

OLD GOA THE GOLDEN

ITS SITE IS NOW ONLY A VAST AND GRASSY TOMB.

The Once Splendid Portuguese City in India a Magnificent Wilderness. Its Masterpiece of Art the Tomb of St. Francis Xavier.

It was said that during the prosperous times of the Portuguese in India you could not have seen a piece of iron in any merchant's house, but all gold and silver. They coined immense quantities of the precious metals and used to make pieces of workmanship in them for exportation. The very soldiers enriched themselves by commerce.

But then at last came the inquisition, which celebrated its terrible and deadly rites with more fervor and vehemence at Goa than in any other place. Religious persecution, pestilence and wars with the Dutch, disturbances arising from an unsettled government, and, above all, the slow but sure workings of the shortsighted policy of the Portuguese in intermarrying and identifying themselves with the Hindus of the lowest caste, made her fall as rapid as her rise was sudden and prodigious.

In less than a century and a half after Da Gama had landed on the Indian shore the splendor of Goa had departed forever. The inhabitants fled before the deadly fever which soon fastened upon the devoted precincts of the city, and in 1758 the viceroy transferred his headquarters from the ancient capital to Farina, about eight miles distant. Soon afterward the religious orders were expelled, leaving their magnificent convents and churches all but utterly deserted, and the inquisition was suppressed upon the recommendation of the British government.

The place is now a grassy plain with a few scattered trees and a few small buildings. But still the firm and well built causeways of this old city and its moldering splendors are reminiscent of echoing pageants and the tramp of armies which once sounded there. A wide broad road, lined with a double row of trees and faced with stone, a more suggestive scene of desolation can hardly be conceived. Everything around seems with melancholy associations, the very rustlings of the trees and murmur of the waves sound like a dirge for the departed grandeur of a city.

Towering above a mass of ruins a solitary gateway flanks the entrance to the Strada Diretta, the Street of the East, so called because almost all the streets in old Goa are laid out in a straight line. It was through this portal surmounted by the figures of St. Catherine and Vasco da Gama, that the newly appointed viceroys of Goa passed in triumphal procession to the palace.

Beyond the gate a level road, once a populous thoroughfare, leads to the Terra di Sabala, a large square facing the Principal or Cathedral of St. Catherine, who became the patron saint of Goa when the place was captured by Albuquerque on the day of her festival. Groves of coco-nut palm and mango trees now incumber the ground once covered by troops of horse. The wealth, the busy life and the luxury of the old place are dead. Kites and crows infest the crumbling walls which once resounded with the banquet and the dance, and haunt but a few old monks and nuns keeps vigil amid its desolation today.

But Goa possesses one treasure of great interest. This is the tomb of Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to the east. It is to be found in the Church of St. Jesus. It is a masterpiece of art which is lost to all but the casual visitors to old Goa. Some have ventured to suggest that no other mausoleum in India or even in Asia except the Taj Mahal can equal it. It is built of rich marble of variegated colors. The lowest stage is of red and purple Jasper and Carrara alabaster adorned with statuettes and cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow Jasper decorated with beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the saint. The highest of the three stages is surrounded by a lovely railing of red Jasper marked with white spots, the ornaments being figures of angels. The middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, whose later, ending spaces are surrounded by arches showing further incidents in the life of the saint. The friezes of the four lateral columns are of black stone and the plinths of yellow Jasper. Surmounting this last stage is the coffin overlaid with silver, a gorgeous receptacle embellished with many exquisite specimens of relief work. Lamps of silver depending around complete the adornment of the shrine. It is a worthy relic of Goa's departed glory.

The Bell of the Augustinian convent rings forth its vespers peal above the city of ghosts, and it is impossible to forget the effect of the deep, mournful notes as they strike upon the ear. Never was heard a more beautiful melody. The mystical summons than which none is vain from the tower of the Augustinians to the forsaken and solitary city.

It is all summed up in the eloquent apostrophe of Sherrin: "Goa the golden extends no more; Goa, where the aged Da Gama closed his glorious life; Goa, where the immortal Camoens sang and suffered. It is now but a vast and grassy tomb, and it seems as if its thin and hoary population of priests and friars were only spared to count the years of its departed soul."—St. James Gazette.

She Had a Winning Way. Made a fortune in the city of old Goa. Her name was... (text partially obscured)

TRAPPING ERMINE.

Different Methods For the Full Grown and Baby Animals.

The colder the climate the finer the fur, says the author of "The Greatest Fur Company of the World" in Frank Leslie's Magazine, and the difficulties of obtaining the rare furs are many. Ermine is at its best when the cold is most intense, the tawny weasel coat turning from fawn to yellow, from yellow to cream and then to snow white, according to the latitude and the season.

