

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

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THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 10, 1896

Democratic Ticket.

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

The republican outlook is as gloomy
as the democratic outlook is bright.

The immense crowds which turned
out to hear Bryan in Ohio were not at-
tracted by idle curiosity.

"Taxation, tariff, excise or direct, is
rightfully imposed only for public pur-
poses, and not for private gain." That
is democratic doctrine, and al-
ways will be.

Inventors are working hard to find
a substance for bicycle tires which
cannot be punctured. Why don't
someone utilize the average campaign
orator's cheek?

McKinley's letter is a solid cube of
crystal.—*New York Tribune.*

That's right. Anybody can see
through it, and gaze upon the power
which dictated it.

The reception given W. J. Bryan at
Columbus, Ohio, was never excelled
and only approached in magnitude by
that given the staunch democrat
Thomas Hendricks.

When the McKinley bill first went
into effect there was a surplus in the
U.S. treasury of \$106,000,000. When
it went out of effect this surplus had
been turned into a deficit of \$69,000,-
000. McKinley knows this.

There are in this country 139 trusts
with a total capital of \$1,507,060,000.
The capital of the various trusts ranges
from the \$60,000 skewer trust to the
\$100,000,000 dressed beef and provision
trust and the \$75,000,000 sugar
trust. They all support McKinley.

When fusion fuses we are willing to
support it, but when fusion merely
means obliteration of the party it is
time to kick. The democrats of the
52d representative district should lose
no time in calling a convention to
nominate a man for the legislature.
There is every reason to believe he
can be elected, and it should be seen
to that a man is put in the field.
Let's hear from somebody on this
question.

Apropos of Phil Armour's offer of
50 cents worth of meat and a Mexican
dollar in change for an American dol-
lar, the *Wahoo News Era* says it can
do better than that. Its home butch-
er offers 50 cents worth of meat and
\$2 worth of Portuguese gold bonds for
\$1. Portugal has been on a gold basis
since 1853; Mexican bonds are quot-
ed in London at 94, while Portugal
can get but 26 for her bonds. The
gold standard should use better argu-
ment than Mexico.

At the senatorial convention at Gor-
don last Saturday the republicans
nominated Wm. B. Ely, of Ainsworth,
for state senator from this district.
Dr. Ely is a straight republican, and
an ardent gold standard man, he hav-
ing written numerous strong articles
on the finance question, but it is
doubtful if he will make a strong run
for the senate. As a man Dr. Ely is,
we believe, without fault, but he is
not a man who appeals to the people.
THE DEMOCRAT congratulates Dr. Ely
on the honor he has received at the
hands of his republican friends.

PUBLIC DEBT AND TARIFF.

The tariff facts given in THE DEMO-
CRAT from week to week are causing
consternation in the ranks of the op-
position, and will continue until elec-
tion. McKinley is for high tariff and
nothing else. He wants a return to
the condition which caused the panic
of 1893, and it is that which makes us
unalterably opposed to him. So much
has been said of how the democratic
party has run this country into debt,
and of how much debt was paid by
Harrison under the regime of the Chi-
nese wall McKinley tariff, that many
people actually believe all they hear
and read on this line. The treasury
department has recently issued a
memorandum of the receipts and ex-
penditures of the government for the
last few years, and from this we learn
a few facts.

In 1889 the receipts were \$87,700,-
000 in excess of expenditures; in 1890
the excess was \$85,000,000. The Mc-
Kinley bill took effect in October, 1890,
and during the fiscal year ending June
30, 1891, the excess dropped to \$26,-
000,000. In 1892, the year that is
always spoken of as the "Great Mc-
Kinley Year," the excess was only
\$9,900,000! In 1893 it was but \$2,-
300,000, and in 1894 the excess was
turned into a deficit of \$69,800,000,
and the expenditures of the government
were \$16,000,000 less than in the pre-
ceding year! The McKinley bill was
in force during the whole of the fiscal
year 1894. So much for receipts. Now
let us look at the debt.

