

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

Eastern doctors are treating Bright's unpopular disease by surgery. If you recover you get well.

It must keep Jacob Rills busy to live up to his reputation as the most useful man in the United States.

J. Pierpont Morgan has bought a statuette of Hercules for \$30,000. Why Hercules, Pierp.? Atlas is the boy for you.

So long as we have not introduced foot ball into the Philippines the charges of cruelty made against us must fall flat.

Andrew Carnegie has given his niece \$1,000,000 as a wedding present. This is another plan that will help one to avoid dying rich.

Aladdin had to rub his lamp when he wanted things. When J. Pierpont Morgan has an Aladdin feeling he just goes and takes them without any rubbing.

Hero Hobson is to be retired. But why should a hero who can draw a salary from the United States for going around the country lecturing want to be retired?

Santos-Dumont thinks it will be possible to build air ships that can pass from America to Europe in two days. Apparently, however, he hasn't thought of any suitable thing they may bump against when they arrive.

Only one person who was in St. Pierre at the time of the destruction of that city survived. He was a criminal who had been confined in an underground dungeon for trying to assault his keepers. There is no likelihood that he will be used as a proof that virtue is its own reward.

Changes made in street railway lines originally constructed for the horse-car, in order to equip them for electricity, are typical of the industrial movements of the age. A thin rail on a wooden sleeper gives place to heavy rails on a U-shaped steel structure, embedded deep in the ground. As the power is cheapened, the size and weight of the cars is increased. The number of employees on each car is the same; but the longer runs which the new system makes profitable, and the greater business which it stimulates, require more cars, more drivers and more conductors.

Alphonso, the boy king of Spain, according to Madrid dispatches, is opposed to the Spanish national sport of bull-fighting. Alphonso has doubtless imbibed his sentiments from his mother, who is not a Spaniard and who has carefully supervised his education. He regards the sport as cruel, and desires, so it is said, to introduce horse-racing as a substitute. In opposing the national game Alphonso is putting himself in an unpopular situation. Bull-fighting has been part of the Spaniard's sport for centuries. Wherever he goes he takes the barbaric spectacle with him. The boy king's expression does credit to his humanitarian instincts, but does not speak so well for his discretion. By removing the royal sanction Alphonso would strike a great blow at the gory entertainments with which the Spaniards make a holiday, but he would arouse an intense popular prejudice. The uneducated peasantry would consider that half their joy in living had been destroyed were they denied the bloody spectacle. It will require years of education to induce the Spanish people to give up bull-fighting, and should the young king act rashly in this matter he is likely to encounter serious trouble.

There are persons who, on principle, refrain from all sorts of harmless pleasures to save expense. What they will do with the expense after they have saved it depends on the type of person. Sometimes they spend it in doctor's bills. Of course, every one has a right to his own form of pleasure, but it does seem as if less fun could be got out of doctor's bills than out of almost any other costly luxury. When a man puts in the whole of a hot summer toiling at his desk, refusing to take relaxation even for a day, taking his business to table and to bed with him; when a woman remains indoors day after day, working over the sewing machine or the cook stove, and attending to the wants of fretful children, instead of indulging in a day of recreation now and then, sooner or later a breakdown is likely to come. Then the money saved from excursions goes to pay for medicine and nursing. Of course, when a woman has a family of small children, taking them out anywhere is sometimes a good deal harder work than staying at home; but even then there are many harmless pleasures which can be had at home, if one is more bent on getting comfort out of life than on having fine clothes or furniture. It would be interesting to see what could be made of life by a couple who should start out with the deliberate intention of being as comfortable as possible, whatever happened or did not happen; who were after happiness, and not ambition, or excitement, or ideals. It seems strange that it should be so, but such families are rare.

The ministers have been in controversy respecting the wickedness of Chicago. Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist church says that human life is

safer in Hong Kong than in the Lake Michigan metropolis. The Rev. Francis Funk, a Baptist minister, declares that he has seen more wickedness and more forms of vice in Chicago than in London. Bishop Fallows of the Episcopal church, for many years a resident of Chicago, takes issue with his ministerial brethren. The Bishop says he saw more forms of wickedness under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey in two successive nights of "slumming" than he has seen in all his twenty-seven years of residence in Chicago. He challenges the statements made by Bishop Thoburn and the Rev. Mr. Funk and says they are a libel on the city. Since the controversy involves no recondite theological tenets laymen may be permitted to suggest that none of these reverend gentlemen are "up" on comparative wickedness. They come in touch with the best that is in society and see only glimpses of the seamy side of metropolitan life. As a matter of fact every great city contains wickedness of which good people scarcely dream. London is older in vice than is Chicago, but human nature is about the same everywhere and what Chicago lacks in experience she makes up by inventiveness. So long as the wickedness of London and Chicago does not exceed the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah there is hope for both of them. And if history is to be believed modern evil is not to be compared with ancient vice.

