packet.
As he cut the twine that bound it
something fell from it to the floor
striking with a metallic sound. Pick-
ing it up and holding it to the light,
John gave a gasp of astonishment. It
was a piece of silver, of perhaps half a
pound in weight, cast in the shape of
a figure "3."

"The key of the witch's prophecy!"
almost shouted John. "How came
this in your possession, stranger?" he
asked, turning.

But the man had disappeared.
"What have you there, John?" asked
the voice of his uncle, who had in the
meanwhile strolled up.

"The long-sought-for key, Uncle.
The stranger handed me this packet
before he left, and this paper I found
within the package. I will now read
its contents:

"To Henry Preston, Dear Sir:—If
you would solve the mystery which
envelopes the tragedy of the Niobrara,
follow implicitly the directions herein
set forth.

"Near the mouth of the Minneka-
duza river in northwestern Nebraska
can be found a round topped hill with
sides of unusual abruptness. Go there,
mount the hill, and by digging in the
exact center of the top you will learn
more of the mystery.

"Press the ring at the end of the
silver "3."

"No Name."

"Thank God," murmured the grate-
ful Preston; "at last we have found a
clue."

Pressing the tiny ring which projec-
ed from one end of the "3," the queer
looking figure flew open from its
points like an ordinary locket, and as
it did so a tiny paper fell to the floor.
John instantly seized it, and on open-
ing it found that it contained the fol-
lowing written couplet:

"He who finds the proper "3"
Solves the Preston Mystery."

TO BE CONTINUED.

We want a correspondent in every
precinct in Cherry county who will
send us the news of his or her locality
at least once a month—often if pos-
sible. We offer inducements to corre-
spondents. Write us about it.

A rumor has gained ground that an
independent candidate for commis-
sioner from the second district will be
in the field this fall.

Ainsworth has organized a bimetal-
lic club with a membership of almost
one hundred voters.

THE DEMOCRAT \$1 per year.