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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896

The cordage trust is being organized, the lock-makers' trust is a new one on the list, the window glass trust is picking up its ears, the dressed beef trust is getting in its work and everybody is happy except the Cubans, the Armenians, the East Indians and a few millions of American people.

There will be more applicants for position at the coming session of the state legislature than ever before in its history, but if the reverend seigniors who compose that body only do their duty, there will be fewer appointments than ever before. There are at least three applicants for position in Cherry county alone.

Every farmer in Cherry county should plant at least half an acre of beets next spring as an experiment, if for no other reason. A sugar factory can never be secured unless the promoters of such enterprises are assured that the farmers of the county want the factory, and in addition they must know how many beets they can secure and what the quality of those beets is apt to be.

Mary Smith-Hayward, of Chadron, is greatly incensed over the pigeon shoot held by the Chadron Gun Club on Nov. 25, and says: "A bull fight would not look quite so small, barbarous as it would be." She recommends that the members of the club be prosecuted, and in conclusion says: "Curse our saloons all you please. I believe that no single rum shop has done as much to degrade Chadron and vicinity as the Gun Club."

There is a great deal of talk about McKinley having received 1,500,000 votes more than Bryan, but it is all bosh. McKinley received only about 720,000 plurality, and when the votes of the "middle of the road" populists are counted, those who voted for Bryan and Watson, the plurality shrinks to something over 500,000. This is not so brave a showing as it might be, when it is remembered that Grant was elected by a majority of over 700,000, and only about half as many votes were cast in 1872 as in 1896.

At his annual report General Copping suggests that a special service corps, as separate and distinct from the combatant force as the hospital corps, and chiefly made up of disciplined ex-soldiers, for the performance of what is known as "extra duty," would be a great boon to the army. Not only would it stop the decline from the fighting units and abolish to a great extent the difference between their paper and actual strength—in war a fruitful source of confusion and disaster—but it would open up to the man who had entered the army for life a useful career suitable to a more mature yet still vigorous age; and, what is even more important, it would vastly improve and at the same time cheapen the administration service.

It does seem strange that the civilized nations and especially the United States will remain inactive, and permit the barbarities which are every day being perpetrated in Cuba by the Spanish soldiery. Reports are cabled to the world every day of the slaughter of innocent women and children, and other atrocities committed which bring a blush of shame to the cheek of decent people and we hope that the incoming administration will take hold of this Cuban question with a determined hand and deal with these bellicose Spaniards in a way, such as will convince the world that we are not only passively advocates of decency and good order but that we dare to express and defend the courage of our convictions.—Longpine Journal.

WARNING TO DEMOCRATS.

A great many of our democratic exchanges over the state are banking heavily on the candidacy of W. J. Bryan for president in 1900, and expect with the help of the populists whom they expect to again pull into the support of the democratic ticket to elect him. We give notice right here that there will have to be a different layout presented to us from the last one or we will kick over the traces. We do not propose to be made a catspaw to draw chestnuts out of the fire for our democratic brethren. If they are truly bent on reform they can have no serious objections to meeting the other reform forces at least half way, and unless this is the spirit of the movement the populists all over the land will withdraw their support and place it where they can act unitedly.—Chadron Signal-Recorder.

This is a note of warning to democrats which cannot be lightly passed by as the wanderings of some insane adleptate who is in the populist party for spoils and by talking thus hopes to attract attention to himself. This warning is sent out by a man who is earnest and stands high in the councils of his party; a man for whom we have a great deal of respect, both as a brother journalist and as a man, Hon. A. E. Sheldon. The paragraph quoted above is not the sentiment of Bro. Sheldon alone—it is the sentiment of many populists, though all are not brave enough to "speak out in meeting" as he has done.

When one reads the article above, he sees clearly the reason that impelled many populists to agree to a fusion with democracy—the hope of gain, and the greed for office, not principle, as they would have us believe. Thank God all populists were not of that persuasion. Thousands of them labored long and hard for the election of Wm. J. Bryan for the presidency, and for them we have all due honor and respect, but for the others, those who were friendly in name only, who tried to kill while pretending to befriend—words are too weak to describe the feeling held for them. Bro. Sheldon belongs to the former class, but it seems that something went wrong on the 3rd of November, and he is "different" now from what he used to be. Bro. Sheldon says "we do not propose to be made a catspaw to draw chestnuts out of the fire for our democratic brethren," and no one can blame him for the expression he gives to that sentiment, but if he means his readers to infer that he has been used as a catspaw, when he supported Bryan, democrats will take issue with him. They looked upon populists as friends and allies, not as catspaws, and had Bryan been successful they would have shared in the glory as well as the spoils gained thereby. In Nebraska the democrats played the part of the cat to the populist monkey, not only this year but two years ago, and with what result? It is a sad commentary on the present-day leaders of democracy that they should labor hard for the success of a political party other than their own, and be rewarded with contumely, not praise.