We believe that the idea of an expert commission for the purpose of inspecting volcanoes and reporting upon their safety is one of the most ridiculous propositions advanced apparently in all seriousness that we have noticed in many a day. Boiler inspectors may have a proper function in the economy of human affairs, although it is frequently the recently inspected boiler that explodes into a thousand pieces and kills or wounds all who may be within range of the flying debris. Bridge inspectors, building inspectors, and even mine inspectors may perhaps be taken seriously, but we submit that a corps of inspectors whose duty consists in examining into the condition of volcanoes and report upon their eruptive or non-eruptive possibilities is getting past the limit. The strange forces which exist in the bowels of the earth, the gases which they generate, and the destructive power of which they may become capable are frequently glibly discussed by scientists, but scientists can no more forecast the action of a volcano than a United States weather bureau can foretell the amount of destruction which a quickly formed cyclone may bring about. Man may be the very climax of all the wondrous works of creation, but this does not lessen the force of the fact that regardless of all that he is and of all that he has accomplished he is still the mere plaything of untamed forces in nature—forces which he need never expect to subdue or even understand, and which will remain untamed until the end of time. In the face of these fundamental truths we really believe that all boards of volcano inspectors should throw aside their commissions. To assert that they are capable of rendering substantial service to their fellowmen is to give a touch of opera bouffe to that which is purely tragic.

MAKING FISH HOOKS.

Most of Them Come from One Town in England.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that fully 90 per cent of the world's fishing hooks are made at Redditch, England. In making fish hooks few tools are used, dependence being placed more on the skill of the workman than on expensive machinery. Nothing but the best steel wire is used. This is cut off from 20 or more coils at once, into lengths of about 4 inches, care being taken to have all of one length. Several hundreds of these lengths are placed on top of one another through two rings, or washers, the end projecting about three-quarters of an inch. They are put into a furnace and heated a dull red; then taken out of the fire and rolled back and forward, while in the rings, with a heavy iron bar, about one and a half inches square. This softens and straightens the wire. After cooling they are cut into lengths sufficient for two hooks, and a barb is cut in each end. The workman rests the end of the wire against a block of wood and brings the knife in position. The point of the knife is hinged to the bench, and the blade is beveled on one side. With a short cautious movement the barb is cut, care being taken to have it the correct depth. The wire is then cut in two, the point filed and then bent around a metal shape driven in the end of a bit of wood. The barb is hooked around the end of the slip and a turn of the wrist and a pull with the finger complete the bend. The shanks are then flattened, ringed, marked or reduced as desired, and the hooks are ready to be hardened. They are placed in a pan and heated to a dull red, then dipped into a cask of oil, taken out again, allowed to drain and are ready for tempering. This is the most important part of the whole business. If tempered too much they will straighten out and if left too brittle they will break; so they have to be just right or the work must be done over. The surplus oil that clings to the hooks after tempering is removed by shaking the hooks on a tray in sawdust. The hooks are put in revolving barrels to polish, and afterward blued, bronzed or japanned. They are then ready to be put on the market.—S. Howarth, in Recreation.

If you act the fool, the people and your folks will know it, and talk about it.

CUBAN BATTLESHIP.

FIRST AND ONLY ONE THE ISLAND EVER HAD.

Bought by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham for Five Dollars, It Was Never in Any Armed Encounter—Confiscated at Wilmington, N. C.

"While there is a good deal of talk these days about Cuba," said the man who likes to converse, "it should not be forgotten that the man who was first to float the Cuban flag over an armed deck is in the United States and is not blavating about it, either. He is Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, author, traveler, soldier, sailor, and a lot of other things. In the summer of 1869 Colonel Ingraham bought, in New York City, for the large sum of \$5, the steamer Hornet, which had once been the Lady Sterling, a blockade runner captured by the United States government and made a dispatch-boat for the service of President Lincoln. A wealthy Cuban living in New York had bought her from the government, and he sold her to Colonel Ingraham for \$5 because he wanted to. You see she had to belong to somebody and Colonel Ingraham was the best man because he knew his business. She made two trips to Cuba as a filibuster, carrying arms which she took on board at sea so as not to implicate the United States in any act against a friendly government. Spain being on terms with us at the time, Colonel Ingraham was in command.