From March 1, 1885, when Cleve-
land became president to March 1,
1889, the public debt was reduced
\$341,448,449, and available funds in
the treasury, exclusive of the \$100,-
000,000 gold reserve, \$230,348,916.
During Harrison's administration the
debt was reduced \$236,572,666, and
the available funds on March 2, 1893,
were only \$62,450,575. In addition to
the ordinary revenues there was cov-
ered into the treasury \$54,200,000
which had been held in trust as a fund
for the redemption of national bank
notes.

The panic of 1893 was the legacy
left United States by the republican
party, and the people will not forget
it.

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

Isn't it a wonder the people of
Lincoln feel sore when they contrast
the actions of their candidate for pres-
ident on the pop ticket, and the candi-
date who resides at Canton. Hun-
dreds of people visit Canton every day,
and Mr. McKinley's residence is of
some value to that city. Bryan is put-
ting in his time chasing around over
the country placing himself on exhibi-
tion, making a cheap show of him-
self, and is of no particular benefit
to his place of residence.—*Gordon Jour-
nal.*

What a powerful argument that is
against Bryan! What a wonderful
contrast in favor of McKinley—we
don't think. McKinley, the petted
tool of the corporations, the joss of
Canton, sits in his temple and his
deluded worshippers come some-
times hundreds of miles to
see him and hear his mumbled plat-
itudes. Every delegation is treated to
the same food, regardless of their con-
dition in life. His worshippers are well
able to pay their way to Canton and
ride in special trains. They dress in
broadcloth and wear kid gloves. This
is not to their discredit, but it shows
the kind of men who are supporting
the joss. Bryan goes among the peo-
ple and is one of them. He seeks
neither adoration nor adulation.

The object of the foregoing clipping
was to create the impression that peo-
ple do not want to see or hear
Bryan, but the edge is all taken off it
by the following from the Canton (O.)
Repository, which intended the article
as a slur:

There is one thing, it can be said,
Mr. Bryan is doing, if he is not getting
the votes. And every broadminded
American who loves to see fair play
will rejoice in the justice of the state-
ment. As a king bee railroad excu-
sion attraction he beats the balloon
ascension in every way.

This is a campaign of education.
When a mill or business house closes,
republicans say it is on account of the
fear that Bryan will be elected pres-
ident. When a new business starts or
an old one resumes, it is because Mc-
Kinley is sure to be elected. Great is
the republican! The prosperity of the
nation depends upon him;—when he
winks idle capital flocks to his side,
and when he frowns it slinks to its
hiding place.

Since January 1st 1896, the United
States has exported \$36,000,000 worth
of silver.

Why did the New York bankers
come to the rescue of the U.S. treasury
a month or so ago and replenish the
gold reserve? They are the same men
who forced the last bond issue, and
they could have forced another one
just as easily. Another bond issue
would have made Bryan president
without an effort on his part or the
part of his friends.

Cleveland is fishing, Whitney is talk-
ing, McKinley is studying up on the
financial question, Hanna is frying fat
out of the usurers and monopolists.
Hill is wondering how he can climb
down off the fence gracefully, and
meanwhile the great common people
of the United States are getting ready
to vote for William Jennings Bryan
next November.—*Norfolk Independ-
ent.*

The Norfolk Independent, the popu-
list paper started last spring by our
friend H. E. Austin, of Ainsworth, is
no more. That is, we think it is no
more—you can't always sometimes tell
whether a populist paper is dead or
only sleeping. Bro. Austin writes his
own obituary, but says the paper will
"probably" be continued under a new
management. Mr. Austin says he lost
\$300 on the paper in the last six
months.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

For some time the Omaha World-
Herald kept an article with the above
caption standing at the head of its ed-
itorial columns, it having been taken
from the London Financial News. To
try and make out that Bryan men
were liars and forgers, A. C. Platt, of
Lincoln, wrote to the News in London,
enclosing a clipping entirely different
from the one published by the Omaha
World-Herald, and the News editor
denied the authorship of the article,
which was perfectly right and proper.
But even since the World-Herald pub-
lishes all the facts in the case there are
some papers which persist in publish-
ing the statement that the World-
Herald forged the article mentioned.
Anyone can obtain all the information
they want about this matter by calling
at this office and looking over our files
of dailies.

BRYAN AND MCKINLEY.

