

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA.

How many will dare to tempt fate by using a new 13-cent stamp?

It is pretty early for members of the Australian commonwealth to talk secession.

Strike out "obey" from the marriage ceremony. This is the age of revolt, not obedience.

Many a woman's tongue is kept busy trying to get her out of the trouble it got her into.

Why should you fear the candymakers' trust when your best girl knows how to make fudges?

St. Paul girls are organizing for the purpose of marrying union men only. Yet your working cards, boys.

The clergyman who has a scheme to merge five churches is entitled to be called a theological captain of industry.

The man who gets a wife from a matrimonial agency generally has reason to believe that the camera lies like sixty.

A French expert says the American navy is antique, but he furnishes no Spanish testimony to back up his claims.

When the women of South America decide to organize a Daughters of the Revolution society there will be something doing.

The latest Messiah has made his appearance in London. It is time the Messiahs get together and form a trust to prevent overproduction.

Again we claim that Wu is a heathen. The Chinese ex-minister has had the nerve to ask why we don't practice the golden rule toward China!

The men who sat on the edge of a crater and looked down two thousand feet gave a demonstration of the meaning of the term "deep insight."

It is hard for some people to believe that Jesus of Nazareth was really great. He died poor in spite of the fact that he had many opportunities to get rich.

Don't be too quick to decide that a thing is impossible. You'd be astonished to know how high a fence you can jump if you're scared badly enough.

Maud Louise Ray says that her "Task" (she confides this to Harper's Magazine in a poem) is "To Love Some One More Dearly Every Day." We have our fingers crossed.

Don Carlos, pretender to the Spanish throne, is discouraging his followers who propose an uprising. He has discovered that it is cheaper and quite as effective to do his pretending at long range.

Salt Lake will have married teachers no longer, believing that a "woman's first duty is to her husband and family." Suppose that for one reason and another her first duty is to support them, then what?

On an average every man, woman and child in the United States has \$108 on deposit in bank. Uncle Russell Sage, however, holds the proxies of a great many of these men, women and children, and kindly saves them the trouble of looking after their bank accounts.

The offenses of excursionists who create an area of untidiness behind them by having strewn about the odds and ends of picnic preparations, very orderly souls the world over. A recent visitor to Tennyson's monument at Freshwater had to remove a quantity of broken glass from the turf about the memorial before it was safe to sit down. "Trippers" had not spared even that spot, dear to lovers of verse.

"Let us, then, be up and doing" is not the motto of all. A young Ohio farmer attributes a piece of good fortune entirely to his father's laziness. A great field which had never been cleared of stumps was recently taken in hand by the son, who discovered that the huge and knotty stumps were of black walnut, exquisitely grained. He sent for a furniture-maker, who realized their value for veneering, and paid more for the stumps than the former value of the whole field. Paternal "dolence" is hot often venerated with such quick-wittedness and gumption in the son.

Poor boyish King Alphonso of Spain. He wants to marry for love. And he will not be permitted to do so. The hand of Princess Louise of France has been tendered. But Alphonso doesn't like Louise overly well. He inclines to a "plebeian" wife. Whereat the Spanish grandees are horrified. If the young King had his choice he would marry an American girl. He likes their style. And he openly flirted with one during the coronation ceremonies. On various occasions King Alphonso has stated that he likes the manner in which American girls conduct themselves and has openly expressed his preference for them. Alphonso's discrimination is only exceeded by his good looks. His taste is excellent. He knows a good thing when he sees it. But it cannot be. Much depends upon this marriage. The future of his country rests upon it. And so we have the pathetic picture of the boyish King

who has a tender heart inside of him (as you had once, gentle reader) led about by the diplomats who seek to strengthen the position and prestige of Spain by a marriage connection with some powerful ally. Cupid must go off and have a good cry when he sees such heartlessness. Wouldn't you rather be free to marry the one you love than to be the King of Spain and compelled to marry some one else? Would you trade your sweetheart or your wife for a queen? Would you?

