

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA.

In order to acquire wealth a capitalist must keep plugging away.

From the epicure's point of view fine feathers do not make fine birds.

John D. Rockefeller declares that he is opposed to all strikes—not oil strikes.

A man needn't brag of the fact that he never kicks about anything. Maybe he's ossified.

Japan is sending troops to Korea, but reassures the world by explaining that it is only for exercise.

Despite reports of prosperity many persons throughout the country are so poor they still play the piano by hand.

It appears that the original Goelet made his fortune in the glue business. But this isn't what is causing the future duchess to be stuck up.

The professor who has discovered that peanuts contain more nutrition than porterhouse steak will be taken care of by the Butchers' Union.

The Czar is reported to be sleeping in the safe again. This must be the "open season" for Czars over in Russia.

In view of the historical facts the remarks of the Russian press about "Japan's aggressive schemes against Russia" might properly go into the joke column.

For the novelty of the thing, why doesn't some one suggest that billiard rooms, ball rooms, card rooms and gymnasiums should have churches in connection with them?

Why wouldn't it be a good plan for the gentlemen who are trying to make their trotters go it in less than two minutes to have a strong, serviceable system of suction pumps rigged up around the tracks?

The statement of a medical journal that the American people are "suffering from an excessive meat diet," is a new version. The popular belief has been that the suffering was caused by the excessive price of meat.

Handsomely engraved certificates of stock may fall in value, but the real values of the country's wealth are not impaired. The loss of a speculator is merely a transfer to another speculator. The sum of wealth is neither increased nor diminished by such transactions.

Beatrice Fairfax says she has her ideal of manly beauty, and it is this: a face charming in its quiet strength and earnestness, the mouth firm but almost womanly in its sweetness, the eyes steady and true, the brow broad and benevolent, the head shapely and well poised and a voice of liquid gold, capable of every shade of feeling, from stern anger to melting sweetness. Somebody has been telling Beatrice all about us! Who has done this?

The apple is the most democratic of all fruits. The pomegranate is priestly; the grape is royal; the orange is luxurious; the peach and pear are plutocratic, but the apple belongs to the populace. It is symbolic of the country store and the corner grocery. It breathes the free spirit of the American township and village. It has a flavor of old New England and yet a pungency as of the south and middle west. It is mild, palatable, nourishing and promotive of good fellowship and long life.

A new cure for obesity flourishes in Paris. Stout persons are instructed to begin by "trotting leisurely" for fifteen minutes, morning and evening, gradually prolonging the time until they can keep going for half an hour or more. Athletes have long known the value of such exercise as a means of reducing flesh; but they complement it with a "training table," and that does not seem to figure in the French system. Unless the Parisians keep watch over the appetites that exercise will foster, their enthusiasm will melt, one fears, sooner than their "too, too solid flesh."

The Duke of Richmond is dead. He was a very ordinary duke. Take away his title, good clothes and monocle and you couldn't spot him in a crowd. Every year he drew a pension of \$95,000, indirectly, but none the less surely, he taxed the people of Great Britain that amount. It was a public burden. Had he done anything for the people? Nothing. Nor had his father, nor his grandfather. The pension runs back to the time of King Charles II, and was granted for services to a Duke of Richmond, and all the Dukes of Richmond that might come after, world without end, amen. Through times of public calamity, when ships were closed and 100,000 men, women and children begged for food in the streets of London, a Duke of Richmond was drawing \$95,000 a year. When the crops failed and the farmers were hungry; when the best blood of Great Britain marched away to the wars, and millions were being added to the public debt, \$95,000 a year went into the pockets of a Duke of Richmond. They say the English are stupid; that they can't see the point of a joke with the aid of a telescope. It isn't stupidity. It is worse than that. They love

their ills and their burdens. They are bound in fetters of precedent. A title looks as big as it did 500 years ago. The average Britisher doesn't preach equality, because he doesn't believe in equality. He ducks his head and says, "God save the King," even when his stomach is hollow and his pockets empty. He seems to enjoy being plundered so long as the hand in his wallet is hitched to a lord. He isn't ready for liberty. The chances are that centuries will pass before he discovers that God made men in his image, and that men made kings. If you don't believe it, think of the \$95,000 a year that is still going to a Duke of Richmond.