Mr. Bryan, in going west, leaves be-
hind him in many respects a most
agreeable impression. He is a bold,
gallant and attractive young leader,
and he says what he thinks without
beating about the bush. Whether one
is or is not able to agree with him in
his free-silver views he cannot deny
to him the courage of his conviction.

Mr. McKinley has not shown the
frankness and courage that have
characterized Mr. Bryan. For months
he presented a sphinx-like silence con-
sidering what would win him the most
votes. Nor are some of the forces be-
hind McKinley such as to encourage a
lover of good government. The trust
we still have with us, and Mark Hanna
his chief backer, is the embodiment of
the trust idea. Does it not look as if
the government in case Mr. McKinley
should be elected, would be adminis-
tered by the trusts for the trusts and
with the trusts?—*New York World.*

MEXICO.

The money question is getting
"mixed and mixed," as the small
boy puts it. James H. Kennedy, for-
merly of Iowa but for 25 years a resi-
dent of Mexico, says under oath: "One
falsehood most heard is that you can
take an American silver dollar into
Mexico and get two Mexican silver
dollars for it, or that you can get a 50-
cent meal and throw down an Ameri-
can dollar and they will give you back
in change a Mexican dollar. I brand
this as utterly false in every respect, a
lie manufactured out of whole cloth.
I assert that a Mexican will not accept
an American dollar, either gold, silver,
or paper, for any amount, but will re-
fer you to a broker, where you can sell
your silver dollars as bullion for Mexi-
can money, they then will trade with
you. The largest hotel in the City of
Mexico will not accept American mon-
ey under any circumstances but will
invariably refer you to a broker.

"I assert that Mexico in the present
decade is making strides of advance-
ment greater than any other nation on
earth. Twenty-five years ago we had
eighty miles of railroad now we have
near 8000 miles of railroad. We are
building factories on every hand.
Twenty-eight years ago, when the
French army was driven out, the Mex-
ican government was left penniless,
not a dollar in the treasury. We can
pay our entire national debt any day a
demand would be made for it."

THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH

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

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IN NINE INSTALLMENTS—EIGHTH 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 XVI.

Fighting the Hostiles.

The scene of our story is now car-
ried to a point not far from the Little
Big Horn river in Montana. In a
beautiful little valley can be seen hun-
dreds of white tents, hundreds of cav-
alry horses; while through the smoke
of scores of campfires, here and there,
gleam out in the rays of the setting
sun, a reflection from the bright bar-
rels of the deadly Gatling guns and
hardly less destructive field pieces. It
is a lively, and yet a sad sight, this
evening view of the camp of General
Terry.

Here and there about their camp-
fires can be seen many a laughing
group of hardy frontier cavalry.

Taking them as a whole, the world
cannot furnish jollier, braver men, nor
more able riders and fighters than our
border irregulars, the scout, trapper
and cowboy.

On a little mound near the river, be-
side a large tent, a group of officers
are conversing. Among them we see
the golden hair of General Custer. A
broad shouldered man is addressing
the others. It is General Terry.

"Well, boys," the general was say-
ing, "I expect that by this time to-
morrow we will have met with the
hostiles. There will, I think, be some
severe fighting, for the scoundrels are
well supplied with Winchester and
Remingtons. We had, therefore bet-
ter let our fighting Custer lead the
advance column. You all know that
it has ever been the boast of his men
that a sufficient number of Indians
could not be brought together to whip
the Seventh cavalry."

"We have already proven our fight-
ing ability, General," replied Custer,
smiling.

"That you have, George, my boy,"
said Terry. "I trust you will be able
to persuade old Sitting Bull to tran-
quillize his warlike spirit when you
meet. I wish we had the discon-
tented old ruffian, together with Crazy
Horse, in the guard house for a
month or so, and I think easy terms
of peace could then be made with
them.—But whom have we here?"

Glancing around the officers ob-
served two mounted men riding up
toward them from the camp below.
They drew rein near the officers, and
the elder of the two addressed Terry.

"General Terry, I presume?" said
he, inquiringly.

"That is my name, sir," replied
Terry, pleasantly. "What can I do
for you?"

