

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

I. M. RICE EDITOR

Official Newspaper of Cherry County, Nebraska

## TERMS

Subscription—\$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 when not paid in advance.  
Display advertising—1 inch, 15c per issue; \$10 per column by the month.  
Local Notices—5c per line each issue.

Brands, 1 1/4 inches—\$4.00 per year in advance; additional space \$3.00 per inch per year; engraved blocks extra, \$1.00 each.

Parties living outside Cherry county not personally known are requested to pay in advance.  
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Notices of loss of stock free to brand advertisers.

Thursday, August 8 1901

The recent drought and hot spell has been the inspiration of a thousand poets as to who could best explain the situation. To read their attempts reminds one of O. W. Holmes' "Hot Season" going on or taking place in their craniums.

The Bender family is dead. They were dead over 27 years ago. There is a man in nearly every community who knows they are dead. Many people have friends who were in the last and final chase that ended in their being shot and burned and now have an abiding faith and belief that they are still dead. Yes they are dead.

An exchange says that Mark Hanna said McKinley turned everything over to God on July 1. When he went to Canton and was not responsible for the drought failures of crops, bank failures, strikes and general panic throughout the land. Yes, God must have dissolved the partnership when he saw how Mac was running things.

Senator Tildman who has acquired a national reputation for taking a bold stand and defending his belief on subjects of national importance in a recent speech in Wisconsin asks why the people of the state didn't marry and bleach out the 5000 negroes in that state. The northern people as a rule do not appreciate the southern conditions and if brought face to face with them could not blame the senator for upholding the lynchings. He was heartily applauded and the true sentiment of any community cannot be hidden when alike conditions arise in their midst as the numerous cases which caused general comment during the last year in the northern states. It needs only that a case come home to a people to open their eyes and clear their understanding.

## PLUTOCRATS CATECHISM.

1. Who made you?  
I made myself.
2. How did you make yourself?  
By swindling, over-reaching and other malpractices.
3. Do you believe in gold?  
Yes I believe in gold with my whole mind, and I love it with my whole heart.
4. Why do you believe in gold?  
Because it procures for me the respect and affection which the qualities of my character, my intellect and my person do not entitle me to possess.
5. Of which must you take the most care, of your money or of your soul?  
Of my money, for without it I should have neither power, position, friends or pleasure.
6. What is faith?  
It is to believe without doubting that with money I can do whatever I please.
7. What is hope?  
Hope is a firm trust that our iniquities will not be discovered in this world and will be forgiven in the next.
8. What is charity?  
Charity is to help others that it may help ourselves.
9. Are we bound to love our enemies?  
Yes so long as it is unsafe to show that we detest them.—London Truth.

The appointment by President McKinley of D. Clem Deaver to be receiver of public moneys at O'Neill is a fair sample of the kind of politics that nauseate. The salary attached to this office for the term of four years is the price of political hypocrisy on Deaver's part, and the token of corruption on the part of the managers of the last republican campaign in Nebraska. That President McKinley stoops to pay Deaver the price of his shame is for him to connive in the whole scandalous "mid-road" transaction. There was probably not one sound minded adult voter in Nebraska last fall who did not know that Clem Deaver and his precious gang of lieutenants were a crew of polit cal Judases hired with republican money to mislead and deceive such members of the populist organization as they could. And now, for the president, whether at the request of Senator Miller or Senator Deitrich to indict

this man on the people of Nebraska officially, by naming him to fill a place of some responsibility and considerable emolument, is simply an open confession of the low plane to which barter-and-sale politics has dragged the republican party. This appointment is hard on Nebraska, and will make republicans who desire their party to still preserve at least the trappings of respectability feel sick. But it was to have been expected nevertheless. Mark Hanna believes that every servant is worthy of his hire, and he has seen to it that Deaver was paid his price.—World-Herald.

