

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA.

The key to success is not a right key.

Let your heart be filled with love, but be careful upon whom you bestow it.

The man who said "Talk is cheap" never tried it over the long-distance telephone.

The postal employees who stole a million stamps took a severe "lick" at the government.

Andrew Carnegie has come out in favor of nationalizing railroads. Let's see—does Andrew own any railroads?

In his laudable efforts to plant German statutes in foreign countries the Kaiser has struck another snag in Italy.

Now we know just what we are going to do before the end of this century, for the President has said it. We are going to rule the Pacific.

An officer of high rank in the German army resigned after a rebuke by the Emperor. In this country he would have contented himself with talking back.

It has been demonstrated that the Chicago college girl can live on \$3.50 a week. Inasmuch as pickles are still low in price and as nutritious as ever, the demonstration was hardly necessary.

The Kings of Sweden and Siam are coming to the United States next year, and Editor Stead promises that King Edward will join the party. That will make three kings, and Uncle Sam will have a full hand if he can catch a couple of emperors in the draw.

Of the American woman who has just "dazzled" London it is said: "On her head blazed an empire tiara of enormous emeralds and diamonds, and the same jewels were around her neck, whilst ropes of pearls and masses of other jewels gleamed on her corsage and dress." "Shocked" instead of dazzled should have been the word used.

The young woman who told her two admirers to fight for her affection, and then stood calmly by with a "gentle friend" and watched them batter each other into insensibility, gave them a further object lesson in the variation of the feminine impulse when she walked away to be married to the friend. And yet there are those who contend that the sex is downtrodden and at the mercy of the tyrant man.

It may as well be admitted that college training doesn't teach a man to keep books or to sell goods. What education aims to do is to educate—to develop the man, to awaken him to the problems of the world, to widen his horizon. There is no danger that not enough attention shall be given to commercial development. But there is a possibility that the business man may become narrowed to his task and fail to take an interest in the world of ideas about him. Education ought not to prevent a man from acquiring the necessary details of business. And it ought to make him a more valuable citizen. That most successful business men believe this is shown by the fact that they are sending their sons to college.

Within a few years a pretty practice has sprung up in some of the public schools. It was started by a teacher who had spent her vacation in another country, and with the very American desire to "talk shop," had visited the schools there. She found that the pupils whom she visited were always glad to hear about her own pupils at home, and when she returned she discovered that her own little flock was just as eager to learn about their cousins across the water. People who are anxious to meet need only an introduction. The teacher furnished it, and correspondence began. Since the story of the first experiment was told in the educational journals, other schools have stepped into line. There is now a large number of communities which keep in close relation to life in town thousands of miles away by the medium of letters which pass between school children who have never seen each other, yet are close friends. A girls' school in Honolulu receives by almost every mail steamer a bunch of letters from the pupils of a girls' school in Chicago. The delights of coasting and skating are set beside those of riding the surf board. Two roots are exchanged for wheat, and altogether a broadening of the mind, and better still, a widening of the sympathies, is taking place, and this is a good part of education, whether the pupil live in Honolulu or Chicago. When we are all provided with wireless telegraph instruments we shall click messages into the air and receive answers from unknown friends whose instruments are "synchronous" with ours. The school children are doing the same thing. Their friendly messages find many hearts which are turned to their own.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore gets into the discussion with a plea for homes containing two or three children, her logic being that the smaller the quantity the better the quality. Oh, what nonsense! There are a hundred rules that apply to inanimate things that do not apply to the human family. The large family is the school of hard knocks.

