

TERMS

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FUSION TICKET.

- For Governor, W. H. THOMPSON. Lieutenant Governor, E. A. GILBERT. Secretary of State, JOHN POWERS.

Outgoing transports carry soldiers for the Philippines and also coffins for their return voyage.

The Prodigal Son did not insist on sitting at the head of the table and doing the carving.—Commoner.

Republicans object to the platform of the Texas democrats. It was evidently not written by the reorganizers.

A Chicago man who paid taxes on \$300,000 last year has made a statement that he don't own a dollar. Moral: If you have \$300,000 in Chicago, take the first train out of town.

Gen. Bragg went over to the republican party and received the customary reward for renegades, a fat office. But he talked too much with his mouth and his fat salary will soon cease.

Admiral Crowninshield has damaged his ship more in a peaceful cruise than did Admiral Schley with the whole Spanish fleet shooting at him and yet presumes to pass judgment on Schley's competency.

"Me Too" Platt says the republicans could elect a yellow dog governor of New York this year. We congratulate them on raising the standard of morality and intelligence of their candidates.

Hell Roaring Jake Smith has returned from Samar and is on the retired list with a salary of \$4,500 a year as long as he lives and nothing to do in return for it. There are a great many people in Nebraska who would enjoy that sort of punishment.

For 10, these many years, the republicans have told us how they would put the trusts out of business "at the next session of congress." They are still singing the old song but we find comfort in that beautiful scripture text, "blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

The republican papers feel duty bound to say something against W. T. Thompson and the following from the editorial page of the State Journal is the most lucid argument against his election we have noticed: "Ask any street urchin the difference between Buffalo Bill and Bill Thompson and he will give the correct answer in a half a second."

Gov. Savage has appointed a new fire and police board for Omaha and the appointment is a knock-out for Rosewater and is the beginning of the end of the Rosewater-Moores-Dennison regime, the most corrupt ever known in that city. The new

board is composed of reputable business men and the Omahogs may now expect better management of affairs.

Chicago grave diggers are on a strike for more pay. Don't they have any meat in their "full dinner pail?"

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

The old settlers will hold a reunion at Sparks on the 28th and 29th.

Lightning struck a Norfolk school building Sunday night and jarred some of the plaster loose.

I. M. Rice and son Lawrence returned this morning from an extended visit among relatives and friends in Kansas and Missouri.

The boss promised to start for home about the first of August and hasn't showed up yet. The devil thinks he would be justified in advertising him as an estray.

Judge Towne returned from the Hot Springs yesterday morning. He left a whole lot of rheumatism there but brought back enough to last him the balance of the season.

Geo. A. Joslyn, president of the Western Newspaper Union, of Omaha, has been sued for \$300,000 damages for breach of contract. This will not interfere with the \$100,000 residence he is building.

The town has been full of Indians for several days and the merchants report a rushing business. Considerable money has escaped across the line since the business men sent in their protest.

The newest thing in government by injunction is an injunction to prevent some gamblers from getting a corner on the grain market. It the future the prudent poker player before sitting in a game will arm himself with an injunction that will prohibit his opponent from winning his pile.

Attention, Knights of Pythias. The meeting nights have been changed from Tuesday evenings to 1st and 3rd Friday of each month: Castle Hall has been changed from Davenport hall to Fraternal hall.

M. CHRISTENSEN, K. of R. & S., Cherry Lodge No. 169, K. of P.

Killed at Cody. H. Towner, a brakeman on the east-bound passenger train, yesterday morning was accidentally killed at Cody. No one seems to know just how the accident occurred as no one saw him fall and he was dead when found. It is thought that he was passing between the mail and express cars—probably chasing hoboos—and fell beneath the wheels which passed over the entire length of his body, causing instant death. He was single and lived with his parents in Rapid City, S. D.

The body was brought to Valentine last evening and an inquest held and, after hearing the evidence, they returned a verdict of accidental death. The railroad company had the body embalmed and sent to his home.