An effort is continually being made to reduce letter postage to 1 cent and great strings of figures and argument are produced to show that whereas we now suffer a deficit of about \$4,000,000 with the postage at 2 cents that it not only can be made self sustaining but that there will be a surplus of \$4,000,000 in reducing to one cent. We would suggest that there is a reason for wanting letter postage reduced and it is not for the benefit of the poor people who write very few letters anyhow and do not feel the expense when they do write. There is a class of Eastern sharks who do an immense business catching suckers or representing that you get something for nothing and as they depend wholly upon the mails for carrying on their business they will be aided with their schemes to the extent of several dollars a day by a reduction to 1 cent. Our postal system has never been self supporting and just at the time when it was thought that it would be these eastern sharks brought up the same proposition that is before the people at the present time and used the same argument that by a reduction from 3 cents for letter postage to 2 cents there would be a more extensive use of the mails and that the revenues would be increased and that the cost of carrying would be practically the same as for less amounts in weight. It was tried and the first few years every effort was made to run down the deficiency which has continually embarrassed the manipulators of these schemes and now there is considerable talk of increasing the matter sent by mail by offering the privileges of reduced rates which will be on letter postage and merchandise. Our postal system should be self sustaining and when there is a surplus if it ever gets to be, there is a long list of deficiencies to make up, for as years that our government has had to pay the bills of postal deficits from other sources of revenue, which is unjust taxation and should be refunded.

## Coming Events.

Dancing Academy—August 1st to 10th.  
Great Eastern Circus—August 8.  
Teachers' Institute—August 12th to 25th.  
Episcopal Ladies' Social—August 15.  
School Commencement—September 2.  
Dr. W. I. Seymour—September 9.  
Fall Races—In September.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Judge Hamar is in town this week.  
Circus today. Lots of people are in town.  
A spelling contest will be held during Institute.  
D. Stinaard, the clothier, has a new ad in this issue.  
James Quigley was up to his ranch the first of the week.  
Teachers' Institute will begin Monday morning, August 12, at 8:30.  
Born last Thursday night, August 1, to Alex Charbonneau and wife, a 11 pound baby boy.  
Davenport & Thacher greet their patrons with a new ad in this issue of THE DEMOCRAT.  
A number of good men can secure work in the hay fields and elsewhere in Cherry county.  
C. H. Cornell got scorched a little with a branding iron while out branding cattle the first of the week.  
Rev. A. F. Cumbow and son Fred returned this morning from a trip to the Back Hills and Bad Lands.  
Mrs. T. C. Hornby, who has been visiting her mother in Chadron for several weeks returned last Sunday.  
Esther Smith departed last Thursday night for Wyoming where she will accept position as cook for J. O. Wallop.  
Miss Beulah Mummaugh, of Omaha, has been visiting this week with Miss Cora Sparks. She will return Saturday.  
The Y. W. C. T. U. will meet in the M. E. church Monday evening, August 12th. All young people are invited to be present.  
Miss Anna Marsden, who was here visiting her sister, Miss Nellie, returned to her home at Ainsworth last Thursday.  
John Helzer who has been wheelwright at the Post for several years and an early pioneer of this county, resigned his position and last Friday morning departed with his wife for Nemaha county, Kansas, where he has relatives and friends.

Come to

D. S. LUDWIG'S

OLD STAND.

Buggies at cost for the next 30 days in order to reduce our stock.

Binding Twine at 9 cents per pound.

Eclipse Windmills.

Fairbank's Steel Windmills.

Hay-rack Clamps.

Dain Sweeps.

Moline Wagons

L U M B E R

D. S. LUDWIG ESTATE

S. S. McClean, of Brownlee, made this city a visit Tuesday.

Thos. McClean was up from Pullman Tuesday on business.

Cora Carpenter came up from Omaha last Tuesday on business before the U. S. land office.

Wm. Gillaspie was up from the ranch last week and went over on the reservation to look after cattle interests returning Monday.

J. W. Curry, who sold his ranch near Merriman last fall and went to Nodaway county, Missouri, is back on a visit and says he likes farming.

Prof. Watson returned the first of the week from Ithica, Nebraska. Mrs. Watson remained on account of the serious illness of her father.

W. P. Taber and wife arrived home from their summer vacation last Monday and departed for Rosebud agency to resume their duties there.

George Cyphers arrived here Sunday from Morris, Minnesota, where he holds a government position. He will visit during his vacation at his home here.

