

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE - NEBRASKA

Pride must be very tired of being featured as the cow-catcher of a fall.

The country is facing a pickle famine. That is not our fault—that is our misfortune.

The richest man in Germany is the man who makes guns; the richest man in America are those who issue bonds.

In England people marry their relatives and in France they won't marry at all. Whither are our foreign friends drifting?

Hereafter the United States will appear upon nearly all the maps of the world that are used in European schools.

Violinist Kubelk says he loves the women, but they worry him. This, however, is an experience that men have in common.

The "reorganization" of an overcapitalized corporation always means a new line of valuable experience for the minority stockholders.

A scientist has made the interesting discovery that the soul is located in the spine. Alas for the henpecked man who has no backbone.

The discovery that there is danger in licking the flap of an envelope will furnish the careful man something else from which he can swear off.

That must have been an interesting quarrel which two deaf mutes had. Both got cramps in their fingers and became "speechless with rage."

A man was fined \$100 for slapping his wife. It was a righteous penalty, but the poor woman may have to pay the fine by pawning her jewelry and wardrobe.

Sir Thomas Lipton has prepared another big advertisement for his tea business. He has ordered work begun on Shamrock Hill. Good luck to Tom, the tea and the boat.

The New York assemblyman who has introduced a bill making flirting on the street a misdemeanor ought to add a section requiring flirtatious men and women to wear blinders.

Becoming hysterical over musical celebrities is only an advanced stage of the absurd affectation which causes people who know nothing about music to pay \$3 or \$4 for a seat at grand opera performances.

A student of municipal expenditures has recently remarked that many American cities seem to be growing 2 per cent in population each year, 3 per cent in valuation, 4 per cent in income, 1 per cent in expenditures, and 6 per cent in indebtedness. This is a form of "progression" which every community will do well to avoid.

Gifts to institutions of learning conditioned on the raising of an equal amount by the institutions themselves are applications of the doctrine of self-help. The friends of colleges and schools should welcome opportunities to do their best when such rewards of exertion await them. Giving is not less generous because it recognizes an important and salutary principle.

Queen Victoria was sometimes accused of being parsimonious, but in some respects was extravagant. King Edward certainly is not niggardly, but that he has a notion of business is indicated by the statement that petty servants of the royal household who have heretofore traveled first class will only be allowed third class fares for their journeyings to and from London.

It is not impossible that the historian of the future may assign to an event of last December an importance equal to that of the first message by telegraph or the first word by cable between England and America. The world was startled by Signor Marconi's announcement that he had succeeded in sending a message from Cornwall across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, a distance of 1,700 miles, without the use of wires. To be sure, the message was only the three dots of the Morse code, but the signal was repeated often enough during the day to convince Marconi that it was a reality and not a fancy.

A learned professor of physics in an Eastern university explains why railroad engineers sometimes do not heed signals which they see. It seems that it is possible for a man to "see physically without seeing psychologically." Mental abstraction will cause him to see without perceiving. An engineer may see a signal, and yet be unable to pull the throttle. A sudden intense situation may cause a temporary paralysis of some part of his mental machinery. "From the thing seen to the resultant action there are a number of processes, and the break in any results in paralysis. First, the impression is made on the retina of the eye; then the optic nerve must communicate with the brain; then the will sends commands to the motor activities. Any stoppage in such a process results in helplessness." Here is material for a good defense by a man "who has been indicted on account of a railroad accident due to his failure to obey signals. He can admit that he saw them and

then plead that he was temporarily paralyzed and hence unable to obey them. He will argue, or learned counsel will argue for him, that while the optic nerve may have communicated with his brain, for some unknown reason his will sent no commands to his motor activities. A jury which is fully instructed about all the delicate machinery, which has to be in good working order to insure prompt obedience to a signal, will find it rather hard to convict anybody who insists that through no fault of his own his mind stopped working at a critical moment. It must be admitted that in some of these cases of accident it is hard to decide on the extent of actual criminality and the proper measure of punishment.

