

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

Beware of the hyphenated syndicate!

Woman's idea of domestic economy is to induce her husband to give up smoking.

Many a man's love for his club is due to the fact that his wife never gives her tongue a holiday.

In order to keep the score straight, we may have to devise a system of tagging the earthquakes.

Self-made men, like home-made furniture, may be strong and reliable, but the polish is usually lacking.

Underlying the latest successful revolution in the Dominican Republic was found, of course—a government contract.

Mrs. Kate Thvson Marr intimates that God thought twice before making woman. It would be ungrateful to intimate that first thoughts are best.

One hundred and seventy-two species of blind creatures are known to science, exclusive of young people in their first golden dream of love.

Carnegie finds it "easy to get money and hard to spend it." Those whose experience coincides with his will have to stand up if they expect to be counted.

Benjamin Andrews has published a pamphlet in which he says morality can be taught without religion. Perhaps it can, but it seldom seems to stick well.

That governor of Martinique who refused to let the people flee before it was too late probably had the public officeholder's desire to hang on to his job till the last minute.

With the vivid description of the flood of fire descending on the Lesser Antilles fresh in mind, it requires no great amount of imagination to encompass the horrors of the old-fashioned orthodox judgment day.

Tread lightly. Says the Troy Times: "The varnish on a globe two feet in diameter is thicker, comparatively to the body it surrounds, than the crust of the earth which we know anything about is to the center of the planet."

One of the leaders of the new movement for the elevation of womanhood gives this advice to girls: "Never marry a man who turns down the gas." Perhaps she has tried it herself and knows what she is talking about.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has been talking to his Sunday school class about success in life, and he is no doubt competent authority on the subject. Like the young king in the story, Mr. Rockefeller "graciously consented to be born" and thereby achieved instant success in life.

"You don't write," the treasurer of the savings bank said gently to the old colored woman. "Just touch the pen." She did so, her business was concluded—and her feelings were spared. The officer might have said, "You can't write," and that would have been true; but the difference between plain truth and considerate truth is sometimes as marked as the distinction between a boor and a gentleman.

The late Mr. Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, was active in many fields, and performed with credit the duties of many responsible positions; but it is as the originator of Arbor Day that he will be remembered longest and most gratefully. The setting apart of one day in the year for the planting of trees was his suggestion. He worked for the success of the idea with hearty and untiring zeal, and no man could ask a better monument than the trees which his efforts helped to plant.

A New York paper estimates the "hotel population" of the city to be 100,000, and says that it is growing at the rate of 10,000 a year. When one considers the lack of domesticity which attends life in a hotel, the loss of civic interest and the narrowing influence upon growing children—evils which are supplementary to that of the congestion of population—one thinks of the remark of the old lady who figured in a recent anecdote. "No stomach can stand nine buns," she said, when asked why the small boy was crying. Some time, perhaps, New York may have an acute attack of indigestion.

The dramatic circumstances of General Palma's life—his flight from Cuba as a proscribed revolutionist thirty years ago and his return as the first President of a free country—have been generally exploited in the papers in the past few weeks. It is evident that the Cubans themselves are awake to the picturesque character of the episode, for one day was set apart for general mourning throughout the island, out of respect to the memory of the new President's mother. Her remains were disinterred from the grave where they were secretly buried thirty-four years ago, and interred again at Cauto; and over the new grave the people of the town have erected a monument, the inscription on which is both a fine tribute to a mother and a striking example of the poetic feeling of a southern people. It reads as follows: "Oandeleria Palma fell here, tired and sick, while

following her son, who was fighting for the liberty of his country. For thirty years you have slept. The people of Cauto have come to awaken you, and to say your son has come, his head bound with laurels as a reward for his virtues, to take away your precious remains. Arise; your country is free and in the hands of your son!"

How to make the official home of the President of the United States, built a century ago, answer present-day needs, has long been a serious problem. Various plans for enlarging the White House have failed of adoption, chiefly because of the sentiment that properly attaches to the walls of the historic old house. It seems almost sacrilege to change them. The plan which is now commanding attention proposes to withdraw from the White House the executive offices, or the working-rooms of the President, which occupy about one-third of the second-floor space of the building. The private rooms of the President's family occupy the other two-thirds; most of the first floor is given up to public and official uses. If the clerks, telegraphers, copyists and messengers who work at the White House, numbering thirty in all, were transferred to a separate building designed exclusively for office purposes, the space now given to them could be turned into family uses, adding materially to the comfort of the occupants of the White House. The new building would be reached from the White House through the conservatories, on its west side, and would be temporary in character, awaiting the erection of a more imposing structure on a nearby square. These are perhaps the simplest changes that could be made for the relief of the White House. It would still be the home of the President, and to it his social and family guests would go. Foreign ambassadors and ministers would be introduced to him in one of its parlors. Tourists would still be admitted to the East Room and other parts of the first floor. Only callers on official business would have to seek the new building, either temporary or permanent. Such a structure has a sentimental associations, but that is a defect which time might make rapid work in curing.

