

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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## VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

European monarchs are getting to be as "sociable" as village spinsters.

Never a discussion of the negro problem that fails to develop a boost for Booker Washington.

Fourteen masked men took part in the robbery of a widow. It would take a regiment of such men to rob a train.

Dr. Cyrus Edson says that grip is caught through kissing. And yet a kiss has caused many a man to lose his grip.

The German army is going to the dogs. The animals will be used to carry messages between the different posts.

Every man has his price, and the lobbyist thinks that in about four cases out of five it is ridiculously high.

Sir Thomas Lipton has proposed an old-time river steamboat race as a feature of the St. Louis exposition, but is willing to build another challenger?

If the Kaiser waits until 1904 to send us that Frederick the Great statue he may rest assured that it will be made to do active service as a political issue.

A trolley syndicate has been incorporated in New Jersey with a capital of \$50,000,000. But a little bit of a thing like that doesn't spill much water nowadays.

If New Jersey is going to punish railway officials instead of their employes for not providing against accidents there is likely to be a big drop in that State's death rate.

The Chinese Empress approved the sale of about 100 public offices, to the great scandal of the Europeans. My goodness, shouldn't the throne have a few of the "perquisites"?

Rich gold deposits are reported in the Tanana district, Alaska, and what is most annoying to the Colonial Secretary, there isn't a ghost of a chance for making a suzerainty claim stick.

Grover Cleveland says any man can succeed with determination, persistence and courage. All that is needed now is an emporium where all those qualities may be secured at bargain-counter rates.

An English scientist has discovered that fish is of no value as brain food. It keeps the scientists of one generation busy upsetting the fallacious theories advanced by the scientists of the previous generation.

Thirty-three plays in which Napoleon figures as one of the characters are now known to be in existence. Napoleon longed for fame, but he would probably have given it up if he had known what was to come after it.

Boston educators are having a lively controversy in trying to decide when children should begin their studies in the public schools. It has always been supposed heretofore that Boston children took up the primary branches at birth.

The New York Teachers' College has received a gift of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection and equipment of a building for the study of school hygiene and physical education. If there were more instruction in the science of health there would be less need for the hospitals. Every one knows that a thimbleful of prevention is worth a hoghead of cure, or words to that effect.

Certain New York newspapers have lately been printing the personal views of business "Napoleons" with the view of teaching the young American idea how to shoot a million. One "successful" magnate, who has acquired a fortune that takes seven figures to indicate, says he turned the trick by devoting himself wholly to business—nothing but business. "I dropped all my old friends and made new ones," he says. "I cut out all social functions and never entertained myself. I didn't have time." This successful young man—he is only 30—then goes on to tell in detail how, step by step, he dried up all the fountains of human kindness in his heart, and at each arid crater planted a new foundation stone for his great fortune.

Sidney Lee has written a biography of Queen Victoria which shows us more plainly than we have hitherto known it what her relations were with the statesmen who ruled England during her reign. She, while queen and empress of India, was quite a figurehead, while Gladstone and Disraeli, Palmerston and Lord John Russell, Peel and Aberdeen were the real rulers of England. They were nominally inferior to her. They were really her superiors not only in intellect, but in power, for England is a free country, and, though she still clings to the folly of kingscraft, she is jealous of her liberty, and when she endows a man with power she means him to exercise it—in spite of all the "royal families" on earth.

"Pretty girls were never in such demand as they are to-day," said an advertising agent. "We need them to pose for photographs for almost every article that we advertise. We have found, you see, that nothing catches and holds the

eye of the public like a good, clear photograph of a pretty girl. Hence in I don't know how many thousands of advertisements you will behold a charming young woman smiling at you. Are you advertising a camera? Then you must have a pretty girl taking pictures. Are you advertising a shoe? You photograph a pretty girl tripping daintily across a muddy street on a rainy day. Are you advertising a corset? Then you must have a pretty girl to wear it and you are careful to see that her arms and neck are beautiful. In fine, whatever you are advertising, the picture of a pretty girl will help more than anything else to bring you trade."