"In October of 1869 she cleared from Philadelphia for Liverpool and put in at Halifax under stress of weather, or so it was stated. Here she was met by Admiral Edward Higgins, an ex-Confederate officer, and formerly of the United States navy. The Hornet remained in Halifax until suspicion pointed so strongly her way that the English authorities were about to seize her a second time, though she had already been searched and nothing had been found on her which she had no right to carry.

She left Halifax in such a hurry that she was fired on from the forts, but got away all right, making the run to Cape Sable, sixty miles, in three hours. At sea Admiral Higgins ordered her course southward, and the forty-five sailors on board mutinied, and there was a fight for the ship, the officers winning. Off Martha's Vineyard, the ship was met by several small vessels carrying arms and men, and these were taken on board, and the Hornet became a fully equipped vessel of war, having twenty-six officers, 300 men, and nine guns, one 100-pound bow chaser, two sixty-pounders, four thirty-pounders, and two twenty-four-pounders. Once at sea with this equipment, Colonel Ingraham, who had been in command of her since her purchase turned her over to Admiral Higgins, the officers received their commissions, Colonel Ingraham becoming commandant of marines, her name was changed to the Cuba, and Colonel Ingraham, with his own hands, raised the Cuban flag over her, being the first Cuban flag ever to go up over an armed deck of a Cuban vessel, and, by the way, there has not yet been another one.

AN INTERNATIONAL TOWN.

Nogales on the Mexican Border—How the Laws Are Enforced.

It would be incorrect to date a letter from either Nogales, Ariz., or Nogales, Mexico, alone, for the town belongs so thoroughly and completely to both that neither half is a town at all. It is the most completely and curiously international place that can be conceived of. There is no separation of the two parts visible as you look down on the town from the hills, and the life and the ordinary traffic of the place flow back and forth with no one, apparently, to say them nay. However, it must not be supposed that there is free trade across the thoroughfare, which on one side is called International street and on the other the Calle International.

or any person who offers to cross with a burden that might contain dutiable material. Occasionally, on the Mexican side, one sees a Mexican soldier in uniform, but the cartel near by is too small to hold more than a small detachment, and neither soldiers nor uniformed customs guards are ever in evidence along the border.

The Americans live apart from one another in individual houses of all grades, most of which are very neat, and some of which are quite fine and must have been costly. Their streets run up the sides of the mountain glen in which the town is situated. They have, of course, one large and fine public school building and one or two smaller ones; churches they seem to have little use for. In among their houses are the adobe cabins of the Mexicans, who are their hewers of wood and drawers of water (these terms being literally correct here, for the fuel of the country is knotted and gnarled wood brought from the hills on donkeys' backs, and the town water won't run up to the higher elevations).

The air, either with the scent of the burning wood or without it, says the New York Post, is delicious and exhilarating. The sunlight gilds the Santa Rita peaks, the outpost of Arizona facing toward Mexico. The climate of this season is perfection itself; the nights and mornings cool—almost cold, yet without any chill at all—the day from 10 o'clock on till sunset hot in the sun, yet cool enough indoors and conducive to siestas. The place seems to have exactly the climate for a winter and spring resort.

SECRET OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

Mystery of a Man and Woman Who Meet Daily in the Churchyard.

A man about 45 years old, silk hatted, frock coated and shod in patent leather, goes into the old churchyard at St. Paul's at noon every day. He passes through the Broadway gateway, walks around the path on the north of the church and with eyes fixed on the clock waits for the hands to point to half past 12. Then he crosses his hands and walks down the path on the Fulton street side of the church.

Then a woman appears on the scene. She wears black silk and a dainty hat. She passes around to the rear of the churchyard, takes out her purse and leaning upon the gray stone of the Benjamin Haight vault, takes money from her purse. This appears to be a signal for the man to turn and go back along the walk. As he goes along the walk the woman starts from the rear of the churchyard. As they pass each other she slips a coin or a bill into his hand.

Not a word is spoken by either. Not a smile wrinkles the face of either. In fact, if their countenances depict anything they depict scorn. The woman, who is about 30 years old, has large black eyes, which have no more warmth in them than has the wind in winter. She stares coldly, gloomily, at the man as he passes. As to the man, hateful to him is the coin or note she passes to him—at least that is the way the crowd on Broadway figures it out.

Bustling Broadway stops here daily to see the couple meet in the churchyard. Messengers, bank clerks, brokers and typewriting girls stop and peer between the rails of the iron fence. They have long noticed this financial transaction in the graveyard, for the strange couple have appeared there daily for many months.

