

# 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 arrears are paid in full.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1896.

## Democratic Ticket.

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

Who is going to be nominated for representative from the 52nd district?

The official organ of the Knights of labor announces that it will support Bryan.

It is claimed that one hundred republicans in Chadron will vote for Bryan and free silver.

Maryland will give its electoral vote to Bryan, if municipal elections show the trend of public sentiment.

The St. Louis Republic says that doctors claim tornadoes produce hysteria. So do political cyclones. Mark Hanna for instance.

A sound money democratic candidate for president will be put in the field September 2. What effect this will have on the chances of the other candidates is hard to determine.

The issue of the present campaign is to elect McKinley, according to Mark Hanna. Why should not democrats take the same platform, substituting the word "defeat" for "elect."

A man named Lyle was arrested at Rushville last week on the charge of incest with his own daughter. During the night preceding the trial the girl changed her mind about prosecuting and the villain was discharged.

Did it ever occur to you that the fellows who charge the farmers from fifteen to forty per cent for money, are not the bloated bondholders and capitalists of the east, but the "money sharks" of the west? — *Gordon Journal*.

Several republican papers are publishing extracts from the Chicago Times-Herald and label them democratic. There isn't a more pronounced republican paper in the United States, and hasn't been since the death of Editor Scott.

Down in Richardson county the republicans dare not mention the name of William J. Bryan in their meetings, because the mere name awakens such enthusiasm as to seriously disturb the "faithful" in their adoration of the "Joss of Canton."

To make things still harder for the poor newspaper man a certain patent medicine concern is inserting a clause in its advertising contracts to the effect that they have the privilege of revoking same if Candidate W. J. Bryan is elected president.

Numerous papers which are opposed to Bryan merely because the "Joss of Canton" is in the race, are accusing him of borrowing the expression "cross of gold." This is peanut politics in its worst form. "There is nothing new under the sun."

The B.&M. railroad does not allow the distribution of advertising matter in its shops, but circulars announcing republican meetings and advising the workmen to join McKinley clubs can be distributed among its employes and posted on its buildings. All others are barred.

## BRYAN AND SEWALL.

Some people are very inquisitive. Notwithstanding the fact that THE DEMOCRAT carries at its masthead the democratic ticket and has repeatedly produced editorials on the subject, these inquisitive ones continue to ask what are we going to do.

Right now THE DEMOCRAT wishes to state that it will support the democratic ticket.

The editor of this paper is a young man in years, but he has always been a democrat. When he first took charge of this paper he advocated "sound money" through its columns because he believed it was right and that it was a principle of democracy.

The national convention of the democratic party met at Chicago and declared that free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was democratic. Older and wiser heads than that of the editor were present at that convention and enunciated this doctrine. It would be folly for him to say they were wrong. Should he do so he would have no political standing whatever. He cannot support McKinley and retain his democracy. He does not believe any democrat can do so.

McKinley represents the perfect antithesis of everything democratic. He does not even represent the gold standard. The platform was forced under him while he was being held up to the gaze of the thousands by Mark Hanna and other monopolists of the east. He is a man without marked ability in any direction, his notoriety as the apostle of high protection being forced upon him while chairman of a congressional committee. Since that time he has done nothing but talk "protection" and extend sympathy to the very people which the infamous bill which bears his name reduced to poverty and want.

William J. Bryan is a democrat, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The editor has enjoyed his personal acquaintance for years, and a sounder or more able exponent of democracy it has not been his fortune to meet. Those who deny his democracy lay themselves liable to the same charge. THE DEMOCRAT admires Bryan in every way, as a gentleman, as a scholar, as a politician and as a democrat. If the principles he advocates are wrong, the people will say so.

Another ticket is to be put in the field, labeled "National Democracy," but what its object is to be is not clearly defined. It is said that it will aid Bryan and injure McKinley, but even its most ardent supporters are not predicting its success. They say that none of the platforms so far presented to the people represent their convictions. If an attempt was made to make a platform to suit each individual it is safe to say that every voter would have a platform of his own. To vote for the new ticket seems to this paper like voting for nothing, therefore it cannot support it.

There is only one course for democrats to pursue, and that is to support the ticket as nominated at Chicago. Bryan on a free coinage of iron platform is more acceptable than McKinley on a protection to monopoly platform.

## CANNOT BE REFUTED.

There are just three things in the present campaign which militate against republican success at the polls this fall, and try as hard as they may republicans cannot get around them:

First, the present financial depression and the great panic of 1893 were not caused by the repeal of the McKinley tariff bill. The present tariff produces more revenue than that of '91.

Second, the Sherman law, the "infamous Sherman law" as it is generally called, was the work of a republican congress, and it is this law which the gold standard people claim precipitated the panic.