The cry is "keep the silver forces together," but how can it be done when populists persist in spitting upon democracy, as is being done today all over our fair land? Do they hope to disorganize the democratic party, driving a part into the ranks of the republicans and the other part into the populist camp? It cannot be done; antagonism at the present time will only serve to solidify the various elements of the party. Democrats should heed this word of warning, and be prepared to defend the party they love and the principles it represents. The strong proposed to help the weak, but the offer is spurned.

The latest thing is the newspaper trust, that is, a trust formed by the makers of the quality of paper known as news print. Prices will soon go skyward, and then where will the poor country weekly be? Subscription rates are hard to advance, that is, it is hard to get an advanced price for subscription to a paper, and as newspapers are at best poor paying institutions the publishers of country weeklies are bound to have a hard time of it, and calls for cash will be more frequent than ever. Now is the time to subscribe, before the advance sets in.

The Nebraska legislature elected on November 3, will contain among its members, four newspaper men. The time is rapidly passing by for newspaper men to plod along boosting other people into office and in return getting a subscription or two and empty compliments. They are going after some of the things themselves. Our wish is that every editor in the state is able to so entrench himself financially, that every galoot who imagines that he is going to break the paper by stopping a subscription will be made to feel that he is a chump.—Alliance Grip.

How beautiful and convenient the present court house is, to be sure!

What a graceful structure and how noble and inspiring it looks on a bright, moonlight evening! And what a musical sound proceeds therefrom as the wind gently(?) whispers through its numerous orifices! What a feeling of rest and security, especially from fire, steals over one's soul as he stands within its sainted portals! Down with all agitation for a modern building! S'death!

One more prize fight has been held and one more "champion of the world" is in the field. Bob Fitzsimmons whipped Tom Sharkey fairly in their fight at San Francisco last week, but the decision was given to Sharkey and now that worthy will go strutting around with a chip on his shoulder until someone proposes to knock it off, when he will take refuge in the old cry of "you're not in my class." The decision of the referee of this fight, Earp, was one of the most yellow ever given, and one more cause for complaint against prize fights is added to the already long list. Time was when prize fighters were looked up to on account of their prowess, but year by year the veneration formerly felt for them is turning to something worse than disgust—it is nameless, but it almost creates nausea.

WAR DEPARTMENT'S WORK.

The annual report of the secretary of war shows, as that of last year did, the prevalence in the department of a business-like system. In every item of expenditure the country gets yearly more for its money; the proportion of men actually on duty to the number of men under pay is steadily increasing, while the number of officers with their regiments is also growing.

There are two points of public interest in the report. One is a renewal of the recommendation made by Gen. Sherman thirteen years ago, and repeated in every commanding general's report since that time, that the total enlisted force allowed by law shall be so far increased as to allow the three battalion formation instead of the ten-company organization now in force.

This matter is very simple. Regiments of ten companies are rarely present together under command of their field officers. Battalions of four companies—three to a regiment—furnish a practical and effective unit of organization. Every advanced nation on earth but ours has adopted this system, and in every one it has been found much more effective than the old. It is true that we do not need any very great efficiency in our little army in time of peace. But should war come its organization would be the foundation of our volunteer army, and that organization should be the best one known.—New York World.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

Some of our brethren of the press are much concerned over the ungainliness of the present Australian ballot law and are anxiously advocating a substantial revision if not an entire reconstruction of the law, claiming that as it now stands many are unable to vote intelligently, all of which is true. A voter should be a man possessing at least the resemblance of an education; he should be a man of sound mind; he should know for whom he wishes to cast his ballot, and should not be guided by politics alone. Those who advocate the Ohio and Illinois system of voting, where one X mark in a circle at the head of the ticket means that all the candidates on that ticket are to be voted for, advocates a return to the conditions which prevailed before the adoption of the Australian law, where the mere ability to walk to the polls constituted a voter's only qualification after having gained a residence.

The Australian ballot law as existing at present is to a certain extent an educator, that is, it requires the voter to possess a certain amount of knowledge of candidates before he can vote as he intends. It is this feature of the law which commends it to educated people, and it would be a shame to so amend or revise the law that it will require but the ability to distinguish the difference between a rooster, a plow or a rose to enable the voter to cast a straight ballot. The law may be crude in some ways, and may need amendments, the usefulness of which have been demonstrated by the trial given the law as it now stands; but the present method of arranging the names of candidates should not be disturbed. The party which advocates an arrangement by which a straight ticket may be voted by making a single X mark, admits that it considers the majority of its members deficient in education.