Those ardent expansionists who imagine the country is overcrowded and who are unfamiliar with the extent of the unoccupied public domain will doubtless be surprised at the statement that one-third of the whole of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, consists of vacant public land, much of which is extremely fertile, capable of sustaining a vast population. This land, however, is lacking in the one essential element to agriculture, that of water. Frederick Haynes Newell, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject of reclamation of arid public lands, claims that it is now no longer possible for a settler to go out upon the public domain and make a home for the reason that all available sources of water supply that can be utilized by private ownership have been drawn upon for reclaiming arid land. Private enterprise has gone as far as it can in utilizing the smaller streams, but there still remain great rivers and torrential floods, the control of which must be assumed by the government. It is urged by Mr. Newell and other advocates of national reclamation that the government should not actually irrigate the dry lands, but that it should take measures at once to protect the mountain sources of these streams and floods to the end that they may be ultimately utilized by private enterprise. At least 40 per cent of the area of the United States requires irrigation for successfully producing plants. In 1890 a little over three and one-half million acres were cropped by irrigation. In the succeeding ten years this area was doubled. Since 1895, however, there have been comparatively few notable works of irrigation built. The probable acreage that could be reclaimed by irrigation is placed by Mr. Newell at 100,000,000. The possibility of this area as a place for home-builders and as a market for manufacturers and jobbers is almost beyond estimate. It is argued that the nation alone is in a position to conserve the water supply through forest reservations on the summits of mountains and through the building of great reservoirs that are beyond the reach of private enterprise.

Settler Homesteaded a Courthouse. The traveler over the Kansas prairies finds many towns that once had water works systems now containing only a dozen people. The fire plugs are sticking out in the buffalo grass, and they are the playgrounds of prairie dogs and the roosting places of prairie owls. The tendency to clean up the deserted buildings is taking away many of these features. The court house of what was Garfield County has recently become the property of H. Herman, and he lives in the sumptuous building, which did not cost him a cent, as he homesteaded the quarter section after the county organization was abandoned—Leslie's Weekly.

Experience Had Taught Him. She-I often wonder how you manage to dash off those exquisite little poems of yours. And what a lot of money you must make! The Poet—Oh, it is very easy! I sit down, say, in January, and think until about August or September. Then in November or December, when the poem is completed, I sell it for a guinea, or sometimes as much as two.

Coining Moorish Money. The Moorish government has granted to France a contract for the coining of \$3,000,000 worth of Moorish money.

Ever notice that some days boys seem to chase you particularly hard?

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring in the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," said the fair female, who had been up against a game of solitaire for some forty odd summers.

"Huh!" growled the old bachelor. "I see no reason why you should have permitted that remark to escape. I didn't ask you to make my life a burden."

A Difficult Case. First Lawyer—How did you come out in settling up old Gotrox's estate? Second Lawyer—It was a hard struggle.

First Lawyer—No! Second Lawyer—Yes; I had hard work to keep the heirs from getting part of the estate.

Not That Kind.



Bobby—You're what they call a lady killer, aren't you, Mr. Sissy? Mr. Sissy (complacently)—An' d'ye think so, Babby? "You must be. Sister Ethel said that after you left last night she nearly died a-laughing."

Very Useful. "Yes," remarked the chief of detectives. "I think it is a good thing that there are such things as dime novels and cigarettes."

"You do?" asked the surprised caller.

"Yes, because if it were not for them we would have some trouble in attributing the cause of youthful degeneracy."

Unsettled. "So the new boarder told the landlady's fortune by a coffee cup. What did he say?"

"Well, he said he could tell by the grounds that she would lose some boarders very shortly."

A Mystery, Indeed. Stubb—There goes a man who is full of mystery.

Penn—You don't say!

Stubb—Yes, he just ate a bowl of chop suey.