Typewriting girls, anxious to get a glimpse of the woman's face, go into the churchyard with novels and sit reading, while they wait for the strangers to arrive.

When the couple go away Broadway moves on its way too, speculating on the secret that these two persons possess.—New York Sun.

Columbia's Little Sister.

Miss Columbia has a little sister now. Who looks as if inclined to be afraid. The curls are dark that hang about her brow.

And the Lord has heard a prayer that she has made.

There are hollows in her sunburned little cheeks.

She is ragged and her little feet are bare.

But there's music in her soft tones when she speaks.

And when she smiles her little face is fair.

Oh, little Cuba, cease to be afraid.

The road over which you've come is rough and steep.

But a fair way lies before you, little maid.

Where flowers bloom and happy fountains leap.

NO NICKEL, NO CALL.

DISADVANTAGE OF ONE PARTY LINE TELEPHONE.

Red Tape Took Up Valuable Time When There Were Burglars in the House and the Owner Wanted Connection with Police Headquarters.

There is one man in Washington who is the sworn foe of the telephone company. He declares that while it is true that corporations have no souls, and he is, therefore, barred from invoking perdition on the head of the company, he would cheerfully consign the directors and stockholders of the concern to the uttermost limbo of the inferno. He has not yet cooled down sufficiently to tell the reason for his feud in coherent fashion, but from other sources equally as authentic the cause of the trouble is learned.

Mr. Subscriber has a telephone in his house. It is one of these three-or-four-on-the-line affairs, and you have to drop a nickel in the slot to get action. Central is always particular about the nickel. One night last week Mrs. Subscriber, who is a light sleeper, heard a noise in the house. It was one of those stealthy, creepy, noiseless noises that suggest missing silver, stolen watches, and sometimes murder. She is a courageous woman, and she made certain that her ears did not deceive her. Then she screamed. Mr. Subscriber woke with a start, but was still a bit foggy. Another scream.

"What's the matter?" asked the master of the house.

"Burglars! Don't you hear them? Murder! Help! Burglars! Police!"

Mr. Subscriber leaped up and ran to the door of the room. He saw a man bustling down the stairs. He ran back and proceeded to put on his trousers. Then he hunted for a match, but his match box was empty and he could not find one until he had ransacked nearly every room on the upper floor, and finally located one in the bathroom. He lit the gas and looked at his watch and found that it was half-past 2. He ran to the telephone, and told sleepy Central that there were burglars in the house, and he wanted police headquarters in order that the bluecoats might be warned in time to capture the marauders. Wouldn't Central please hurry?

"Put in your nickel," said Central.

"I haven't a bit of change, not a thing less than a dollar—ten dollars. Do anything, but just give me police headquarters."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Central in a manner both deliberate and sympathetic, "but you will have to put a nickel in the slot before I can give you headquarters. That's the rule, you know."

"But don't you see how it is," pleaded Mr. Subscriber. "Burglars in the house. I saw 'em. Police! Help! Say, charge me up with anything, I've got all kinds of money except nickels. Hurry up, do. The women in the house are nearly frantic."

This appeal was not without its influence on Central, who said: "I'll call the chief operator." After what seemed an endless time a voice came over the phone:

"This is the chief operator. What is it?"

Mr. Subscriber stated his case again, saying that he could hear the spoons rattling downstairs and the house would be looted before the police could leave the station. The chief operator listened attentively—at least she didn't interrupt. Then she asked sweetly:

"Well, you know we can't let you have the number unless you put in the nickel except in case of an emergency call. Now, is this an emergency call?"

"My God, woman," said Mr. Subscriber. "Two o'clock in the morning—burglars—spoons stolen—saw 'em myself, burglars I mean—folks fainting—no nickel. Of course, this is an emergency call." This last he fairly shrieked.

He got headquarters and the police came out in a few minutes, but found no burglars, although they made the comforting assurance that there had undoubtedly been some there. This comment, however, failed to appease Mr. Subscriber, who now swears that he will get even with the telephone company.

MAKERS OF TOMAHAWKS.

English, French and Spanish Made the Metal Indian Weapons.

Before the discovery of America by Columbus the Indians used as weapons of war stone axes, or celts, such as one found occasionally in opening mounds, plowing fields or digging foundations, the general form of which is familiar to almost every one. With the arrival of the whites the Indians discarded these clumsy weapons of the stone age and began using tomahawks of iron or steel, which they obtained from the white traders, and which, after the wants of the Indians came to be better known, were manufactured for the American trade in various parts of Europe. With the improvement in firearms the Indians came in time to have very little use even for the tomahawk, so that none were made after 1754.