How all the world loves a baby! It is human affection that crops out everywhere, and it is good for the people. The other day a tired woman carrying a sleeping infant was waiting for a car. The baby was heavy. One look at the woman told a story of devotion and care. It was in her eyes, in the lines of her face. Mothers give up much for their little ones. Out of the corner drug store came a tall, fashionably attired man, who took in the situation at a glance. "Let me hold the baby for you, madam," he said, and the child never stirred as it was transferred to his strong arms. It was ten minutes before the car arrived. Hundreds of persons looked inquiringly at the tall man, the faded woman and the sleeping baby. No body laughed, for all realized that a good fellow was doing a bit of kindness, and other men wished they had volunteered. Finally "mother" was in a car seat, the baby in her arms, and the tall man touched his hat and went on about his business, feeling the better for his act. In Louisville a baby girl was playing with a rag doll in a street car. She "mothered it" and kissed it, and all of the passengers were interested. Suddenly the car lurched, and the doll fell from a window to the pavement. "Stop!" was the cry from the passengers. Every man in the car was on his feet, and a dozen hands clutched the bell rope. "Stop this car!" was the command, and the motorman brought the vehicle to a standstill. Half a dozen men started down the track. The swiftest got the doll after a walk of a square, and the party proudly tramped back to the car and gave to the "little mother" her offspring. The reward was a smile, and baby smiles are worth almost any price you can think of.

C. D. Gibson, the author of the "Gibson Girl," declares that women are growing taller, and he is supported in his statement by certain philosophers who have loitered on the seashores at fashionable bathing places for the purpose of making observations. These authorities declare the average height of the American girl of the present is 5 feet 10 inches, and they give it as their deliberate opinion that the girl who lives to subdue man with her smile along about the year 2000 will be more than 7 feet tall. Mr. Gibson claims to have positive information that the average height of American girls has increased at least two inches during the last ten years, a fact which he says is due to their athletic exercises; and he sees no reason why they should stop growing as long as they continue to play golf, swing clubs, swim, run, jump and engage in practices generally that were unthought of by girls of a generation or two ago. There seems, however, to be no increase in the average size of the male inhabitants of our glorious republic. In fact, the reverse appears to be true. We look back to the time of Lincoln, and further still to the times of Webster and Clay, and we say there were giants in those days. But the giants have passed. It is said that the rules governing enlistment in the American army have had to be changed so as to admit smaller men, because there are not enough big ones to fill the ranks. Whether this is due to cigarettes, confinement in business offices, strong drink or a lack of good cooking is not known says the Chicago Record-Herald. The only thing we can be sure of in this connection is that the conditions ought to be encouraging. It has for several years past been feared that men were giving up the habit of getting married. The country has more old bachelors than ever before, and, consequently, more unmarried women. But if the girls are going to be six feet tall, or even more than that, and the boys are to remain scrawny, scrubby little chaps we may be sure that matrimony will come into fashion again. No little man has ever yet been able to resist the charms of a big woman.

Judging from the Sample. A Congressman who thought that one of the great national parties was trying too hard to find an issue when there was no issue in sight, rebuked his opponents by telling this story: A client of mine has a large family, and accordingly is rather pressed for money. He came to me joyfully one day, declaring that he had found oil flowing from a spring on his land, and bringing me a sample. The bottle he brought was one which he had picked up in a hurry somewhere about the house. I forwarded it to an expert chemist, and my client and I waited with a good deal of interest for his report of the analysis. In a day or two we got this telegram: "Find no trace of oil. Your friend has struck paregoric."

Ambiguous. Tess—I saw Mr. Ruff glance at my foot yesterday, and then make some remark to you. Was it complimentary? Jess—I don't know. I asked him if he didn't think you had a pretty foot, and he said it "was immense."—Philadelphia Press.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface cannot be cultivated, owing to mountain ranges, swamps and barren ground.

GOOD Short Stories

Lord Rosebery once sat next to a farmer at his estate dinner, and the confiding man whispered to the host, when the ice pudding was brought: "The pudding has been frozen." The ex-Premier, thanking the farmer, and looking surprised, called to a waiter, said something, and then, turning to the farmer again, said: "They tell me the pudding has been frozen on purpose!"

When the fretful critic, Cumberland, said of a performance of "The School for Scandal" that he was surprised that it provoked such immoderate laughter, as it did not make him even smile, Sheridan, the wit, orator, and playwright, is said to have remarked: "Cumberland is truly ungrateful, for I saw a tragedy of his played a fortnight before at Covent Garden, and I laughed from beginning to end."

The other day an inquisitive lady was talking with James Whitcomb Riley on how poorly paid was the profession of literature. "But, Mr. Riley," said she, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write." "Ye-es, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a d—n word."

A photographer who arrived at Oyster Bay the other day asked permission to take some views. The President was amiable, and told him: "You are welcome to photograph anything you like, except my wife and children, but if I catch you doing that I'll throw you off the place." Those are the orders to the secret-service men. They are authorized to permit kodakers to shoot at anything they see except Mrs. Roosevelt and the children.

