

The Valentine Democrat

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VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

China is sorry now that she ever invented gunpowder.

Perhaps it would be more appropriate to call him President Clam of Hayti.

Young Edison says he has discovered a "photograph of thought." Is it a good newspaper?

As regards the license question, Boston remains an island, completely surrounded by water.

The pension list is a roll of honor. If it isn't it should be. Why should any one object to its publication?

A girl may turn up her nose at the mistletoe idea, but that's no reason why she shouldn't be kissed right beneath it.

Japan rises to call attention to the fact that she didn't thrash China solely for the benefit of Germany, Russia and England.

A Virginia statesman has introduced a bill to prohibit flirting. The best way to accomplish this reform would be to repeal the laws of nature.

A Washington letter says that the new silver certificate will be a work of art. It will take another kind of work, however, to secure one.

A Kentucky man has humiliated himself in the eyes of his fellow-citizens by drinking a pint of gasoline under the impression that it was whisky.

Two New Jersey colored men maiming each other over a girl, inculcates the lesson that when one lover wants to cut another out he shouldn't use a razor.

Germany is the greatest beer-producing country in the world. And it's evident when the Emperor William wants to get on his high horse he'd never be satisfied with a pony.

A floating news item says that "in spite of the deadly nature of the folding bed that piece of furniture is more popular than ever." The fellow who makes the folding bed certainly ought to be right in it, then.

A cablegram announces that "Marie Geisting, the well-known German soubrette, is making her farewell appearances prior to leaving the stage. She is 69 years old." Retire? Nonsense! She will be transferred to the ballet.

There is much sound sense in the recommendation of the Grand Jury of Kings County, New York, that the office of coroner be abolished, on the ground that said office is of no practical value in ferreting out crime. The allegation that coroners are useless functionaries will apply in other States besides New York.

It appears that a woman who was once the wife of a regular army officer who died years ago without a pension has married twice since the death of her first husband, but as the wife of the third is drawing a pension which has already yielded her over \$3,000. Cases like this afford the opponents of a liberal system of pensions ready weapons for attack.

While the New England cotton mills are cutting down wages and dividends, the cotton mills in the South are running on full time. Indeed, many of them are running night and day. Even with this the orders are far in excess of the output. As a pointer, the announcement is made that the Lynchburg, Va., cotton mill has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent on its capital of \$500,000 and carried \$22,000 to its reserve fund. The stock of the Lynchburg mill is held almost entirely in that city.

The clergyman who, a few Sundays ago, whipped out a cheese knife from behind his pulpit and brandished it before his sermon, and another who during his sermon weighed a balloon with a whisky bottle, may have convinced their congregations that drink is both suicidal and debasing, but they seem to have forgotten the rule of rhetoric that such similes burlesque both the subject and the object. Eccentric and "yellow" methods, whether in speech, or journalism, or social life, may enforce attention and excite comment, but are meretricious in character and of doubtful utility.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports that during two years and a half only six American vessels are alleged to have successfully landed expeditions from the United States in Cuba, and of these all but one were small tugs or a pilot boat. Of sixty alleged attempts to land expeditions, forty-three were failures, most of them having been frustrated either by the Treasury Department or by our navy. Only four of them were frustrated by Spain, and the Secretary suggests that if the Spanish patrol of the Cuban coast had been one-half as vigilant as that of our coast by our revenue and naval vessels, no men or arms could have been landed. In five cases the principals in the expeditions have been sentenced to prison by our courts.

The average life of a good voice is fifteen years. Patti's is an exception. So also is Sims Reeves'. Smoking and drinking have ruined countless male voices. Singers live fast, and their voices suddenly become frogs in the

throat. Women suffer all the ailments of the vocal chords, owing to low neck and short sleeves, consequent exposure and late champagne suppers. Jealousy kills a great many voices of the gentler sex. A voice well cared for should last forty years, in which time it should earn no less than \$500,000. Possibly one singer in 500 has a nest egg and saves something for a rainy day. The rest live from hand to mouth—ride to-day, walk to-morrow; feast this week, famine next. They convert a safe investment into a precarious existence.