There is seldom great wealth, and there must be much labor and incessant striving. To be a drone in that kind of a family is to be disgraced. The children learn to think, act and do for themselves. Because they are not surfeited they appreciate, and for the same reason they secure wealth which is developed by toil. That is how some grand men and women are made. The children of big families may not all achieve greatness, but there is nothing in their numerical plentifulness to prevent development of brain and body. In the little family selfishness does often develop. The boy is not always as broad or as self-reliant as the youth who is one of a brood. And the lonesome girl is often petted and given hothouse treatment, until part of her usefulness is lost. You can find her in the parlor and her mother in the kitchen. And the tired mother is quick to excuse her daughter, and explain that she "isn't very strong." In the big family "daughter" has to help, for there is no room for ornaments, and the dishes must be washed, even if the piano does enjoy a temporary rest. No, this is not a universal situation. There are well-regulated big families, and little as well, but the features mentioned above can be found. The Corsican who held Europe in the hollow of his hand at an age when most young men are still at their school books was one of 13 children. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has discovered nothing that can not be combated by history.

There are two of us. Some of us are a half dozen—more or less. We are composite men and woman. There are always two of us at the very least. We are all to some extent Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We are what we are by heredity, environment—a part of all we have inherited, seen, heard, experienced. We are two or more in one. For instance: There's yourself when you are cross and unjust to those you love. "But for our own the bitter tone, though we love our own the best"—paradoxically true. And there's yourself when you are abroad—smiling, amiable, cordial. Are you a hypocrite then? Not necessarily. You are like a revolving pedestal, each side painted differently. You show but a part of yourself at one time. Being a compound you can live and act but one side of yourself at a time. When things go wrong at home you are Mr. Hyde; abroad you are Dr. Jekyll. Those who know you well—the home folks—know you are many-sided. You have a good side to show. Mr. Hyde appears in you when friends disappoint, when a wrong is done you. You are moved by ignoble motives. Your animal side wants to strike back. At another time some potent force touches the better side of your nature and the benevolent Dr. Jekyll appears. You feel that you can do and dare all things for what is high and noble. And while the mood lasts you can do and dare. But, like the chameleon, you take color from your surroundings. When you make sharp speeches to the children and answer your wife, or your husband, peevishly, you are not all there! It is only part of you speaking. Then you feel sorry and penitent. The pedestal has revolved. Now and then a man appears on the earth who is nearly always himself—a totality of personality. He does as he wants to do regardless of his surroundings. He gathers himself together at every effort. In him, like a great reflector, all things converge to purposeful end. That's greatness. You and I have rare moments when we are all "there." All is harmony. Then we are strong. For the moment we are great. It is in these sublime moods that masterpieces are done, audiences thrilled, battles won. But alas! Only one man was always and everywhere Himself. He alone was never inconsistent!

**New Kinds of Bullets.**  
It is generally supposed that nothing save a metal bullet could commend itself for the purpose of man-killing in war. That such a missile is more powerful for long-range shooting may be true enough, says the Regiment, but for destructive purposes at a short distance a bullet of paper or tallow has greater effect. During some recent experiments in this direction it was proved beyond doubt that where, as a metal bullet penetrated a deal plank an inch in thickness and left a neat hole, a pasteboard bullet had a far greater destructive effect upon the target. A paper bullet passing through six pieces of tin placed at a distance of a foot apart buckled them up so as to be of no further use, whereas a metal bullet merely left a small round hole in no other way disfigured the tin.

**An Aged Scholar.**  
A peasant woman named Madame Huguet, in the Ham Commune of the Somme Department, has put herself to school at seventy years of age. Deploring her illiteracy, the old dame at last summoned courage some months ago to ask the village schoolmaster if he would teach her to read. "There is not a moment to lose," said that worthy fellow, with tender humor—"we'll begin this instant," and, producing the alphabet, he there and then administered to his aged pupil her first lesson in the mysteries of A B C. But mother Huguet was an apt scholar. By infinite docility and diligence she was able to spell a little at the end of several weeks, could read in a few months, and can now indite a little letter as well as most of her class.

**Kansas Cattle Ranch.**  
A tract of 20,000 acres in western Kansas has been bought by Indiana and Ohio capitalists for raising polled Angus cattle.

GOOD Short Stories

A little boy in his night dress was on his knees, saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffin' out of Nelly."

