

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

I. M. RICE EDITOR

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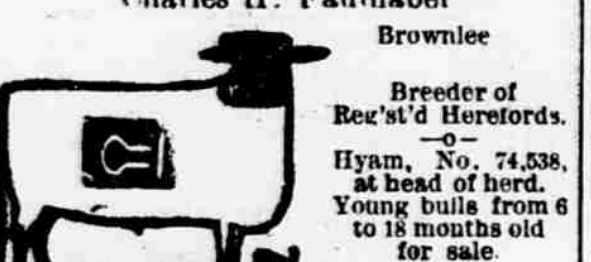
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Young bulls from 6
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Eau de Cologne Hair Tonic. Golden Star Hair
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The Democrat

—FOR—

Job Work.

F. E. & M. V. R. R.

TIME TABLE

WEST BOUND	
No. 27 Frt. Daily	2:33 P. M.
No. 25 " " except Sunday 9:40 A. M.	
No. 3 Passenger Daily	12:40 A. M.
EAST BOUND	
No. 28 Frt. Daily	6:50 A. M.
No. 26 " " except Sunday 5:00 P. M.	
No. 4 Passenger Daily	4:47 A. M.

SOCIETIES.

M. of P. CHERRY LODGE NO. 169 meets 1st
and 3rd Friday of each month at 8:30.
M. V. NICHOLSON, MARTIN CHRISTENSEN,
C. C. K. of R. & S. O.

VALENTINE LODGE NO. 2051. O. O. F.
Meets Thursday night each week.
AMOS RANDALL, J. T. KECKLEY,
N. G. Sec'y.

MINNECHADUA LODGE A. F. &
A. M. No. 102. Meets 2nd Sat. day each month
T. C. HORNBY, W. W. THOMPSON,
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A. O. U. W. NO. 70. Meets 1st and 3rd Mon-
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2nd and 4th Monday each month.
JESSE PETTYCREW, W. A. PETTYCREW,
U. G. H. Recorder.

M. W. A. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday each
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M. V. NICHOLSON, W. E. HALEY,
V. G. Clerk.

FRATERNAL UNION NO. 568. Meets
every Saturday night.
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ROYAL NEIGHBORS. Meets 2nd and
4th Wednesday each month.
MARY QUIGLEY, MINNIE DANIELS,
U. G. H. Sec'y.

Sons and Daughters of Progress.
Lodge No. 6. Meets 2nd and 4th Friday each
month.
A. E. PETTYCREW, W. A. PETTYCREW,
F. M. Sec'y.

Royal Highlanders, Devon Castle No.
291. Meets 2nd Friday each month.
ED CLARK, E. HALEY,
I. P. Sec'y.

MILL PRICES FOR FEED.

Straw, bulk.....75 per cwt	\$14.00 ton
Shorts bulk.....85 per cwt	\$16.00 ton
Screenings.....70c "	\$13.00 "
Chop Feed.....1.05 "	\$20.00 "
Corn......95 "	\$18.00 "
Chop corn.....1.00 "	\$19.00 "
Oats.....1.20 "	\$23.00 "

ETTA BROWN

SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Examination Third Saturday of each
month and Friday preceding.

VALENTINE NEBRASKA

Paint, Wall Paper, Calcimine.

Brushes, Pure Linseed Oil Varnishes

—AT—

Christensen's.

Moses & Hoffacker.

Simeon, Nebr

on right or left
of shoulder of horse

on left jaw. H on left side. M on left thigh

S. N. Moses.

X=X left side
N right shoulder
O and hip.

SEQUAH (3267)

Dark brown, Foaled Nov. 24th,

1889. Sire "Nimrod" (1066), by

(867). Sequah's dam 289 Lady-

"Comet" (151), by "Eclipse" (191)

by "St. Giles" (687) by "Wildfire"

bird F. S. Vol. 7 by Restless T. B.

Sequah's G. dam by Larrywheat

(T. B.)

He will stand for season of

1902 at Sherman's barn.

J. W. STETTER.

Owner.

THE QUEEN OF SPICES

CINNAMON, DELICIOUS AND SUGARY,
AROMATIC AND PUNGENT.

The Discovery of Its Valuable Prop-
erties Antedates Recorded History.
Something of Its Uses and the Way
in Which It Is Produced.