A Sight For Sarah. Of a certain bishop, famous as about the plainest man in England, the Liverpool Post tells this pleasing tale: One day as this homely parson sat in an omnibus he was amazed by the persistent staring of a fellow passenger, who presently unburdened himself as follows: "You're a parson, ain't you?" "Well, yes; that is so."

"Look 'ere, parson, would you mind comin' home with me to see my wife?" Imagining the wife was sick and needing assistance, the clergyman at great inconvenience to himself went with the man. On arriving at the house the man shouted to his wife to come downstairs, and, pointing to the astonished parson, said, with a grin of delight: "Look 'ere, Sairy. Yer said this mornin' as I wur the hughest chap in England. Now, just yer look at this bloke!"

Shakespeare and Mollere. A correspondent finds these notable points of resemblance in the careers of Shakespeare and Mollere:

The father of each was in trade and apparently destined his son to follow his occupation. The early education of both was neglected, and we know nothing in their after training that conferred on them their perfect knowledge of good breeding and distinguished manners. Neither of them was happily married. Each became manager, author, actor. Each produced a considerable number of authenticated dramatic works. Each was careless about publishing his works, or, rather, objected to do so lest they should be acted by rival dramatic companies. Plays of each were collected by actors and first published in a complete form after the death of the authors.

Each touched up or produced plays that are lost or of doubtful origin. Each disregarded novelty of plot, borrowing from various sources. Each disliked his profession. The personal character of each was gentle, kind, generous. Each had a profound knowledge of human nature. Each preferred the idea or matter to the comparative disregard of the manner. Each had a remarkable fecundity and fertility of production. Each died at the age of fifty-two.

The Weather Man's Perquisites. "I have just served sixteen subpoenas on Uncle Sam's weather man," said a process server at the county courthouse the other day, "and handed him sixteen half dollars to legalize the command that he appear to give evidence in that many cases and \$16 to enforce the direction that he bring the weather records along."

"Do you know, he is much in demand as a witness? There are hundreds of cases, especially in the accident and negligence actions in the city court, in which it is necessary to prove what was the state of the weather at the time of the accident, and obviously the man to give that information to the jury is the observer of the local weather station, for he has the records made at the time to show indisputably whether it was raining or whether the sun was shining."

"Sometimes this duty keeps the weather man on the jump. I have known him to give testimony in six or eight cases in a day and to earn witness fees far in excess of his salary. I presume these fees are his perquisites, and I know that the lump sum in a year is a handsome amount."—New York Times.

The Plymouth Rock. A schoolteacher in one of the charming rural suburbs of Philadelphia, where fancy gardening and the raising of "Philadelphia fowl" are general among the residents, recited to the class the story of the landing of the pilgrims, and as the children had been taking up the work, she requested each scholar to try to draw from the imagination a picture of the Plymouth rock. Then it was that the little fellow got up and raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, do you want a hen or a rooster drawn?" came the unexpected reply.

Musical Snails. A French naturalist claims that there are few if any animals which have a higher appreciation of music than snails. Place some snails on a pane of glass, he says, and you will find that as they move over it they will make musical sounds similar to those which a person can produce by wetting his finger and then rubbing it around a glass tumbler. Complete airs, he points out, have been played on tumbler in this way, and he expresses the opinion that quite as good results can be obtained by using snails instead of fingers.

Our Republic. The American republic must live. Popular commotion and partisan fury may dash their mad waves against it, but they shall roll back shattered, spent. Persecution shall not shake it, fanaticism distort it nor revolution change it, but it shall stand towering sublime, like the last mountain in the deluge, while the earth rocks at its feet and the thunders peal above its head—majestic, immutable, magnificent.—Wendell Phillips.

A Tale of Heroism. "I went for a bath yesterday," said an Avongetat. "I had been in the water some time when I suddenly perceived an enormous shark advancing toward me with its jaws open. What was I to do? When he was a yard off, I dived, took out my pocketknife and ripped up the belly of the monster." "What! Then you are in the habit of bathing with your clothes on," said one of the listeners.—From the French.

