

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE - NEBRASKA.

President Roosevelt's saddle horse also leads a strenuous life.

"Glad to see you" is one of the little white lies that are worked overtime.

When a young husband becomes a father he feels as happy as he looks scared.

The Filipinos will be much happier when they quit running for life and begin running for office.

Love isn't satisfied with a cottage any more unless it is provided with open plumbing and a servant's room, at least.

Nearly every time Hetty Green goes into court she has a new lawyer. She probably doesn't want any one man to find out too much about her business.

When a girl secures damages in a lawsuit because the jury is said to be influenced by her beauty she is about as near heaven as it is possible to get without dying.

Santos Dumont has decided not to operate in London, probably owing to the fact that King Edward wants to monopolize the high-flying business over there for the present.

A Canary Islander has found out how to draw electric power from the atmosphere in so simple a manner that a child may operate the machinery. All that is necessary now is to get your atmosphere.

A Baltimore man who was arrested the other night with a pair of stolen trousers in his possession, pledged that he stole them because he was hungry. To make the excuse plausible he should have grabbed a straw hat instead.

"I think he will carry this island home in his pocket." This was a remark by Sebastian in the play of the "Tempest" and therein Shakespeare foreshadowed an apprehension which John Bull now experiences when he thinks of the commercial operations of his Cousin Jonathan.

You can get a plank-shad board "made from oak grown on the hummocks of Southern Florida" for 75 cents or a dollar at a Boston store, but fish cooked on these boards will taste no more like that cooked in the open by the fisherman who splits his own plank than the corn cooked on the kitchen stove at home tastes like that which the boys roast in the field on a moonlight night in the early autumn. And how good that corn does taste!

The coincidence of a fire following the issue of an insurance policy sometimes points to criminality. Not so, however, was it in the case of a certain college president. As the story goes, he received a note which shows that a corporation may have humor. The communication read: "Dear Sir: Enclosed find draft for five hundred dollars. We note that this policy went into effect at noon, and fire did not occur until four o'clock. Why this delay?"

The hairpin "as a surgical instrument" is treated quite seriously by a physician who, writing in a technical journal, names fifteen different ways in which it may be used in an emergency, to ease pain or even to save life. For example, it might serve as a probe, as a surgical needle, in place of a drainage tube, to remove foreign bodies, to compress a blood-vessel, or to close a wound. "One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen," wrote old James Howell almost three centuries ago. It may be that some of the virtue of the hair goes into the pin.

We shall never have justice for the female sex as long as accepted naturalists and entomologists are men. Here we have the assertion, with reference to the invading seventeen-year locusts, that "it is the adult female that causes the injury to trees." Of course, it is always the female. Whatever misery comes to the world—the female did it. If we know the temper of the women of to-day, they will not rest under this unjust discrimination, but will come forward boldly in club and family circle to repel the miserable assault on the lady locust. While we are not acquainted with the conversation of locusts, we dare maintain with Dr. Julia Low that there is not a female locust of depraved and destructive habits that cannot trace what is bad in its nature to the influence of an evil male, while, on the other hand, there is not a male locust that will not readily testify to the elevating influences of his mother and sisters. We are very weary of these stupid scientific discriminations and earnestly desire that they will be refuted by the study classes of the women's clubs.

"It is not the educated, or so-called classically educated man, it is not the aristocracy, it is not the monarchs, that have ruled the destinies of the world, either in camp, council, laboratory or work shop. The great inventions, the improvements, the discoveries in science, the great works in literature, have sprung from the ranks of the poor." The above extract is from "Andrew Carnegie—His Book." And while the book is not pretentious from a literary point of view, it is a mine of practical suggestions, shrewd observation and practical advice. Mr. Carnegie is the "Poor Richard" of this

generation. The average man strives and saves and accumulates that his children may have a better opportunity in life than he has had. In the majority of cases he has handicapped his children by turning over to them his accumulations. Nearly always it is the poor boy who scores success. You have only to look around you to prove this statement. In the striving he develops mental and moral fibre while the rich man's son is content with flabby moral and mental fibre. The poor boy has incentive while the boy who is well provided has little ambition. And what is true of the boys is largely true of the girls. It is from the ranks of the poor that the great and successful of the race emerge. What man who has measurely succeeded in building a business or a character will doubt that Andrew Carnegie is right?