A lot of dressmakers held a convention in Chicago and denounced the shirt waist. They said it must go. They declared that it was the duty of every dressmaker to discourage it. And why? "Because it is ruining the dressmaking business," they assert. Nonsense! The people who are paying dressmaking bills haven't noticed it. They are still digging up money in response to the insatiable demands of Fashion, and making the best of it. The fight on the shirt waist is being waged on lines that will not enlist the sympathy of the public. If its opponents could say that it is laced too tightly, or that it gorges the heart out of place, or makes women look lopsided, or exposes the defects of the female divine, or is unhealthful, then they could wage an anti-shirt-waist campaign, and, perhaps, win. But the shirt waist, with its companion piece, the gold skirt, is the best thing in the sartorial-to-wear line that ever happened to women. They mean that without the expenditure of a large amount of money it is possible for any woman to appear well, sensibly and comfortably dressed. There would be as much sense in putting the ban on both, or asserting that women's feet should be shod only with patent leathers, as to try to bar the shirt waist. This is the age of business women. They have, very sensibly, adopted business attire, and it has been found so good, both from the standpoint of the wearer and from that of the admirers of neatness, that all classes have embraced it. There are shirt-waist summer girls and shirt-waist stenographers; shirt-waist school teachers, and shirt-waist heiresses. A goodly portion of the money they save on shirt waists goes into better and more expensive clothing where the shirt waist will not do. The task of these disgruntled dressmakers is a hopeless one. The shirt waist is here to stay, and humanity is glad of it.

Steam navigation has so changed naval conditions that no nation can be powerful on the seas without coaling stations in all parts of the world. The situation in a large way is like that of a man driving in the country when his horse gets thirsty. If he cannot find a watering trough the animal may give out before he reaches the end of the journey. A warship is more nearly useless without coal than a horse without water. When President Palma, of Cuba, signed the agreement ceding to the United States the harbor of Bahia Honda on the northwest coast and the harbor of Guantanamo on the southeast coast, he consented that this country should set up watering troughs for its naval warships on the shores of these Cuban harbors. These coaling stations, or naval bases, are needed to make it possible for this country effectually to guard the approaches to the Panama canal, as well as to fulfill the American promise to defend Cuba from foreign interference. Great Britain, France, the Netherlands and Denmark own West Indian islands that are or can be used as coaling stations. In any possible conflict in the Caribbean sea—and fortunately a conflict is not probable—the fleets of these powers would be as near to their bases as the warships of the United States would be to the Cuban naval stations. To increase the efficiency of American ships in the Philippine waters, the United States has a naval base in Hawaii, and another on the Island of Guam. These islands belong to the United States, whereas Cuba does not. It is not unprecedented for a nation to have a naval base on foreign territory. This country had one in Hawaii before the islands were annexed. Great Britain has several; Hongkong was originally ceded to it for naval purposes. Germany and Russia, which have recently begun to develop their naval strength, are seeking convenient harbors, on the shores of which they may store coal for their warships. They are suspected of desiring such stations to aid them in carrying out an aggressive policy. The policy of the United States is purely defensive.

**Too Precious.**  
A village clergyman has this choice bit among his annals. One day he was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnston, who had been taken suddenly ill. He went in some wonder, because she was not of his parish, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins.  
While he was waiting in the parlor, before seeing the sick woman, he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter.  
"I am very much pleased to know your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?"  
The lady looked unfeignedly shocked.  
"No," she said. "Oh, no! But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't like to run any risks."

**An Atchison man is so curious that it will kill him to die, and not know what happened next.**  
You can't convince a brunette that all is fair in love.



## THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. DECORATION DAY MAY 30th 1903.

High lift your children, mothers! Let their young eyes behold  
A dying army marching, time-beaten, spent and old.  
As they toll by, as tattered as the banners that they wave.  
See the worn hands saluting! Lo! They salute the grave!

High lift your children, mothers! Let their young voices cheer  
The brave old hearts that slowly draw on and disappear.  
Thin ranks that front the shadows, ranks must'ring out so fast,  
'Tis a phantom army that solemnly drifts past.