"And what is your opinion of Mrs. Humphry Ward?" an enthusiastic American hostess once asked of an English literary lady of world-wide distinction. The visitor politely made an effort to recall the name, and then answered with half-closed eyes and weary intonations: "I'm told she is a very industrious woman."

During the heat of the recent troubles in Venezuela, when the coast was blockaded and starvation was starting 50 per cent of the people in the face, Stephen Bonsal was surprised to find President Castro enjoying himself at a picnic at La Victoria, where champagne was flowing like water. "I did not succeed in concealing, nor did I very much try to conceal, my astonishment at the scenes which met my eye," he says. "I had certainly thought to find our ally otherwise engaged. 'But why should you wonder?' said Castro, noting my surprise; 'our part is played. We have picked the quarrel, and now, blessed be the Monroe doctrine, our role is finished, and the fighting must be done by el tio Samuel. All the papers in the case I have given to your minister, who goes to Washington as my attorney.' 'Yes, viva la Doctrina 'Monroe!'" exclaimed Tello Mendoza, the witty muleteer whom Castro has made secretary of the treasury; "it spares us sleepless nights, and gives us time for picnics."

A well-known English lady novelist, whose enemies accuse her of taking herself somewhat too seriously, was entertaining a party of her friends, and conversation ran largely upon her new book. One young man in the circle had not read the work. "Accordingly, on rising from the table, and by way of abstracting himself from the talkers who were still worrying their conversational bone," says the London Outlook, "he fixed his eyes on a female portrait which adorned the drawing-room wall. Coming softly behind him, the lady novelist significantly said, 'I think I know what you are thinking—that that picture reminds you of Fredericka.' 'Of Fredericka?' replied the young man, blankly. 'What Fredericka?' 'My Fredericka,' returned the novelist, with surprise, for her latest heroine bore that name. 'Then the unbelieved pulled himself together. 'No,' said he, with a judicial head shake, 'that is not my notion of your Fredericka.' And he plumed himself on having got well out of the huddle. But it was yet early for self-gratulation. 'Come, then,' returned his hostess, seductively, 'come and sit down here beside me, and you shall tell me what your notion of my Fredericka is.'"

**PLEA FOR THE POCKET.**  
**Women Need a Substitute for It Now.**  
Lucy Locket, the immortal woman who lost her pocket, is hardly so much to be pitied as we are. In her case it was found, but nobody can find our pockets for us. Man, happy creature, is a marsupial. He is blessed with more pockets than he knows what to do with, but poor, unfortunate woman, with styles in their present state, has not so much as one little pocket in which to bestow her handkerchief. A weekly bereavement in this latter line is of common occurrence and in the course of time becomes a severe strain. As for purses they only too often go the way of the handkerchiefs. The bell-shaped sleeves rendered hopeless the military trick of tucking one's handkerchief up it, but with new cuffs there comes a gleam of returning hope. The majority of them are tight-fitting at the wrist, the fullness suddenly spreading out several inches higher up the arm. This sleeve is more than pretty, for it will supply the abiding place for the long absent pocket. A little envelope-shaped receptacle could be easily fastened to the inner side of the left sleeve, in the fullness, just big enough to contain two or three small necessities. Then a flap could be attached to button over. A Russian blouse or bolero affords opportunity for a breast pocket like a man's, inside. For summer frocks a separate pocket is pretty, made of the material of the gown or some harmonizing silk. At all events let us have the pocket somewhere.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Did Not Want to Overcharge.**  
"Doctor," said the shrewd looking man, "how many feet of gas does it take to kill a man?"  
"That's rather a queer question," said the doctor. "Why do you wish to know?"  
"One of the guests of my hotel used enough of it to kill himself and I want to send in a proper bill to his executors."—Philadelphia Press.

**Knowing Old Bachelors.**  
Newlywed—What do bachelors know about women?  
Oldbachel—Lots; otherwise they would not be bachelors.—Philadelphia Record.