A New York clubman, whose reputation as a conceited and insufferable bore was a byword, was once attempting to impress a group of men as being a society pet. "What a hospitable fellow Blank is," he said, naming one of New York's cleverest men; "I dropped in on him the other night, and he and his wife fairly insisted that I stay for dinner. Such a time as I had getting away! Why, when I started to leave, they came right out in the hall and backed up against the front door." "After you'd g-g-gone out?" sarcastically inquired one of his wearied listeners.

Baedeker's is generally regarded as a harmless book. Not so in Turkey, as a German traveler has learned to his grief. They found in his trunk "a guide through Turkey," and confiscated it. The next morning the Baedeker was returned to the German, but with more than a hundred pages, containing a description of Constantinople, torn out. The traveler went to the censor's office to complain of this inexplicable treatment of his book. But the censor explained to him, with irresistible logic, that an accurate description of Constantinople could not be suffered, since a knowledge of the locality was calculated to facilitate an attempt on the Sultan's life.

SLANG OF OUR COLLEGES.

Interesting Array of Barbarisms that Only Students Can Interpret.

In an article on college slang President Thwing of the Western Reserve university presents an interesting array of words which the laymen would try in vain to understand without the aid of a teacher or a glossary. Different languages, he says, have different words and phrases, "and a few words and phrases are common to many, such as 'swipe,' 'soak,' 'spike,' 'josh,' 'henned,' 'goose egg,' 'gring,' 'crib,' and many others indeed. But there are other words that are used only at a few colleges. A student, for instance, in one college may 'bat' (make a perfect recitation) and may sit in a 'bear box' (the faculty pew in chapel). On going from church he may become a 'belt chaser,' walking with a 'coed' and going to his dinner he has a 'berry' (a good thing). In the afternoon he prepares himself for 'bib' (that is, for recitation in the bible). It is possible that the 'belt chaser' walks with a 'bird' (a girl) to the 'bird cage' (a dormitory for women students). It is also possible that the 'bird' may be a 'birdie' (one who is eager to make acquaintance with men without an introduction). "He may prefer to call his walk a 'pike,' and also he may prefer to walk with a 'pluggie' rather than with a 'bird,' and while walking to talk about 'polek' (political economy) or 'poist' (political science). "A student may be a 'moke' (an easy-going fellow), and in that case he is apt to be 'porky' (very poor) in his works, and consequently gets a 'zip' (a zero in marks), and is in danger of being 'rusticated' (suspended). Of course, he must become a 'repeater' (one required to repeat a year's work), if he hopes ever to get his 'rag' (diploma). If the man is an 'elle' (a good student) he will probably get the reputation of being a 'whale' (a phenomenal student), in case he 'bones' (studies) hard and 'poles' (prepares a lesson by hard study).

HE CREATED A SENSATION.

Town's First Uniformed Policeman Cause of Wonder and Terror.

The old inhabitants of towns are fond of exchanging reminiscences of early days. This was the case recently in a small New England city and one of the matters recalled was the establish-

ment of its police department. The force was small in number, but its members was almost a giant in size—six feet four and a half inches tall and broadly built. There chanced to be a hitch about the delivery of the men's uniforms, so that only one was received promptly and the Goliath of the force stalked forth in his splendor alone.

Naturally he created a sensation. As he patrolled the long winding street that ran the whole length of the place there were many comments upon his personal appearance, most of which were discreetly uttered after he had passed out of hearing. At length, however, a shambling, shabby, sly-eyed, crack-witted ne'er-do-well stepped up and touched the gorgeous figure on the arm.

"Say, mister," he whispered humbly, "tell me the safest law to break and I'll break it—for the honor of walking down Main street with them buttons." The information requested was not vouchsafed and the giant marched on in his buttons and his dignity. But a little farther along a small boy who was playing in the front yard was no less impressed, although more bewildered, by the glittering and mighty apparition. He gave one look, eyes and mouth at their roundest, and then dashed indoors, crying to his mother: "Oh, mamma, look! look! Is he war or the circus?"

Even after he had become a familiar figure to the citizens the huge guardian of the peace retained some of his impressiveness. To one prisoner at least he so embodied the terrors of the law that the man submitted to an arrest which a few words of explanation at the time could have averted. When, in court, he did at length explain, the judge inquired in astonishment why he had not done so before. Smiling confidently at his honor the accused replied: "Well, judge, it's like this: You're folks; but as for that Bunker Hill monument with a helmet on top, he may be a first-rate hand-cuffin' machine, but he ain't a man. I didn't darst argify with him. No, sir! I'd as soon thought of tryin' to make my position clear to the town fire engine."

