THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA.

Half the world doesn't care how their better halves live.

The spirit of rivalry has given the world about everything it has any right to feel proud of.

A New York clergyman has defined tipping as bribery pure and simple, and he is just about four-quarters right.

But what would those twelve young men killed in playing football have been worth to the country had they lived?

Another diamond mine has been discovered in South Africa. Will some one please put an extra chain on the dogs of war?

The man who is known as "a prince of good fellows" is likely to be referred to as "a lobster" when his money is gone.

Of course, a business man may be a Christian; but there is little likelihood of his becoming a captain of industry by following this policy.

When you go to collect a bill the man at the counter is less apt to inquire about the health of your family than when you go in to pay one.

Fourteen deer hunters were killed during the past season as against ten football players. Who will care for football after this?

Every time an American goes abroad to sell goods now it is referred to as an invasion. What a lot of nervous persons there must be in the world.

Emperor William might take kindly to Carnegie's suggestion to form a United States of Europe if he were to be the grand chief and overlord of the same.

A Virginia woman who hunted forty-three years for her husband's grave has just found it. It is to be hoped that, being positive, she will now quit worrying.

Uncle Sam is mounting a gun that with 1,000 pounds of powder will send a projectile weighing 2,370 pounds a distance of twenty-one miles. This is putting the strenuous life into metal with a vengeance.

While Prof. Garner thinks he is making progress in learning the language of monkeys, he complains that they do not speak grammatically. Perhaps he failed to be introduced into the cultured circles of monkeydom.

The Berlin insane asylum claims a patient, whose hair changes color with her feelings. When she is cool and quiet her hair is a light yellow, but when she is restless and excited it becomes auburn. In other words when she gets red headed, she is so.

A Virginia legislator who tacks "M. D." to his name has introduced a bill to make kissing illegal unless the parties to the osculation can show by a physician's certificate that they are free from all infectious germs. This doctor is evidently convinced that the chief end of a legislator is to make business for himself.

Sweden has begun to emancipate itself from slavery to coal. The government has decided to operate by electricity the two thousand two hundred miles of railway which it owns. The electricity will be generated by water power, which is abundant in that mountainous country. Italy also has begun to utilize its waterfalls for producing electricity, and is expecting an industrial revolution in consequence of the supply of cheap power for manufacturing purposes. This country does not monopolize all the enterprise in the world.

Marriage without love is almost a crime. In fact, it would be regarded as one if the world were as true, as simple, as sincere as it ought to be. But society has so long wandered in a maze of complexity, and marriage, from monarchs downward, is undertaken for such a variety of reasons apart from love, that only a few retain the correct impression about it. And of these few the majority are women or girls who would rather die than marry a man they did not love. Sir Walter Scott knew this well when he wrote "The Bride of Lammermoor." His noble, gentle, true and tender spirit, aware of what love is, could well compute the horror of a loveless marriage.

From out the hearsay and conjecture which constitutes much of our knowledge of the Filipino one incident speaks in words which all may understand. An American missionary who had taken a little bicycle excursion into the interior, and had preached to large numbers of natives, was taken ill in a village which had suffered especially from the exigencies of the war. For a week he was as tenderly nursed by the strangers as he could have been among his own people. One morning, as he came out early, intending, weak as he was, to make the long bicycle ride to Manila, he found awaiting him twenty Filipinos, only a few of whom had he ever seen before. One of them took his bicycle to lead. The others showed him a litter they had fashioned, into which he was put. Four of the men took the poles of the litter on their shoulders, and the rest trudged on behind as relays. Over the rough mountain paths, through the intense heat of the long day, these men bore their American brother the twenty-five miles to the coast, and refused to take even a penny in compensation. Surely even in our so-called heathen dependencies the fine flower of the humanities blooms on.

