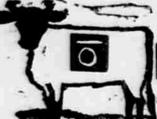


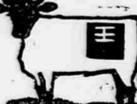
McNitt Bros.
F. O. Brownlee Neb
Right or left side
Horses same on
left shoulder
Earmark: Swallow
tail clip, right
or left ear
Range, Big Creek



John H. Harnan
Brownlee Neb
Also AE and be
Horses on left
shoulder
Range Goose Creek
and North Loup



Marshall & Wolfenden
Kennedy, Neb.
Some on the left
hip
Horses on left
shoulder
Brand is small
Earmark: Quarter
clip behind, half ear
clip forward on left ear
Range Loup Tree
Lake



Louis F. Richards
Merriman Neb



Charles Richards
Merriman, Neb



W. R. Kissel
Brownlee, Neb.
Also some below
left hip
Also U right
hip
Range Kissel's
Ranch



Thomas Farren
Rosebud, S. D.
ID 1183 either left
side or hip
Horses - shoulder
Range head of
Antelope



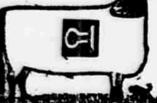
Wheeler Bros.
Cody, Neb
Range on the Snake
River and Chamber
lain flat



Louis J. Richards
Merriman, Neb.



Charles H. Faulhaber
Brownlee Nebr
Either right or left
side on cattle
Horses same on
left shoulder
Left ear cut out of
cattle
Range Loup river



Paul Didier
Rosebud, S. D.
Horses D
Cattle, hole in
each ear
Range Big and
Little White Rivers



Charles C. Tackett
Rosebud, S. D.
Range head of Antelope
near St. Mary's
mission
Horses branded
on left thigh



William F. Schmidt
Rosebud, S. D.
On left side
Horses branded
same on left hip or
shoulder
Range on Horse
Creek



John DeCory
Rosebud, S. D.
Some branded ID
417 on left side
Horses JD on left
hip
Range in meyer Co
on Antelope Creek



S. H. Kimmel
Rosebud, S. D.
Also B4U on left
side
Cattle undercut on
both ears
Horses branded 4
on left shoulder
Range on Antelope
and Spring Creeks.



DECEMBER WHEAT \$1.09.
This is the Highest Notch Touched Since the 1891 Corner.
Amid the wildest excitement seen on the Chicago Board of Trade within the memory of the oldest trader December wheat sold for \$1.09 Thursday. This is the highest mark which the cereal has reached since the historic combine of 1891. During the four hours of session a rise of 7 1/2 cents over the opening price was recorded. The Chicago price was 16 cents over Minneapolis and Duluth, 10 cents over New York and 7 cents over St. Louis.

At this price the wheat of an eighty-acre Kansas farm, land value \$15 per acre, was worth more than the land itself, the farm equipment and the house and barn. Not a farmer in Minnesota or the Dakotas with 2,400 bushels of wheat, the product of eighty acres last harvest, but what could have sold his grain in Chicago Thursday for more than his land would bring, and have a few hundred dollars to the good.
If the pace of the first few minutes had been maintained during the rest of the session it is probable that kernels of wheat would have sold as high as diamonds at the close. The cereal shot up to \$1.05 1/2 at a bound and the holders of big wheat contracts could have disposed of them at this stage without any trouble. When \$1.05 was bid for December wheat some of the bulls thought the temperature was getting rather high and dumped a lot of their claims. This action had the effect of easing the market and checking temporarily the efforts of the more aggressive. Ten minutes of comparative quiet reigned in the stormy session, and then the bulls by a coup started the figures their own way again. So complete was the surprise that many of the dealers declared that they expected to see the price sail up to \$1.50 before the end of the session.
At \$1.06 the explosion of a Krupp gun could not have been heard above the pandemonium. The bulls forced the cereal by fractions of a cent up to \$1.07. Here their foemen made a temporary rally and brought another elevator full of grain into their midst. A half hour of deadlock resulted, but the dealers with the horns, metaphorically speaking, concentrated their forces on a weak point in the other ranks and shot the price to \$1.09, the high water mark of the day and of six years. Then succeeded the usual slump as the time for the clang of the gong approached and December closed at \$1.07.

THE SAGUAY PASS.

It is a Trail of Horror and Death Leading to the Klondike.
The Saguay Pass, en route to the Klondike region, is thus described by an American miner who has just returned: The Saguay Pass is a rank fake, advertised by a lot of Shylocks and mountebanks at the town of Saguay for the purpose of making money out of the deluded people who are persuaded to go that route. What is called the "Saguay Pass" is no pass at all—it is simply forty-eight miles of mire. I never saw such human suffering in my life as I witnessed



THE SUMMIT OF WHITE PASS.

among the 1,200 people who are now camped in Saguay Pass. Not five per cent of them will get over and the others are coming back. I found men only twenty miles away from the town, and it had taken them forty days to get that far. Horses get down in the snow and mire and hundreds of animals have their legs broken and must be shot. The bottoms of the canyons are covered with the carcasses of dead animals that have been rolled over the cliffs. There will be much suffering and starving this winter among the people camping in Saguay Pass. I saw one poor man, who had mortgaged his home in Seattle for \$500, gave his wife and children \$150 to keep them this winter, and spent \$300 for his outfit. He could not get across the fake pass and returned to the town of Saguay to sell his outfit. The eight or ten outfitters of that town all stand together, and he could get no more than \$40 for his outfit. The



