

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896.

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

Down with trusts!  
Down with plutocracy!  
Down with monopolies!  
Down with all forms of organized  
oppression to labor.  
Honest poverty and honest property  
are alike to be respected.  
Equitable taxation is just taxation,  
and people should be taxed in propor-  
tion to their ability to pay.

The tariff is taking a rest. McKinley  
hasn't made a speech for two days.

Prof. Hicks predicts earthquakes for  
September, and THE DEMOCRAT pre-  
dicts cyclones and snow storms and  
land slides in November.

It was under the McKinley act that  
the great panic of 1893 occurred, yet  
there are a few tariff fanatics possessed  
of enough imbecility to claim it was  
the direct result of the Wilson bill.

According to rules and regulations  
this is the year for Keya Paha to fur-  
nish a candidate for state representa-  
tive from this district. Up to date we  
have heard of but one candidate for  
the office, a populist.

"The Advance Agent" says that  
with the reenactment of his high tariff  
bill factories "would resume" business,  
wages would rise and farm products  
would increase in value. But then,  
you know, "Mac kin lie."

An Ohio man has invented a thing-  
um-abob which he says will carry a  
man safely through the air at the rate  
of 100 miles a minute! McKinley will  
be looking for that man directly after  
election, when he will make the trip to  
"St. Helena's lovely isle."

Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese  
statesman and diplomat, has been  
toasted and feasted in all the Euro-  
pean countries he has visited, but it is  
very likely when he reaches the  
United States he will be roasted in-  
stead.

Much speculation is being indulged  
in over the probable action of the  
democrats in the matter of nominat-  
ing a man for county attorney, but  
"nobody is saying nothing" just now.  
There is not a democratic attorney in  
the county and it is very likely that  
that the boys will pass the nomina-  
tion.

P. L. Hughes, chairman of the South  
Omaha republican city central com-  
mittee, has resigned his position and  
announces his determination to work  
for Bryan. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage  
is for Bryan and Sewall. There may  
not be much connection between these  
two facts, but they are significant,  
nevertheless.

It will be President Bryan after the  
4th of next March, and sleepy com-  
merce will get up and rub its eyes and  
prepare to exert itself; industry will  
throw off its cemetery robes and pre-  
pare to convert the old grave yard in-  
to the park of peace, prosperity and  
plenty. Poverty and pauperism will  
begin to shed their rags and look  
respectable, prophets of disaster will  
blush with shame for their exposed  
ignorance.—Rushville Standard.

## THE NEW YORK WORLD TO WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Wednesday, August 12, the New  
York World addressed an open letter  
to William J. Bryan which is so good  
that THE DEMOCRAT cannot forbear  
reproducing a portion of it. The let-  
ter occupied nearly a page of The  
World, and is consequently too long to  
reproduce in its entirety. The article  
was based principally on Mr. Bryan's  
attitude on the money question, the  
World apparently agreeing with him  
upon all points in the democratic plat-  
form excepting that relating to free  
coinage. With that part of the article  
eliminated, it is practically as follows:

"Upon many grounds of sympathy  
The World stands with you. It is, as  
you have remembered, for an income  
tax. It believes that unnecessary tax-  
ation is unjust taxation, and that just  
taxation is based, in some measure at  
least, upon ability to pay and benefits  
received from the Government. It  
declared for this tax thirteen years ago,  
and was the first and nearly the only  
newspaper in the east that persistently  
urged and defended it. It believes  
and has repeatedly said that the selfish,  
short-sighted and unpatriotic nullifica-  
tion of this just tax by a conspiracy of  
rich men contributed potentially to the  
prevailing discontent of the masses.

"The World is opposed, as you have  
declared yourself to be, to a restora-  
tion of the McKinley tariff, or to any  
agitation for further changes in the  
tariff laws" at present. The existing  
tariff is high enough for protection. It  
has not had a fair trial as a producer  
of revenue, though yielding in its first  
two years nearly as much as the Mc-  
Kinley tariff did in its last two. For  
the additional revenue needed to meet  
our expenditures internal-revenue  
taxes on a few articles of luxury or  
convenience of wealth should be levied.  
If the public revenues were ample  
most of our present financial troubles  
would disappear. No paper has insist-  
ed on this more strongly than The  
World, or has denounced more strenu-  
ously a tariff for monopolies, bounties,  
protection for trusts and legislation  
for privileged classes.