Frugality and industry make a fine team, and we all of us experience an approving thrill when we read of the great man who consecrated his youth to an unmixed diet of oatmeal porridge for the sake of a material economy that should result later in wealth, material and mental. Science approves also and is shocked by the extravagant self-indulgence of the poor, who could secure a competence so easily if they would take to porridge, or, better still, to raw turnips, like Colonel Sellers. Playing with human beings as an abstraction represented by marks upon his writing tablets, the professor of science feeds them, clothes them, lodges them, pays the doctors' bills and the undertakers' bills with a growing enthusiasm as he keeps reducing the figures, except those of mortality, and presents his final calculations as a triumph. It is thus with Prof. Clark, who has reached the conclusion that the "unskilled American workman" can keep a family in comfort and save money on $300 a year. Moreover, at forty-five he should have laid by an independent fortune, and meanwhile he will have rioted in those greatest of blessings, labor and abstinence. As the professor contemplates the irrefutable demonstration and hearkens for the dinner bell which shall summon him to roast beef at twenty-five cents a pound, he becomes sterner in his demand for self-denial in those unskilled workmen. "The man or woman," he says, "who becomes dependent through neglect or lack of foresight is morally as guilty as the thief who breaks in and steals." And it is not improbable that he will come to regard $300 as a demoralizing superabundance and cut the figures down one-half. But what kind of apartments could he furnish a man with wife and children under his economical scheme? Just how would he keep them all warm in winter and provide them with suitable surroundings in summer which should conduce to their health and pleasure? While science is speculating with its abstractions, the facts and conditions of life in America are rudely giving it the lie. And such wickedness demands sturdiest refutation.

THE VILLAIN IN THE NURSERY.

"Mother Goose" Is Brought to Task by a Critic.

As a really cheerful lullaby, none other can equal—

Here comes a candle to light you to bed!
Here comes a chopper, to chop off your head!—

and, when a child is thoroughly frightened by this vivid picture, what can better befit the occasion than a recital of the inquisitorial story of—

Old daddy long-legs wouldn't say his prayers!
Take him by the right leg!
Take him by the left leg!!
Take him by both legs!!!
And throw him down stairs!

before the child kneels down to its devotions? As an epitome of religious persecution, this cannot be surpassed.

The example of "Nanty Panty" has, no doubt, been followed by scores of children. The words have a merry jingle. One can almost see a youngster jogging to the grocer's and filching the first thing on which he can lay his baby hands! Listen:

Nanty Panty, Jack-Dandy
Stole a piece of sugar candy
From the grocer's shoppy shop,
And away did hoppy hop!

In the following ridiculous, impossible couplet:

Money I want, money I crave,
If you don't give me money, I'll sweep you to the grave!

highway robbery is suggested strikingly and in a most impudent manner. Likewise, there seems to be no satisfactory reason for the "little man who had a little gun" to shoot the duck through the "head, head, head," unless he was on a poaching expedition.

A tangent of incendiarism is seen in this advice given to the pretty ladybird, that inadvertently lights on one's hand:

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children alone,
They are all burnt but one!

Had the insect enough understanding, it would undoubtedly hasten homeward without waiting to be blown away. An effective moral is certainly reached in—

Bye, Baby Bumpkin! Whose 's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her deathbed
From eating half a pumpkin!

A lack of sequence is to be noted, but it is quite natural for the lady in question to be very ill after such a gastronomic feat.—Success.

Hannibal's Philosophy.

Hannibal was gayly trekking over the Alps.

"Say," he chuckled, "this thing is a cinch! Suppose I had to cross the New York subway!"

Shuddering at the mere thought, he pressed onward with his own rapid transit.—New York Times.

Small Way of Looking at It.

"There will be one advantage to be gained from 1-cent postage."

"What is that?"

"When a fellow carries around for several days the letter that his wife told him to mail there won't be so much capital lying idle."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TOM OCHILTREE, BON VIVANT.

The Celebrated Texan, of Picturesque Fame, No More.

A picturesque figure has gone from American public life. Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree—warrior, statesman, journalist, diplomat, promoter, bon vivant and raconteur, known equally well in England, on the continent, in New York, Texas and Washington—is dead.

TOM OCHILTREE.

Ochiltree was a Texan by birth. His father was a judge and a founder of the Texan republic, and the boy grew up in his law office. At 15, however, he broke away from home and served with the Texas Rangers against the Comanches and Apaches. At 21 he was editing a Democratic paper and attending a national convention as a delegate. In the Civil War he was a messenger for Jefferson Davis and General Longstreet. After the war he became a Republican, and General Grant, when he became President, made him a United States marshal in Texas. After a time the President was disturbed by hearing of the colonel at nearly every race track in the country and demanded an explanation.