A fading army marching with weak and failing tread—  
But pressing all around it there through the mighty dead!  
Aye, bright and splendid spirits! Their battle lines are drawn,  
And Comrades wait for Comrade beside the gates of dawn.  
—J. W. MULLER.

## RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

MRS. ADRIAN KRAAL.

"Ho, here comes old Waddy with his drug store, boys; let's have some fun out of him!"

More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy jests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant looking, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped.

"Hello, Waddy! what ge-rate, gar-rand today?" "How's yer liver, Waddy?" "Why don't you swaller some of that stuff and cure yer self, you old quack you?" were some of their questions.

He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Balm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuralgia, lumbago, gout, pleurisy."  
"O, give us a rest, we've heard all that before; haven't you anything else?"  
"And here are the miraculous Electric Pads. By their use paralytics are cured, club feet straightened."  
"Well, I guess we won't take any today, as none of us are paralyzed or club-footed. Just give us one of your wonderful exhibitions of ventriloquism and then dance a jig!" and the poor, simple old man tried to do as they asked, and when he had ceased the curious guttural sounds and shrill calls, he accepted their boisterous ridicule and almost deafening shouts for honest applause. "Now the jig, Waddy," they cried, and setting down his basket, he began hopping briskly around on the ground. The wind carried away his hat and blew his long beard about his face, but he was interested and did not pause. "Let's dance too," cried the boys, and they began capering around, bumping against the old man and each other with such force that three of them were knocked down and fell in a heap on the basket. There was a sound of smashing glass and loud hurrahs from the rolling, struggling boys.  
"O, you have broken my bottles and spilled my precious medicines; even my basket is ruined," said the poor old fellow, and he began to cry like a child.  
"Ho, he's blubberin' like a baby; I'd be ashamed," said some of the boys. A few of them looked ashamed of themselves. Just then, around the corner came Herbert Page, one of the tall high school boys. He stopped at sight of the crowd and seeing his own brother Charlie there, asked: "What's the trouble, youngsters?"  
"O, nothing, only old Waddy's basket got smashed," said one. "We were helping him dance a jig and fell on it," said another.  
"Yes, I think I understand. Here, Mr. Wadsworth, let me see your basket. How many bottles were broken? Four? Worth two dollars, eh? Well, you youngsters can raise two dollars to pay for your mischief, I guess."  
"Pay old simple-minded Waddy! I guess not." "Mr. Wadsworth, indeed," said one boy, scornfully.  
When Herbert had pressed the basket into shape and placed the "Electric Pads" in it, he said, "I've only a half dollar with me. Will it pay for Charlie's share in this mischief?"  
The old man took it thankfully, and went away with a sad face.  
The boys were very quiet as Herbert looked soberly at them. They began to see that they had been rude and thoughtless.  
"Do you know who that poor old man is?" asked Herbert.  
"Why, Old Waddy, of course; he's simple minded. I've known him all my life."  
"He is Barton Wadsworth, a veteran soldier, and at Gettysburg he received

the injuries that made him what he is now. He gets a small pension, but it will hardly keep him in the plainest food and clothing, and keep a shelter over him, so he tries to earn a little money by selling those medicines you boys have destroyed. I noticed some of you fellows taking part in the exercises on Decoration Day with great enthusiasm. Now it strikes me that there would be as much patriotism in showing honor and respect to living soldiers as to dead ones, and I'm perfectly sure that I would as soon die for my country as to have my mind so injured that every boy I met would make fun of me."