"We are first of all the most deter-  
minedly opposed to trusts and mono-  
polies. One of our objections to the  
Chicago platform is that it did not  
more specifically denounce the evils  
and wrongs suffered by the country  
from these sources and pledge the  
party anew to correct them. It was  
a leading issue in the successful demo-  
cratic campaign four years ago. It  
should have had first place now.

"The World is opposed, with you, to  
the issuing of bonds in time of peace  
except under explicit authority of con-  
gress. It believes that the people  
should rule, not a single man, even  
though that man be president and the  
people for the moment be wrong. It  
is the business of congress to legislate.  
It is not the business of executives to  
act against the expressed will of Con-  
gress.

"The World is as much opposed as  
you can possibly be to the control and  
guardianship of the Treasury by a  
Wall street Lord Protector. This  
humiliating spectacle was seen in the  
forced secret bond sale, and is again  
witnessed in the present prudent but  
paternal charge of the government's  
gold reserve by a syndicate of the very  
same financiers who have twice deple-  
ted it to force a bond issue. The in-  
dignation expressed in the Chicago  
and the last St. Louis platforms in  
denouncing this partnership and protec-  
torate is but an echo of The World's  
exposure of the conspiracy in 1895  
and its successful protest, forcing a  
public sale of bonds, in February last.

"These are true and fundamental  
and far-reaching issues. They go deep  
and are more vital than the silver  
question. But for the moment—and  
for the campaign unless you shall by  
wise and courageous words help to  
change the situation—the extraneous  
and temporary issue of free coinage  
will dominate the canvas. Will you  
consent to broaden the issue? Will  
you help to array democracy against  
republicanism upon the basic princi-  
ples and the actually dangerous ten-  
dencies of the government? Will you  
aid in allying the people against  
plutocracy? The World holds that  
plutocracy, or the rule of tariff-and-  
trust-organized-and-privileged wealth,  
is a conspiracy against property as well  
as against equal rights. But it regards  
as equally indefensible and dangerous  
a movement, of which there were evi-  
dences recently at St. Louis, not

merely against plutocracy seeking to  
subvert free government, but against  
property as such. Industry is not a  
vice. Thrift is not a crime. Accumu-  
lation is not a wrong. Aye, even  
capital has its rights. It is as neces-  
sary to protect the just rights of prop-  
erty as it is to resist the attacks which  
plutocracy makes upon all property  
except its own. The World is equally  
the defender of honest property and  
honest poverty. It will not favor a  
policy that would deprive a rich man  
of his just due, any more than it will  
approve a course that would cheat a  
poor man with a cheap dollar. Do  
you not concede the justness of these  
distinctions? Can you not make it  
clear that to resist plutocratic en-  
croachments is not to favor either  
anarchy or communism?"

George W. Fisher, the well known  
cattleman of Antrim precinct, called  
at this office Tuesday. George states  
that over in his neighborhood the peo-  
ple are nearly solid for Bryan and free  
silver white in Fall River county, South  
Dakota, the republican candidates for  
county offices are afraid to run without  
first announcing that they are for Bry-  
an.—Chadron Signal.

A public meeting was held in the  
county attorney's room at the court  
house last Monday night for the pur-  
pose of organizing a Bryan club.  
About forty persons present, represent-  
ing all parties. J. G. Armstrong was  
chosen as chairman and J. F. Assay  
secretary of the meeting. Thirty-two  
free silver men filed up and signed  
Bryan's roll of honor.—Rushville Re-  
corder.

Alexander "wept for other world's to  
conquer" after he had carried his vic-  
torious banner throughout the then  
known world. Napoleon "re-arranged  
the map of Europe with his sword"  
amid the lamentations of those by  
whose blood he was exalted; but when  
these and other military heroes are for-  
gotten, their achievements disappear  
in the cycle's sweep of years, children  
will still list the name of Jefferson,  
and freemen will ascribe due praises to  
him who filled the kneeling subject's  
heart with hope and bade him stand  
erect, a sovereign among his peers.—  
William J. Bryan.