The requisite quality that makes for success in life undoubtedly varies with the vocation in life that a man follows. The god soldier is not of necessity 'the good lawyer, nor is the good business man of necessity a good diplomat. Every walk of life requires different qualities to insure success; but one quality is essential to all, and that is concentration of effort. The young man entering upon a business career needs this quality—it is the one thing without which he cannot hope to be a successful business man. There is a crisis in every man's life when he is called upon to make a momentous choice between the road to success and that leading to failure. He is like a man walking along a straight road who unexpectedly encounters a fork in the pathway. Here three roads diverge. The center one, that most frequently taken, leads to mediocrity. Of the other two, one leads to success and the other to failure; there is no finger post, and a man's decision depends entirely upon his own intuition. This intuition is merely the outcome of concentration. If a man has devoted his best efforts to the business he has in hand, he possesses the ability to make a wise choice; if not, he is lost. No one can advise at the critical moment. If the individual has earnestly endeavored to master his business, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of it, he is in a position to map out the right course for himself; if not, no advice can prove availing. Even though he be put upon the right road, lacking concentration, he will wander from the beaten track into one of the many by-paths that lead through the intervening thickets separating the road to success from that leading to mediocrity. To succeed to-day, a man must possess originality and perseverance; he must master and understand himself and his business and have stamina. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is a very old but, at the same time, a very wise argument. Half-heartedness in business only leads to disappointment. To succeed, a man must concentrate his thoughts and energies upon his work, and such concentration is bound to bring its own reward. Every boy entering a business life should have that idea in view, and if he takes no interest in the business with which he is connected, it were better for him and the firm that he sever his connection as early as possible.

The impressionist had finally sold one of his creations. A brother artist who had arrived, or as we say "got there," not only persuaded one of his own customers to buy a painting by the less successful man, at a good figure, but got him an invitation to visit the patron's house to see the picture as it hung on the wall. It was a painting of a sky, a bridge and a stream, and as they stood before it the purchaser fairly exhausted his vocabulary of art in expatiating on the naturalness of the water and the poetic beauty of the sky. The man who had done the painting smiled and smiled, but at the same time mopped beads of perspiration from his brow. Finally, says the New York Tribune, which prints this story of agony, he got his friend into the hallway and there exploded. "Good gracious," he groaned. "They've hung my picture upside down!"

Testing the Postal Service. To test the safety of Uncle Sam's mails and the honesty of postal clerks, a gentleman, known to the Detroit Free Press, made an experiment which is, at first sight, rather foolish, but which, in its result, is pleasant to think about. He pasted on one side of a silver dollar a bit of paper on which he wrote his daughter's address. On the other side he put a one-cent stamp, sending the dollar at merchandise rates. The experiment was the result of a dispute with a foreigner, who doubted the American's assertions of the safety of the United States mails, and warned him that that was the last he would hear of his money. Two days later the man received a letter from his daughter acknowledging the receipt of the dollar.

Not on the Grand Jury. Here is the way a Pawnee County man confessed at a revival meeting in Kansas. He had been pressed to repent, and finally got up and said: "Dear friends, I feel the spirit moving in me to talk and tell what a bad man I've been, but I can't do it while the grand jury is in session." The Lord will forgive you," shouted the preacher. "I guess that's right," said the penitent, "but he ain't on the grand jury."

When a man sits as long as five minutes in deep thought, his women folks begin to wonder what devilment he is up to now.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VA-RI-ORIOUS HUMORISTS.

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

Hiram—Where's your son John now? Silas—Oh, he's down to the city doin' literary work.

Hiram—Is he makin' anything out of it? Silas—Yes, I guess so. At least I have to send him money every time he writes.

She Knew a Thing or Two. She—And am I really and truly the first girl you ever loved?

He—Certainly. And am I the first man you ever loved? She—The idea! Don't I look to be more than 7 years of age?

Egotistical. Green—I understand you are looking for a donkey. I've got one for sale.

Brown—I bought one yesterday, but I may want another soon.

Green—Well, any time you can use a good one, don't forget me.



Customer—Bring me some cheese. Waiter—Sorry, sir; the cheese is out. Customer—What time do you expect it back?

Her First Question. "At last," said the great scientist, "I have fully established communication with Mars. What great question shall I submit to them first?" "Ask them," said the young woman promptly, "if they have discovered a comfortable and suitable bicycle costume for girls that is also attractive." —Chicago Post.

Higher Prices. "How's this?" asked the customer in the bookstore. "Last week the prices on Bacon and Lamb were only \$1.25, and now you have marked them up to \$3." "Well, you see," explained the bookseller, "since the Meat Trust began cornering supplies—"

But the customer hurried away to secure marine seats for "A Texas Steer" before the prices went up at the theater, also. —Baltimore American.