The Engineering and Mining News, a standard trade journal of recognized reliability, has recently made a careful study and investigation of the gold discoveries in the Klondike regions. As the result it says editorially that the gold discoveries of that section "have been preposterously exaggerated, and practically all the Klondike investment companies now trying to sell their \$1 and \$5 shares of stock to the public are based upon air. Nevertheless they are able to parade the names of persons well-known in politics and in business as presidents, officers and directors. If such men could be subjected to unlimited liability for the results they would not be so scandalously free to lend their names to the first adventurer who comes along." Here is a word of warning which the general public would do well to heed just at this time. There seems to be no doubt that the gold discoveries on the Klondike are very rich. Beyond a question there is room for legitimate investment there to aid in developing the resources of the country. Money may be made not only in opening up the mines, but also in many other lines of commercial activity. But, on the other hand, there is danger of its loss.

Port Arthur, which has come once more into prominence, owing to Russia's occupation of it, was an insignificant village of mud huts until China in 1881 established a dock yard and began extensive improvements. At present its large refitting basin, extensive wharves, formidable forts, with guns of the latest patterns, and the fact that its port remains free from ice all the year make it an extremely valuable acquisition for Russia, which, undoubtedly, has been planning for its occupation ever since the Chinese-Japanese war. No one has believed that Russia would spend \$200,000,000 in building the Trans-Siberian railroad across the Asiatic continent to Vladivostok. Port Arthur has long been recognized as the logical eastern terminus of Russia's great railroad, and surveys in the direction of Port Arthur had already been made before Russia's announced occupation of the latter port. Kiao-Chou lies nearly 200 miles south of Port Arthur and from its situation can easily be closed from the sea by the fleets of Russia, England or Japan, so that it may prove a liability instead of an asset, even though it lies on the flank of Russia's great railroad system in the east. Japan was compelled to leave Port Arthur by the action of Russia, Germany and France in 1896. It remains to be seen whether Japan may not, in turn, make its possession uncomfortable to Russia.

The question of the necessity for or advisability of corporal punishment in the schools is again under discussion in Brooklyn, where a little boy, who died recently, is supposed to have been the victim of this sort of correction. The Citizen says that "the boy's hands were struck with a strap, after which he was hit on the lower part of the back with a piece of bicycle tire." It is not known positively that this beating was the cause of the illness (cerebral meningitis) that resulted in the boy's death, but there are those who think it was. At all events, it has occasioned a good deal of talk as to the merits or demerits of corporal punishment in the schools. It would seem, however, that there ought to be no occasion for any talk on this subject, for there ought to be no such subject. The schools are no place for corporal punishment, if, indeed, it can justly be said that there is a place on earth for it. Many there are who concede to the parent the right to beat the child, but it may be questioned that he has a moral right to do so. It is not clearly established that nature made the child either to do right or to be whipped for not doing right, and it is not unreasonable to say that in a very large percentage of cases the parent who uses the rod is moved to revenge on the child his own neglect in the matter of the child's training. Whatever, however, may be thought as to the propriety or otherwise of the parental thrashing, no teacher ought to be permitted to lay violent hands on the pupil. It is a humiliating, a degrading punishment, fit only for the correction of beasts, which have no reasoning powers to appeal to. There are many ways in which a child may successfully be reached—through his instinct of honor or of pride; through the spirit of manliness that is gaining growth in him; through his hope of reward or his fear of merited punishment; through love; through manifestation of interest in him, and through his sympathies, and the gentlest of these ways are, as a rule, the most effective. It is a fact that teachers have achieved great success in dealing with pupils without the use of the rod, and all ought to be compelled to do so, if they can't, to make way for those who can.