Fox, lynx, marten, otter and bear the trapper can take with steel traps of a size varying with the game or even with the clumsy but efficient deadfall, but the ermine, the fur of which is as easily damaged as the finest gauze, must be handled differently.

The hunter going the rounds of the traps has noted curious tiny tracks like the dots and dashes of the telegraphic alphabet. Here are little prints slurring into one another in a dash; there a dead stop, where the quick ear of the trapper has paused, with heady eyes alert for snowbird or rabbit; here, again, a clear blank on the snow, where the tiny little forager has dived below the light surface and wriggled forward like a snake, to dart up with a plunge of his fangs into the heart blood of the unwary snow bunting.

From the length of the leaps the trapper judges the age of the ermine. The full grown ermine has hair too coarse to be damaged by a snare. If, therefore, the tracks indicate a full grown animal, the trapper suspends the nose of a looped twine or wire across the runway from a bent twig, which, when released, springs upward with a jerk that lifts the ermine off the ground and strangles it.

If the tracks are like the prints of a baby's fingers, close and small, the trapper hopes to capture a pelt fit for a throne cloak. Perfect fur would be marred by the twine snare, so the trapper devises as cunning a death for the ermine as the ermine devises when it darts up through the snow and fixes its spearlike teeth in the throat of a rabbit. First he sneers his hunting knife with grease; then he lays it across the track. The little ermine comes trotting in dots and dashes and gallops and dives to the knife. The knife is frosted like ice. Ice the ermine has licked, so he licks the knife. But, alas, for the resemblance between ice and steel! Ice turns to water under the warm tongue; steel turns to fire that blisters and holds the foolish little stont by his inquisitive tongue, a hopeless prisoner, until the trapper comes.

A Quaint Old Custom.

A London shop assistant says: "It is my duty every night to go out to the rear of the premises and fire off an old flintlock pistol. This curious custom dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century. Our shop, now in a crowded north London district, was in those old days practically in the country, and it was the custom of the then proprietor, who was a timid, eccentric man, to fire a pistol off every night to let the would be burglar know he was armed and prepared for him. Thinking his custom such a good one, seeing that his shop was never attempted, he stated in his will that the custom should be continued, which has always been carried out, although, of course, we do it now merely to keep up a quaint old custom."

His Awful Curiosity.

A woman with her little son, a child of four years of age, inquired of a man standing in one of our railroad stations, "Can you tell me what time the next train leaves for Scranton?" "At t-t-twenty m-in-utes p-p-past f-four." About five minutes later she again put the same question to the same man, and he repeated the same answer in the same stammering way. When she approached him for the third time with the same query, he said to her: "W-why do y-y-you a-a-ask me s-s-so m-m-many t-t-times? I-I a-a-al-ready t-t-told you t-t-twice." "I know you did," replied the woman, "but my little boy likes to see you work your mouth."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Still Useful.

"Yes, poor old sport, when he had money he had a good time, but he went broke."

"Then starved?"

"I should say not. He secured a splendid position in a swell boarding house."

"What doing?"

"Just has to sit around in the boarding house parlor posing as the star boarder, meanwhile complaining loudly before prospective boarders about the bad case of good contracted there."—Baltimore Herald.

Love Superstitions.

In parts of Massachusetts it is thought that if a girl puts a piece of southern wood down her back the first boy she meets will be her husband. In Boston, if a marriageable woman puts a bit of southern wood under her pillow on retiring, the first man she sees in the morning will, so says the superstition, be the one whom she is to marry.

The Question.

"I have a perfect horror of marrying a poor man and living in a small way."

"But, darling, I shall grow."

"Ah, but will you develop financially as fast as I develop in social ambition?"—Life.

In No Hurry.

Filibert—Your rich uncle says he wants to be cremated.

Gangleigh—Yes, but he is in no hurry about it.—London Transcript.

Justice paid to quiet conscience of a few people poor.—Chicago News.

WATERFALLS IN JAPAN.

They Are Almost Countless and Are Laced as Shiraz.

The waterfalls of Japan are almost countless. There is one at every turn, and where there was not one in the beginning the Japs have made one, for it is their passion. Every little garden has a fall or two, and it would not be considered a garden at all without it. There are many very beautiful ones in various parts of the country, and they are all of them shrines visited by thousands of pilgrims every year. They do not pray to them as to a statue of Buddha, but they first pass up a little paper prayer on a convenient rock and then sit down in rapt attention and gaze at the falling water for hours, taking an occasional cup of tea at a little teahouse which always stands close at hand.