### TARIFF FACTS.

All that the republican who is not  
McKinley mad ought to ask for is  
tariff enough to protect home manu-  
facturers from foreign competition,  
and we have that now. Our imports  
are less than they were during the  
days of McKinleyism, and our exports  
are more, the balance of trade thus  
being largely in our favor. During the  
years of 1891, '92, '93 and '94 our im-  
ports were \$1,669,279,789, or an aver-  
age of \$417,319,947, free of duty.  
During the same time goods valued at  
\$1,479,910,136 were admitted on pay-  
ment of duty, or an average of \$369,  
977,534 annually. Last year our im-  
ports were \$376,890,100 free of duty  
and \$554,271,995 on which duty was  
paid. Here is a falling off from  
McKinley imports, (imports represent-  
ing foreign competition,) of \$40,000,  
000 annually on free listed and \$15,  
000,000 annually on dutiable goods.  
Democrats are accused of being "free  
traders," but when free trade reduces  
our imports and increases our exports,  
isn't it a good thing to have?

### NEBRASKA IS FIRST.

The Iowa State Register deprecates  
the fact that Iowa can no longer boast  
of having a smaller per cent of illit-  
erate people than any other state in the  
Union. Nebraska leads the list with  
a populace of whom only 3.1 per cent  
are illiterate. Iowa comes third with  
3.6 per cent of illiteracy. These figures  
refer to those who are over 10 years of  
age.

This is a fact which was developed  
by the census of 1890, but it is not  
generally known, and THE DEMOCRAT  
is proud to present the figures to its  
readers. Louisiana comes lowest on  
the list, with a population 45.8 per  
cent illiterate, while South Carolina is  
credited with 45 per cent. Our neigh-  
boring state of Kansas has 4 per cent,  
South Dakota has 4.2, Colorado has 5.2,  
and Wyoming has 3.4. These are the  
states where hot winds, grasshoppers,  
cyclones and populists flourish, but  
these all seem to have a tendency to  
educate people rather than otherwise,  
and so are not an unmixed evil.  
Worlds of comfort to Nebraskans are  
found in the foregoing figures, and  
every resident of the state should take  
pride in them.

Stand up for Nebraska.

# THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH  
Author of "The Adventures of Don Enrique Romero," etc. etc.  
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## IN NINE INSTALLMENTS—FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

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.

### CHAPTER X. A Moonlight Spectre.

After a dozen wows the Sioux arose  
and half a dozen braves unbound the  
prisoners while the remainder of the  
band commenced gathering the horses.  
Three of the ponies were brought up  
and the two Prestons and Dick were  
told to mount. On doing so they were  
surrounded by the entire Sioux band  
and the cavalcade started up the Ni-  
obrara in a westerly direction. They  
traveled steadily forward until nearly  
mid day when they came in sight of an  
Indian village of some size, where they  
halted.

Jones and his companions were  
marched to trees on the river bank and  
there bound and a guard of six war-  
riors placed over them. They were,  
however, within a short distance of  
each other and could therefore easily  
converse.

"Nice mess to be in, isn't it?" snort-  
ed Dick to John; "I wish I was at  
liberty for a few moments and I assure  
you daylight would soon be shining  
through several scoundrelly Sioux."

"I guess under existing circumstan-  
ces we will have to be patient, Dick;  
perhaps something may turn up in our  
favor ere long and give us a chance to  
elude our red brethren."

"Something turn up?" snorted Jones.  
"Most likely something will turn up,  
but I'll wager it will be our toes."

The elder Preston said nothing, and  
glancing in his direction Dick saw that  
his face wore a very patient expression  
which he thought was most remark-  
able under the circumstances, seeing  
that he was so anxious to reach the  
peak on the Minnekaduz.

Soon after dark the full moon rose  
in all her silver glory over the distant  
eastern hills, flooding the wild prairie  
country with her bright clear light.

The river made a sharp bend direct-  
ly to the northward opposite to where  
the prisoners were bound and the moon  
shone directly across the canyon, her  
light shining weirdly through the river  
pines, making fantastic shapes of the  
more distinct ones.

Preston, as he faced the glorious  
sight, seemed strangely affected, and  
after a time he addressed his com-  
rades.

"It was on just such a night as this  
that the cowardly assassin killed my  
little Isabel, boys; the moon, I remem-  
ber, shone down with the same calm  
light that now falls on the form of a  
man with a broken heart. How long,  
dear God, must I search? I grow  
weary, weary of this life that is worth  
not the living; it is but a torture to me  
now that all I held dear on earth is  
gone." The voice broke and the bent  
form shook with grief.

Preston's comrades sought to com-  
fort him and the night wore slowly on.  
Toward midnight a red haze drove be-  
fore the face of the moon and her  
light shone blooded through it; not a  
leaf was stirring, and the air seemed  
close and stifling. Unable to sleep  
Jones opened his eyes with an excla-  
mation of impatience, and the next in-  
stant his comrades were startled by a  
yell of terror. There on the opposite  
bank of the stream was a sight suf-  
ficient to freeze one's blood. A figure  
of gigantic proportions, showing a  
ghastly red in the weird moonlight,  
stood silently, one arm outstretched  
toward the three men who, with eyes  
starting with terror, gazed fearfully at  
this hideous spectre.