The Heat of the Earth.
Lord Kelvin contends that the earth might be white hot 2,000 feet below the surface or as cold as ice fifty feet below without changing our present climate. He attributes the intensely hot climate of an earlier age to greater heat of the sun.

Biggest of Recreation Grounds.
Epping forest is the largest public recreation ground in the world.



FINE PHRASES.

As a maker of phrases William McKinley was a success during the Presidential campaign. But as a maker of prosperity since his elevation to the Presidential chair he has proved a failure.

One of the greatest hits in phrase-making was the declaration that it was "better to open the mills than the mints." Apt alliteration's artful aid helped to make this saying popular, but, unfortunately, the mills have not opened, and the remark has sunk to the level of a glittering generality.

With 90,000 cotton operatives threatening to strike in New England because of a reduction of 10 per cent. in their scanty wage, the cotton mills seem more likely to close than open, and the dawn of prosperity so brilliantly described as a necessary result of Republican supremacy appears to be indefinitely postponed.

Now it is announced that 50,000 skilled workmen in the New England shoe factories are to have their wages reduced. Protection through the workings of the Dingley tariff has failed to protect, and the result is disaster to factory owners and operatives alike.

With 140,000 men reduced to starvation wages, at least 700,000 men, women and children will be made to feel the pinch of poverty. Their inability to purchase anything but the bare necessities of life will have a most depressing effect on general business in New England.

It is an old proverb that fine words butter no parsnips, and there can be no stronger proof of this than the fate of William McKinley's famous utterance that "it is better to open the mills than the mints."—Chicago Dispatch.

Why the Journal Flopped.
In a signed editorial the New York Journal repudiates William J. Bryan as a candidate for President and demands that the theory of remonetizing silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 be abandoned.

This defection from Democracy as expressed in the Chicago platform need not alarm silver men, nor need it cause any degree of surprise. W. R. Hearst, the owner of the Journal, is a millionaire, and never was a free silver man. When he began the publication of the Journal, personal influences were brought to bear which secured an esopusal of William J. Bryan and the Chicago platform.

Had success crowned the efforts of the Democracy, the Journal would doubtless have continued to advocate the principles it espoused in 1896, but in the face of defeat and with a proprietor by education and environment a friend of gold, the change of front by the Journal was to be expected and has therefore in it no elements of surprise to Democrats.

Elect the Senate.
Everybody understands that the sole obstacle in the way of changing the Federal Constitution so as to give the election of United States Senators directly to the people is the Senate itself. Most of the present Senators would be relieved of public duty were such an amendment made, and they know it right well. If things be left as they are, they have a fair chance, with the aid of the corporations and monopolies they serve, to be re-elected, but before the voters they would be powerless to escape retribution and individual extinction.

Nevertheless, we believe it to be possible, even with our present Senate, to pass the constitutional amendment, although it requires a two-thirds vote of each house of Congress. Once passed, its adoption by three-fourths of the States would be inevitable. It would be a case controlled by public opinion, regardless of party lines.—New York News.

Hanna's Modest Announcement.
"God reigns and the Republican party still lives." Too much cannot be said in praise of the modesty and self-abnegation of Senator Hanna in thus announcing his victory to the President. God reigns, as heretofore, instead of abdicating, as must evidently have been the case in the event of Mr. Hanna's defeat. It is something to know that God reigns and the Republican party still lives; it is more to be assured that this state of things will continue for at least seven years—until the expiration of the time for which Mr. Hanna was elected. Laus Marco.—Detroit News.

Among Buckeye Republicans.
There is too much personal politics in the Republican party in Ohio to make the atmosphere of that State congenial to the development of statesmen in that party. There is too much treachery, too much knifing and hoodluming, too much discreditable wire-pulling. Statesmen are not fitted to act as feud chiefs—when the blood oath is taken, political Indians must lead the trail on the warpath, and the bloodiest scalping-knife brings the award of precedence.—St. Louis Republic.