Correspondents of a family paper published in Scotland are discussing the relative rewards of girls who work at home and those employed outside. The girls who help their mothers in the housework complain that, although teachers have a long summer holiday, and girls in shops and offices get a week's or a fortnight's vacation, frequently with salary, the "housework girl" is expected to keep at work the year round. Again it is asserted that the girl who stays at home has to work harder and longer than the one who takes a situation in which the hours are specified. Above all, it is charged that the housework girl receives less consideration from the family than those who are "bringing in money"—that no one seems to realize that she saves her household the wages which otherwise might have to be paid to a servant. Elderly contributors to the discussion, who wish, apparently, to reconcile the housework girl to her position, have pointed out that she will make a better wife than the girl who has had no experience in the management of a household. But to this the complainants have retorted that their opportunities to marry are comparatively limited, anyway, because the sisters who are employed outside the home have so many more chances to meet eligible young men. Such a discussion might easily become general and continuous, for American as well as Scotch girls are directly interested in it, and arguments on both sides abound. Yet when all is said the fact remains that no one can determine for another whether she personally should make herself useful in the home or seek employment elsewhere. The question is not so much one of advantages to be gained as it is of duty to be done.

There is no doubt that we are a "one-sided" race. Mentally and physically we are one-sided. We get on one side of a question and we cling to it with bulldog tenacity. And this is not said in disparagement of the race. The world has little use for a two-sided man or for a "straddler"—the man who gets on both sides of a proposition at once. We want a man to take one side of a proposition, to have a reason for it, and to "stand pat." This is the mark of individuality. It was the physical one-sidedness of the race, however, that occupied the attention of President Mrs. Liada R. Wade of the Western Dress-makers' Association in her address to the association at the opening session of its convention in St. Louis. She said: "Not once in five years have I found a woman among my customers who was not one-sided in some way. Perhaps it is one hip that is higher, one arm that is longer, one shoulder that is more developed, one side that is longer—there is always something that is not perfect." What Mrs. Wade says of women is equally true of men. It is a rare thing to find a physically perfect man—a man who is not one-sided all the way through. This is accounted for by the fact that not less than 90 per cent of the human family are right-handed. As a rule, if a child shows any tendency toward ambidexterity or toward the use of the left hand more than the right his parents immediately take measures to check it and to teach him to use the right hand for most of his physical tasks. In this way we have become a one-sided race. The right arm is stronger and better developed than the left arm. The same is true of the right hip, the right shoulder, the right leg. The only difference between the sexes in this regard is in the greater genius of the woman for correcting this defect through resort to the skillful devices of the dressmaker.

What Mrs. Booth Has Done. Prisoners need friendship, and the touch of human sympathy far more than preaching or argument. We followed up personal interviews with correspondence. It was wonderful how the hearts of the men were touched and opened to us. In no field have I found a quicker or deeper response to the message delivered, and there has certainly been time to prove that this is not a mere passing emotion or revival enthusiasm, but a deep, lasting work.

As men began to take the decisive step and declare their intention to lead different lives, it became evident that organization would be wise to band them together and make them show their colors in a way that would strengthen and safeguard them. To meet this need we started the V. P. L., or Volunteer Prison League. Since the league was started, of the \$6,000 men now behind prison walls in the United States, 14,000 have been enrolled under our flag.—Leslie's Monthly.

Minneapolis Is Scandinavian. Minneapolis is the second largest Scandinavian city.

Tanning by X-Rays. The first application of X-rays to industry is in tanning leather.

Women's Doings.

The Patchwork Quilt. I ain't given much to dolls, and I like the Lord's own way Of turning our eyes upward when we go so far astray As to dote and keep a-doting on the things that fade and wilt, But somehow, spite of conscience, I love a patchwork quilt.

I pieced this one up the winter that Tom went off to fight; I could stand it through the daytime, but as soon as it came night All the horrid scenes of battle right before my eyes would flit, So I went to setting patchwork, just to ease my mind a bit.

When I come to choose a pattern, I picked out "the letter T," Not because it was so handsome, but it stands for Tom, you see; And it was a little comfort, in those days so dark and cold, To have even that much of him which my hand could grasp and hold.

Now I see old friends and neighbors coming through this patchwork door—Smiling at me 'bove the pieces like the dresses that they wore; And their faces look familiar, but those have a brighter glow That have come from that good country where the heavenly flowers grow.

There is grandma in a gingham that I loved to see her wear As she sat serenely knitting in her big old-fashioned chair; Aunt Maria comes a-singing, and her dress of cherry red Is no brighter than the sunshine that her hopeful spirit shed.

Now I see some little children dancing up and down the quilt—This was one of Lucy's dresses, the Highland plaid was Bertie's kilt; And those tiny dots and figures were my little Annie's frocks—Oh, blessed thoughts and feelings sewed together with these blocks!