"Oh," said the marshal, "I'm not Tom Ochiltree. He's a race horse John Chamberlain named after me."

Ochiltree tired of the Federal job and became proprietor and editor of the Houston Telegraph. As a newspaper man he went to New York, where he became acquainted with August Belmont, who introduced him to many men of prominence. He went to Paris and formed the acquaintance of James Gordon Bennett. When Bennett cabled 2,000 words to the New York Herald on the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1867, Colonel Ochiltree asked that the dispatch be duplicated to the Houston Telegraph. The Frenchmen were amazed at the man's evident high financial standing. They never learned the truth—that Ochiltree's paper suspended three days after the receipt of the cable. The colonel's dispatch was too much for the paper's treasury.

When he came home from Europe he ran for Congress in a Texas district covering 37,000 square miles. He made fifty-two speeches, covering the territory on horseback, muleback and on foot. He was elected, though the district was a Democratic stronghold. While at Washington a correspondent wagered with a friend that he could make any member of Congress known from one end of the country to the other within a year, and he picked out Ochiltree, red-headed, a good story-teller and fond of notoriety, as the man. He began to send out stories of Ochiltree, many of which were true and others far from it, and Ochiltree became a personage to be quoted, interviewed and sought after. Rich men became his intimates. He traveled in Europe and attracted the attention of capitalists to the advantages which Texas offered men of means. In recent years he had spent his time around the fashionable hostelries of New York City.

HAS A COMEDY JAIL.

In Elizabethtown, N. J., Prisoners Are Locked Out Instead of In.

Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex, in the Adirondacks, possesses a comedy jail, says the Philadelphia Ledger. It is small, having windows secured by wooden bars and the jail-yard inclosed by a solid fence of three-quarter-inch boards, which a healthy man could push over with his shoulder. But the prisoners rarely, if ever, attempt to escape.

Some good stories are told by Judge Kellogg, Judge Hand and other residents. It is a custom to allow the prisoners out on parole, so that they may cut the grass on neighboring lawns, do garden work or repair roads for the village and county. Recently one prisoner who should have returned at 6 o'clock did not apply for admission until nearly an hour later. The warden angrily demanded to know the reason, and added:

"Don't let this occur again, or I will not allow you to come in. I lock the door at 6 o'clock, and won't open it in the future for you."

Another, accused of and awaiting trial for manslaughter, overstayed his parole and pleaded as an excuse that, as it was Saturday, he thought he would go and spend Sunday with his wife, returning to the jail on Monday morning.

A Hard Student.

"Do you think son will stand at the head of his class?" asked Mrs. Corntossel.

"Well," answered her husband, "I did have my doubts. But since seein' him practice with the football team I reckon he will. Ef Josh starts fur the head o' the class he'll get there, or somebody'll get hurt in the scuffle."—Washington Star.

Knew His Cigars.

Higbee—Our friend Ranck is in Europe now, isn't he?

Jigbee—Yes, and he must be traveling under the name of "Stromboli."

Higbee—What makes you thing so?

Jigbee—A dispatch from Italy the other day said: "Stromboli began to smoke yesterday and the people of the neighborhood at once packed up and moved away."—Philadelphia Press.

Armed in Memphis.

One of the Memphis newspapers declared its belief that one in six of the male adults of that city carries a revolver.

Lightning doesn't belong to a union, yet it is the most persistent striker.

A man who permits himself to become garrulous often is compeled to eat humble pie.

There are many phases of character stored in the disposition of the average man.

A Frenchman has invented a phonetic typewriter which can be operated at the rate of 200 words a minute.

Meat purveyors in Brussells have advanced their prices 25 per cent.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

There are now about 25,0000,00 head of cattle in Argentina.

But one person in eighty of the workers of London goes to church.

It requires much persuasion to make one accept uncomplainingly the ills of life.

A woman likes to travel because it enables her to take on an appearance of luxury and contentment.

The thoughts will turn to the future wehn one comes to reckon the rapidity of time's flight.

A lock of the duke of Wellington's hair brought $20 at a London acution the other day.