Then Herbert went on and left a thoughtful group of boys instead of the noisy, headless crowd he had found.  
"I say, fellows," said one lad, looking up from the hole he had been digging with his toes. "Old Wa—Mr. Wadsworth, I mean—does show signs of having been a gentleman once. Ever notice how neat and clean his hands and clothes always are?"  
"Yes," said Charlie Page, "and he never forgets to lift his hat when he meets a lady he knows, mother says."  
"Let's pay him for those bottles we smashed," said another.  
The old fellow was as grateful when the boys went to his poor room to pay what they owed as if they had made him a magnificent present.  
They had had a taste of doing right and relished it. It was "About face," with a right good will. Instead of following him with jests and ridicule and making a joke of his infirmities of mind and body, they took pains to treat him with respect and kindness.  
After a while some of the fathers of these boys began to notice the great change in their treatment of the old man, and then to feel an interest in him themselves. Then the necessary steps were taken to procure for him an increase of the pension, and now he no longer carries a basket of medicine to sell, and he would almost lay down his life to serve one of those boys.—Normal Instructor.

**Memorial Day.**  
Gathered once more in the "City of Silence,"  
Comrades, and friends, with our flags and bright flowers,  
Uncovered heads, as a token of homage,  
Honor we give these dead heroes of ours.  
Heroes, who fought on the land, or the water,  
Soldiers, who came at their country's first call,  
Shoulder to shoulder, they marched to the conflict,  
Leaving their loved ones, their homes and their all.  
Years have passed by since the soldiers from battle  
Marched to their homes, with the flags floating gay.  
Once more they meet, in the "City of Silence,"  
Sadly, to keep a Memorial Day.  
Year after year, as our country grows older,  
Stronger their love for the Red, White and Blue,  
Deeper the feeling of appreciation  
For our brave soldiers, so loyal and true.  
Comrades are gone, who were with us last  
May time,  
Taps sounded call, for the last bivouac,  
Over the river our soldiers are gathered,  
Safe into camp, but they may not come back.

Though the Grand Army may lessen in numbers,  
Footsteps may falter and veterans grow gray,  
Homage is theirs from a thrice grateful Nation  
Lovingly keeping Memorial Day.  
—Margaret M. Darling, in Des Moines News.

**When Antietam Was Red with Blood.**  
Doubt sacred to the hearts of many western families are the waters of Antietam, because those waters were crimsoned by the blood of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons during one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War. The sketches herewith given will be of special interest to the veterans of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, the First, Sec-

ond, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eight, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Indiana volunteers, and the Second, Third, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin volunteer infantry, for they were all most terribly mixed up in the many bloody encounters of the 16th and 17th of September, 1862, along the Antietam from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg.

God alone knows who owned the good right arm, that was found in the cornfield, but it probably belonged to one of Gen. Sedgwick's commands, who made their famous charge through the cornfield just north and east of the historic Dunker Church, for it was plowed up in this field five years after the battle, and has been since that time in the office of Drs. D. Fahrner and son of Hagerstown, Md. Its wonderful state of preservation cannot be accounted for as a chemical analysis of the soil in which it was found shows no preserving or mummifying qualities.  
The old mill and falls near the stone bridge was the scene of a bloody conflict between the Federals, who were defending Hagerstown, and the Confederates, who were endeavoring to gain possession of the town. It is said the slaughter of horse and men was such at this cavalry fight that the Antietam ran blood for several hours below these falls. The ground in this locality, especially along the banks of the stream, is almost solid rock, and the blood ran rapidly into the creek.

There is a gentleman in Chicago having an office in the Board of Trade building, who was a major in the Federal army and provost marshal of Hagerstown at that time.  
Just over the hill back of the little brick house is a female academy, from the balcony of which the Confederate sharpshooters were firing upon the Union officers down in the city, and there are to this day many musket balls bedded in the walls around the public square at the crossing of Washington and Potomac streets.

The Eighth Illinois cavalry was engaged in these skirmishes, and many members of that organization, which was under command of Col. W. Gamble, will call to mind the hot time in that old town.

**Origin of Memorial Day in South.**  
An association known as the Ladies' Aid Society was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, who thereafter took charge of these graves, making it a practice to go in a body to care for and beautify them with plants and flowers. Upon the occasion of one of these visits, in January, 1863, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the Confederate graves annually. The proposition met at once with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in other cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.  
These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 26 as Memorial day for the Confederate dead in several Southern States.—Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis in Woman's Home Companion.