REIGN OF THE BOW.

Dainty Knots of Ribbons Have Become a Fad with Both Sexes.

This is the day of the bow. It is everywhere, in everything, on every thing. Nothing is complete without a bow nowadays. Every known and unknown article of commerce, from a candy box to a soft pillow, must have its bow. To be really in the swim and up to date the fashionable article, be it gown or table cover, must have more bows than a summer girl has beaux. Even the bicycle is not exempt. Every wheel which expects to hold up its handle-bars in good society must have a bow or two flying from the bars, and the rider, to be in good form, must be similarly decorated. If a member of the diamond fame fraternity he has a bow on his coat lapel or the breast of his sweater, others on each side of his natty "garters," and still another upon the side of his cap. If he be very swell he will be sure to wear a bow over the joining of his sweater collar, and a bow will perch triumphantly upon his watch chain. If he has "bow fever" in all its entirety there are numerous other places in which to place the jaunty bits of ribbon.

One man will wear a dozen bows easily, while another will wonder where to place half of those which have been given him by his feminine friends. Femininity is at the bottom of the fad for bows. Every woman loves ribbons, and every woman loves them twisted, tied and tortured into bows. The amount of ribbon which a stylish woman of the present season carries about with her is wonderful to contemplate. And the present allowance will not be half enough for the winter-warden, if the shopkeepers are to be believed.

The bicycle girl's capacity for bows is greater than that of the man. Every girl has long bows and streamers of her club or individual colors floating from her handle-bars. A few have taken to decorating the saddle also. One original South side maiden wheeled gaily forth recently with her entire machine brilliant with bows. They perched upon her saddle, they streamed from her handle-bars, they glittered from the spokes of both wheels, they shone from the drop-frame. The average girl, however, has not yet attained such a state of bows.

The bows themselves are of divers kinds, but they are worn everywhere. On the shoulders, at the throat, at the belt, on the skirt, the bodice, the sleeves, the head, the hands, and the feet of the fashionable woman. Many of the newest shoes are trimmed with dear little ribbon bows at the top of the lacing, and some modish girls have ribbon bows sewed to the backs of their long-winded gloves. Perched at the proper angle they have a dainty, butterfly appearance, as have the short, wide bows which are pinned just at the last line, or on top of the coil of back hair. When properly tied and posed the effect is charming. Series of bows, large, medium and shading to very small, and all of the butterfly order, are being placed upon the newest skirts, from the belt at one side, right down to the hem at the other, range, crossing the front of the figure diagonally.

The fad for bows has brought several kindred ones in its train. The fad for exchanging bows, for instance, and the fad for bow collections. The college youth who has not a collection of bows given him by his girl admirer is indeed a mournful soul, and the girl chums who have not yet exchanged bows are either behind the times or losing the fervidness of their affection. Every girl has her color now, days, and her special way of tying bows, or having them tied, and her admirers follow suit, as in duty bound. The room of a popular and fashionable young man resembles nothing so strongly as the ribbon booth of a church fair, at the present time, and the boudoir of the favored girl is much the same.

Unpopular or passe girls are strongly suspected of buying ribbons and bows on the sly and passing them off as gifts. This idea is doubtless responsible for the autograph bows which are just coming into favor. These are bows upon which the giver and the recipient both inscribe their names, written in indelible ink, and they are affixed, as fast as received, to long strips of ribbon, which, in turn, are hung upon the wall, the side of the piano, or elsewhere, according to fancy. The girl who is really popular with men, and knows it, has taken to carrying her strip of ribbon to parties with her; she rarely goes home without a new bow added to the list.

The sudden popularity of ribbon bows has brought into existence with it a new occupation. Bows are made up in various shapes and ways at all the ribbon counters in town, but in addition to the saleswomen who do the work of their respective departments there are several women in Chicago who are making quite a comfortable addition to their incomes by tying bows and bow-knots.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Where Mourning Is a Luxury.

The "luxury of woe" is such in the orient that women seize on the slightest pretext to indulge in it. Professional mourners frequently sit before the doors of dying people, waiting to be engaged to raise their voices in lamentation; and recently at Luxor a chorus of women sat on the banks of the Nile and cursed, tore their garments and screamed, as a schooner took a man to prison for stealing. As soon as the boat had left the pier these outbursts ceased, and the women chatted together quietly and calmly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Bow-Legged."