The Astonishing Trade in Bulbs.

The man with the little garden walks round the public park and sees crocuses and daffodils, hyacinths and tulips by the thousand. He understands they are imported direct from Holland by very large users of the bulbs. It is an astounding trade as so measured and taken as an example of what others do in the same line, as tradesmen say. Take the Japanese trade, which comes next in importance to the Dutch. During last season eighty tons of lily roots were sold, and this amounts in numbers to about 3,000,000. But this is nothing to the Dutch trade, if we take the same basis of weight and numbers as in the Japanese instance. The average sale is sixty tons per week, which is in numbers about 2,500,000. The season lasts about four months—sixteen weeks—so that in weight 960 tons are sold; and this amounts in numbers to the almost incredible sum of 40,000,000.—Saturday Review.

A Double Point.

The old question of the scholastics, "How many angels are supported on the point of a needle?" was once charmingly answered by the late Dr. Talmage. The Philadelphia Times tells how. Some theological students were laughing over the question when in the company of Dr. Talmage. "Well," said he, "how many do you think?" As no one answered, he went on with characteristic decision. "I'll tell you—five. Let me prove it to you. One very stormy night I was returning home late, and I noticed a light in the window of a room where a poor woman lived whose husband was at sea. I wondered what kept her up so late, and I went to see. I found her hard at work sewing by her lamp, while her five rosy children were sound asleep near her. There was a needle supporting five angels."

Loved His Lot.

The venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut, for many years presiding Bishop of the Episcopal church in America, and who lived all his life a bachelor, was talking one day with a young man from the West about a possible tax on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent for every ten years of bachelorhood. "Why, Bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year." "Well," said the Bishop, quietly, and in his old-time vernacular, "it's wuth it."—New York Times.

What Age Is He?

The Navy Department is trying to answer the question: "How old is Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired?" Is he 99 or 100? The records do not show and Rear Admiral Selfridge will not tell. He says it is nobody's business how old he is. But as he entered the navy in 1818, and must have been at least 15 years old at that time, the supposition is that he is between 99 and 100. The Admiral's oldest son, Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., owns to being 66 years. The senior Selfridge was born in Hubbardston, Mass.—Philadelphia Press.

American's Costliest Insect.

The chinch bug has been called the costliest insect in America. It has cost as high as \$100,000,000 to feed during a single season. A bug hardly visible to the naked eye and which will provide 500 offspring is difficult to cope with and its offensive odor protects it from other insects which might feed upon it.

FLOWERS FOR OUR RULERS.

Bouquets Are Supplied Bountifully to Congressmen and Senators.

Cut flowers are supplied gratuitously by Uncle Sam to a number of persons and institutions in the city of Washington and members of Congress have come to regard them as among the most desirable of their perquisites. The greenhouses from which the flowers in question come are maintained principally to supply the city parks with the plants which make them such a feature of the city's beauty throughout the greater part of the year. After the White House is supplied the hospitals and other public institutions receive flowers. Many other worthy causes also share in the distribution. Families of members of the cabinet, the supreme court and legislative members come next. This custom, which has prevailed for years, of distributing the cut flowers is still followed.

Besides the greenhouses in charge of the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Ground, and the White House conservatory, other gardeners are those of the Agricultural Department and the botanical gardens. The latter are under the direction of the Senate Committee on Library. The gardens of the Department of Agriculture are devoted largely to the growing of plants other than flowers.

The flowers from the White House conservatory are used for daily decorations of the executive mansion and it is for state functions and all other ordinary occasions that the supply of the park greenhouses is drawn upon. Through this source of supply not an inconsiderable amount that would otherwise have to be spent for flowers for many state dinners runs well up into the hundreds and sometimes even thousands of dollars. The floral decorations for the Prince Henry dinner, which were most elaborate, would have cost \$4,000 if purchased in the flower market. As it was the real expenditure in the floral decorations was only a few hundred.

USE OF WATER AT MEALS.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald insists that the avoidance of water at meals is a mere "sanitary superstition." It is not possible for any normally constituted human being to eat his way to the first quarter installment of a modern dinner of over-eated made dishes and greasy viands without experiencing a distinct longing for a cooling diluent, and before the end of the second course that craving assumes the urgency of positive distress, but he suffers is warned to forbear. Has not Professor Orthodoxy enumerated five distinct sources of peril from indulging that appetency, and proved that the water instinct is wrong, and that nature knows nothing about it?