**In Battle with the Merrimac.**  
Soldiers of the Twentieth Indiana infantry were once a thorn in the flesh of the Confederates on the Merrimac. They passed a winter at Fort Monroe, where they were at the time the Merrimac fought the Congress. The Confederates wanted to take possession of the Congress, but the Hoosiers deployed on the beach in face of a hostile fire and prevented the enemy from gaining the prize. In May of 1862 they went over to Norfolk.

### A Dangerous spot for pain is the small of the back; it tells of Kidney ills, as do most pains and aches in the back. Kidney ills begin with backache and end with Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease. Cure Kidney and Bladder troubles before they reach the serious stage. Read how easily it can be done.

W. J. Hill, of 40 South Union street, Concord, N. C., proprietor of hardware and harness store, Justice of the Peace, and one of the best known residents of that city, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I got a box at the Gibson Drug Store and used them for disordered kidneys and backache, from which I had experienced a great deal of annoyance, trouble and pain. The kidney secretions had bothered me for a long while, were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The Pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My back is much stronger and my health generally is improved a great deal. I am glad to make a public endorsement of the Pills, trusting that it may be the means of relieving some other sufferer."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Hill will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-McIlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

### TYPHOID FEVER DIPHTHERIA SMALL POX

The germs of these deadly diseases multiply in the decaying glue present in all kalsomines, and the decaying paste under wall paper.

Alabastine is a disinfectant. It destroys disease germs and vermin; is manufactured from a stone cement base, hardens on the walls, and is as enduring as the wall itself.

Alabastine is mixed with cold water, and any one can apply it.

Ask for sample card of beautiful tints and information about decorating. Take no cheap substitute.

Buy only in 5 lb. pkgs. properly labeled.

**ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.**  
New York Office, 105 Water St.

In the Spring Pass the Glass of  
**Hires**  
Rootbeer  
and keep passing it; nothing else so healthful. A package makes five gallons. Sold every where or by mail for 25 cents.

CHAS. E. HIRSH, CO.  
Halters, Pa.

**Extreme Case.**  
Mrs. Pennywinkle—If we could only induce him to eat something so that he might gain a little strength.  
Mrs. Appleby—And has he no appetite at all?  
Mrs. P.—"O, not the least bit. Why he doesn't even crave things he knows he can't have.—Kansas City Journal.

He (at the window)—It's very cheerful within but disagreeable without  
She (cooly)—Without what?  
He (inspired)—Why, without you, darling.  
And a few weeks later a furniture installment house was called upon to open a new account.—Chicago News.

**Quick Lunch.**  
"See here!" cried the dyspeptic patron "this coffee's cold."  
"Sure!" replied the waiter. "This is a quick lunch joint. If de coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."  
**Who were the Foolish Virgins.**  
"Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the prompt answer from a wise little girl, "Them as didn't get married."

**Ivy and Damp Houses.**  
Ivy growing on houses, so far from making the house damp, as is usually supposed, actually extracts all moisture from the walls.

**Confession.**  
"Far on me, 'a," said the village editor's bride, "craving at corner in my wrapper, but—"  
"Oh, that's all right," interrupted the knight of the paste-pot, "some of our best thoughts come to us in wraps."

**DOCTOR ON FOOD.**  
**Experimented on Himself.**  
A physician of Gallien, O., says: "For the last few years I have been a sufferer from indigestion, and although I have used various remedies and prepared foods with some benefit it was not until I tried Grape-Nuts that I was completely cured."  
"As a food it is pleasant and agreeable, very nutritious and is digested and assimilated with very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. As a nerve food and restorer it has no equal and as such is especially adapted to students and other brain workers. It contains the elements necessary for the building of nerve tissue and by so doing maintains an equilibrium of waste and repair."  
"It also enriches the blood by giving an increased number of red blood corpuscles and in this way strengthens all the organs, providing a vital fluid made more nearly perfect. I take Grape-Nuts with great pleasure in recommending its use to my patients, for I value it as a food and know it will benefit all who use it." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.