Not Very Encouraging. Reggy—I just put my last cent on that horse.

Tom—I would have saved one cent, Reggy; you may need some chewing gum going home.

Rare Specimen. He—It isn't always safe to judge by appearances, you know.

She—Quite true. I once knew a young man who wore a yachting cap and who really owned a boat.

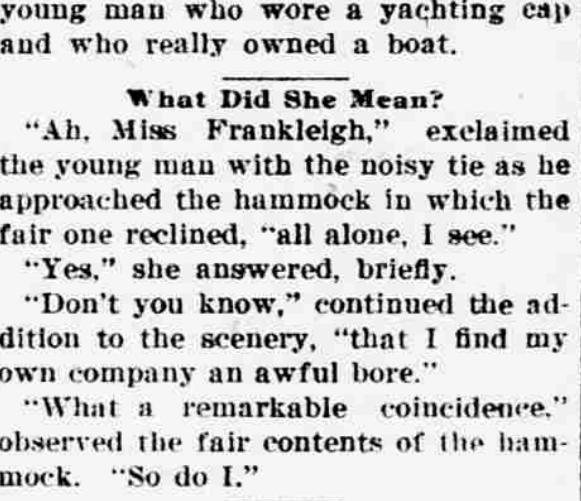
What Did She Mean? "Ah, Miss Frankleigh," exclaimed the young man with the noisy tie as he approached the hammock in which the fair one reclined, "all alone, I see."

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"Don't you know," continued the addition to the scenery, "that I find my own company an awful bore."

"What a remarkable coincidence," observed the fair contents of the hammock. "So do I."

Still Hunting.



"So you can't find work at your trade. Poor man! What is your trade?"

Wright Bower—I curries horses for automobile companies.

Cruel of Her. "They tell me that fish is good for the brain," said Reggy Sapp. "Have you anything to suit me?"

"We have canned lobster," responded the pretty clerk in the grocery department.

On the Veranda. "I know why your mouth is so sweet," said the young man, gazing in rapture at her pretty red lips.

"And why?" she whispered.

"Because your teeth are preserved." And for the compliment she gave him an even dozen kisses.

Dress in the Cap. First Passenger (on the car to race track)—I always enjoy this ride.

Second Passenger—So do I. But, say, don't you dread the long walk back?

As to the Singer. "So she said my voice went right through her?"

"I guess so; at least she said it bored her."

Between Friends. Sue—Frank says I am a "bird."

Mayme—Well, all I have to say is, he is a very poor ornithologist.

Dernier Resort. Lawyer—So you want a divorce, eh? Client—Yes.

Lawyer—But I thought you loved your wife? Client—I do.

Lawyer—And she loves you? Client—Certainly.

Lawyer—Then why do you want a divorce? Client—Her income isn't large enough to support me.

Lucky Escapes. "There goes a baseball man who has made the most runs this season." "H'm! What position does he play?" "Oh, he's umpire. He was running for his life."

Proof Positive. "I suppose you set a good table?" remarked the man who was looking for board.

"Well," replied the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout."

Cautious. Dr. Bill (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones. How are you feeling this morning? Mr. Jones—Say, doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?

Easily Arranged. Wife (angrily)—And am I never to have my own way about anything? Husband (calmly)—Certainly, my dear. When we agree you may have your way, but when we disagree I'll have mine.

Exchange of Views. He—I wouldn't think of marrying a girl who didn't love me.

She—And I wouldn't think of loving a man who didn't marry me.

Not So Much. Sandy—Dis paper says dat some of de old kings used to sleep in a bed of flowers.

Cinders—Dat's nuthin'. I slept in a flower bed meself last night.

Had the Symptoms. Biggs—Is Upon a self-made man? Diggs—Yes; I guess so. His grammar is something fierce.

And It's Incurable. Judge—What is your profession? Witness—I'm a poet, your Honor.

Judge—Huh! That's not a profession; it's a disease.

He Knew Her. Mrs. Gableton (at the seashore)—Must I keep my mouth closed while in the water? Gableton—Yes, if possible.



Driving a Bargain.

More Patience than Patients. "So you are practicing medicine, eh?" said the person who always thinks it is up to him to say something.

"Not exactly," replied the young M. D., with an ingrown sigh. "I'm practicing patience."

A Scientific Fact. Doctor—Speaking of your trouble with your husband, do you know that it is a scientific fact that meat causes bad temper?