Covered the Ground. "De Sheriff only had me one time in my life," said the colored witness. "And what did he do with you then?" "He didn't do nuthin' wid me, suh; I outran him." —Atlanta Constitution.

Various Possibilities. "There is something fascinating about a crowd," said the alert person. "Yes," answered the languid philosopher; "there is always the charm of uncertainty about a crowd; you can never tell from a distance whether it is caused by a prince, a politician, a prize-fighter or a pianist." —Washington Star.



Some One Else Did It. "Oh! Willie, you are all battered up again. How did you do it?" "Please, ma'm, I didn't do it!"

Properly Announced. "Well, why don't you announce me?" demanded the pompous lady. "Beg pardon, ma'am," stammered the new butler, "but I can't quite make out the name. His it 'Mrs. Jones-Smith'?" "No, stupid! 'Mrs. Jones-Smythe.'" "Oh!" said the butler, and then bawled: "Stupid Mrs. Jones-Smythe." —Philadelphia Press.

The Real Thing. "And have you no home ties?" asked the sympathetic lady. "No, ma'am," replied the tramp. "All ties wit I hev enny connection with is de railroad ties."

Now They Don't Speak. "No!—The last thing Jack did before going away was to kiss me." "Less—That's just like him. He always would postpone a disagreeable task until the very last minute."

Declining Faith. "In my young days," said the Moroc chief, bitterly, "everybody believed that a man who fell in battle had a passport to heaven." "And is it not so now?" "Evidently not. I have seen heretics skulking behind rocks and throwing away first-class chances of getting out." —Puck.

Stopped the Game. "What broke up the ping-pong social down at your church last night?" asked the young man with the clerical garments. "Some unregenerate son of Bellal," said the second man in church garb, "substituted eggs for the balls." —Judge.

As It Appeared. Diggs—Did you buy that piece of bronze at an auction sale? Biggs—No. But why did you think I did? Diggs—Because it looks like it had been under the hammer.

Proof Positive. He—Do you believe the widow's grief is really sincere? She—I do. Why, she spent half the insurance money for a mourning suit and the other half for a tombstone.

It All Depends. He—Do you dislike to hear a young man talk shop? Nell—Oh, not necessarily. My beau does it every time he calls. Bess—Indeed? Nell—Yes. You see, he's a street-car conductor, and I suppose it comes natural for him to say, "Sit closer, please."

The Husband Knew. City Editor—See here, in your obituary of this prominent club woman you say she "is a good wife." You mean "was," of course. Reporter—No, I mean "is." Mr. Henpeck, her husband, told me if I wanted to be absolutely truthful that was the way to put it. —Philadelphia Press.

Sad Sea-Doggedness. The ship groaned. But the Giddy Young Thing who was talking to the Captain was a good sailor and didn't mind a bit of rough weather. "Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, Captain," she said, "to box a compass?" "Not any more so, miss," he replied, grimly, "than to paddle a canoe." And the ship groaned some more. —Chicago Tribune.

Quite Remarkable. Gushington—Ah! your wife is a most remarkable woman. Henpeck—Think so? Gushington—Indeed I do. Don't you? Henpeck—Well, she certainly is able to make more remarks than any other woman I know. —Philadelphia Press.



Remnant Sale. "What are you hanging around here for, waiter?" "I'm waitin' for you to get fru wid dat chicken 'cause a gemman jest ordered chicken soup." —Chicago American.

As It Should Be. Miles—Isn't it queer that a man's ears are placed in such a way that he can hear only the sounds in front of him? Giles—Nothing queer about it at all. A merciful Providence never intended that a man should hear what is said behind his back.

The Only One. "Everything in biblical history," said the argumentative wife, "goes to prove that Adam loved his wife." "Yes, my dear," replied the cruel husband, "but you must remember that she was the only woman he had ever met." —Ohio State Journal.

Learned Graduation Essays. "Each spring when I listen to the learned graduation essays of a class of wealthy men's sons, at a college commencement, I feel that I won't be able to hold my job two weeks after those smart youths get out hustling for their daily bread in competition with me," mused the gloomy-eyed, middle-aged man in the back seat. "But on my way home, as I learn that the trolley car conductor is a college graduate, and the clerk at the corner cigar store is another, I begin to chirp up a bit, and in a day or two I get over my dismal forebodings." —Puck.