Cinnamon is in itself unquestionably
the most delicious of all spices, being
sugary as well as aromatic and pun-
gent. Many thousands of pounds are
consumed annually in every civilized
country, and it is also highly appre-
ciated by even semicivilized and bar-
barous nations where culinary art and
medicine have as yet made little progress.

Its uses in sweet cookery are innum-
erable. There are very few fruits
which are not improved in preserves,
pickles and pastries by the addition of
more or less of this delicate bark. It is
an essential flavoring in all spice cakes
and in many varieties of pies and pud-
dings. In chocolate, confectionery,
candies, cordials and liqueurs cinnamon
contributes an incomparable flavor.

Its medicinal value is well known
as an antispasmodic and carminative
and tonic. Its use is recommended as
a preventive and remedy for cholera,
and in seasons when stomach troubles
prevail cinnamon drops are recom-
mended as the most wholesome form
of candy for children.

The discovery of the valuable prop-
erties of cinnamon antedates recorded
history, as it is mentioned in the Bible,
in the book of Exodus, as one of the
ingredients of the sacred oil with
which the priests were anointed. So
highly was the sweet bark esteemed
by the ancients that even a small piece
was considered a fit gift for a king. It
is always mentioned as an especially
choice substance by Greek writers pre-
vious to the Christian era. It is said
that the Arab traders, who first
brought it to Egypt and western Asia,
surrounded its history and production
with special tales of mystery and
magic.

The cinnamon tree is a member of
the laurel family, which in the tropics
is represented by a large number of
aromatic and medicinal trees and
shrubs.

There are several closely allied cin-
namon trees, but the finest bark is pro-
duced from a species native to the is-
land of Ceylon, distinguished by botan-
ists as Cinnamomum zeylanicum. In
a state of nature this grows to be a
tree from twenty to thirty feet in
height, with rather large, oval, entire
margined leaves and yellowish flowers
succeeded by small, brown drupes re-
sembling acorns in shape. The grayish
brown bark is internally of an orange
color, which changes upon drying to
the characteristic brown which is the
recognized name of a particular shade.
Almost every part of the tree yields
some choice substance and is especial-
ly rich in oil. The roots yield camphor
and the leaves an oil resembling the
oil of cloves and often substituted for
it, while from the fruit a substance
called cinnamon suet is manufactured,
which is highly fragrant and from
which in former times candles for the
exclusive use of the king were made.

In the latter part of the eighteenth
century, while England was for a time
in possession of the spice islands, cin-
namon plants were among the choice
products that were imported into vari-
ous other tropical regions, including
the West Indies, where in Cuba and
several other islands it has become a
considerable article of commerce. Un-
der cultivation it is not allowed to
grow into a tree, as the richest bark is
taken from shoots of from two to four
years' growth. The young tree is,
therefore, cut and shoots from the root
are encouraged to grow. The majority
of these are cut when about ten feet in
height and the bark is detached in ten
or twelve inch lengths. After lying in
bundles for a few days the bark is
scraped by hand, both outside and in,
until reduced to a thin sheet. These
sheets are then made up into compos-
ite "quills" by placing the narrower
and shorter pieces inside and rolling
tightly, forming firm rods, which after
further drying are made into bundles
weighing about eighty pounds and
are used for shipping. Grocers divide
these quills into small packets for
the convenience of their customers.
The oil of cinnamon is made by
grinding the coarser pieces of the bark
and soaking them for two or three
days in water, followed by the process
of distilling. Two oils, one
heavier and the other lighter than wa-
ter, are the product, both possessing
similar properties. The color varies
from cherry red to pale yellow, the
latter being preferred by most pur-
chasers.

The work of distilling is light, and
an oil equal to the best Ceylonese is
now produced in Trinidad and various
other localities in Cuba and other West
India islands.

As cinnamon commands a good price
and its uses are continually multiply-
ing, there is every inducement for ex-
tending the area of its cultivation, both
in the eastern and western hemi-
spheres.—St. Louis Republic.

A Crisis Met Half Way.

There were strict orders in the Phil-
ippines regarding looting, and one day
a lieutenant's suspicions were aroused
by a private whom he saw peering curi-
ously under the piazza of a house on
the outskirts of Manila, writes Dixie
Wolcott in Harper's Magazine.

"What are you doing there?" he de-
manded in his gruffest tones.

"Why, sir," said the soldier, saluting.
"I'm only trying to catch a chicken
which I've just bought."

Lieutenant K. stooped and caught
sight of a fine pair of fowls.

"There are two chickens under
there," he exclaimed excitedly. "I
bought the other one. Catch 'em both."

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was
Not Served for Breakfast.

It is within the memory of many
people that the custom of schoolteach-
ers "boarding around" was the usual
thing in country districts. Although
a custom which teachers seldom liked,
it is doubtful if many of them had as
hard a time as a young schoolmaster
who described his experience in the
New England Galaxy for 1817. The
article was written by Leonard Ap-
thorp, then an undergraduate of Bow-
doin college. The young schoolmaster
was to receive \$15 a month and his
board.

From the first day I perceived that
I was at board on speculation and at
the mercy of a close calculation, he
writes. One day the whole dinner con-
sisted of a single dumpling, which
they called a pudding, and five sau-
sages, which in cooking shrunk to the
size of pipestems. There were five of
us at table.

A few days afterward, on my return
from school, my eyes were delighted
by the sight of an animal I had never
seen before. It was a raccoon, which
the young man, Jonathan, had killed
and brought home in triumph. When
skinned, he seemed to be one entire
mass of fat and of a most delicate
whiteness. I was overjoyed and went
to bed early to dream of delicious
steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the
family stirring, and the alacrity of
quick footsteps and the repeated open-
ing and shutting of doors all gave as-
surance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and
when seated at table I observed that
the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they.

"Market? What market, pray? I
did not know there was any market
in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to
—about thirty miles to the south-
ward of us."

"And what has called him up so
early to go to market?"

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his
raccoon."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

The fool's ear was made for the
knave's tongue.—Ramaswami's "Indian
Fables."

Bad habits are leeches that would
suck a Hercules to effeminacy.—"A
Speckled Bird."

Money buys things, and love wins
things; power takes things.—"Fame
For a Woman."

Duty is what we think about when
ill or are reminded of by creditors.—
Davidson's "Dumas."

When a man ceases to make love to
his wife, some other man begins.—
"Fables for the Elite."

People whose lives are anything but
a joke are usually content with the
smallest jests.—"The Vultures."

Mothers personify circumstances to
children. We are symbols to them of
baffling, cramping fate.—"The Rescue."

A woman is like unto a volcano,
which, even when inactive, is palpitat-
ing to spit forth its fire and which,
when it does vent its fury, bursts the
bounds of its late enforced suppres-
sion.—"The Wooing of Wistaria."

Girls Help Waiters to Cheat.

Among hotel employees sex does not
appear to make any difference so far
as honesty is concerned, says the
Brooklyn Eagle. Certain young women
who act as checkers in hotels work
with certain waiters. Whenever one of
the girls obtains a position the men
soon follow her, and the hotel proprie-
tor is victimized accordingly. The wait-
er who is in league with the checker
makes a small private mark on the
check with which he desires to cheat.
She sees it, and instead of stamping
the prices against the articles ordered
she puts her fingers over the figures on
the die so that a slight blotch is all
that is recorded in the place for figures.
The waiter does the rest. She keeps
her account against her confederates,
and they settle up later on the outside.

Touch That Holds Memory.

Once upon a time there was a man
who was a chronic borrower of money,
and he was never known to slight an
acquaintance through neglect. He was
extremely well known by a large circle
of acquaintances, which he was contin-
ually endeavoring to enlarge.

The members of this growing circle
never forgot him, and even after his
death he remained green in their mem-
ories.

Moral.—A man to insure being re-
membered must keep in touch with his
friends.—New York Herald.

After the Sunshine.

"What became of that Sunshine club
which Daisy started?"

"Oh, it's under a cloud. After the
first annual election of officers it was
impossible to get a quorum owing to
the fact that no two members of the
club were on speaking terms."—Chi-
cago Record-Herald.

Unconventional.

"You spoke of Gloomer as being
'queer.' Is he mentally unbalanced?"

"Not exactly that. He's merely ec-
centric and peculiar. He gives in his
property to the assessor at the same
figure he has it insured for."—Chicago
Tribune.

What He Realized.

Judge.—You do not seem to realize the
 enormity of the charge against you.

Prisoner.—No; I ain't got my lawyer's
bill yet, but I'm expectin' the charge'll
be enormous, all right.—Philadelphia
Record.

Don't worry if your associates push
you to the wall. You will find the wall
handy as a brace when you get ready
to push back.—Vicksburg Herald.

NERVOUS ENERGY.

Don't Overdraw Your Account in the
Bank of Nature.

You have a deposit of nervous energy
placed to your account in the bank of
your body. It may be large, in which
happy case you are a millionaire in
strength and accomplishing power, or
it may be so microscopic as to need
careful husbanding and little expendi-
ture to keep it from dwindling out al-
together.

But many millionaires become pau-
pers, and some "dime savings" swell
into millions. It depends upon the way
the capital is managed. You may
think you have so much that there is
no need to be economical. You get up
in the morning and feel the blood
bounding through your veins like moun-
tain cataracts, and you think you can
turn the mill wheels of the world.

You work day and night or you play
day and night, which is sometimes
more exhausting, and go at the limit of
your speed all the time. You are over-
drawing your bank account of energy,
and that needlessly, for you probably
have enough to last a long and useful
lifetime. It pays to sit down and sharp-
en your tools, and it adds cent per cent
to your body bank deposit.

Another with not half your brains
or bustle will get ahead of you in the
end, for he makes every act, every
thought, go straight to the mark. He
wastes no effort. Everything he does
means something. It helps toward some
given end. You spend a great deal of
ammunition on your quarry because
you are overanxious. He keeps cool,
takes steady aim and wings his bird.

You get wrinkles and frost tipped
temples and become a bankrupt in vi-
tality when you should be in your
prime. You have overdrawn the best
and most valuable bank account the
Lord ever placed on the books of life—
the ability "to love and to work and to
play and to look up at the stars."

A MONTE CARLO LEGEND.

The Story the Croupiers Tell of the
Wandering Jew.

All gamblers are superstitious, and
some of their pet superstitions are now
so old as to have acquired the respect-
ability of venerable traditions. The
croupiers of Monte Carlo have an in-
teresting set of traditional supersti-
tions of their own, most of which are
entirely unknown to the many thou-
sands of visitors who toy with the
"tiger" in that gilded court of chance.

The most striking of these is the
story of the Wandering Jew, which the
croupiers believe as fervently as they
do that the bank will down any "sys-
tem" that ever was invented. There
is one day, and one day only, in the
year on which the rooms of the casino
at Monte Carlo are closed—that is on
Good Friday. When the rooms are
opened on the following day, they say,
the first person to enter the "Grand
Nouvelle Salle de Jeu" is an old man
of venerable appearance. He wastes
no time; but, walking straight to one
of the tables, he places with the trem-
bling fingers of extreme old age a
piece of money upon a certain number.
The wheel is turned, the croupier's na-
sals cry falls upon the ear, announcing
that the number selected by the old
man has won. With a bitterly savage
exclamation the aged man seizes his
winnings, throws them about him and
hurries from the room to disappear, no
one knows where.

He is the Wandering Jew, and until
he can lose a bet at Monte Carlo he
must continue his wanderings. Get on
the "blind side" of any of the old croup-
iers of Monte Carlo, and they will tell
you this legend. Have they seen him?
Of course they have and are fully per-
suaded that the aged and mysterious
stranger is none other than the man
condemned to perpetual earthly wan-
derings nearly 2,000 years ago.

An Obstacle to Piety.

A story told by a western congress-
man is about two brothers, Ed and
Jim, who dealt in wool at their home
in Iowa. Jim went to a revival meet-
ing (unthinkingly, the congressman
says) and "got religion." In his first
burst of enthusiasm he told his brother
of how much better he felt since his
conversion and urged Ed to come into
the fold. The latter pondered gravely
for a time and then said: "Ain't any
doubt but what religion's a good thing,
and I'm glad you've got it, Jim, but I
guess you better let me alone just
now," he continued reflectively. "You
see, Jim, one of us has got to weigh the
wool."

Chase That Frown.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is bet-
ter than medicine. Learn how to tell a
story. A well told story is as welcome
as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to
keep your own troubles to yourself.
The world is too busy to care for your
ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you can-
not see any good in the world, keep the
bad to yourself. Learn to hide your
pains and aches under pleasant smiles.
No one cares to hear whether you have
the carache, headache or rheumatism.

Thoughtful Nature.

"How wondrous is nature," sighed
the dreamy eyed person.

"You bet," answered the practical
man. "Why, you know how little lore
is lost between the Hibernians and the
Africans, and just look how nature has
arranged things so as to prevent the
Irish potato from coming in contact
with the blackberry."—Baltimore
American.

Merely a Suggestion.