Third, Wm. McKinley, the idol, the "savior," the "leader of the masses" has not even to this day declared in favor of the "existing gold standard" which the republican platform says "must be maintained."

THE DEMOCRAT would be pleased to have some republican attempt to refute these statements and drop the profuse use of the words "anarchist," "repudiation," "commerce destroyers," "export killers," etc., which embellish the usual republican speeches and editorials.

Above all things else, teach the girls to cook, wash and sew. The highest compliment that can be paid a woman is to be able to say of her that she is a model housewife. It carries with it greater worth and honor than to say of a man, he is a statesman.—*Gordon Journal*.

A Bryan and Sewall silver club of 117 members was organized at Bellwood last week. The list is composed of 45 republicans, 20 populists, 51 democrats and 1 prohibitionist.—*Polk Co. Independent*.

And yet they tell us Bryan won't carry the state of Nebraska. This club seems to be a little behind time, though, as it only contains 45 republicans, or 40 per cent of the total membership.

The prospect is not very good for democratic voters. It is evident that the Chicago convention really indexed the feelings of the democracy. Those democrats who want honest money must vote for McKinley and bitter as the pill is, it is the only golden one now upon the market. Bolting is out of the question.

The above is a sample of the editorials now going the rounds of the opposition press. How they exult over the dissensions in the ranks of democracy, and add insult to injury by gleefully exclaiming that "McKinley is a bitter pill but you will have to take it." Do republicans think democrats are credulous enough to vote for McKinley under the pretense that he is a "sound money" man when he himself shies away from the money question every time it is presented to him and rattles off "protection" like a phonograph or some other piece of mechanism? Nit!

## THE LUCKY "SEVEN."

There is a superstition which is quite general that the number 13 is unlucky. How it originated is not exactly known. There is another superstition which is as well known as that regarding the 13, to the effect that number 7 is a lucky number. It is the natural offset of the 13. Numerous articles have been written showing McKinley's connection with the number 13, and now it is time to work the opposite for Bryan.

In the first place there are just 7 letters in the name W. J. Bryan. He was nominated by a convention which met on the 7th day of the 7th month in a city which is spelled with 7 letters. Bryan stopped at a hotel whose name is composed of 7 letters—Clifton—and was assigned to room number 7. He was nominated by H. T. Lewis, and the first state to vote for him was Georgia, and the state that secured his nomination was Montana. The chairman of the convention was S. M. White. There were 7 candidates before the convention and seven states followed the standard of Nebraska for a long time until Illinois joined the procession. The most prominent woman's club in Nebraska was organized by Mrs. Bryan and is called Sorosis. Bryan wears a number 7 shoe and No. 7 hat.

We could go on almost indefinitely in this strain, but it is unnecessary. If there is any virtue in the mystic 7 Bryan, who is in his 37th year, will be president in 1897. McKinley used to boast that he looked like Napoleon, and the fact that he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo is full of significance.

## ABOUT OURSELVES.

Democrats should not hesitate in their support of THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT. It is rapidly attaining a reputation second to none in northwestern Nebraska, and its influence is bound to be felt in the coming campaign. During the four months in which the paper has been in control of the present management, the subscription list has increased just 106. Of this number not over 25 are democrats, so it can be readily seen that the paper is appreciated for its news features. The following extract from the *Gordon Journal* is but a sample of the many compliments received by this paper:

Laying aside its politics, the Valentine Democrat is the best local newspaper in at least seven counties along the F.E.&M.V. In the language of the *Rushville Recorder*, which came to fill a long-felt political want, on the part of the editor, "To hades with politics anyway."

The people of Valentine appreciate the paper, as is shown by the advertising columns. We can't resist the temptation to give just one more testimonial to the excellence of the paper. This was unsolicited and comes from a staunch republican down the road to whom we sent a copy of the paper:

I received a copy of your newsy little sheet and am glad to learn of your success in the newspaper business. Although its politics are not of my belief, its appearance is a credit to any town.

Don't think for a moment that this is an old and intimate friend. We never met the gentlemen until last winter. For a distance of 400 miles along the F.E.&M.V. railroad there is not another democratic paper. The subscription price is only \$1 a year.

# THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH

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

(Copyright 1896, by the Author. All rights reserved.)