In order to win success a man must first fall in love with his work.  
The world has no time for a visionary man—until after he gets there.



HOUSEHOLD

**Rice Cake.**  
A delicate rice cake for dessert may be made as follows: Put a pint of cold, fresh milk in a saucepan over a hot fire. When it boils add a heaping cup of well-washed rice. Let the rice cook slowly in the milk for twenty minutes, then cool it in the saucepan for half an hour. Add six heaping table-spoonfuls of sugar, and stir them in well. Then add three whole eggs and flavor with a tablespoonful of orange-flower water or orange extract. Boil some good puff paste very thin, line a tin pudding would, holding about three pints, with the paste; add the rice with the eggs, sugar and flavoring, and put the pudding in a moderate oven to bake for forty minutes. Then cool the pudding, cover it with an icing and serve. This makes a firm cake, which should be well flavored with orange extract and garnished with a little acid jelly. The orange extract is made by soaking the yellow peel of a California orange in ninety per cent. alcohol for at least two weeks. Grate the peel into the alcohol or pack it in thin slices, and see that there is enough of it to fill the bottle completely.

**Stewed Prunes.**  
Weigh out eight ounces of prunes. Look them over carefully, and soak over night. In the morning drain thoroughly, and cook in half a pint of water, with the yellow peel of a lemon, a two-inch piece of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of butter and four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar. Simmer for two hours slowly, and at the end of this time draw the saucepan forward and add a pint of claret wine. Set the prunes back on the stove to be thoroughly heated. Stir well, but do not break them, and be careful not to let them boil again. Then turn them into a stone jar and boil when cold. There is a great variety in the quality of the prunes offered in the market, but excellent ones, which rival the best imported fruit, are now sent from California.

**Strawberry Shortcake.**  
Mix thoroughly a quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a little salt and a tablespoonful of sugar, and into this chop three tablespoonfuls of butter or butter and good sweet lard mixed. Add one cupful of sweet milk and one well-beaten egg. Put together as quickly and with as little handling as possible. Roll into sheets one-half inch thick. Bake in a well-greased pan, laying one sheet on top of the other. As soon as baked separate them and spread between the crusts a thick layer of well sweetened berries, also cover the top with berries. Serve with sugar and cream.

**Onion Fonn.**  
Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a spider, when it bubbles add four large onions, washed, skinned and cut in slices, let them simmer without browning for about half an hour, then stir in a slightly heaping tablespoonful of flour. When it thickens pour in gradually a pint and a half of boiling milk, season with salt and pepper to taste, press through a puree sieve and return to the fire. While it is getting hot, beat together two egg yolks and half a cup of cream, remove from the stove and stir the eggs and cream into it rapidly, pour at once into the tureen and serve.

**Canned Corn.**  
It is hard to can this vegetable so that it will keep well, unless it is put up with some other vegetables, as tomatoes or beans. But I give the recipe as requested. Put ripe corn on the fire in salted boiling water and cook for twenty minutes. Take from the fire and cut from the cob. Put into jars, cover the corn with the water in which it was boiled and set the jars over the fire in a broad pot or saucepan. Pour hot water all about the jars, bring it to a hard boil and seal at once. Keep in a dark place or else wrap the jars in dark paper.

**Rhubarb Brown Betty.**  
Skin rhubarb and chop very fine. Put a thick layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish and strew this with a quantity of granulated sugar. Cover with fine breadcrumbs, dotted thickly with bits of butter. Put in more rhubarb, more sugar, then buttered crumbs and proceed in this way until the dish is full, having the top layer of buttered crumbs. Bake covered for about an hour, then uncover and brown. Eat hot with sugar and cream or with a hard sauce flavored with nutmeg.

**Strawberry Pie.**  
Line a pie plate with good paste, prick over with a fork to prevent shrinking and blistering; cut a top crust out a little larger than the other, prick also and bake; put the berries and sugar in the lower crust and cover with the top one. Serve with rich cream. The berries may be cooked in the pie, as you would make black-berry pie, if preferred.