The most specious of these arguments is the alleged risk that the introduction of cold water would coagulate the albumen of the ingesta, and thus complicate the labors of the digestive organs. But is it not evident that those organs should be allowed a casting vote in the decision of that controversy?

Dr. Schrodt, the author of "Natur-Heilkunde," holds, on the contrary, that our diet is not half fluid enough, and demonstrates that organic warmth will soon reduce over-cold beverages to the right medium, and that a craving which nothing but fresh water will satisfy is a clear proof that the stomach is suffering from an excess of caloric and a deficiency of moisture.

Just wait, and that distress will subside, insists Professor O—x. Yes; the subtle chemistry of the organism will eventually find means to satisfy its needs from internal sources, just as the agony of a famished man will give way to a dull torpor; the system has made another forced loan on the reserve stores of its own tissues, and made the sufferer a little more comfortable, though also a little leaner. Even thus the disappointed stomach will make shift to lead moisture from some other part of the organism where it is less sorely needed and the distress subsides, though a feeling of vague discomfort remains, suggesting that the sort of moisture reabsorbed from the lower alimentary duct is not exactly what the stomach wanted.

Singular Signs for Travelers.

On the banks of a rivulet near Strabane is a stone with this singular inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of stragglers traveling by the road: "Take notice that when this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." This recalls the famous finger post which is said to have been erected by order of a surveyor of roads in Kent: "This is a bridge path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

French Happy Home Broken Up.

A Parisian lady has been compelled by the police to break up her happy home, consisting of 20 hens, 50 cocks, 30 pigeons, a goat, 4 cats, 8 dogs, a parrot and a dozen small birds. Her neighbors objected to being kept awake all night by the cats and dogs, and to being roused up at an unearthly hour by the crowing of the cocks.

Stunted.

Citizen—I hear the Popleys have moved out near you. Have you seen their baby? Isn't it a tiny little mite? Subbubs—Yes, but you must remember it passed the first six months of its life in a flat.—Philadelphia Press.

A woman's idea of a bargain is something she can't afford when she needs it and which is offered at a reduction when she has no use for it.

Isn't it Strange.

How many men neglect to reply to their correspondents? How many women think a man has no right to refuse to do them a favor? How many men laughingly break an engagement with a woman? How many men rudely repel the affectionate greetings of a wife? How many women show want of tact in a business transaction? How many men are victims to habits which could easily be overcome? How many women carry wrong ideas regarding men's faithfulness? How many men like to talk about their self-abnegation? How many women are actuated by selfish motives in most things they do? How many men have a tendency to ward flippancy when discussing women?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Hildebrandt's Discovery.

Lake Sarah, Minn., Nov. 24.—Mrs. Hildebrandt of this place claims to have discovered a complete cure for Rheumatism and numerous people can testify that as Mrs. Hildebrandt had the terrible affliction and is now a well woman, she appears to have good grounds for her claim. Mrs. Hildebrandt speaks of her cure as follows: "I had the Rheumatism in my arms so bad that I could not sleep at night. I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had taken two boxes I was much better. When I had taken four boxes I was completely cured." It is only fair to state that Mrs. Hildebrandt, and that for Rheumatism and other diseases arising from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills are recognized as the one sure and permanent cure.

He Knew.

Mrs. McCaul—Isn't this little Johnny Cadaway? Johnny—Yes'm.

Mrs. McCaul—I was just going to call on your mamma. Is she at home? Johnny—No'm. She's just went down to the next block to look for me.—Philadelphia Press.

The streets of Bombay are excellent, as are generally the main roads throughout India. They are thoroughly macadamized, or metalled, and made smooth by heavy rollers.

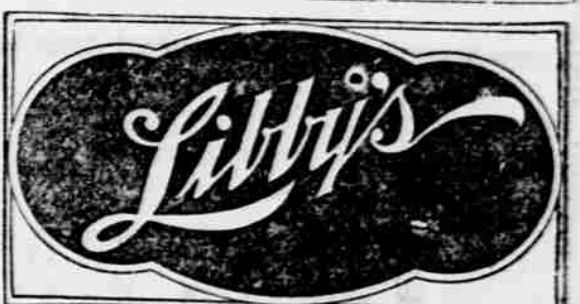
Military braid is a modish trimiting.

Powder boxes come in the form of silver vinaigrettes.

An advertisement of a new nursing bottle contains the following lucid directions to insure satisfaction in its use: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."



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