There are other things we treasure that can speak of days gone by; Other things that set us thinking, make us laugh, and make us cry; But of all the dear reminders ever shaped or ever built, There's nothing beats the story of a good old patchwork quilt. —Sara A. Davis in Boston Journal.

Care of Canary. It makes one's heart ache to think how few people out of the thousands who keep pet canaries understand the proper care of them. The suffering imposed on these tiny creatures by the carelessness and ignorance of their owners is often very great.

The commonest mistake made is to feed the canary on bits from the table, bread, vegetables, eggs, and so forth. This makes it too fat and invokes many other evils. Ordinary seed, with a little plain oatmeal occasionally, will keep it in good condition. A very little hard-boiled egg given once in a long, long time may be beneficial, especially in the moulting season.

Another serious mistake is to hang the cage close to a window. There never was a window frame so well fitted as not to admit draught, and exposure to this draught means asthma, with all the suffering for the bird. Next in horror is the custom of suspending the cage very high up, so that all the poisonous gases and vitiated air of a room artificially heated and lit ascend to it.

As a matter of fact, canaries thrive best in a cool atmosphere, though care must be taken not to expose them to bitter cold. If kept in a warm room they always become sick. Given fresh, cool air, plenty of light, protection from draught, and the plain diet indicated, they will repay their owners well continuous song.

Do not neglect to supply the daily bath, which is essential to keep down parasites, keep the cages clean and supplied with fresh gravel.

Object of the Home. The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates, rather than extreme tidiness and the preservation of the furniture, is first considered. The object of the home is to be the center, the pivot on which the family life turns. The first requisite is to make it so attractive that none of its members shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end and no effort spared that can contribute to this purpose.

There are many houses called homes, kept with such waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, that are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care; solid comfort.

But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on the floor or wall, or a bit of thread or paper on the floor, rush at it as if it were the seed of pestilence, which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part or any combination of circumstances against them they fall into a pathetic despair and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needed at home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon immaculateness of any sort increases until

they become slaves of the broom and dustpan. Neatness is one thing and a state of perpetual housecleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Hence chairs and sofas are covered and rooms shut up, save for special occasions, when they are permitted to reveal their violated sacredness in a manner that mars every pretense of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Far better is the plainest furniture of which the children can climb than satin and damask, which must be viewed with reverence. When any thing is reserved or secluded, it disguises the fact is extremely difficult. A chilly air wraps it round, and the repulsion of strangeness is experienced by the most insensible.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.—Cooking School.

The Girl Who Knows How. "There's such a thing as being too smart," sighed the ambitious girl. "It's really a misfortune to have the reputation of being able to do things, for the one who possesses the knack of doing anything, from millinery to scrubbing, is almost sure to be imposed upon."

It is true that such a girl is apt to be overworked by her friends, who, seeing the deft fingers work so quickly, are too forgetful of the strength used in gratifying their requests to "Just help me out of this, dear, you do it so beautifully."

However, says a writer in an exchange, I believe in teaching girls to do everything that they are likely to need to know in every-day life or emergencies, and I am not like the mother who would not teach her girls how to cook, believing that if they didn't know how they wouldn't have to do.

But with all the rest of the knowledge impress upon the girls a regard for their own strength, and the power to say no when the nerves cry out that the limit of healthful endurance is reached.

For Clean Comforters. Many housewives complain about washing bed-comforters, as the cotton gets stiff and lumpy. I never wash a bed-comforter. Make a slip of pretty calico or sateen the same size as the comforter, just as you would make a pillow-slip; hem the open end, and when finished have it about two inches longer than the comforter. Now slip it over the comforter, fold the hems over each other, and baste down with long stitches; the other three sides tack to position about four inches from the edge. When soiled it is but the work of a few minutes to take off the slip, and after it is laundered it is quickly replaced. By doing this one can always have soft and clean comforters. It is no extra expense, as the slip saves wear and tear on the comforters and makes them almost everlasting. I also have slips on my mattresses.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Woman of Nerve. Miss Gordon-Cumming was born with an adventurous strain in her blood and has explored many places out of usual lines of travel. She has rambled thousands of miles in China, was the first white woman to penetrate the mysteries of Tibet; has seen the sun rise from the granite crags of California, has climbed the Himalayas, looked on the fire fountains of Hawaii, played at Robinson Crusoe on Pacific Islands, has made herself quite at home in the heart of Fiji and New Zealand, and is as familiar with India and Ceylon in their least-known districts as with Bond street. The story of her adventures reads like a thrilling romance—from her brushes with death among the Pamirs to her experiences of Samoan rebels.