"There is very little success where there is little laughter. The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomforts is the man who is sure to rise." Thus Andrew Carnegie, a man who has probed deeply into the philosophy of success. It is only necessary to look into the faces of the successful men everywhere to prove Mr. Carnegie's assertion. Pessimists do not usually get on. It is your ever-hopeful, ever-smiling, hearty-laughing optimist who fails to see the lions in the way. Difficulties dissolve in the magic of a laugh. The man who sees only the dark side is dismayed by the darkness. There is no darkness to the man who sees "the light that never was on land or sea." The light in the eye of the enthusiast dispels the gloom. A disposition to laugh is a sign of good health. It promotes digestion and other functions of the body, as any physician will tell you. "Laugh and grow fat" is a maxim evolved from the experience of the race. Your pessimist is inclined to be morose and disagreeable. His stomach and liver interfere not only with his health but with his business. No one likes to do business with the crabbed hypochondriac. Moreover, the laugh habit may be cultivated. Much of course depends upon temperament. Some persons are bound to perpetual melancholy by heredity. With most persons, however, laughter is a cultivated habit. The habit comes from a persistent disposition to take every advantage of every opportunity to laugh. It is easier to laugh than to cry. It is easier to laugh than to grow glum and impervious to the humor that is all about and only waiting to be discovered. It is yours by right of discovery. And it pays big dividends.

One of the most important features of the annual statistics is the review of the lumber resources of the Middle West, published by the American Lumberman, covering the output of pine and hemlock lumber and possibilities of future productivity in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin and lumber manufacturing points in Iowa and Illinois on the Mississippi River. The white and Norway pine lumber output in 1901 was 5,372,880,000 feet; of shingles, 2,476,684,000 pieces; of lath, 1,200,893,000 pieces. The pine product showed a decrease of 113,000,000 feet. The higher prices last year stimulated production and selling and stocks were brought down so that with a continued demand prices are expected to keep up. The production of pine lumber last year, 5,372,880,000 feet, as compared with 5,597,623,000 feet produced in 1890, would suggest that the time is really approaching when this great lumber interest will decline and Northern white pine will disappear as lumber material in the market, unless steps are taken by scientific treatment to renew the growth, and the Southern and Pacific coast forests will have to supply the lumber demand. The American Lumberman says that the decline in output was checked last year only by the most strenuous exertions and nothing like such an output can be looked for in 1902. Of course, we have all heard for years that our white pine forests are rapidly falling beneath the blows of the incisive American ax, and such a large output as that of last year would seem to give discredit to the exhaustion theory, but there is reason to believe that the American Lumberman is right, and that the decline in the output since 1890 will continue. In Maine there is still a considerable output of pine lumber because there has been intervention and there is some attention paid to the protection of the younger growth of timber. The plan which obtains generally in this country is to convert all the available commercial timber into money without the slightest consideration of the future supply. Congress is just beginning to take an intelligent view of the subject and to realize to some extent, at least, that successful timber culture must be classed with all other successful agriculture, requiring special treatment. The Government forest reservations should each be a school of practical forestry and object lessons as to the advantage of scientific forestry to the nation. Many owners of large private forest lands like Seward Webb, W. C. Whitney, George Vanderbilt are demonstrating the beneficial possibilities of scientific forestry, and, considering the interest the Government is taking in the subject, and the intelligent action of New York and other States, there is justification in the belief that we are on the verge of a new and wholesome development in our national progress.

Annual Loss from Fire. Last year's record in the United States of loss from fire was about \$170,000,000. It is estimated that the loss in twenty-six years has been \$2,890,000,000, of which \$1,700,000,000 was covered by insurance.

When a child refuses to "take" to any one, its mother thinks it pretty good evidence that the person is guilty of some enormous crime.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

"No stories," said the Doctor, "give the men who served in the ranks more comfort than those in which high privates in the rear rank came in conflict with colonels and brigadier or major generals. I know a fellow who to this day rejoices over the fact that he had a tilt with General Nelson and got off with a sword spanking. My old friend, Judge Blume, can tell you of another who was paddled with a sword by General Rosecrans and boasts of it.

"In another case an orderly sergeant who went to his colonel's tent to protest against the punishment of one of his men by an officer outside his company, and who was peremptorily ordered to his quarters, said, 'Take off your shoulder straps for five minutes, colonel, and let us discuss this question man to man.' The colonel, misunderstanding the remark, flung off his coat in wrath, and striding up to the sergeant, thundered: 'What do you mean, sir? That I am afraid of you or any living man? By all that's good, young man, I will throw you out.'

"I don't mean anything of the kind," replied the sergeant. "What I wanted to say to you, with all due respect for your rank and courage, is that the man put in the guardhouse by that old steamboat captain and treated no better than a roustabout or deserter, is a gentleman born and bred; is a Southern boy who left his own people to follow me into the Union army to do his full duty for the sake of the old flag, and I wanted to say that you and I, in the absence of our captain, who was captured yesterday, are poor, miserable cowards if we permit an officer of another regiment to unjustly punish one of our trust and best men.