"My name is Preston, Henry Pres-
ton, General. I have business with
one of General Custer's men, a man
by the name of Lane; and if it is not
too much trouble, I would like the
General to order the roll of Major
Reno's detachment called, as the man
is pretty certain to try to avoid me."
Then, as he observed impatience
showing in the officers' faces, Preston
continued, "I would not ask this, Gen-
eral, were it not that it is a matter of
life and death to me."

"Well, friend Preston, you will have
to talk to Custer here; he can doubt-
less assist you."

"Follow me, Mr. Preston," said
Custer, pleasantly, "and we will see if
the man can be found."

Following the general's lead the two
men proceeded toward the northern
part of the camp, and while on the
way Preston told Custer part of the
story. The general seemed deeply in-
terested and on reaching his quarters
sent for Major Reno. Soon after he
arrived his companies were ordered up,
and the roll was called. Lane and
three others were missing, but their
absence was explained by Captain Mc-
Carthy, of Lane's company, who stated
that Lane and three other soldiers
had been sent down the river some two
hours before on a scout for the purpose
of trying to locate the hostile camp.
The Prestons were disappointed, but,
as nothing could be accomplished until

morning, they prepared to camp with
the soldiers.

At midnight, unbeknown to them,
the scouts returned and reported the
hostiles in force, under Crazy Horse
and Sitting Bull, some twenty miles
down the river. Toward morning
Custer and several companies of the
Seventh advanced.

On arriving near the hostile camp
the force divided, the detachment
under Reno to march into deadly peril,
that of Custer to their death.

At sunrise on that bright June morn-
ing Preston and his nephew started
to overtake the troopers of the Seventh.
They rode steadily forward until 10 a.
m. and were beginning to look for
some signs of the troops, when, as they
rode out on the top of a high ridge
near the river, they suddenly heard the
sound of heavy firing and saw a cloud
of white smoke floating up from
among the river trees about a mile and
a half distant.

"They are fighting already, Uncle
Henry," said John; "and see,—the
troops are retreating!"

Out from the wood came a body of
cavalry, and after them, with wild
yells and the rattle of rifles, came a
cloud of Sioux warriors.

The troops swiftly retreated, drag-
ging their Gatlings and field pieces
with them, to the top of a steep, flat
topped hill, distant perhaps two miles
from where the Prestons stood; then
turning suddenly upon the Sioux, who
were pressing close upon their heels,
yelling like fiends, they poured a crash-
ing volley fairly in their faces which
sent them in wild disorder to the foot
of the hill.

From the edge of the timber the
Sioux commenced a scattered fire on
the troops who had begun throwing up
light breastworks and planting their
guns.

Half an hour later having received
re-enforcements, the Sioux charged the
hill top in a body with their fierce yell
of "Hi yi yip yi, yah hi yah!" firing
steadily as they advanced.

"Now there'll be music, Uncle!"
exclaimed John, excitedly, and he was
right—there was. As he spoke the
blue circle in the centre became
wrapped in a pall of white smoke,
through which the red flash of the car-
tridges and pistols poured out sheets
of flame, while the wavering roar of
the deadly Gatlings, fired by the full
battery at a time, drowned the fierce war-
cry of the Sioux as if it had been but
the crying of wounded doves, and the
ground jarred and trembled to the
thunderous roar. For a few moments
nothing could be seen through the
dense smoke, then the two watchers
saw small groups of warriors fleeing
madly for the timber; they had met
with a warm reception and were, for a
time, content to rest.

All afternoon at intervals of a few
hours the Sioux charged the hill, ever
to fly in panic before the awful fire
which was each time poured forth
from the tiny circle of heroes in blue
who were holding their ground with
the bravery of the ancient Greeks.

At daybreak, just as the hostiles
were preparing to renew their attack
on the exhausted troopers, the column
of Terry which had pushed forward
during the night appeared, and with
yells of rage the Sioux fled for the
mountains.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Finding of Harry Lane.

The two Prestons had passed the
night near the point from which they
had witnessed the battle with the
Sioux, fearing to advance or retreat as
the woods had been full of hostiles.
At daybreak, just as they had saddled
up, Claude Duval and his men sud-
denly rode up, and Claude exclaimed:
"Good morning, boys; what luck have
you had?"