Mrs. De Jarr—Oh, yes, I have noticed it always does, and especially when it's burnt.

Reason Enough. "What reason is there for the notion that it is especially unlucky to marry in May?"

"I don't know, unless it is that an especially large number of people have been married in May."

Not Soothing. "Whenever I'm inclined to lose my temper," said the philosophic man, "I just think to myself, 'Oh, there's no use getting mad.'"

"So do I," replied the excitable person, "and that makes me all the madder."

Avoiding Shop. Clara—It's really too bad about Mabel, isn't it? Maude—I don't know. What is it? Clara—Why, she can't play golf again this season.

Maude—Has she injured herself? Clara—No, but she's engaged to a manufacturer of golf sticks and it would not be good form, you know.

Tough Proposition. Farmer's Wife—I thought you said you were hungry.

Wearly Willie—Dat's wot I sed, ma'am.

Farmer's Wife—Then why don't you eat that piece of steak I gave you? Wearly Willie—Dat's all right, ma'am, I didn't ask for work.

In French. Miss Vera Oldmayden was hardly to blame for feeling as proud as a queen; On the swell hotel register after her name The gallant clerk wrote, "Suite 16."

The Size of It. "The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is the same."

"It must be a powerful drug. What is it?"

"Printer's Ink."—Town and Country.

Just Preparing. "Excuse me," said the tourist on the transcontinental train, "but your cigar is burning holes in your hat."

"That's all right, pard," responded the cowboy. "You see, I'm going East an' folks that don't think much of a 'puncher' unless he has bullet holes in his hat."

TALKING ABOUT WIDOWS.

The Preacher's Text Just Fitted Jake-way's Case

"Talking about widows," said the man with the stogie; "talking about widows, did I ever tell you about Jake-way and the Widder Barstow?"

Now there hadn't been a word said about widows, but as the man with the stogie looked hard at a meek little fellow, the latter replied: "No, sir, you never did."

"Well," said the man with the stogie, "Jake-way was a character—one of those you read about. He'd lived alone for years. When he was a young man, he had been disappointed in love, something, and from that time he'd been sour—a regular woman-hater. And the particular object of his dislike was the Widder Barstow, aggressive from her head to her heels. The very sight of her led to old Jake-way was like the waving of a red flag to a bull."

"They useter go to the same church, but the ushers knew the situation well enough to put a goodly portion of the sanctuary between them. Unfortunately on one Sunday there was a new usher. The opening service was well under way and Jake-way was in a pew by himself well down toward the front, when down the aisle came the new usher with the widder trailing along in his wake and he handed her into Jake-way's pew."

"The old man gave one look as the figure rustled in," said the man with the stogie, according to the New York Mail and Express, "then he gathered up his umbrella, his hat, his handanna and his prayer book and cleared the back of the pew in front with the agility of a boy. And just as he landed on the front seat the preacher gave out his text:

"There hath no evil befallen you but such as is common to man, but God will with the temptation also make a way of escape."

Joke on Both of Them. President John Henry Barrows of Oberlin College in a recent interview tells how Mrs. Barrows has been convinced that insurance is something more than a "matter of paying premiums." Mrs. Barrows, the professor said, had scoffed so frequently at the insurance business that he permitted his insurance policies to lapse. One day, however, he was persuaded by an energetic agent to take out a new policy.

That very afternoon Oberlin was thrown into the greatest excitement by the appearance of clouds of smoke pouring from the windows of the president's residence. After the chemical extinguishers had done their work it was found that a whole closetful of Mrs. Barrows' best gowns had fed the flames started from an overheated chafing dish.

The loss was promptly paid and Dr. Barrows said he got keen enjoyment from Mrs. Barrows' change of heart. An additional twinkle came into his eye, says the New York Mail and Express, when he read this letter:

"John Henry Barrows, D. D. President Oberlin College: Dear Sir—Enclosed find draft for \$500. We note that this policy went into effect at noon and it did not occur till 4 o'clock. Why this delay?"

Another Flame. A man who had lost his much-beloved wife consulted a stone mason in regard to the erection of a tombstone with a suitable epitaph. After having a number of lines suggested, he finally selected the following: "The light of my life has gone out."