**Tomato and Lettuce Salad.**  
Do not remove the skin from your tomatoes by scalding but by carefully peeling them. Then cut into halves. Arrange on a cold dish the crispest lettuce leaves, lay half a tomato on each and scatter finely crushed ice over all. Fill a pretty glass bowl with mayonnaise and in serving the salad pour a ladleful of dressing over each piece of tomato.

TEN DOLLARS A LETTER.

High Rate on Private Postal Route from Cook's Inlet to Nome.

W. V. Sullivan, son of Former Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi, made this statement, according to the St. Louis Republic. Mr. Sullivan had just returned from a two years' cruise in Alaska waters on board the United States revenue cutter Rush.

"This trip," he continued, "is from Cook's Inlet to Nome, and by the route traveled is 1,800 miles.

"The last boat leaves Nome about Nov. 5 and it carries down a mighty precious cargo—good dust, discouraged miners, escaping wives, the souffettes who come up in the spring, marry the successful prospectors and then desert when the winter shuts up the town from the rest of the world and the last mail sack Uncle Sam brings through the Aleutian Islands for six months.

"Then, while you people down here in the big cities are squabbling for 1 cent local postage the men up in Nome are getting ready to pay the heaviest postal rate in the world. By Dec. 2 they've got the Christmas hunger for home news and New Year's day they give a side of bacon for a sight of familiar handwriting on an envelope. Bacon is still about 50 cents a slice in the eating houses.

"But just about Jan. 1 the midwin for Alaskan mail starts north from Seattle. It is carried up by the owner and operator of the enterprise, who runs a private mail service not recognized or promoted by the United States government. He collects letters from Seattle to Cook's Inlet, making the trip on any vessel that is scheduled to stop at Sitka, Douglas Island, Juneau and all the points of any importance along the coast.

"Only letters are carried and these must be written on onion skin paper for bulk is the chief consideration and, besides the rate is so much pennyweight.

"When Cook's Inlet is reached the letters are packed in tin boxes made to conform to the carrier's body and fit into the lining of his coat. The carrier's costume, from the fur cap to the Mozkinski boots, is exactly like that of the Eskimos, and the principal items in this outfit are matches, gun and ammunition.

"From Cook's Inlet to Nome the mail runs 1,800 miles and touches no man's hut or dugout. The carrier can make forty miles a day on snowshoes. He has studied the country so thoroughly that he knows when he shoots a bird and cooks it for dinner Tuesday over a fire of scrubby brush, where fifty miles ahead, he can find more game and fuel for the cooking of Wednesday's supper. After supper he crawls into a fur sleeping bag, dropping off into a cozy snowbank for a snooze through the darkest hours of the long night.

"The greatest obstacle are the torrents that flow too rapidly to freeze. The crossings are made at the narrowest places and the carrier strips, makes a bundle of his clothes, throws it across or carries it on his head, and wading and swimming, he reaches the opposite shore and scrambles into his furs.

"In his thin pockets he carries a fortune, for the thinnest letter taken on the route costs the sender \$10. Usually but one trip is made each winter, but last season he broke the record by making two rounds, doing this by using dogs and a sled part way. His winter's work netted him over \$2,000, to be blown in on the gayeties of Nome and Seattle."

**Vaccination in Japan.**  
While in England and America the utility of vaccination is still doubted, and the right of public enforcement of it disputed by numerous fanatics, we find that in little Japan, the youngest of civilized nations, not only is vaccination compulsory, but re-vaccination at stated periods is rigidly enforced. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1896, and at once signed by the Mikado, re-vaccination at periods of five years was made compulsory upon every Japanese, whatever his or her station in life. Vaccination is done with lymph from calves only, which is procured from vaccine establishments owned and controlled by the government, and which is distributed gratis. Any attempt to evade re-vaccination at the stated period is made a serious offense, and is treated as a grave dereliction against public health. The result is that smallpox, once the curse of the islands constituting the realm of Japan, is now all but unknown. Similar results are reported from every country where vaccination is made compulsory and rigidly enforced.