With whoops of wild terror the  
Indian guard instantly prepared to  
bolt, but their leader, who seemed to  
have some pluck, gave an order in  
Sioux whereupon the other five follow-  
ed him toward the river bluff. Stand-  
ing on the bluff edge the Sioux com-  
menced firing at the silent figure op-  
posite.

With a bloodcurdling shriek the  
weird figure threw its arms wildly  
above its head, and as it did so, a flash,  
dazzling in its awful brightness, lit up  
the river canyon, while an explosion,  
the force of which loosed great rocks  
and echoed in roaring volume, crashed  
out, and as if by magic the Indian

guard disappeared, while Preston and  
his comrades were rendered insensible  
by the awful force of the concussion.

Instantly the Sioux camp was in an  
uproar; with dogs barking, ponies  
neighing, warriors yelling in terror, it  
seemed as if pandemonium reigned.  
Bundling up their tepees and catching  
a few horses the Indians fled in wild  
disorder for the hills, a flight which was  
accelerated as they cast back terrified  
glances at the silent spectre still stand-  
ing on the river bank.

### CHAPTER XI. The Strange Peak.

When Preston opened his eyes he  
gave a start of surprise. He found  
himself lying on a blanket, his two  
comrades near by, their fire arms in a  
heap beside them, while their three  
horses were quietly grazing a short  
distance away. Overcome with aston-  
ishment Preston rubbed his eyes and  
gave an exclamation as he observed,  
distant perhaps half a mile, showing  
golden in the rays of the rising sun, the  
top of the peak he sought. The  
cry he gave awoke his comrades, who  
sat up in astonishment. Jones in-  
stantly struck up another song of his  
entitled "How Surprised I was," but  
his comrades choked him off.

"Well, if I can't sing, I would like  
to listen while someone tells me just  
how and when we arrived here. It is  
evident that we came, or we wouldn't  
be here, but as for explaining the  
means of transportation, I pass."

"So will I, Dick," said John. "The  
last thing I remember is staring my  
eyes out at that ghastly spook across  
the river, and the Sioux peppering  
away at it with their Winchester.  
The next thing I remember is feeling  
as though something was hurled vio-  
lently against me and—well, here I  
am."

"Saved us a long ride in the hot sun  
anyway," said philosophical Jones,  
with a resigned look, and here the sub-  
ject was dropped.

After a hurried breakfast the men  
saddled up and rode down near the  
mound and dismounted. With a short  
camp spade Preston then led the way  
up the steep side of the peak. It  
proved to be about a hundred feet in  
height and was surmounted by a tip  
of limestone of perhaps fifteen feet in  
height. How to climb this was the  
knotty point, as it was perfectly per-  
pendicular on all but one side, where  
it had caved off with a slight incline,  
but Preston solved the problem by dig-  
ging steps in the soft limestone with  
the spade. After a half hour's work  
the men were enabled to gain the top  
of the hill and take a fine view of the  
surrounding country. Preston without  
a moment's delay, set to work digging  
in the center of the tip. After a few  
minutes' work the spade struck some-  
thing hard which being pried up pro-  
ved to be a small wooden box. Prying  
open the lid it was found to contain a  
second silver "3," and a note which  
read as follows:

HENRY PRESTON:—When you find  
this "3" you may know that the Pres-  
ton mystery is soon to be explained.  
Recall your men or join them, as they  
waste their time in the wilds of Wyom-  
ing. Go to Cheyenne, where further  
instructions await you. Be patient  
and your mystery will be cleared up  
within two months. NO NAME.

As Preston ceased reading some-  
thing whizzed through the air and  
struck with a thud at his feet. It was  
an Indian arrow, a paper pinned to its  
feathered shaft. Unfolding it, Pres-  
ton read these lines:

I aided you to escape the Sioux;  
how, it matters not. Some day all will  
be explained to your satisfaction. For  
reasons that will then be made plain I  
do not care to meet you. You have  
done well to follow my directions.  
Continue to do so and all will be well.  
NO NAME.

"Well," said the irrepressible Jones,  
as he finished reading, "all I know is  
this: If I could shoot a three foot ar-  
row as straight as brother No Name, it  
wouldn't be a great while until I would  
have a better name than No Name."