Mrs. Stella Bullard returned to the Boarding School where she is employed as teacher, last Thursday after spending her vacation here with relatives.

The contract for the building of Fraternal Hall was let to Grant Dunn, he being the lowest bidder. The price we understand was \$4,208.00 to complete the building.

George L. Towne, editor of the Nebraska Teacher, will be here Monday and those who are intending to teach might learn something to their interest by meeting him.

Wesley and Lee Holsclaw who are building the bank at Woodlake for C. A. Johnson came up Saturday night to visit their families and see about getting more stone.

A letter from F. M. Sageser this week informs us that he has located at Chambers and purchased a half interest in a blacksmith and wagon shop there and is doing well.

Fred Vincent, accompanied by his father, went out to the ranch last week and is spending a few days visiting his parents before returning to his duties as operator at the depot.

The Ludwig Estate calls attention to the bargains in their line of goods in a part of this paper and you will find two very courteous and pleasant gentlemen there to deal with, John Keeley and Dave Peters.

Rev. A. B. Clark and family, of Rosebud agency, were in Valentine Saturday and Sunday the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Richard Whitehouse. Rev. Clark delivered a sermon here last Sunday morning in the Episcopal church.

## Down the River

(Received too late for last week)

Well, the church bugs are still working on the corn.

Miss Effie Grooms was visiting at A. W. Grooms' last week.

Grandpa Grooms is visiting his folks around Sparks this week.

John Bowers and family have moved into their new house 80 rods south of the Berry bridge.

Miss Mary Whillans, of Valentine was a visitor at the Kewanee Sunday school last Sunday.

Most everybody in this locality is making the hay fly. T. J. Ashburn is running two mowers.

Mrs. Mary Grooms and son, Frank, went to town Friday after lumber to build a hay rack; they also purchased a 12 foot steel hay rake.

YOUNGSTER

WANTED by the U. S. government an experienced, first class wheelwright must also be skilled carpenter. Permanent position. For further information apply to the Quartermaster, Fort Niobrara, Nebraska.

Look out for some bargains in shoes at Pettycrew's.

It isn't the Cook's Fault,  
It isn't your Grocer's Fault,

that the bulk coffee you just purchased turns out to be different from the "same kind" bought before. Coffee purchased in bulk is sure to vary.

The sealed package in which LION COFFEE is sold insures uniform flavor and strength. It also keeps the coffee fresh and insures absolute purity.

## A Safe Summer Laxative

Constipation usually precedes cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, flux, and all morbid disorders marked by pain and too frequent evacuation. Overcome constipation and you guard against these painful, weakening and dangerous attacks. But the remedy must be a mild one—one that regulates the bowels by a weakening the liver.

## Grandmother's Herb Tea

is so mild and gentle because it gives tone to the liver and stimulates the secretion of the bile. Bile is nature's laxative and there is no need of harsh and drastic drugs.

Price 25 cents.

Quigley & Chapman,

Druggists,  
Valentine, Neb.

What every merchant knows perfectly well—that local advertising draws trade to a city from surrounding country which otherwise would have sought other points to trade. Every dollar thus drawn to a business center adds to its business growth and importance and in a large measure reduces the trade usually distributed at the smaller towns. Moreover, the man who comes to town because his wife saw a big bargain in some drug goods advertisement will not confine his buying to drug goods. Even the man who sits in his store from one year to the next and practicing the true cemetery method of waiting for things to come his way, may accidentally get a little overflow trade. Advertising helps the advertiser, the town, and even the wooden man—Manhattan Nationalist in Randolph Enterprise.

100 pound sack salt at 27-1/2 Pettycrew's.

LOST—From my place on Snake river in Kennedy precinct, two light bay colts, one about two years old and the other about three, both branded A on right jw. Have not been seen since last October.

27-1/2 W. A. SHELBOURN.  
Square meal 25c at Collin's restaurant.

All kinds of heavy hardware and wagon wood stock at E. Breuklanders.

20-1/2  
Go to Collin's restaurant to get lemonade, ice cream or a square meal.