Woman's Success at the Bar. It was twenty years ago that women were first admitted to the bar in Massachusetts. To-day there are only forty or so in active practice throughout the State. Their success in office work and in probate matters has been unquestioned, and although they have not turned their attention to pleading the high ability they have shown in promoting the legal interests of their clients has given them an unquestioned rank with men in the State bar. Their admission as lawyers, which was made possible by legislative enactment in 1882, has certainly done no harm.

Cure for Colds. An excellent remedy that the Germans use for curing a cold is the yolk of an egg beaten in a pint of water, a little butter, three lumps of sugar and a tablespoonful of whiskey. When it begins to boil pour it back and forth from one saucer to another until smooth and frothy; allow it to cool, then take a teaspoonful every half hour.

GIRLS PLEASE DON'T—

Undertake to read aloud unless your pronunciation is correct. Eat as though you regarded the act the chief aim of life. Think men take your pedantic utterances with any seriousness.

Fail to keep at a distance the man who flatters all the time. Believe the youth who prates about his high social position.

Mention the name of men when in a crowded assembly. Drag your religious views to the front where there is no excuse therefor.

Say alleged smart things to a man unless sure of your ground.

Profess to know more than you really do when in the company of men.

Take up learned subjects for discussion on because men are your auditors.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Reads Like a Miracle. Friarspoint, Miss., Nov. 30.—The Butler case still continues to be the talk of the town. Mr. G. L. Butler, the father of the little boy, says: "The doctor said my boy had disease of the spinal chord, and treated him for two months, during which he got worse all the time. Finally, the doctor told me he did not know what was the trouble. The boy would wake up during the night and say that he was dying. He would be nervous and trembling and would want to run from the house, saying he saw ugly things which frightened him. After we had tried everything else, I read an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I purchased some and used them until he had taken altogether eight boxes, when he was sound and well with not a single symptom of the old trouble. This was some months ago, and I feel sure that he is permanently cured. We owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for his restoration to good health."

Could Appreciate It. Hostess—"I have been told that the Russians never touch food nor drink without making the sign of the cross."

Traveler—"Well, there are some Russian drinks, and a good many Russian dishes, that I wouldn't touch without making the sign of the cross and saying my prayers too."

Reasonably Certain—"I understand old Skinfitt has got religion."

"It's possible."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well, if Skinfitt and religion have come together at all I think it is safe to say that he has got religion. There certainly is nothing to indicate that religion has got him."

The Beggar's Advice.—Smith (seeing beggar bearing sign reading "Deaf and Dumb")—"I'd like to help this poor fellow, but I don't know how to tell whether he is really deaf and dumb."

Beggar (softly)—"Read the sign, mister; read the sign.—Indianapolis Journal.

Really a Serious Matter. Actor—"Hurry or we'll miss the train."

Actress—"I can't find my diamonds or my purse."

"Oh well, never mind."

"Yes, but the purse had ten dollars in it."

Kansas is having trouble with weeds just now. The Kansas City Journal says that the Prossa branch railroad has almost gone out of business because of them.

Another Life Saved.



Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak. I was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and later all the other symptoms left me."

For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Knew Human Nature. "I came to the city to attend to some details of the World's Fair matters," said ex-Governor W. D. Hoard "but I brought a new story with me. A teacher, in one of our schools had treated long and faithfully to her class, until she had thoroughly drilled into it the idea that, when a man has two wives it is bigamy; when he exceeds two it becomes polygamy; while to have but one is monogamy.

"Next day, while the directors were present, she held an examination and asked a boy the following questions: "What is it when a man has two wives?" "Bigamy." "What is it when he has more than two?" "Polygamy." "What is it when he has only one?"

"Monotony" the urchin shouted, proving that his knowledge of married life was not confined to the classroom."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS 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. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

LIMITS OF DELSARTE Friend—"Does the Delsarte system teach you how to act when proposed to?"

Bride—"Yes; I studied that part carefully."

"Did you use it?"

"I used it with three or four whom I rejected and I did it beautifully. I know; but when dear Tom proposed I forgot all about it."

Its Bound to Come—"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, he will find him. So what's the difference?"—Philadelphia Press.

Professor Dunbar of Hamburg claims to have discovered the poison in the pollen of flowers which causes hay fever and also its antidote.

Advertisement for Castoria. Includes text: '900 DROPS CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.'