The Japs are great at making pilgrimages anyway. When a man has reached the age of forty-five, he is supposed to have raised a family which will in the future take care of him. About the first thing he does on retiring is to start on a series of pilgrimages. Sometimes he joins a band of fellow pilgrims, or, if comparatively wealthy, he sometimes takes his wife and a minor child and makes the pilgrimages by himself. These pilgrim bands can always be seen moving about the country. They carry little banners with the name of their city and district marked on them, and when they have received good entertainment at a teahouse or hotel they hang one of their banners up in a conspicuous place as a testimonial. Often a band of pilgrims will travel from one end of the country to the other, visiting every temple and waterfall in the land.

APHORISMS.

Liberalism consists rather in giving reasonably than much.—Cicero.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.—Mazzini.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Guville.

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—Rochefoucauld.

He who has no inclination to learn more will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Powell.

It is not what he has or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amliel.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Justice is the insurance we have on our lives and property, and obedience is the premium we pay for it.—Penn.

Cats of Ancient Egypt.

By some persons the popularity of the cat in Egypt has been attributed to the fact that the animal was valuable in ridding the palaces of rats and mice and also in hunting fowls. There are several paintings in the British Museum, executed by ancient Egyptian artists, representing Egyptian sportsmen in boats on the river Nile accompanied by large cats, sitting on their haunches in the stern. Other pictures show the cats swimming with birds in their mouths after the manner of retriever dogs. These pictures have greatly perplexed modern naturalists because the cat of today has a strong aversion to water, and it is difficult to reconcile such different traits even after the lapse of thousands of years.

Lavish Entertainments.

In the palmy days of the French monarchy sumptuous entertainments of royalty were not uncommon. To entertain a queen for a week the Comte d'Artois rebuilt, rearranged and refurbished his castle from threshold to turret, employing 900 workmen day and night. The Marshal de Soubise received Louis XV. as his guest for a day and night at a cost of \$80,000. "I hear," said his majesty to the marshal, who owed millions, "that you are in debt." "I will inquire of my steward and inform your majesty," replied the host, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

Our Paper Money.

The man who is ever ready to bet on anything said suddenly to a group of members of the club, "I'll bet a case of catchup to a bottle of curry powder that there isn't a man in the party that can name the denominations of United States paper money." All lost, and all were abashed when he mentioned \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000. Most men are unaccustomed to handling notes above \$100, and few ever saw one of \$10,000.—New York Press.

Food Alters Animals.

It is surprising how circumstances alter animals. The savages of the Amazon region feed the common green parrot for generations with the fat of certain fishes, thus causing it to become beautifully variegated with red and yellow feathers. In like manner the natives of the Malay archipelago, by a process of feeding, change the talkative lory into the gorgeous king lory.

The Manager Realizes It.

"There is something elevating in music," said the artist.

"Yes," answered the manager. "Music certainly has the effect of stimulating lofty ideals as to salary."—Washington Star.

It was to combat and expose quacks and fools that laughter was invented.—Thackeray.

Any person attending a spiritualistic seance in Bohemia is liable to a fine of 100.—Prague News.



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60 different games.

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Notices under this heading 5 cents per line each insertion. Among reading matter, 10 cents per line each insertion.

All kinds of heavy hardware and wagon wood stock at E. Breuklander's.

The Red Front Merc. Co. carry a complete line of sporting goods.

Good fresh Meat and Lard at Stetters Meat Market. 26

I am now ready to take orders for fine Knit Underwear for ladies and children. Mrs. Elmore. 36

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One brown yearling horse colt branded, 15 on left hip.

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A Wonderful Trans-Pacific Journey of Six Months via

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE AND ITS CONNECTIONS

In line with its well known policy of development of trans-continental and trans-Pacific travel, the Chicago & North-Western Railway is now organizing a personally conducted round-the-world tour, to leave Chicago in October, visiting Hawaii, Japan, China, The Straits Settlements, Ceylon, India and Egypt, returning via the usual European points of interest on the way home.

The party will be most admirably provided for en route. The railway trip will be made on luxurious fast trains through the great Mississippi Valley over "the only double track railway between Chicago and the Mississippi River," and west via Denver and through the mountain wonderland of Colorado and Utah. The trip across the Pacific will be on one of the magnificent new Pacific Mail Co's steamers.

This trans-Pacific traffic has grown to such proportions that the service has been improved and elaborated until in many respects it is said to vie with that found on the finest trans-Atlantic greyhounds.

The trans-Pacific route is the coming highway over which American pleasure seekers will travel for recreation and sightseeing. Hawaii, Japan, China, Australia and our own Philippine possessions are full of interest and the number of visitors to these faraway lands increases with the increased facilities for travel.

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Try for Health

222 South Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Surgeon Dumber

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

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

John Nicholson, Dentist.

Will be in Valentine on the 20, 21, 22 and 23rd of each month. Reserve your work for him. Office at Donohoe House.

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Examination Third Saturday of each month and Friday preceding.

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