A short time afterward the widower fell in love with a very charming girl, to whom he became engaged. He immediately felt concerned about the epitaph upon the tombstone of his former wife, and again consulted the stone mason, to whom he explained the circumstances, and stated that the epitaph would have to be changed. He intended to leave town, returning on the day of the wedding, and implored the mason to take the matter in hand and alter the epitaph so that the feelings of his prospective wife would not be hurt. This the mason promised to do, and when the widower returned he visited the grave at once, finding that the mason had been true to his word, the epitaph now appearing: "The light of my life has gone out, but I have another match."—Philadelphia Times.

Counsel Collapsed. A case was recently heard in the Courts of Justice in which the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good. The defending counsel wished to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked he.

"I have not," was the answer.

"Now, please be careful—did you ever stop payment?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah! And when did that happen?"

"When I paid all I owed!"

A Study in Vanity. They were talking of the vanity of women, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense. "Of course," she said, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is climbing up under his ear."

She had worked it. Every man present put his hand up to his neck.

American Proportions. "How can you plough straight furrows over such an enormous cornfield as this?" asked the tourist, who had never been in Kansas before.

"That's easy," said the native. "We follow the parallels of latitude and the meridians of longitude."

When a man contracts expensive habits his income needs expanding.

Used the Wrong Decey.

That Camden is as wide awake as the rest of the world is shown by an incident which occurred a few days ago in that town. The woman of the house was called to the door and found a man there with whom she had the following conversation:

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes to be pressed and brushed."

"What suit?"

"Your husband's Sunday suit. He called at the shop going down town this morning."

"And he said to let you have it?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why certainly."

"And look and act naturally?"

"Of course, but why do you ask?"

"Because my husband has been dead for two years and I had some curiosity on the subject."

"Perhaps I've made a mistake."

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw going out of here this morning is my brother. Good morning."

And the man left.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

What Might Have Been. Sonoma, Mich., July 21.—Mr. Delos Hutchins of this place says: "If I could have had Dodd's Kidney Pills 25 years ago I would not now be crippled as I am."

Mr. Hutchins spent from 1861 to 1864 in the swamps of Louisiana as a northern soldier, and with the result that he contracted Rheumatism, which gave him much pain till Mr. Fred Parker, the local druggist, advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first two boxes did not seem to help him very much, but Mr. Parker, knowing that Dodd's Kidney Pills would eventually cure him, pressed Mr. Hutchins to continue, and by the time four boxes were used the short, sharp, shooting pains which had tortured his back, hip and legs were entirely gone. Mr. Hutchins says: "I cannot tell you how much better I am feeling. If it were not for the way my hands, feet and knees are drawn out of shape I would be about as good as ever."

In a case of emergency it is sometimes advisable to reward the man who helped you to reward.

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

Vassilissa Ivanovna, an old peasant woman, now living at St. Petersburg, is 117 years old. She was a married woman when Napoleon invaded Russia.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

The Salvation Army claims that no divorce has been granted to any one married under its auspices in the thirty-five years of its existence.

Use the famous Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2-oz. package 5 cents. The Russ Co., South Bend, Ind.

Torchon lace of any pattern, can now be made by one machine, owing to a recent invention in Vienna.

Don't forget a large 2-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue only 5 cents. The Russ Co., South Bend, Ind.

Over 1,000 bunches of grapes have appeared on a vine now growing near Boren, in the Tyrol.

A woman's gymnasium, to cost \$3,000, will be built at the University of Chicago.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S., 100 N. 1st St., N. Y.

Girls who make the greatest exertions to catch husbands are usually last in the race.

Piso's Cure for Consumption promptly relieves my little 3-year-old sister of cough.—Miss L. Pearce, 23 Pilling street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1901.

Bear Skeleton filled with Honey. The well preserved skeleton of a large bear, whose skull was filled with several pounds of honey, deposited there by bees that had turned it into a hive, was discovered the other day by John and James Osterholt of Sherman, Pa., as they were sawing a large hollow beachwood log.

One of the Philadelphia papers discovers "that there is no law in Pennsylvania prohibiting the nomination of honest and intelligent men for the legislature."

Stewed Rhubarb. Wash the rhubarb, peel it and cut into pieces one inch long. Rhubarb should always be cooked in a double boiler. Put in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and one quart of cut rhubarb. Let this cook until the rhubarb is soft, and sweeten to taste. Some persons do not like the full flavor of the rhubarb, and add two cupfuls of water to render it less sharp. When this is done more sugar should be added.

Heavy. "Germany's drink bill amounts to \$750,000,000 a year," said the man with the paper.

"There's liquidation for you," added the commentator.—Philadelphia North American.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. See notice on page 10.