"That's what I wanted to say, and, by George, I have said it," concluded the sergeant, "and what are you going to do about it? For a minute the colonel glared, and then putting on his coat, said, 'I will go with you and we will have that man out in ten minutes, and he was as good as his word. Months after that, I saw that sergeant and his Southern protegee leave a retreating line of battle and run back in the very face of the enemy to drag the colonel from under a fallen horse and fight their way back to their own line.

"For a time, the colonel, stunned by his fall, took no part in the melee. Then he caught up a musket and struck out as viciously as his rescuers, and the three made what the boys called a beautiful running fight, a dozen of the sergeant's company running back to bring them in. When they reached our sorely pressed line the colonel seemed to forget that he was in command and fought among the men as one of them, until the sergeant, shaking him, said, 'Remember your shoulder straps, man; remember your rank.' The colonel took this in high dudgeon, but, finally, musket in hand, took command, re-formed his regiment, and took a position from which he was not driven."

"On the march to the sea," said the Major, "when the Twentieth army corps was in the vicinity of Milledgeville, Ga., and our division commander, General John W. Geary, and our brigade commander, General George S. Greene, were riding together, an incident occurred that both remembered for a good many years. As the two generals, their staff officers, and escorts were passing a house an alert Irishman bolted out of the front door with three chickens strapped to his knapsack and a many-colored patchwork silk quilt thrown across his arm.

"He was pursued by a young but manly looking woman, bewailing the loss of her silk quilt. Spying General Geary, the woman ran to him and asked his interference to save her quilt. The general dismounted quickly, grabbed the Irishman by the shoulder, turned him about in a rough manner, and said: 'Here, my man, return that truck.' The Irishman dropped the truck and said: 'If you were not a general I would like to see you rob me.' "Thereupon the general dropped his dignity, made a rush for the Irishman, the latter, to the astonishment of all the staff officers, unslung his knapsack and peeling for a fight. In the meantime the general was cutting him as he would a schoolboy. He had no thought of resistance, when the Irishman backed off like a billygoat, made a run and a jump, and delivered a blow squarely on the general's left jaw. Taken unawares, the general fell, dragging his assailant down with him. The latter, carried away by the spirit of battle, was striking at the general after the manner of a trained pugilist, when the staff came to the rescue. When all were on their feet, General Geary extended his hand to the pugilistic private and said with a grim smile, 'I guess you got the best of it.'

"The Irishman replied, 'Faith, general, honors are aisy, but I think I ought to have my quilt.' The general told him to rejoin his regiment and never be caught in any more scraps like the one in which he had just been indulging. 'It is meself that will obey orders,' said the Irishman, and he marched away without his quilt or his chickens, in a state of amazement over escaping so easily.

"General Geary carried a black eye for two or three days, but he had such appreciation of the pluck and skill of the man who had given it to him that he bore no resentment. Some of his staff officers were outraged at the indignity put upon a division general and

if their recommendations had been acted upon the stealer of the chickens would have been severely dealt with. But Geary's experience in Mexico, California, and Kansas influenced him to take a more tolerant view, and it happened that Patrick H., the only private in the army probably who ever knocked a brigadier general down, escaped all punishment, and lived to tell the story to his children and grandchildren."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Circumstances Alter Cases. During the early part of General Butler's reign in New Orleans an officer of the Union army called on a wealthy family with whom he had previously been on the most friendly relations. As the friends had often done him acts of kindness, the officer thought he might at this time return the favors. He rang the bell, but no one appeared at the front door. Confident that the folks were in the house, he went around to the kitchen, where he found the colored lady servant, whom he asked as to the whereabouts of her mistress.

"De misses am done gone away," said the old aunty.

"Then where is the daughter, Miss Mary?"

"Miss Mary am also done gone."

Confident that the family were in the house the officer said he was going into the parlor to wait until they came back, and, suiting his action to his words, walked into the elegantly furnished parlors and proceeded to amuse himself playing on a guitar he found lying on the piano. It was some time before any one came in, but finally he heard a rustling of silk on the stairway, and the daughter Mary came haughtily into the parlor. The Union officer arose and offered his hand, which was refused. She heaped all sorts of abuse on the officer and told him her mother said if she should see him wounded and dying she would not give him a drink of water.

After the fall of Vicksburg the same officer came to New Orleans, in command of the flagship Black Hawk, with orders for Admiral Farragut. The first night he reached the Crescent City he was notified that a lady was on the boat desirous of seeing him. He went to the forward cabin and found Mrs. —, who in 1862 treated him so shabbily, and had said she would do nothing for him if he was brought back to her house dying.