Lesson of the Ohio Struggle.
Senatorial elections should be put in the hands of the people. Whether the Senators elected by popular vote would be any better than those secured through the State legislatures or not, they would at least be uncontaminated by the workings of the machines as they have been exhibited at Columbus; there would be no temptation to State legislators to stand out for the highest

price; there would be no deadlocks and, finally, the responsibility for the men elected would rest upon the people, with the opportunity to secure better whenever a majority could unite for that purpose.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

By Way of Compensation.
We are in favor of seeds for the farmer. We do not know that they are of any use to him, but he ought to get something out of the Government, and we do not see that he is getting anything else. On the contrary, he is taxed for the benefit of everybody else. Every one of the tariff protected trusts is sucking blood from the farmer. They make him pay more for almost every article he has to buy and cut the prices of his goods by bringing on retaliatory legislation in other countries.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Infant Industry Fallacy.
Free-traders will admit that tropical fruits can be grown in Labrador. But as to the wisdom of establishing an orange grove in Labrador the free-trader has his opinion. So it is with establishing new industries by protection. It may be done, but it's an expensive proceeding, and the cost is fully equal to the value of what is gained, and usually far greater. And when the protected child is adopted it almost invariably turns out to be a sickly, weakly, but mighty greedy infant.—Utica Observer.

Costly Seed Distribution.
The farmers of the country could put a stop to it in short order if they spoke out their real sentiments. To a great majority of them the gift of a few packages of seeds is considered neither complimentary, necessary, honest nor good business for the Government to be in. They are not poverty-stricken; they can buy their own seeds. They are not lacking in intelligence and can select varieties without advice from Washington.—Sioux City Tribune.

What Democracy Offers.
The Democratic party does not promise to remove from all people the necessity of self-restraint, frugality, industry and self-denial; it merely promises to guarantee to rich and poor alike the fullest freedom and the enjoyment of the fruits of industry. That is all that the Democratic party has ever promised to do in its same moments.—Louisville Post.

Protectionist Editor Nonplused.
While we are congratulating ourselves on the fact that the sum total of our exports and imports aggregated more than \$1,000,000,000 for 1897, what are we to say when we consider the fact that England's export and import trade amounted to no less than \$3,722,115,000 for 1897, nearly four times the sum of our foreign trade?—Grand Rapids Herald.

Brief Comment.
Carl Schurz will doubtless consider abuse from General Grosvenor a personal compliment.—Buffalo Courier.

The Ohio Republicans have been distinguished for their quarrels for, lo! these many years. They are living up to their reputation.—Indianapolis News.

As a roll of honor there should be no objection to publishing the pension roll. Least of all should such objection come from the roll itself.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Ohio politicians come and go, but we don't notice any change in Ohio politics. It's the same old brew—the same old small also when the lid flies off.—Hartford Courant.

Perhaps the Ohio House of Representatives was wise in voting down the resolution to investigate charges of bribery made in connection with the Senatorial election. There are some stencils even Ohio can't endure.

No harm to any deserving pensioner could come from publication of the pension roll, but publication should also be made at or near the home of each applicant for a pension before it is granted. Such publicity would prevent more frauds than publication of the list of veterans already pensioned.—Omaha Bee.

No one seeks to withdraw pensions from those soldiers who are entitled to them under the very liberal laws now in force. What is sought is first, to purge the pension list of fraud; second, to limit payments to soldiers entitled to them and to those dependent upon them when the pension was earned.—New York Tribune.

An overshadowing evil in this country is monopoly entrenched in political power. So long as it remains in power, controlling through trusts and combines the railroads, the industries and the commerce of the country, defying or making laws, dictating governmental policy and official appointments, there can be no permanent relief for the people and no general prosperity.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

During each month of the year we furnish our readers with Republican prosperity supplements—no more such supplements will be sent out with our paper. The supplements are a fraud, a delusion and a lie. We are ashamed of them, sick and sore at the idea of sending out such "prosperity supplements" when at the same time we are unable to collect enough money to meet our bills after having made them.—Petersburg (Ind.) News.