"Not much as yet, Claude," answered
John, when he had recovered from his
surprise at the sudden appearance of
Duval, whom they had left a couple of
days before some distance from the
camp of Terry.

"Aren't you running considerable
risk, Claude?" asked John, after re-
counting the events of the day before.

"I suppose I am," answered the
Texan, smilingly; "but I am always
fanning risks. The boys and I invari-
ably take good care of ourselves, how-
ever, and I want to be close by when

you fall in with Harry Lane, Esq."
"Well, Claude," said the elder Pres-
ton, "since you are with us, we will
try to avoid the troops as much as pos-
sible and see if we can happen upon
Mr. Lane, for, from what No Name
said, I judge he will endeavor to avoid
me. Somehow, I believe he will prove
to be the murderer of Isabel, and if so,
—"

"He shall taste of border vengeance,"
interrupted Claude, sternly. "My men
will gladly help to rid the country of
such a cowardly scoundrel."

"He shall suffer, never fear," said
Preston; "but his cowardly life will
after all be but poor satisfaction. At
any rate, we will first hear his story,
after which we can better decide how
to punish him."

"You'll have to locate him first, Mr.
Preston," put in a voice at this juncture,
and with a start of surprise Pres-
ton turned to behold the smiling face
of Jones. He and the cowboys had
been left with Claude.

"Well, Jones; you and Claude cer-
tainly missed your calling when you
failed to go upon the stage, for you
both do the re-appearance act to per-
fection. We are exceedingly anxious
for you to explain how you dropped
down here. Where are the boys?"
said John, all in one breath.

"Last question is all I can remem-
ber," replied Jones. "The boys are, I
believe, at present engaged in caring
for the person of Mr. Harry Lane
about a mile down the river."

"What!" exclaimed Preston, excitedly;
"do you mean to say that you have
found him?"

"What the Indians have left of him
rather, Mr. Preston. They have shot
him full of lead and he can not live a
great while. If you would hear his
story, follow me without delay."

With Jones leading, the nine men
rode down the Little Big Horn and
after proceeding about a mile came to
a little clearing near the river, where
they caught sight of the cowboys
grouped about the prostrate form of a
man in buckskin. When he caught
sight of the pale face of the dying
scout, Preston gave a gasp of surprise,
then knelt beside the man, who, with
closed eyes, was breathing heavily.
Anxiously the ranchman gazed into
his features as he mused: "Will he
reveal the name of my daughter's
murderer? Can he explain the cause
for the disappearance of Charles
Thompson and Edward Belden? Who
were the three horsemen of the storm?
And why was the crime committed?
God only knows. He is dying; a few
moments will decide whether the Pres-
ton mystery shall be no longer, or for-
ever, a mystery."

At this moment the morning breeze
blew open the collar of the wounded
man's shirt, and Preston gave a cry as
the sun glistened on bright object
which hung suspended from a chain
about the scout's neck. It was a tiny
golden "3."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Out of 200 R.R. men on the F.E.&
M.V. that stop at Longpine there are
only two that are in favor of free sil-
ver.—*Ainsworth Star Journal.*

Bro. Berkely knew that the above
was a falsehood when he wrote it. And
furthermore, he knew that there are
not 200 railroad men in Longpine. And
still furthermore, he knew that the
majority of the railroad men are
democrats. And still more further-
more he knows that not only Longpine
but Brown county will give Bryan a
majority.

This is the last installment of "The
Preston Mystery," prior to the solution,
and all those who wish to enter the
competition for the five prizes offered
should send in their solutions at once.
Rules for the contest will be found on
another page of this paper. The final
chapter will be published on Sept. 21.
Read the rules on the other page.
The questions to be answered are all
asked in the latter part of the seven-
teenth chapter, which appears above.

"We cannot inspire confidence by
a advocating repudiation or practicing
dishonesty. We can not restore confi-
dence, either to the treasury or to the
people, without a change in our pres-
ent tariff legislation."—*Major McKin-
ley.*

Think of that, all you gold standard
democrats. This article is taken from
the Canton (O.) Repository. That's
the reason why no democrat can in any
way support McKinley. He doesn't
believe in the gold standard; he has
only one idea—tariff.

The nomination of Generals Palmer
and Buckner by the national democrats
at last unites the blue and gray.