"Certainly you are not Mrs. —," said the officer, stating what her daughter reported she had said.

"Oh, yes, I am," said she. "I never said what you repeat. We are no longer Confederates. Pierre has a twelve hundred-dollar clerkship in the postoffice, Walter has a nine hundred-dollar place in the Custom House, George is in the Commissioner General's office, James is Registry Clerk on the levee, and Harry is in the signal service. Mary and Emma both have promise of good positions in the postoffice, and cousin Le Bert is to be appointed solicitor or something, and Uncle Le Bass is soon to be Captain of the Port. Oh, I am so glad to see you. We are all Union now, and I want you to come to our house and make it your home as long as you stay in New Orleans. How glad our folks will be to see you."

Historical Corrections. John Goode, the only Virginian living who was a member of the Confederate Congress, was one of the speakers at the annual meeting of Lee camp, held at Richmond, Va.

Mr. Goode took occasion to correct what he conceives to be two errors in recent contributions to the history of the Civil War. He stated that he had it from the lips of the Confederate commissioners who went to Hampton roads to confer with President Lincoln that the only thing Lincoln would agree to was, that the Confederates "should go home and take off their uniforms." He denied, in emphatic terms, that Lincoln had offered to pay for the liberation of the slaves.

Mr. Goode also said he wanted to correct an error in a recent contribution to war history by Charles Francis Adams, in which he makes it appear that General Lee favored surrendering his army before it reached Appomattox, and that President Davis was responsible for Lee's plans not being carried out. Mr. Goode said he was sent for by President Davis and General Lee for a conference. General Lee told of the condition of his army, and asked if the Virginia people would stand another draft upon them for forage and provisions. Mr. Goode conferred with his associates, and the result was, he informed General Lee, that the last crust of bread would be divided with the army. General Lee said he would not surrender.—Philadelphia Record.

A Story from Chicago. While in camp at Cross Keys I received an order from the general in command that there should be no foraging allowed. This order was given out with the distinct understanding that any soldier going contrary to this rule would be severely punished.

Judge of my surprise when one morning I found an Irishman trudging into camp with a nice fat duck hanging on his gun.

I asked him sternly if he did not know that he was disobeying orders.

"Captain, as we wuz passing the farin yard beyant here this goose came from under the fence and hissed at the flag, and I shot the tharator dead, as I never allow any one to insult our colors."

I had to let him go.

A Woman's Way. Mrs. Crawford—How did you come to ask your husband for an auto? Mrs. Crawford—While I knew he would refuse, I hoped he might compromise on an automobile coat. That was what I really wanted.—Judge.

GOOD Short Stories

It is related that once, when a captain in the army cornered by the enemy, he addressed his men as follows: "My men, fight like demons until your powder gives out, then run. I'm a little lame, I'll start now."

In an after-dinner speech at the London Savage Club recently, on the purity of the English tongue, Winston Churchill remarked: "I have written five books, the same number as Moses—but I will not press the comparison."

It is said that when Thaddeus, some twenty years ago, was painting his famous portrait of the Pope, his Holiness exclaimed: "How old you make me look!" "But are you not old?" asked the artist. "Ah, yes," said the Pope, "but the Papacy, the idea which I represent, is always young."

Mark Twain was recently chaffing Sir Wemyss Reid on the vagaries of English pronunciation. "You spell a name B-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l, and pronounce it Marchbanks," he said. "And you do precisely the same thing," replied Wemyss. "What do you mean?" replied Mark Twain. "Well, you spell your name C-l-e-m-e-n-s, and you pronounce it Twain."

An Edinburgh photographer was visited the other day by a man who wanted a unique picture taken. "You see, it's like this," the stranger began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to get married. She had her things made up, and we was all ready, when she was taken ill and died. Now, what I want is a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'." The photographer was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him he could send a man with him to the grave, and have the picture taken as he desired. "It's some distance," the stranger explained, "it's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want." The photographer said it would, whereupon his visitor added: "I thought that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop, and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

A prominent physician, the other day, told how he played a practical joke on an esteemed member of the medical profession, who did not believe in the germ theory, and refused to pursue any study in that direction, holding that it was all bosh. The more the bacteriologist insisted, the more doubting the doctor became. "There is no such thing as germs in tuberculosis. I will not believe it," declared the German physician. "Yes, but I have bacilli which I can show you under the microscope and prove my assertion," replied the professor. "Und id has head und tail?" queried the doctor. "Certainly. Come to my laboratory, and I'll show it to you," said the bacteriologist. The doctor visited the laboratory, and the scientist showed him the specimen under the microscope. A peculiar looking, wiggling object, with the head of a monster and feathers sticking forth like the war-path head-gear of a savage Indian, was presented. "Mein gracious! Und dot ting is alive?" cried the doctor; "no vonder the germs can ravage a man's lungs. I shall get me a microscope at once." The doctor was converted to the germ theory, but the wicked bacteriologist failed to reveal to him that the bacillus shown in the microscope was a common flea, obtained from the body of the scientist's pet house-dog.