28-1/2  
Having recently purchased one of the Newcomb fly-shuttle rag carpet looms I am now prepared to do all kinds of rag carpet weaving on short notice.

MRS. ADA HOLSCLAW,  
Valentine, Neb.

## Taken Up.

Taken up at my place, two miles from Kennedy P. O., one brown mare about 3 years old, weight about 800 pounds, no visible brands or marks. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.

WM. ERICKSON.

Renovate, - Renovate, - Renovate

White Lead, Oil, Turpentine, Putty, Paint, Whitewash, and Kalsomine Brushes

SOLE AGENTS FOR The Celebrated Lincoln Ready Mixed Paints, Varnishes and Stains. There is none other so Good.

We Keep in Stock at all times a large assortment of Wall paper in prices ranging from 10cts to 50cts for a double roll.

OUR SODA WATER IS EQUAL TO THE BEST

And it is as cold as Greenland's icy Mountains.

ELLIOTT'S DRUG STORE

Rates Reasonable

Give Me a Trial

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE  
Walcott's and Tilton's old Stands  
A. Schatzthauer, Propr.

S, MOON,

Will sell you good, reliable Wind Mills and Pumps.  
Perkins ten-foot wheel for \$32.00 cash. See him in

Valentine, - - - - - Nebraska

The following is a sad recital in verse of the last ride of Frank Mogie, Jr., the bright young man who was thrown from a wild horse at Cody, Tuesday June 25, 1901, lay unconscious four days and died Saturday, June 29, of concussion of the brain. Anyone who has a boy in whom they have centered their hopes, the pride and joy of one's life will sympathize with the bereaved parents.

## THE LAST RIDE.

In remembrance of Frank Mogie.