Spot Appropriate to Speech. "Ah, darling," he exclaimed, "as we sit together under the spreading branches of this noble tree I do declare on my honor that you are the only girl I have ever loved." And just a suspicion of a smile crossed the dear thing's features as she replied: "You always say such appropriate things, John; this is a chestnut tree."—Baltimore News.

Firmness. Jones—Dear me! You say you often lay down the law to your wife. How do you go about it? Bones—Why, all you need is firmness. I usually go into my study, lock the door and do it through the key-hole.

There are three things about the north pole that have never been discovered—exactly where it is, what it is and why it is.

The Fairy Lamplighter. Affection often inspires ingenuity. In a life of Joseph Severn the narrative of the artist's care of the poet Keats in his last illness includes a graceful incident. Severn, worn out with watching and tireless service, would sometimes drop asleep and allow the candle to go out, thus leaving the sick man in darkness, which he dreaded. Realizing that this was liable to occur, Severn hit upon a happy device to keep the light still burning. One evening he fastened a thread from the bottom of the candle already lighted to the wick at the top of another unlighted one set ready near by.

Not being sure the experiment would succeed, he had not mentioned it, and when later on he fell napping as the first candle was burning low the invalid was too considerate to awake him, but lay patiently awaiting the extinction of the fluttering flame. Suddenly, just as he expected gloom and blackness, the connecting thread—too fine and distant for him to see—caught fire, and a tiny spark began to run along it. Then he waked the sleeping nurse with an exclamation of joyful surprise.

"Severn! Severn!" he cried. "Here's a little fairy lamplighter actually lit up the other candle!" But it was only the good fairy of many sickrooms—loving forethought—that had lighted the candle.

Flowers of the Cranberry. One of the daintiest of wild flowers of June is the blossom of that time honored concomitant of roast turkey, the cranberry. While, however, everybody knows the berry, few are acquainted with the flower, for the peat bogs where it blows in the choice fellowship of the stately pitcher plant and the golden club and of many a rare orchid are quite remote from the beaten paths of travel. The cranberry plant is a small, slender, somewhat trailing shrub, with the nearest of evergreen leaves, from amid which a few threadlike stalks lift their nodding flowers. When fully expanded, the pink lobes of each corolla are curled back like a lily's, and from the heart of them the compressed stamens protrude in the shape of a spear point or beak. The imaginative may see in this long beaked little blossom a resemblance to a tiny crane's head, whence some hard pressed etymologist has thought to derive the word cranberry—that is, crane-berry.—"Country Life In America."

Italian Rings. Rings of Italian workmanship are remarkably beautiful. Venice particularly excelled in this art. In the Lonsborough collection is a fine specimen. The four claws of the outer ring in open work support the setting of a sharply pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then coveted for writing on glass. The shank bears a fanciful resemblance to a serpent swallowing a bird, of which only the claws connecting the face remain in sight.

It was with a similar ring Raleigh wrote the words on a window pane, "Fain would I rise but that I fear to fall," to which Queen Elizabeth added, "If thy heart fall thee, do not rise at all," an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

Candy For Change. "Some people wonder why we carry a stock of cheap candy, penny candy," said the man who keeps the railroad newsstand. "Well, you see, it's this way: I have a lot of regular customers who want it. They take it out in change. For instance, one man has been buying two evening papers from me every afternoon for several years. If he has any pennies, I never see them. He always throws down a nickel, picks up his two papers from the pile and then takes three pieces of candy, which he chews while waiting for his train. Other men saw him do this and followed suit, and now it's quite the regular thing."—Philadelphia Record.