THE DEMOCRAT offers a prize of \$5.00 for the best solution of the mystery 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 Nebraska ranchman, Henry Preston, with whom three cowboys, Charles Thompson, Will Powell and Edward Beiden 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. Discovering 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 Beiden and Charles Thompson have left the ranch. A party of cowboys find the body of Isabel and led by Dick Jones swear to avenge her murder. Chapter V.—A Broken Heart. Mrs. Preston dies of grief over her murdered daughter Isabel. Chapter VI.—An Extract. The Omaha Weekly Hornet comments on the mystery and says no traces of the murderers have been found. Chapter VII.—The Silver "Three". Time about one year later, Henry Preston, John Preston and Dick Jones are at North Platte when a stranger gives them a silver "3" which when opened discloses a paper telling them to go to a round-topped hill near the mouth of the Minnehadzuza for further developments in the mystery.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### John's Story.

Early next morning the two Prestons and Dick Jones were in the saddle and headed for the northward. It was a lovely morning. The prairie larks here and there among the flowers made merry music; the cool breeze and fresh prairie air caused even the gloomy brow of Henry Preston to wear an unusually pleasant expression. As for John, all the tragedies in the world could not make him sad for any length of time. He and Dick were constantly exchanging jokes and stories of the border.

"I wonder where Jim and his four pardners are this morning?" said Dick suddenly; "the last I heard of them they were searching the bad lands of Wyoming, running down a supposed clew that they had found. It may be we will fall in with them in the Niobrara country."

He alluded to the five men who were with him when they discovered the body of the murdered Isabel.

"I trust we may," replied John; "they say the Sioux are restless up in that section, and our party of three men wouldn't make much of a showing in case they saw fit to molest us."

"Well, I should say not; if old Spotted Tail should take a fancy to our Winchesters he would probably request us to hand them over. Hang it all! I don't half like the idea of going up there into that country just now without an escort of soldiers. It isn't safe for any white man, unless it might be one of 'Doc' Middleton's cheerful horse appropriators. By the way, 'Doc' is a cheerful old boy, isn't he? I wouldn't be surprised, if we go up into his territory, to have him and some of his gang riding our horses inside of two weeks, with us on foot."

"We'll try to keep our eyes open, Dick, for if we lose our horses we lose everything."

"Of course we will keep our eyes open, but even that is of little use against the craftiness of 'Doc' Middleton, as I will prove to you by the following story:

"Not long ago three men left Fremont headed for the hills. Meeting a couple of scouts they were warned to keep a bright lookout or they would lose their horses. They laughed at the idea; said that if 'Doc' Middleton was smart enough to get their horses he was welcome to them, etc. A few nights later they were encamped in Loup valley, and a severe thunder storm came up soon after sundown; the wind blew a gale and the roar of thunder was incessant. Securing their horses to one of the wagons with chains and getting inside with a lantern lighted they got out their Winchesters and prepared to keep watch. The horses pulled quite a bit at first, but finally quieted down, and naught was heard but the fury of the storm and the rush of water. About midnight the storm slackened up and the men clambered out for a look about, and found six filed chains and a bit of card board pinned to the wagon box with a Bowie knife, which contained the following brief inscription: "Compliments of 'Doc' Middleton."

"Ha, ha," laughed John, "and what did the over-confident three do, did they go gunning for the genial 'Doc'?"

"No; that is the best of the story. They waited and cursed themselves sick until toward evening of the following day, and then, just as they were going to pack up and take the back track for the nearest ranch, up rode Middleton with a dozen of his gang and the six horses.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he, politely; "I thought perhaps you might need these goodly steeds, so I concluded to return them, with a bit of good advice to you:

"Hereafter don't boast about how you would serve or outwit 'Doc' Middleton, for, believe me, if a New York banker had a horse in his city stable to which I took a fancy, I would certainly have him. Now with best wishes for the success of your trip, I will bid you good evening."

John and even Preston were much amused over the Middleton story, and Dick related several others equally as comical.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Captured by Sioux.

The trip was uneventful for ten days and the trio had by this time reached that picturesque portion of Nebraska, the Niobrara country, and one evening camped five or six miles from the Minnehadzuza on the south bank of the Niobrara river. They had as yet seen but few Indians and these hunters, and were feeling quite jubilant over their good luck in getting within a few miles of their destination without trouble. They were cooking their supper, when glancing toward the river John suddenly observed an Indian riding leisurely toward them. He was elaborately decked out in eagle feathers and seemed to be a chief. "How," was his salutation as he rode up and drew rein. "Where paleface go; what want in Injun's country?"

John explained as best he could, but the chief regarded the trio with suspicious eyes.

"Ugh; paleface tell Injun heap lie; Injun no fool; paleface go back, or lose scalp maybe."

"But, chief, we wish to reach the hill, then we will willingly return," said John. But the Indian shook his head, and turning his horse's head started back toward the river.

"Nice state of affairs," growled Jones. "I suppose if we try to go across the river in the morning we will get our hides full of lead."

"We are going over," said Preston, quietly; "I would gain that hill in spite of the entire Sioux nation."

"And I am with you," Uncle Henry, said John.