**Flirted with Himself.**  
A flirtatious young man with an eye for pretty women had an experience recently which he is telling, although the joke is decidedly on himself. He was riding out on a crowded car one evening when he felt a gentle pressure on his foot. He hardly noticed it, but when a moment later he felt it again, he gently raised his foot with a response. He looked up with a smile to the woman beside him, who, although pretty, did not seem to be the least inclined to flirt. He was puzzled. Again he felt the touch on his foot, but not a smile. Just then the car gave a sudden lurch and his umbrella, which had been hanging on his arm, almost poked a hole in his shoe. He would have kicked himself if the car hadn't been so crowded.—Kansas City Journal.

The man who poses as a lady-killer, does good by boring sensible women & death.

We may blush for some of the pioneers of civilization, but fortunately, the advance agent is not the whole show.—Puck.

**Hero of Historical Novel—Look here.** If you are going to write a sequel to this story, cut out a few "gadzooskes!" and "oddsboddkin-ses!" and just substitute a few plain damns.—Life

**A Good Story.**  
Frederika, Ia., July 13.—Mr. A. S. Grover of this place tells an interesting story showing how sick people may regain their health if they will only be guided by the experience of others. He says:

"I had a very bad case of Kidney Trouble, which affected my urinary organs so that I had to get up every hour of the night. I could not retain my urine and my feet and limbs began to bloat up. My weight was quickly running down.

"After I had tried many things in vain, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine which had cured some other very bad cases.

"This remedy has done wonders for me. I have gained eight pounds in two months. The blotch has all gone from my feet and legs, and I don't have to get up at night. I took in all about ten boxes before I was all sound."

Those who suffer as did Mr. Grover can make no mistake in taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a sure, safe and permanent cure for all Kidney and urinary disorders.

It's a great thing to be grasping, specially in the eyes of the man who has lost his grip or never had any.—Puck.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.**  
LEWIS COUNTY.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Great thoughts seldom come in bunches.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Time is called the Despoiler, but he often robs us more by what he gives than by what he takes away.—Life.

If human experience proves anything it is that every life needs the personal and practical help—the direct touch and word—of One who is divinely powerful and divinely patient.—E. P. Roe.

People who are always telling you things for your own good mean well. But they do become awfully tiresome.

Chicago society is in a furry over the approaching marriage of two of our rich girls to foreign noblemen. How these impecunious rakes must laugh inwardly at the avidity with which American mothers jump at a chance to annex their daughters to a title and a duke.

The preacher who stops to apologize every time he utters an unpopular truth, is an apology of a preacher.

Never think yourself too insignificant or the thing too mean. You and it have an infinite capacity for absorbing, storing away, raying out glory.—J. F. W. Ware.

Most of us am philosopher nuff to expect a pain occasionally, but what makes us mad am dat it ailus comes in de wrong place.—Detroit Free Press.

**EXPERIMENTS**  
**Learn Things of Value.**  
Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum it is still easy to learn all about it by reading the experiences of others. Drinking Postum is a pleasant way to get back to health. A man of Lancaster, Pa., says: "My wife was a victim of nervousness and weak stomach and loss of appetite for years and was a physical wreck; although we resorted to numerous methods of relief, one of which was a change from coffee to tea, it was all to no purpose.  
"We knew coffee was causing the trouble, but could not find anything to take its place and cure the disease until we tried Postum Food Coffee. In two weeks' time after all quiet coffee and used Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was all gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved and above all a night's rest was complete and refreshing.  
"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it all happened so quickly, but we are prepared to prove it. Each day there is improvement for the better, for the Postum is undoubtedly strengthening her and giving her rich, red blood and renewed life and vitality. Every particle of this good work is due to Postum and to drinking Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful "cooler" for warm days. Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.