Truly American. Sharpe—Would you care to occupy a \$100 seat and see the coronation parade? Wheaton—Not if I had a quarter to sit on the "bleachers."

What He Missed. Stranger—Is Dr. Quakerly in? Servant—No, sir. He went up the river this morning to shoot ducks. Stranger—Well, I'm sorry he isn't at home. I could put him onto bigger game.

She Capitulated. Maud—Do you mean to tell me that you and George are engaged at last? Mignon—Yes; he had quit spending money on me, and I thought I might as well let him propose. —Chicago Tribune.

Lucky Children. The Maid—Dear little Fido, he will not eat zees bombons, madame. Mrs. Sassyety—Ah! poor little doggie. There must be something wrong with them. Give them to the children. —Philadelphia Press.

Visible Proof. Ping—What reason have you for thinking De Jones married an intellectual woman? Pong—Because most of his suspender buttons are safety-pins.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

"Queer things," said the Major, "happened in the old army. In December, 1862, I was at Holly Springs, Miss., looking after the business on the several Southern railways just opened by Grant. Holly Springs at that time was Grant's secondary base of supplies, and was well to the rear of his divisions marching southward. It was crowded with military stores, and was guarded by about 1,500 men under the command of Col. Murphy. On the night of Dec. 19 I was sleeping with Nichols, a telegraph operator, in a room above the telegraph office, near the depot, when Col. Murphy waked us up.

"This was about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, and the Colonel was very angry because Nichols did not answer promptly. He said Van Dorn's cavalry had driven in his pickets, and that the rebels would attack in force at daylight. He wanted to report the situation to Gen. Grant, and Nichols began to call U. S., the signal for Grant's headquarters, but got no response. Nichols repeated that call U. S. a thousand times, it seemed to me, when at last Beckwith, the operator at Grant's headquarters, answered, and we shouted in gladness. Murphy dictated a dispatch to the effect that he would be attacked by daylight by a superior force, and that all was lost.

"As the Colonel turned to leave the office I called his attention to a large force of cavalry in blue coats dashing toward us in the dim light of the early morning, and told him with such a force at his command all was not lost. He said we had no cavalry outside the lines, and swore the men riding toward us were rebels. Then he and others ran from the building, while Nichols and my old colored servant, Moses, and myself remained. The cavalry in blue coats dashed up to the depot, where two or three hundred unarmed Union soldiers were sleeping, and sabered the poor fellows as they came from their blankets. We were soon in the midst of a hot fight, and remembering Grant's order to never let a telegraph instrument fall into the hands of the enemy, I caught up a heavy club and smashed every instrument in the room.

"Then Nichols and I hid in a closet, while old Moses prospected. We soon smelled smoke, and discovered that the rebels had set fire to the building. Looking out, we saw Col. Murphy at the head of about a hundred men charging the rebel lines. He would break their line, then charge back, and strike at another point. He kept this up longer than I thought any man could, but at last was surrounded and forced to surrender. At this juncture I decided to surrender myself, and was soon one of 200 prisoners sent out by the road on which Van Dorn's mounted men were still pouring in.

"They were a nondescript lot, infantrymen mostly, mounted on farm horses and mules, most of them riding without saddles or bridles, and hundreds of them with only rope halters. But they were as noisy as wild Indians, and they soon had full fifteen hundred prisoners. When they came to parole us, they made each man write his own parole from a printed form, and in writing mine I scheduled myself as a civilian and promised not to bear arms against the so-called Southern Confederacy." The officer in charge objected to the "so-called" and I crossed it out. They paroled all the whites, but carried off all the negroes, and I, with others, proceeded to Corinth, where I found old friends in the Seventh Illinois. Scarcely had I reported, however, when the Colonel sent me out with a foraging expedition to Tupelo, some twenty-five miles away.

"That night I realized that I was again in the enemy's country fully armed and equipped for a fight and with a parole in my pocket. This had a serious look when the pickets were driven in by a great crowd of men bearing down on camp. We soon discovered the supposed rebels were colored men who had escaped from Van Dorn, and among the first to come in range was old Moses. He was wild with delight when he saw me, and I felt better over my parole. In time I reported to Gen. Grant, who refused point blank to recognize my parole, as it was issued to a civilian. I preserved the document, however, and I have it yet."