Thus it happens that these metal tomahawks are of more value and greater interest than the earlier stone axes, or celts, by reason of the fact that the latter are fairly common and can be found in almost any mound, whereas the tomahawks of European manufacture are to-day exceedingly rare and also because there are three different varieties of the latter, showing in their design and general work-

manship the trend of European art and metal-working skill.

The first is called the English tomahawk, for the reason that it was the kind made by the English, and traded by them to the tribes with whom they came in contact in their settlement of the new world. The English-made tomahawk is patterned after the old English ax. The fore part of the tomahawk runs in a perfectly straight line from the "pipe" or "hammer," down to the edge of the blade, while the rear part of the blade curves upward and inward toward the handle. The French style of tomahawk is altogether different. The "pipe" is the same as in the English (for that matter, all tomahawks are, in this respect, alike), but the blade was shaped exactly like an ace of diamonds, forming a sort of double triangle that caused the weapon to look like a spear-head set in the side, rather than in the end, of the handle or shaft. This idea the French took from the pike, a weapon very common and popular in the French armies of that period.

The tomahawk which the Spanish traders sold to their Indian customers, and which was manufactured in the steel foundries of Toledo, differed very much from the other and is the rarest of the three. The Spanish tomahawk was an exact copy, only on a smaller scale, of the old halberds, which were exceedingly popular during the crusades, and had reached a high state of perfection in Spain.

As a general thing, says the Washington Post, one would be most apt to find the English type of tomahawk among the Iroquois, Delawares, Shawnees, Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws and other tribes that lived within the Anglo-Saxon sphere of settlement; the French style among the Ojibwas, Chipewyas, Ottawas, Sioux, Nez Percés, Flatheads and Crees, with whom they dealt and came in contact before any other whites, while the Spanish type would be most apt to occur among the Seminoles, Kiowas, Zunis and Apaches.

WHY WOMEN LIKE FICTION.

Reared in a Romantic Atmosphere and Read for Love of a Story.

Do women find in fiction the romantic element they crave, and perhaps do not find in sufficient quantity in life? How otherwise are we to account for their devotion to novels, without which the story-writer would fare but ill upon the slim diet of an untitled purse, and the publisher share the disaster? If Mr. Carnegie should be able to keep out of libraries, as he suggested, all fiction under three years old, it might safely be said that the women would be against him—which means that the thing could not be done. Women like new fiction; they want the book that is "just out." If it is a historical novel, they feel that they are gathering information, heaven bless them!

If it is a romance, pure and simple, they forget over its pages the domestic trials of the morning or the afternoon. It does them no more harm than has been done for countless generations. For women are nourished upon fiction from the days of their birth. Our girls are reared in an atmosphere rarefied and cleared from all impurities. The world is shown them through a rose-tinted glass. "Here, dearest, is a city, a wonderful city of happy homes, of beautiful art, of heavenly aspiration. And these—these are men, noble, high-minded beings who will always guide and teach and protect you. These other are women, lovelier than everything else." And so on.

Fiction without discrimination is fed to the girl who looks with heaven-given trust into the eyes of her well-meaning teachers. And when she becomes a woman, the habit has sent its roots into her soul, and she she happily or pensively, she reads fiction.

With men it is different. They do not expect from life what women do. When they read novels it is to forget the rigors of business, to enter deliberately a region which they know does not exist. But women can seldom quite believe that it does not exist. To them life is romance. If it does not turn out well, so much the worse for life, and they turn to books, where the happy ending is fairly sure to be counted upon. In women's love for fiction there is something more than is superficially apparent.—Harper's Weekly.

Protestant Kittens.

Pressed for a little ready money a Kerry "bobby" took it into his head that perhaps a Protestant clergyman would buy from him a couple of kittens. The bargain, however, could not be struck, even with an endorsement from Conn that "they were sound Protestant kittens," and he returned to his cabin. About a week later, and things gone from bad to worse, it struck Conn that perhaps the parish priest might take a fancy to the kittens, and off he set with them, one under each arm, for the presbytery. "Och, your reverence, do buy them. Sure, they are good Catholic kittens, anyhow." "But you said Protestant kittens," replied the father, who had heard in conversation about Conn's offer to the other clergyman. "Thru, father dear, and so they were, but their eyes weren't opened then." And the kittens were sold.

Proof on Tap.

Clara—Was it a case of love on her part, do you think?

Maud—It certainly was. Why, she gave up a position paying a salary of \$15 a week to marry him and he is only getting \$10.

It is a good plan for a man to leave his widow some life insurance, in order that Hope May Take Root Again in her heart.