Where Marion Crawford Writes. F. Marion Crawford finds his ideal home in a breeze-swept villa, perched high on the picturesque cliffs of Sant' Angelo di Sorrento, overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples and its romantic shores. There is, indeed, no finer site to be found anywhere about this far-famed bay than that occupied by the "Villa Crawford," with its cheerful landward outlook over scattered towns, olive-clad hills, and fragrant orange groves dotted with white-walled dwellings, to where Vesuvius rears his mighty cone and Naples queens it among her subject villages, far out across the shining bay to the enchanting island of Ischia, set like a lustrous jewel in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The house itself is an unpretentious building of stucco and rough stone. It is reached by following a country road, overhung by olive, lemon and orange trees, for about a mile from Sorrento, then turning through a gray-stone gateway, embowered in ivy, and going along a narrow driveway almost to the verge of the cliff, where the villa stands, some two hundred feet above the bay.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Opinion. "One of the greatest evils in life," said the elderly woman, "is procrastination."

"I think so, too," replied the young married woman. "I don't see the sense of putting off your golden wedding anniversary till you are 60 or 70 years old."—Washington Star.

Floods of the Nile. The floods of the Nile are so regular in their coming that for hundreds of years they have not varied ten days in the date of their arrival at a given point.

Few Sawbones in Hungary. In Hungary there are thousands of villages and hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles.

It is said that pillow shams are no longer fashionable, but there are numerous other shams with which to fill the void.



THE PAST GUARANTEES THE FUTURE

THE FACT THAT

St. Jacobs Oil

Has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, and other bodily aches and pains, in a guaranteed that it will cure other cases. It is safe, sure and never failing. 25c & 50c.

ACTS LIKE MAGIC

CONQUERS PAIN

There are at present more miles of horse car lines in New York City than in all the rest of the country combined. The mileage of the metropolis is 119; in the rest of the United States, 107.

Before long it is probable that the dogs, as well as the daughters of rich and fashionable folks may be sent to Paris to finish off their education. A school for dogs has been established in that city.

This Is Simply Wonderful. Champion, Mich., March 17.—Mrs. A. Wellet, wife of a local photographer, has had a remarkable experience recently.

Mrs. Wellet tells the story this way: "I could not sleep, my feet were cold, my limbs cramped. I had an awful hard pain across my back. I had to get up three or four times every night. I was very nervous and fearfully despondent. I had very little appetite. "After I had suffered in this way for five years, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had taken a few pills you ought to have seen what came from my kidneys. It looked like a spoiled egg, only darker. "I kept on using Dodd's Kidney Pills till I was cured. Now I can sleep well and do not have to get up in the night. I have no pain in my back or limbs and I feel better than I have for years."

Switzerland has, at Bex, salt mines which have been worked for 349 years. The galleries are 25 miles in length, and the profits \$75,000 a year.

Cherries in varying shades of red are used for trimming felt hats for young girls, likewise wreaths of currants with deep green velvet leaves, while clusters of purple and white grapes adorn some of the newest models in white beaver.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Enough timber is destroyed by fire in the United States every year to supply all the pulp mills, though these can turn out 2,500,000 tons of paper a year.

We use Piso's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine.—Mrs. S. E. Borden, 412 P street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

Systematic inquiries into the present condition of bird life in Missouri brings to light the surprising discovery that within the last 15 years insectivorous birds have decreased 62 per cent and game birds 80 per cent.

WHERE DOCTORS FAIL

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Soon after my marriage two years ago I found myself in constant pain. The doctor said my womb was turned, and this caused the pain with considerable inflammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON, Secretary of Schermerhorn Golf Club, Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became impatient because I grew worse instead of better, and in speaking to the druggist he advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. How I wish I had taken that at first; it would have saved me weeks of suffering. It took three long months to restore me, but it is a happy relief, and we are both most grateful to you. Your Compound has brought joy to our home and health to me."—Mrs. PAULINE JUDSON, 47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. \$5000 forfeit if above testimony is not genuine.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps.