

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

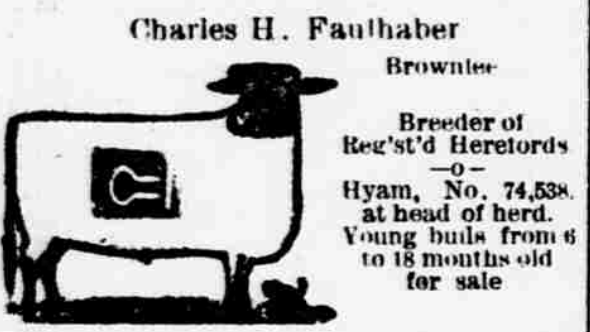
I. M. RICE EDITOR

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F. E. & M. V. R. R. TIME TABLE

WEST BOUND
No. 37 Frt. Daily 2:33 P. M.
No. 25 " except Sunday 9:40 A. M.
No. 3 Passenger Daily 12:49 A. M.
EAST BOUND
No. 28 Frt. Daily 6:50 A. M.
No. 2 " except Sunday 5:00 P. M.
No. 4 Passenger Daily 4:47 A. M.

SOCIETIES.

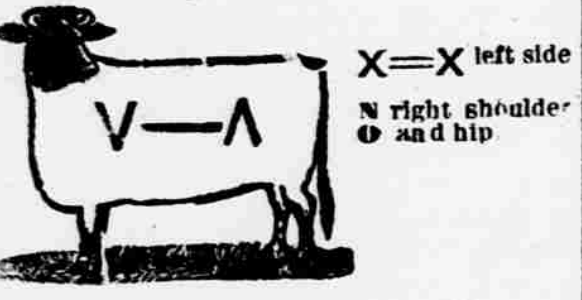
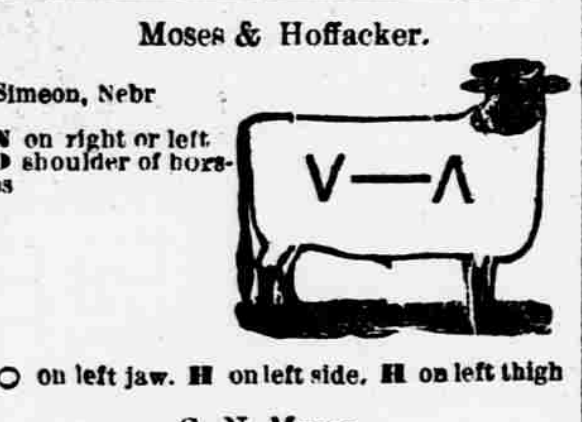
- K. of P. C. ERY LODGE NO. 163 meets 1st and 3rd Friday of each month at 8:30.
M. V. NICHOLSON, MARTIN CHRISTENSEN, C. C. K. of R. & S. O.
VALENTINE LODGE NO. 2051 I. O. O. F. Meets Thursday night each week. AMOS KANBALL, J. T. KEELLY, N. G. Sec'y.
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FRATERNAL UNION NO. 598 - Meets every Saturday High J. A. HORNBACK, E. D. CLARK, Sec'y. F. M.
ROYAL NEIGHBORS. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday each month. MARY QUIGLEY, MINNIE DANIELS, Recorder. Uralic.
Sons and Daughters of Protection Lodge No. 6. - Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays each month. A. E. PETTYCREW, W. A. PETTYCREW, Sec'y. Fes.
Royal Highlanders, Devon Castle No. 291. - Meets 2nd Friday each month. ED CLARK, E. H. HALEY, Sec'y. I. P.

MILL PRICES FOR FEED.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Bran, shorts bulk, chop feed, corn, and oats.

ETTA BROWN SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
Examination Third Saturday of each month and Friday preceding.

Paint, Wall Paper, Calcimine. Brushes, Pure Linseed Oil Varnishes. Christensen's. -AT-



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 Res tless 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.

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 schoolteachers "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 Apthorp, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin 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 consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, 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 clatter of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance 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.—"Pamé 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 palpitating to spit forth its fire and which when it does vent its fury, bursts the bounds of its late enforced suppression.—"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 man soon follow her, and the hotel proprietor is victimized accordingly. The waiter 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 continually endeavoring to enlarge. The members of this growing circle never forgot him, and even after his death he remained green in their memories. Moral.—A man to insure being remembered 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.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unconventional.
"You spoke of Gloomer as being 'queer.' Is he mentally unbalanced?"
"Not exactly that. He's merely eccentric and peculiar. He gives in his property to the assessor at the same figure he has it insured for."—Chicago Tribune.

INCENTIVE TO EFFORT.

The Lesson Lincoln's Life Teaches to the Idle Born. It is human nature to take it easy when we can, and with most people a big bank account will paralyze effort and destroy ambition. Who can tell what would have been the effect on our national history had Abraham Lincoln been born in luxury, surrounded with great libraries, free to the multifarious advantages of schools, colleges and universities, the manifold opportunities for culture that wealth bestows? Who shall say whether the absence of all incentive to effort might not have smothered such a genius?

What wealthy, city bred youth of today, glutted with opportunities for acquiring knowledge, can feel that hunger for books, that thirst for knowledge that spurred Lincoln to scour the wilderness for many miles to borrow the coveted "Life of Washington" which he had heard that some one in the neighborhood owned? What young lawyer of our day goes to a law school or library with such a keen appetite, with such a yearning for legal knowledge, as this youth had when he actually walked forty-four miles to borrow Blackstone's "Commentaries?" Where is the student in college or university today who experiences that satisfaction, that sense of conquest, which thrilled Lincoln while lying on the floor of his log cabin working out arithmetical problems on a wooden shovel by the light of a wood fire or enthusiastically devouring the contents of a borrowed book, as if his eyes would never rest on its pages again? On reading Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address foreign readers exclaimed, "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?" Well might they exclaim, but their astonishment would have been still greater had they known that these eloquent utterances that thrilled the nation's heart had fallen from the lips of one who in his youth had access to but four books—the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington" and Burns' poems.—Success.

LAY UP YOUR TREASURES.

No Man Should Spend the Whole of His Income.
Is any one too poor to save? Is an important problem which the readers of a London daily are at present attempting to solve. The question is not by any means a new one. It is one which has troubled past generations, just as, in all probability, it will affect the generations yet to come. We cannot say that this latest discussion of the subject is throwing much, if any, fresh light upon it. In the first place, there is a diversity of opinion regarding the term "poor." One man, who derives an income of \$1,350 a year from private property, fancies he comes under the category, while another does not consider any one poor who has an income of \$500 a year, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. It is manifestly impossible to fix any limit in a matter like this. Very much depends upon the locality and the conditions and surroundings of the individual. An income that would be amply sufficient to insure a family a comfortable home, excellent social advantages and a good living in a country village would mean many privations and sore discomforts in any large city. On the whole, however, we are inclined to believe that Max O'Rell's views on the point under discussion come nearer the safe and common sense rule than anything we have seen. "I do not care," he says, "how small the income of a man is, he should never spend the whole of it, especially if he has a wife and children. It should at least save enough to pay every year the premium on a good life policy. No man is worthy of the name who does not do this, at least, at the price of whatever privations he has to submit to. Some pleasure may be derived from high living, but certainly no happiness."

Why?
One of the wonderful things is that a woman of fair intelligence will paint her cheeks like a clown's and appear on the streets. Why does she do it? Does she imagine that people think the paint is bloom of youth? Does she not know that people laugh at her? There are two things that people are quick to notice—when a man wears a wig and when a woman paints her cheeks.—Atchison Globe.

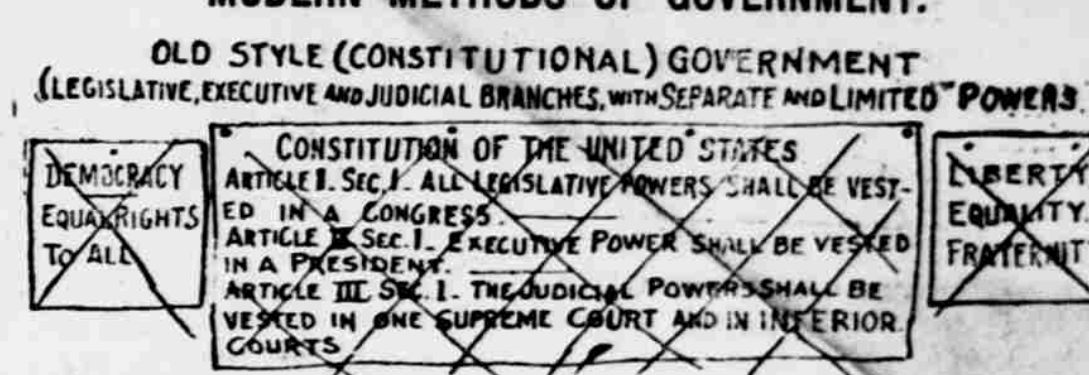
The Oculist.
Patient—I can't see that there's a thing wrong with my eyesight. Oculist Jonniwyse—The most positive proof that you need glasses, my dear sir, when you are unable to see anything so plain as that!—Los Angeles Herald.

Accomplished.
Mrs. Gladys Is Miss Sticher much of a dressmaker? Miss Phing—Splendid. She never has to make a dress over more than two or three times.—Boston Transcript

Frisky.
Which is truly the apple of his eye? "He said she was a peach." "So? Well, at any rate, they are a fine looking pair."—Indianapolis News.

The Good English Soda Mint.
The soda water and pastime of the world are probably a great deal more healthful than heartburnings.—Indianapolis News.
Advise an old man to marry a woman young enough to be his daughter, and he may ask if you take him for a fool, but he will not be offended.—Atchison Globe.

MODERN METHODS OF GOVERNMENT.



FOR FREE WINDOW GLASS

Knights of Labor Journal Has a Bill For This Purpose.

GIVES REASONS FOR ITS STAND.

Savagely Attacks Trust and Blowers' Organization—Says Both Are Working Together to Fleece the Public—Result of Factional Fight in the Order.
Owing to a fight to a finish between the two factions of the Knights of Labor some important disclosures as to the evils of protection on window glass are being made. The worst that the "wicked Democrats" have ever charged against the high protection on window glass is now repeated editorially in the Knights of Labor Journal just out. Window glass that sold for \$1.40 per box in July, 1895, sold for \$1.80 in April, 1901. The trust, taking advantage of the tariff duties, averaging about 100 per cent, and of the strike in Belgium, which raised the price of foreign glass, put up prices here since 1897 to exorbitant figures. The window glass blowers have one of the strongest labor organizations in this country. The fact that every man who blows glass must belong to it, with severe apprenticeship rules and the extreme cost of initiation for foreign blowers, keeps the number of blowers much below the number required to man the furnaces. High prices and exorbitant profits and the impossibility of manufacturing glass without blowers (blowing machines are just being introduced) have enabled the blowers to control the situation somewhat. As a result, they have been building co-operative or independent plants until nearly one-third of our window glass is now made by "independents." These "independents" have all along been in alliance with the trust in fixing prices and in shutting down factories to restrict production. In fact, the blowers have often asked the trust to put prices still higher. The compact alliance between the two ends of the trust is evident from the fact that the blowers' organization (L. A. 300) owns stock in the trust, and its head, Simon Burns, is a director of the trust, the American Window Glass company.

In the split which occurred at the annual meeting of the Knights of Labor in November one election, led by Labor assembly 300, elected Simon Burns grand master workman of the Knights of Labor and the other faction elected John W. Hayes to this position. Mr. Hayes has been the secretary-treasurer and the acting head of the Knights of Labor as well as the editor of their journal. It is Mr. Hayes, therefore, who has prepared a bill to put window glass on the free list, which he prints in the Journal and which he says will be introduced in congress this winter, and who has written a long editorial on the iniquitous window glass tariff, from which the following are extracts: "The Knights of Labor, as an organization, must not be held responsible for the growth of the system that has culminated in a partnership between one of the assemblies and the window glass trust, which has resulted in curtailing production and thereby relieving the amount of labor employed in the industry. "At no time during the last twenty years has a tariff been necessary to preserve this industry from destruction. It has been a growing evil and is now an undigested curse to all in this country except a few manufacturers and a few of the workmen in partnership with the blockade-trust. "Because we have the cheapest and best silica, coal, gas and lumber in the world we should naturally produce the best and cheapest glass. Had window glass been on the free list when natural gas came as a godsend in the eighties, we would have the opportunity of the workers themselves, as expressed in their demands a few years ago, have soon dominated the world's markets. But with protection duties averaging about 100 per cent on window glass the manufacturers, not being compelled to compete with modern factories and methods, took things easy any made no attempt to take advantage of their untried opportunities. They continued to use antiquated pots long after they had been discarded by Bel-

gium. Even now only about half of the glass made here is made in tank furnaces. It is only in the last few years that the American glass has approached in quality the foreign glass. High protection has produced the same corrupting effects upon the labor end as upon the manufacturers' end of the trust. The workers have been satisfied with mediocre skill and high wages for six or eight months of the year and only too willing to remain idle the remaining four or six months. "The best and most highly skilled of the blowers are the imported Belgians, but L. A. 300, the labor end of the trust, has made it next to impossible to recruit our skilled labor ranks from foreigners. By its agreement with the manufacturers only members of L. A. 300 can blow glass. A foreigner can get into L. A. 300 only on payment of several hundred dollars initiation. Owing to this heavy tax and to ironclad apprenticeship rules there are only about 2,400 blowers in this country with which to man the 3,500 or more pots, including the tank capacity. Thus the labor trust is able to dictate terms to the manufacturers' trust and to combine its so called "independent" factories with those of the manufacturers and even to take stock in the big trust and to be represented in its board of directors. "Plainly the manufacturers and window glass blowers are in an allied trust to monopolize the industry and to rob the American people. They hold up the producer and compel him to pay two prices for glass. Their instrument of extortion is the high tariff on window glass. "Not only would the consumer save some \$8,000,000 or \$9,000,000 a year on the 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 boxes of glass imported, but the effect of free glass upon both the manufacturers and workers would be wholesome and beneficial. Instead of constantly dickering with each other over wage scales, price lists, times of shutting down and opening, combinations to fleece the public, to unsettle dealers and builders and of agreements to keep the industry in a backward state of development, free glass, by compelling competition and attention to legitimate details of the industry, would soon result in a healthy condition for all concerned. Our window glass would soon be going to all parts of the world, as most of our other manufactured goods are now doing. In no industry, perhaps, are the advantages more strongly in favor of this as against any other country. "The tariff is certainly blocking the wheels of progress in this industry. Take it off. Give the people good glass at \$1.50 to \$2 per box instead of compelling them to pay \$3 to \$4 for poor or ordinary glass. Stop the importation of 500,000 to 700,000 boxes a year and not only make all our own glass, but make glass for the whole world. If a few blowers get lower wages after breaking their unholy alliance with the trust, which monopolizes the industry and locks it up from the people, others will get better wages and steadier employment in the enlarged industry which would soon be born. "The United States, by putting window glass on the free list, would dissolve its partnership with this greedy monopoly of manufacturers and blowers, who are a detriment to the industry and a curse to the country."

Romance of a Marriage License.
There is a record of a marriage license issued to two parties, and written across the face of the entry in red ink is the note by the judge: "Returned unused. See page so and so." On turning to the page referred to there is another record and the same red ink note. In short, the record shows that a license was procured and returned unused four different times. The fifth time, however, was the charm, and they were married, he at the age of sixty-four and she at forty-eight years.—Ottawa Republican.

It Was Bad.
The other day a young London street arab, having found a bad sixpence, was trying to make use of it at different places, but to no purpose. At last he went into a tobacconist's and asked for a threepenny cigar. Having got the cigar and also the change, he was leaving the shop when the man called out: "Come back here; it's a bad one." "Never mind, sir," replied the youngster. "It'll smoke it if it makes me ill." "And he bolted out of the door."—Pearson's Weekly.