"I had a queer experience at Keno-saw," said the Captain. "A sergeant in one of the left companies of the Fifty-second Ohio, as the regiment came under the direct fire of the enemy turned pale as death and faced to the rear. As he made a few steps to the rear he came face to face with his commanding officer. The Colonel caught the sergeant by the shoulder, and said: 'Face the other way, Joe!' At this the sergeant turned mechanically, led the charge on the enemy's works, rallied the wavering line, and seemed indifferent to danger. He was, in fact, the most conspicuously courageous man on the line.

"Years later the story of his facing to the rear was told to the sergeant and he said in wonder that he had absolutely no recollection of the occurrence. He was not sensitive on the question, because he missed not a single fight in his three years' service, but he could not understand it. He had no recollection of being afraid, or of facing to the rear, or of the Colonel speaking to him, and yet he never thought of disputing the correctness of the story told by my-

self and others. I have often wondered where Joe's mind went in the moment of panic and have wondered if his condition when he faced to the rear was not similar to that of a man asleep."

"I have no doubt," said the Doctor, "that the facing to the rear in this case was involuntary and purely mechanical. When the mind came into action it responded to the natural impulse of courage, and the man went forward with all his wits and soldierly instincts in full play. There was another case in the Fifty-second Ohio, which illustrated the rare quality of presence of mind in the face of appalling danger. When the regiment was on the Sand Town road, in front of Atlanta, it came under the heaviest artillery fire in its experience.

"In the midst of the racket, a sputtering shell dropped between Companies B and G. Men on either side fell over each other in a wild scramble to get out of the way. But Sergeant Sam Grimshaw, quick to comprehend the situation, ran to the shell, picked it up and threw it far to the rear before it exploded. His quick, resolute action probably saved half a dozen lives, and the government recognized the exceptional quality of the deed by awarding Grimshaw a medal." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Compelled to Return His Box. "There was a man in our company who stole a coffin box to sleep in," said R. A. Stephenson, who was a surgeon in the Sixty-ninth Ohio volunteers, to a few comrades at the Palmer House, relatives of the Chicago Record. "It was at Savannah, Ga. We had gone into camp on the outskirts of the city and had begun preparations for the night, when



"STOLE A COFFIN BOX."

in walked this fellow. Slung over his back was a huge coffin box. About the first man he met was Col. Brigham.

"What have you there?" asked Brigham. "A coffin box," replied the man. "And what do you propose to do with it?" "I am going to sleep in it," replied the man. "Well, I guess not; you just gather it up and take it back where you got it or I'll order you under arrest." "The box was taken back and he, like the rest of us, slept on the ground that night."

Birth of the Confederacy. The crisis came. The constitutional convention assembled in Montgomery on Jan. 7, 1861. It was composed of one hundred members, representing all shades of political opinion, all anxious to meet wisely the issues before the country.

The "ordinance of secession," dissolving the union between the State of Alabama and other States under the compact styled the "Constitution of the United States of America," was passed by a vote of 69 to 31 on Jan. 11, 1861. Montgomery was thronged with visitors. The vote was taken behind closed doors in executive session. The halls and porticoes and grounds of the capitol were packed with ladies and gentlemen eagerly waiting upon the action of the convention, says Pearson's Magazine. When the doors were opened to the public and Judge William R. Brooke, the president of the convention, announced the result of the vote, the wildest cheering arose. Political differences were blended in the universal glow of enthusiasm. The new flag of Alabama floated over the convention, and the boom of cannon rose over the shouts of the happy multitudes, telling the martial message of the independence of a "sovereign State."

On the next day the Senators and Representatives from Alabama withdrew in a body from the Congress of the United States. Gov. Moore ordered the seizure of Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the entrance of Mobile bay, and of the United States arsenal at Mount Vernon, that these forts might not become bases for United States troops intended for invasion of the State. He also sent troops to aid Florida in taking charge of the forts about Pensacola. President Buchanan declined to receive Mr. Thomas J. Judge, the commissioner sent from Alabama to negotiate for payment of the debt which the State conceded to be due the general government for the forts, arsenal and custom house seized by order of Gov. Moore. The Unionists of north Alabama proposed the formation of that section into a federal State to be named "Nickajack," but the rush of events and the genuine secession enthusiasm swept it into the Confederate States.

Its Effect. Ding—Yes, it was like going from the frying pan into the fire. You know Dr. Hicharge cured my chronic rheumatism.

Dong—Well, then, what's the matter? "I was paralyzed by the bill." —Baltimore Herald.

Another Puzzle for the Postoffice. Bill—But I dunno the bloke's address! Arvy—Can't yer write and arsk 'im for it. —The Sketch.