When poverty comes in at the door love goes home to papa and brings hubby with her.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

Warren's Address.
Stand! the ground's your own, my braves—
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it in ye bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
Upon them! and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must!
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well?
As where heaven's dews shall shed
On the martyr's patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?
—Rev. John Pierpont.

The Drummer's Last Call.
A pathetic story of the civil war was related by the corporal of an Illinois regiment who was captured by the Confederates at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and is repeated in "Women of the War."

The day before this regiment was ordered by Gen. Lyon to march toward Springfield the drummer of the company fell ill. There was no one to take his place, and while the Captain was wondering how he should supply the lack a pale, sorrow-stricken woman appeared at his tent door, begging an interview. She brought with her a little boy of 12 or 13 years, whom she wished to place in the regiment as drummer boy.

"Captain," she said, after the boy had been accepted, "he won't be in much danger, will he?"

"No, I think not," replied the officer. "We shall be disbanded in a few weeks, I am confident."
The new drummer soon became a favorite, and there was never a feast of fruit or other hardly procured dainties that "Eddie" did not get his share first. The soldiers were stirred by the child's enthusiastic devotion, and declared that his drumming was different from that of all the other drummers in the army.

After the engagement at Wilson's Creek, where the Federals were defeated, Corporal B—, who had been thrown from his horse, found himself lying concealed from view near a clump of trees. As he lay there with his ear to the ground, he heard the sound of a drum, distinct, but rather faint. In a moment he recognized the stroke of Eddie, the boy drummer, and hastened toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. In a clump of bushes, propped against a tree, he found the boy. His drum was hanging from a shrub within reach, and his face was deadly pale.

"Oh, corporal," said he, "I am so glad you came! Won't you give me a drink of water, please?"
The corporal ran to a little stream close by and brought the child a draught. Just at this moment there came an order for the retreat, and the corporal turned to go.

"Don't leave me," said the little drummer. "I can't walk. See!" And he pointed to his feet.

The corporal saw with horror that both feet had been shot off by a cannon ball.

"He said the doctors could cure them," continued the boy, pointing to the dead body of a Confederate soldier who lay beside him. "He was shot all to pieces, but he crawled over here and—tied—my legs up—so they would—wouldn't bleed so!" And Eddie closed his eyes wearily.

The corporal's eyes were blinded by a mist of tears as he looked down. The Confederate soldier, shot to death, and in the agonies of the last struggle had managed to take off his suspenders and bind the boy's legs above the knees.

As the corporal bent down to raise the child a body of Confederate troops came up and he was a prisoner. With a sob in his voice he told the story, and the Southern soldier tenderly lifted the wounded drummer on to his own horse, swinging the drum before him.

When the little cavalcade reached camp Eddie was dead, but the little drummer's last call had aroused the noblest feeling in the heart of one who was his foe, one whose last act was an effort to save and comfort the boy-enemy who was faithful to his duty.

Seward's Assailant.
An ex-Confederate soldier thinks he has made an interesting discovery in connection with the attempted assassination of Secretary William H. Seward. About the hour when Booth shot President Lincoln, in Ford's Theater, a man presented himself at the residence of Mr. Seward, who was lying in bed critically ill from injuries received in a fall from his carriage. Pushing abruptly past the servant, who hesitated to admit him, the man made his way toward the sick room. A blow with the out of a heavy pistol fractured the skull of the Secretary's son and laid him insensible on the floor. In Mr. Seward's room were his daughter and George Robinson, a soldier, attending the invalid.

Pardon a little ancient history. Robinson met the stranger at the door and received a passing stab. The assassin then rushed to the bedside of Mr. Seward and attempted to strike him with a

knife. Robinson grappled with him, and a severe struggle followed, in the course of which the Secretary received three slight cuts. He rolled himself over in the bedclothes and fell on the floor. The household was aroused by this time, and the stranger ran down stairs, mounted a horse at the door and galloped away.