"Oh, dry up, Jones," put in John at  
this juncture. "I believe you would  
joke in a graveyard."

"Just what I am doing now, John,  
for if this peak don't cover the bones  
of a moundbuilder, I'm a Dutchman."

"I would dig down and discover if  
your scientific theory is correct, Mr.  
Jones, were it not for the fact that my  
uncle has already taken his departure,

bearing with him the spade," answer-  
ed John, smilingly; "as it is, I think it  
would be proper to follow him."

With a grin Jones led the way down  
the peak to where Preston was stand-  
ing beside his horse with a troubled  
brow. He seemed disappointed over  
the result of the trip to the peak.

"Well, boys," said he as they came  
up, "how would it be best to manage?  
Shall we all go for the boys in Wyom-  
ing, or shall one of us go for them  
while the other two make for Chey-  
enne?"

"I will go for the boys, Mr. Preston",  
said Jones. And so it was arranged.  
Jones after a handshake headed his  
horse toward the southwest, having to  
cross the Niobrara before heading  
westward.

Soon after, the others headed for the  
ford some distance east of where Jones  
would cross, and were soon on the  
southern bank of the Niobrara.

TO BE CONTINUED.

One of the funniest papers along the  
line of the F.E. railroad is the Star-  
Journal, published in the pretty little  
town of Ainsworth, in the county of  
Brown. Prof. Berkley is the nominal  
proprietor and editor of the sheet, but  
it does seem as though, the Professor  
lets his friends take turn at editing  
while he is away disporting himself in  
white duck pantaloons and such things,  
and thereby hangs a tale. While on  
one of these excursions recently the  
Professor was imposed upon and made  
to stand sponsor for a pretty good free  
silver article, and this paper, as a mat-  
ter of friendship merely, called his at-  
tention to the imposition, and said the  
world would be looking for the name  
of Wm. J. Bryan to appear at the  
head of the Star-Journal columns.  
And Prof. Berkley got real mad at  
this paper and claims that he hasn't  
changed his opinion one bit, and talks  
about "shells" and "reputation" and  
"dillitante honesty" (though what that  
means nobody knows), and calls us  
"Bobby" just as though he were trying  
to teach school again and thought THE  
DEMOCRAT was one of his pupils.  
But nevertheless the Star-Journal did  
say that if we were to have free coin-  
age the country would soon settle  
down and every dollar would be "full-  
valued," and that a full valued coin is  
one whose commercial and coinage  
value is exactly equal, the same as a  
gold dollar is now.

The Brownlee Hornet is the latest  
addition to our list of exchanges. The  
Hornet is a 6-column folio, and is edit-  
ed by G. W. Fritz, who says he will  
support anything that is good, regard-  
less of party, but as he enumerates  
nothing but populist shibboleths it is  
safe to say that he is a populist. Mr.  
Fritz seems to have had hard work  
getting out his first issue, one page of  
the sheet being printed in brown,  
and the other in a sort of brindle, and  
we wish him better luck next time.  
But he ought not to have given away  
his object in starting the paper. At  
least, not in the first issue.

We can all win now—in our minds,  
but just as sure as fate one side or the  
other will have to try the other's the-  
ories in the not far distant future, so  
prepare for the worst (Bryan) but let  
moderation control your tongues as  
we may all survive the returns of elec-  
tion and have to do business together  
afterwards. Let your motto be: "Your  
President Will Be Our President."—  
Springview Herald.

A water cycle built for two is one of  
the newest inventions. What a boon  
to humanity! A young man can take  
his best girl out water-wheeling and  
pop the question without danger  
of being seen or overheard, and both  
arms will be free at the time. And  
how easy it will be for defeated candi-  
dates for office to go up Salt Creek on a  
hydrocycle, which is the technical name  
for the machine.

The Western News is the name of a  
new paper started in this city last  
week by T. R. T. Geddis. Geo. H.  
Reinert furnishes the capital. This  
gives Cherry county four papers—  
more than her share, people think.  
Well, four can starve to death in much  
less time than two, when there is no  
increase in the supply of food.

There are statesmen in the commu-  
nity who have found it exceeding diffi-  
cult in the past to make biennial settle-  
ment with their grocers, who can en-  
lighten the wisest statesmen of our  
land on the great problems of national  
finances. They should be given a  
hearing in the great effort to save the  
country.—Gordon Journal.