Eating From the Same Plate. In former days it was usual for a couple seated together to eat from one trencher, more particularly if the relations between them were of an intimate nature or, again, if it were the master and mistress of the establishment. Walpole relates that so late as the middle of the eighteenth century the old Duke and Duchess of Hamilton occupied the dais at the head of the room and preserved the traditional manner by sharing the same plate. It was a token of attachment and tender recollection of unreturnable youth.—"Old Cookery Books."

Russian Police Regulations. One of the regulations of the Russian police refers to the censorship of price lists of goods, notes of invitation to parties and personal visiting cards; also for the censorship of seals, rubber stamps and business cards of individuals or corporations. Another order regulates the sale of soap, starch, toothbrushes and insect powder, and another controls the printing on the paper used in making cigarettes.

The Only Way. "Ah, Reginald, dearest," she sighed, "but how can I be sure that you will not grow weary of me after we have been married a little while?" "I don't know," he answered, "unless we get married and see."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Possibility. "So you refused him?" said Maud. "Yes," replied Mabel. "I told him I shall send back any letters unopened." "I wouldn't be so rude. There might be theater tickets in some of them!"

There is a wide difference in getting what we think we deserve and getting what is in store for us sometimes.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Professional Envy. An Italian philosopher has amused himself by constructing a scale of degrees for the measurement of professional envy. The highest point in this envy measurer is ten. Architects are happily placed lowest on the scale. They register only 1; advocates and priests and military men are ranged at 2, and in the ascending scale he gives us professors of science and literature, 4; journalists, 5; authors, 8; physicians, 9; actors and actresses, 10. The small amount of envy among architects is held to be due to their precise, severe and rigid studies. The same thing applies to advocates.

Among the clergy envy is found mostly in preachers. In the military career envy is quiescent in time of peace, but can become acute in time of war. Envy makes men of science and literature lead solitary lives, diffident of each other. Among physicians envy is still more prevalent, and they do not spare their colleagues, often terming them charlatans. In the theatrical world envy reaches its acute form, vanity playing a great part in its production.

Crows as Weather Prophets. The belief that two crows are a happy omen and that they appear to warn men from disaster is very ancient. Alexander the Great was thus saved in Egypt by two crows, and King Alonzo would assuredly have perished in 1147 had it not been for two crows, one of which perched on the prow and the other on the stern of his ship, so pointing the prow of the royal barge safely into port. Crows and rooks are very much alike. It is said that when rooks desert a rookery it forebodes the downfall of the family on whose property it is.

They are also credited with being good weather prognosticators. When the weather is about to be very bad, they stay as near home as possible, but when they foreknow that it will be set fair they start off in the morning right away to a distance where they have an instinct that the food they need is plentiful. Again, if the rooks are seen venturing into the streets of a town or village it is a sure sign of an approaching snowstorm.—All the Year Round.

Books and Bookshelves. "Low bookshelves," says a furniture dealer, who is a lover of books as well, "have an origin in a reason besides the caprice of fashion. Heat is injurious to the binding of choice books, drying out the natural oil of the leather and making them warp and get out of shape. Most rooms are very warm in the upper parts, and these five and six foot bookcases are a necessity rather than a notion. Cold is as hard on books as overheating, and an atmosphere that is too damp or too dry also injures them. The sun pouring in directly on the shelves fades the bindings. You can have a cheerful, sunny library and yet keep the volumes out of the sun's full power."

Stumbled on a Fact. A minister went recently to preach in a chapel unfamiliar to him. "You must do your best to keep your voice up, sir," said the chapel keeper, "for our church is very unfortunate in its 'agnostic' effects." Whether he meant it or not, it was quite true.—Christian Life.

Her Reward. Blond Bridesmaid—The ushers haven't seated your Aunt Maria with the family. Other Bridesmaid (sister to the bride)—No; she sent only a pickle fork.—Life.

A New Theory. "Papa, were we descended from monkeys?" "Not all of us, my boy. Some were ascended."—Detroit Free Press.

Enthusiasm gives life to what is invisible and interest to what has no immediate action on our comfort in this world.—Mme. de Staël.

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