"Bow-legged" is Watson "bow-legged?" said his best friend. "His legs are such curves that when he stands alongside of his bicycle a stranger would swear it was a tricycle."—Indianapolis Journal.

SPONGE CULTURE.

A Proposal to Carry It On by Artificial Means.

Reckless Fishing Threatening to Exhaust the Natural Supply of the Great Producing Centers.

Several causes have recently combined to reduce the supply of sponges in the American market. The paralysis of all industry in Cuba in consequence of the civil war now prevailing there is one of them. The West Indies, Bahamas and Florida are the principal centers of production in this part of the world. Reckless fishing, which threatens to exterminate the sponges, much as similar proceedings do the seals off the coast of Alaska, is another factor in the situation. These facts lead peculiar interest to the proposition recently made to the United States government, through its consular agent at Mitylene, by a Greek named Charalampus Chorophis, to establish the business of artificially cultivating sponges somewhere on the Florida coast, if he can get a concession. A great deal has been done in the past, under the auspices of the national and state fishery commissions, toward restocking American lakes and rivers with trout, bass, shad and salmon, with small fry hatched and nurtured under human management. Artificial means, too, have much to do with the culture of the oyster and the maintenance of the supply of that bivalve. But the reasonableness of the project of Mr. Chorophis does not rest alone on these precedents. Ichthyological experts in Washington are said to have shown confidence in its practicability. They say that by taking proper measures the Florida sponge fisheries could be brought to a higher state of productiveness in a few years. The man already engaged in the industry might not, however, relish this interference in behalf of the public.

The tough, soft, elastic, fibrous mass which is to be had at the druggist's, under the name of sponge, is really the skeleton which once supported a whole colony of jelly-like creatures which have built up that structure. These propagate, naturally, in two ways, by means of spores or eggs, and by the formation of buds which eventually split off from the mature polyp. The scientific sponge culturist proceeds on a plan which utilizes both of those methods, but is like a common practice in horticulture. He simply cuts up the tenement house of a colony into a number of pieces, employing a sharp knife or razor for the purpose, and conducting the operation while the pulpy mass is still under water. He is also careful to leave a portion of the original outer surface on each fragment. Each bit may then be loaded with a small stone or other sinker to take it to the bottom again. A few of these sections fail to revive; but the great majority, after an interval of two or three months, begin to thrive and eventually grow to a considerable size.

There are hundreds of distinct species of sponges, but scarcely a dozen are suited to man's use. It is asserted that those which are obtained from Mediterranean waters are the finest in the world; yet the delicate "sheep's wool" and "velvet" sponges of Florida are wonders of softness and beauty. And if a system of artificial culture should come into vogue these choice varieties could be produced almost as abundantly as the coarser grades are now.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Strange Power.

It is a curious thing, the power which some human beings have over animals. There is in Lowell a boy, differing in no respect from his companions, who has this power in a marked degree. Every stray dog or cat in the neighborhood knows him and loves to be in his company. A vicious horse which the stableman can with difficulty handle will stand like a lamb while he harnesses him. The doves fly around him, and in the woods the wild birds apparently regard him as a friend and ally. The most remarkable exhibition of his power, which has long been known and commented on by his friends, was given the other day. A large and vicious rat was captured in the stable in one of those traps which permit of easy ingress and no egress. The men who were looking at the animal were afraid to go near the trap, the animal showed such terror, but the boy, when he beheld the imprisoned creature, fearlessly put out his finger and stroked its head, the rat manifesting as much pleasure as would a cat or a dog. Several days have passed since then, and the stablemen are still afraid of their capture, but he has grown so tame and familiar with the boy as to allow him to take him out and put him back in the trap, will come at his whistle, and manifests every appearance of joy at his presence. There seems to be no question that the boy could train that rat to perform almost any feat within the power of such an animal.—Lowell (Mass.) Star.

Microbes Leap Niagara.

Prof. Frankland told some very interesting things about microbes in water during a recent lecture at the Royal Institute. He said that these little organisms sent into the Niagara river from the sewers of Buffalo take the tremendous leap over the great falls, and pass through the fearful turmoil of the rapids and whirlpools beneath with little or no harm. But after they have reached the placid waters of Lake Ontario they rapidly perish, and almost entirely disappear. This and many other similar facts were adduced to show that quiet subsidence in undisturbed water is far more fatal to bacterial life than the most violent agitation in contact with atmospheric air. Hence Prof. Frankland argues that the storage of water in reservoirs is an excellent method of freeing it from microbes.—Youth's Companion.