MAIN STREET OF SAGUAY.

poor man saw that he had lost his home, and he was broken hearted. I felt sorry for him and gave him \$100, and his eloquent thanks were the tears that streamed down his cheeks. This is only one of a hundred like cases, and, for humanity's sake, the Saguay Pass should be denounced as a fake of unscrupulous swindlers. The town of Saguay is full of dissolute characters.
Sparks from the Wires.
Spain will send no further re-enforcements to Cuba.
All the members of the Board of Health appointed by the Governor at New Orleans, La., have resigned.
Secretary Long has addressed a letter to Miss Christine Bradley asking her to christen the battleship Kentucky.
Nicaragua passed a law Oct. 9 last, absolutely prohibiting the immigration of Chinese. The officer who infringes on the law is subjected to a fine of from \$25 to \$500.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

THE TREND OF POLITICS.

It is as plain as the nose on a man's face that the trend of party politics is toward Democracy. Every municipal and State election since the election of McKinley has shown big Democratic gains; more than the gains which are always made by the outs after a successful campaign by the ins.
This country is by inclination and interest Democratic. As long as the Republican party is in close touch with the great middle class of our republic, so long it is on the right track, but the moment it joins hands with the Mark Hannas, the Tom Platts, the Matt Quays, the Andrew Carnegies and that stripe of patriots, it parts company with its principles and laughs defiance at government by the people.

The Republican party won in 1896 on account of a terrible panic for which no party was responsible. It had been a thousand times better if the Democratic party had lost in 1892, for the panic was due just the same and no power, save providential, could have stayed the avalanche of financial disaster. To prove that the panic would have been upon us just the same if Harrison had been re-elected, we need only cite present conditions, which are not much better than a year or two years ago. If the Republicans had the Aladdin lamp that would build castles and golden palaces in 1893, why do they not rub the lamp late in the fall of 1897? If it was Democratic incompetency and stupidity that led the country into a slough of despond in 1892, why does not the Republican party say the magic word that will transform an Egyptian famine into a Canaan flowing with milk and honey?

It is not in the power of any political party to say to panicky times, "so far shalt thou come and no farther." Neither has any party the right in decency and fairness to lay the blame of unpropitious financial conditions upon the opposite party.

The Democratic party failed in 1896 because of the panic long continued, but there were other reasons. It had to answer for an emasculated tariff bill, which had been pruned and trimmed and remodeled till its own creators did not know it from a last year's bird's nest. It was shamefully disgraced; so much so, indeed, that Grover Cleveland refused to sign it. The men who by their narrowness, their treachery and political villainy brought about that result are, bless the Lord, being rapidly retired to private life, and they go to endless oblivion as the victims entered Dante's Inferno, knowing that it is "abandon hope, all ye who enter here." There is no weeping or commiseration over their downfall.
The Democratic party is being purged of its self-seekers, of its Gormans, Hills, Murphys, McPhersons and like ilk. The Democratic party is being rehabilitated after this house-cleaning. On the ruins of the old party is being erected a new party, grander, nobler and better than before. The trend is towards Democracy. Republican promises are not being redeemed.—Washington, Ia., Democrat.

Jekyll-Hyde Tariff.

Thomas B. Reed has made a remarkable discovery. He has found out that the Dingley tariff bill is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde affair.

Just now it is unfortunately true that the Mr. Hyde nature of the tariff is manifesting itself, but later on the good Dr. Jekyll will appear and the wicked Mr. Hyde will leave the stage of operations. By some peculiar automatic change this Dingley deficiency producer will become a surplus producer, and everything will be lovely in the Republican camp.
When Dingley was busy preparing his bill he used the argument that the Democratic deficit caused the bond issue, and that the Republican tariff would cure all such evils. The result is now a deficit of nearly \$50,000,000, with good prospects of doubling that amount in the next six months.

The New York Evening Post is not so optimistic as the rotund Reed, and announces brusquely that "currency reform in the presence of a deficit is impossible." If this is true, what are the Republicans going to do about it? Will they postpone currency reform until the benevolent side of the Jekyll-Hyde tariff puts in an appearance, or will they admit that Mr. Hyde has gained a permanent ascendancy and tackle the tariff question a second time?

Things are badly mixed, and the Republicans must either confess that their tariff is a failure or stubbornly blunder along with it until a deficit of \$100,000,000 frightens them into making a revision.

Tariff Dilemmas.

The Republicans will discover, if they have not yet reached that stage of enlightenment, that the Dingley tariff dilemma has two horns. Just now the tariff tinkers are squirming on the horn of a deficit, but, with an optimism worthy of Mark Tapley, they laugh at the suggestion that they are hurt, and assert that after December the deficit of \$60,000,000 will be made up by increased importations and prosperity will dawn. Is that so?
For the sake of cheerful amenity let the assertion be accepted. What, then, have the Republicans gained? To be sure, they have cured the deficit, but at what expense? American manufacturers were promised a glorious dawn of prosperity after the Dingley

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