The sun shines so bright o'er hill top and valley  
A beautiful promise of God's wonderful love,  
The sky bears no trace of a cloud in the distance  
Birds are warbling sweet music like Angels above;  
Prosperity smiles on the home in the valley,  
A beautiful harvest is theirs so we think  
Oh, how little we know of the storm that is gathering  
Of despair, pain and anguish, they stand at its brink.  
At morn they rejoice that their loved ones are spared them  
To honor and health; the best gifts of the world;  
But Ah, ere the shadows of evening gathered  
Into the depths of sorrow they are rudely hurled,  
The giant arm of misfortune reached out like a demon  
And grasped the fair form of their beautiful son,  
Oh merciful God they cry in their anguish, take early  
treasures but spare us our child;  
A voice in the heart whispers calmly and sadly "God's  
will must be done."  
There's a herd of wild horses corralled in the stock yards  
Surging, snorting and stamping once more to be free,  
They are sorting them now, a part is for shipping,  
The finest reserved, an expected buyer to see,  
Uncle Sam wants cavalry horses they tell us  
But some one must ride them if sale is denied,  
Dump Mogie they say is the price of the saddle,  
His skill has so many wild horses tamed,  
They pause not to think he is but a mere boy  
With unflinching courage out doing his years,  
Such courage makes America first of all nations  
But brings to its mothers pain, sorrow and tears,  
Mama's not there with her quick voice of warning  
To guide him aright and to show him the wrong  
To say, your life hangs on a slender cord, darling  
So easily severed, but he should be long.  
In your health and your strength a glorious manhood  
Stretches out in the distance, much good you can do,  
One spot on the earth you can make so much brighter  
If that life is but honest, and upright, and true;  
He sees not the dangers, he mounts the fierce chargers,  
One after another he conquers their strength  
Until gray headed veterans that fought in the 99's  
With fear and anxiety watched him at length  
Kind mothers watched him from every doorway  
Thinking the waite of their own many boys  
There's a prayer on each lip, of God bless him and save him  
How sad our boy's pride in such dangerous joys,  
It seems as if God, since, was guarding the reckless  
s the long summer day so no-erly was done  
Rope bridle, spurs, saddle and riding clothes  
Are conquering the wild fiery steeds one by one.  
The last is an outlaw, they cry, Dump don't ride him,  
Let some older rider subdue his wild vim,  
But the clear eyes looked at them, his voice never faltered,  
I've rode all the rest and I can ride him  
This is my last horse, dear grandma, don't worry,  
I'm not going to get hurt; I'll be all right!  
And with a smile on his lips he mounts his last charger  
And takes his last ride ere the sun sinks from sight.  
He coils his strong lasso, he measures the distance,  
He laughs, the rope circling through the soft summer air,  
It settles down over the strong head and shoulders,  
Of the wild frantic beast and pinions in a dash;  
He kicks, rears and plunges his fetters to loosen  
But each effort finds him more firm than before,  
They tie him down, buckle the bridle and cinches,  
Loosen the rope and he fights for his freedom once more.  
The quick eye of our boy is watching each movement,  
One foot in the stirrup, and quick as a flash  
He sits in the saddle; he was born for a horseman,  
Now Jim, ready he cries, for a balk or a dash,  
The horse bucks, rears, plunges, shakes himself in his rage,  
Stands straight in the air and then a repeat  
But vain are his efforts, the young hero sits calmly  
As if he were enjoying his dangerous seat.  
Fond eyes watch our darling with a sad earnest gaze  
Dear face fair as a maiden's without one trace of care  
He waves his hat gayly, shouts, "good bye, here I go."  
And his dark curls are blown back by the soft summer air,  
The horse at last seems to give up of unseating his rider,  
He takes a wild run down the long valley since  
He is conquered they think, he will run till exhausted,  
Tomorrow for a race he will not be so fleet.  
But they see with alarm he is losing control,  
He rushes on wildly, blind to the world  
To the right or the left he is able to turn him,  
Ah me, who e will our darling be hurt!  
Straight in his course is a cow calmly feeding,  
The young rider sees it and shouts to alight  
But it stands there unmoved, the steed turns just to pass it  
Then it dashes before him in all of its might.  
Quick as thought he sights the wild danger,  
Looses his feet from the stirrups to jump but too late,  
The horse rears, falls; On God cries the watchers  
As the loved one goes headlong, he's killed, what a fall,  
In an instant kind friends are girded around him  
All willing and anxious to help if they can,  
He lies there, they cry, water, bring water, bring water,  
Then for restoratives a score of them run.  
Fond mothers were there, their hands clasped in anguish,  
Fair maidens and school girls their eyes moist with tears  
And gray headed matrons bowed down with life's sorrows  
Came hurrying forgetting the weight of their years,  
Just one cold heart troubled in our kind little village  
Refusing to go when the news reached her home,  
Ah me, Texas lay over boy lay unconscious and bleeding  
Fetters to her just by God's merry about.  
They go for the doctor, he is absent on business,  
He is summoned by telegram and answers, I'm coming  
straightway.  
But the long hours pass slowly to the sad anxious watchers,  
It was midnight ere he arrived where the injured boy lay  
With the skill of a surgeon, the touch of a woman  
He examined his patient, each symptom to note,  
He has fever, he tells us but his strong constitution  
May carry him through, oh yes, there is hope.  
Patiently those loved ones await for the dear eyes to open,  
For the fond lips to murmur mamma, the mama come yet,  
But they wait-d in vain they hoped against hope  
Oh that sad weary waiting, they never, no never'll forget,  
Four days and four nights without sleep, without rest,  
Our good doctor stood o'er him and fought back grim  
death.  
But his skill and his patience were alike unavailing,  
Yet he stood o'er him until he had drawn his last breath.  
Good bye love, the sun will be shining tomorrow,  
It will shine for the joyous but not for the sad;  
There is nothing but gloom and shadows my darling,  
For minutes without her strong arm's aid,  
The horse that he loved will miss it's kind master,  
His saddle is empty, yes empty for aye,  
His clear voice and his sad smile, in the village of Cody,  
They'll all miss them, yes they'll miss them for many a day  
But you'll wait for us darling, I know by the river,  
Wait until the boatman comes, bringing us o'er  
And then in eternity's beautiful sunlight  
We never, no never will part any more;  
Farewell, 'tis a sad word that makes us all linger  
Farewell, ah me! 'tis a sad weary wait,  
But I know when the long tiresome journey is ended  
With a smile as of old he'll stand opening the gate.