STORM HYPNOTISM.

A London Writer Tells of His Strange Experience in Paris.

The recent disastrous cyclone in Paris, which was one of the first of the kind ever experienced in that city, has opened up a discussion on the subject hitherto but little investigated, the mesmeric or hypnotic influence of storms.

It is well known that birds and other animals are often restless and disquieted before an earthquake or a severe storm, and there is every reason to suppose that they perceive the preliminary tremors and air vibrations before they are felt by man.

A correspondent of a London daily describes the experience of himself and his wife in Paris as illustrative of the impressions to which highly strained and nervous organizations are subject under certain conditions of atmospheric or electric disturbance. The night before the storm they went to the theater. The atmosphere was stifling; it was almost impossible to breathe. They both experienced a dead, dull depression on the brain, that can only be described as the symptoms of semi-inebriety.

They went dinnerless and supperless to bed and slept, unconscious of everything. In the morning the woman was seriously ill. Her lips and skin were burning. She could not swallow, and could scarcely articulate. The pupils of her eyes were dilated, the whites were veiled and almost jet black. She had every symptom of narcotic poisoning. By dint of great courage she covered somewhat and they sat in the courtyard of their hotel while the cyclone raged, feeling it, but seeing nothing of its terrors. They started for their English home on the night boat. The writer says that he went dazed into the car and fell asleep instantly. He has no recollection of the trip across the channel, being in a stupor all the way.

He left London soon after to go down into the country. He says: "I slept in the train, and I have gone on sleeping every few minutes ever since. The cyclone was on Thursday. It is now Sunday, and I am as sleepy as an owl; but gradually the mesmeric influence of the storm is fading away.

"The hypnotism of the cyclone is decreasing. The intolerable pressure of the brain is getting less acute, but there still remain that awful burning pain and the ache over the eyeballs from which we have suffered so long. What has happened to us? Will scientists explain?"—St. Louis Republic.

VENUS OF MILO.

Buried in an Oak Coffin During the Franco-Prussian War.

The recent death of M. Henri Brest, whose name was celebrated many years ago in connection with the statue of Venus, now one of the great treasures in the Louvre museum, brings to mind some interesting souvenirs connected with that statue. It was, indeed, M. Henri Brest who discovered the wonderful statue which had been unearthed by a peasant in the island of Milo and who bought it of him for a mere song in 1820. He soon sold it to M. de Marcellus, through whom it reached the Louvre. The wonderful statue remained undisturbed in the gallery of the Louvre, of which it was the principal ornament, till the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, when the means of preserving it against the possible pillage of the Germans caused great anxiety to the curators. Few Englishmen are probably aware that the Venus de Milo was on that occasion placed in an immense sort of padded oak coffin and buried mysteriously in a great trench made to receive it in the courtyard of the prefecture of police. This was done in the middle of the night, in the presence of very few witnesses, with the object of keeping the hiding place of the statue perfectly secret. It was thought by the officials of the Louvre that the statue was in perfect safety there; but their anxiety for the fate of the treasure was revived, after the signature of peace, by the outbreak of the commune and the setting fire to the prefecture of police and to the Palais de Justice opposite. Fortunately, however, when that insurrection had been put down the curators of the Louvre, on one more unearthing of the statue, found it had suffered no deterioration. The inscription on the pedestal of the statue in the Louvre does not even mention the name of M. Henri Brest. It relates simply that it was bought by M. de Marcellus for Marquis de Riviere, the French ambassador, who presented it to King Louis XVIII. in 1821.—Chicago News.

A Vegetable Pistol.

But the most remarkable instance of scattering the seeds (shooting them from the pod) is afforded by Hura crepitans, a handsome tree, native of the forests of South America. The curious fruit of this tree is somewhat flattened, deeply furrowed or fluted body, made up of a circle of many cells, each containing one seed. When the seeds are ripe the cells open, and expel them with a loud report, like the crack of a pistol. Hence the fruit is sometimes called the "monkeys' dinner bell."

Stories have been told of Hura fruits being placed in desks and subsequently opening, and discharging their seeds with such violence as to break ink-wells, and even to crack the wood of the desk.—Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Famine Bread.

In times of famine bread has been baked from wood bran and husks of corn. The woodbread is made by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood—the beech, for example—and washing it with water to remove any soluble matter. It is then dried in an oven and reduced to fine powder. With the addition of a little flour, some yeast and water, it forms a dough which, when baked, constitutes bread resembling in appearance and taste our ordinary brown bread.—Chicago Inter Ocean.