The whole detective force of the Government was employed to arrest the conspirators—Booth and his accomplices. It was believed at first that John Surratt was the assailant of Seward, and his mother's house was seized. On the morning of the 18th of April a man dressed as a laborer came to the door and was arrested. He said his name was Payne; that he was a common laborer, born in Virginia and had been engaged to repair a gutter on the roof. He was in the end fully identified as the man who attacked Mr. Seward. Of those found upon trial to have been accomplices of Booth, four were hanged, three were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life, and one for six years.

Payne was one of the victims. I do not remember whether he was hanged, sentenced for life or imprisoned for six years. There has always been a mystery about him. He had no friend. He talked none. Not a man in all Virginia could be found who knew him or anything about him. He was a tall young man, made of raw-bone, grit and gristle. His assumed name was Lewis R. Payne, and under that name he was convicted. The ex-Confederate referred to says that his real name was Leonard R. Powell, and that he was a member of Mosby's command. This will be strange and startling news for the Mosby guerrillas. It will be seen that the initials are the same—"L. R. P." There was a tactful soldier with Mosby named Leonard R. Powell, and he mysteriously disappeared from the haunts of men after the war.

The Drummer-Boy.
In a book entitled "Our Army Nurses" the following story is told by one of the noble women who cared for the suffering soldiers in the great Civil War:

On entering her hospital ward, one morning, she was attracted by one of the new faces she saw there. It was a child's face, and it wore a smile.

"His name is Henry—, not yet 12, but he has been in the army over three years," the attendant said.

The nurse went to the cot where he lay.

"Good morning, mother," he said, cheerfully, holding out a thin hand.

"You dear little fellow, how came you here? You are so young."

"My father was drafted and I got them to take me with him for a drummer-boy. I've got no mother, nor brothers nor sisters."

"Ah, so you called me mother. You do need some one to take mother's place, I'm sure."

"Yes'm. The boys told me you would take care of me."

"And where is your father?"

"He was killed three months ago at Antietam. I was wounded then—in my hip—some ball that killed my father. The surgeon says I shall be a cripple always."

The eyes of the nurse were growing moist. "My little boy looks very happy, after all. What makes you so?" she asked.

The child pulled a little Bible from under his pillow, and replied, "In the Bible it says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' If I get well, and try to be good, I guess I shall have a home somewhere, if I don't get well, I am sure I shall."

There was more than one deeply interested listener now; and each had some new question to ask the lad. Childlike faith like his was rare, even in the hospital, where it was common for men to feel that they could not die unless they were listening to a hymn or a prayer.

"My little lad," some one asked, "who taught you to trust in God?"

"My mamma, until she died; then my papa."

When he got better, he was heard one Sunday morning plaintively to say: "I wish I could go to Sunday school." Then there followed a pleasant sight. Two of the ward attendants said: "Get the child ready. We'll look after him." They crossed their hands, and carried the cripple to Sunday school every Sunday while he was in camp. But they did not go alone. By ones and twos and threes the big soldiers followed the little fellow, and stole into church. They all loved him, and some one, looking on, said: "A little child shall lead them."

One day a surgeon came to the nurse and said: "Here is a man looking for a soldier orphan boy to adopt. Tell him all you know of Henry."

The nurse told him of the lad's brief life, his beautiful spirit, and his longing for an education and a home.

"You have interested me greatly," said the man, with moistened eyes. "My wife and I had planned to go to Camp Denison, but we both dreamed on the same night that we should come to Camp Chase. I think God has led us. I am sure she will wish to take the boy."

In a few minutes the lad's feeble arms were trying about the man's neck. He was crying for joy. To those who clustered around to bid the little fellow good-by, the child said:

"I was sure God had a home for me."
The human brain is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent organism. The lifetime of a nerve cell is estimated to be about sixty days, so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour, and nearly 3,500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny. Thus once in every sixty days a man has a new brain.

If some men would conceal what they know they would be more popular.