"And in the fight which is sure to ensue as a result of our crossing, Richard Jones will endeavor to maintain the fighting record of the Jones family, established by the great John Paul," chimed in the cowboy.

"Thank you, boys," said Preston, briefly; "I would not ask for braver comrades in time of need."

This compliment pleased Dick and he immediately struck up his favorite song, for the composition of which he has always received full credit:

"Three cowboys of the prairie,  
Were herding yearling steers,  
And of the hostile reds about  
Had not the slightest fears.

—CHORUS—  
One was long and bouy—  
The next was short and stout;  
The last one of the jolly three we can't say  
Much about.

As the last words left the lips of Jones, zip! went a bullet close past his ear while the spiteful crack of a rifle sounded from the river bluff.

"Fall back, boys!" shouted Preston, running for his horse.

"As quick as I give them my compliments," replied Dick as he leveled his rifle and fired at the smoke of the shot. A yell of derision was the only reply to the shot, and Jones quickly spurred after the vanishing forms of the Prestons.

Gaining a level stretch of ground a couple of hundred yards distant where they were out of range of the Indians, Preston halted.

"Now, boys, spread your blankets and try to get a little sleep while I keep first watch over the horses," said Preston.

The night passed without any further demonstration from the Sioux. At daybreak they saddled up and headed for the river ford.

"Go easy, boys, and perhaps we can slip through. Once over the river and we are all right."

The three men rode quietly forward. No sign of Indians could be seen any-

where, and they at last gained the ford. They breathed freer as their ponies drank and splashed through the shallow waters of the Niobrara.

They gained the opposite shore, and as Jones was feeling in a jolly mood, he began on the second verse of his song, when, suddenly, with a hair-raising shout of "Hi, yi, yip, yip," fully two score of Sioux braves sprang up as if by magic all around them and seized their bridle reins. With a curse Jones knocked the two nearest flat with the stock of his gun, and driving spurs leaped his horse fairly on half a dozen more who had blocked the way. His fiery mustang had made several leaps up the river bank when the loop of a lasso settled gracefully over his head and Jones, horse and rifle described a series of summersaults and brought up with a thud upon the ground. Jones' head struck a stone and he was rendered insensible. When he came to he found himself bound to a pine tree and a grinning Sioux standing before him.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian; "paleface heap clumsy dog, fall down; no ride good like Injun."

"That's all right my worthy devourer of boiled dog. Perhaps it may some day be my turn to have you at the loop end of my rawhide, in which case it will be heap clumsy Injun," replied Jones, grimly.

The warrior made no reply but stalked off. Gazing about him Jones observed the Indians gathered in a circle a little way off, and beyond them the forms of his two comrades, bound like himself to trees.

"Cheerful, I must say," he snorted. "It looks to me very much as if the Preston mystery would always remain a mystery if nobody has a better chance for unraveling it than the Messrs. Preston and Richard Jones, Esq."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Nebraska is attracting the attention of the world just now to its political complexion. It has been said that Bryan cannot carry his own ward, his county, his congressional district or his state. That remains to be seen. His congressional district is usually republican by 4,000, and the state gave Harrison a large majority over Weaver in 1892, and at that time the populists were strongest. Bryan's county and ward are largely republican. If McKinley cannot carry them, where has he any hope?

One of the most despicable things that has occurred in the present campaign was the attempt of republicans to drag the Trans-Mississippi Exposition into politics, at the recent republican rally held in Omaha. The fate of the exposition depends upon the success of no party, and the attempt to make it appear that it does arouse nothing but anger and contempt for the men who so arduously tried to link its fate with McKinley. But this is the way some people "stand up for Nebraska."

The democrats of Minnesota have nominated Hon. John Lind for governor on a free silver platform. Mr. Lind was twice elected to congress on the republican ticket, but he couldn't stand McKinley. Frank Day, present lieutenant governor and Congressman Towne, of the same state, will take the stump for Bryan. The combined vote of the democrats and populists in Minnesota is 134,468, against 109,205 republican votes. This seems to indicate that Minnesota will go for Bryan.

When we return to our more sober thoughts we should not take into consideration the victory of "our party" or anybody's party, but we should take into consideration our own interests and the welfare of our country generally.—*Springfield Herald*.

Some gold standard people admit that free coinage will make money more plentiful, but, say they, no man can get a dollar unless he works for it. True, but isn't it easier to catch rabbits when they are plentiful than when they are scarce?

The Alabama election was held last week and resulted in the election of the democratic nominee for governor by about 45,000. This doesn't look much like Bryan was to be defeated next November.

Some way or other the old stand-by charge that England hopes for the success of democratic nominees for president and vice president has been unheard of this year. England wants McKinley.