

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

We are all tools of Chance, generally with loose handles.

It is impossible to please the woman who doesn't know what she wants.

They say the Kaiser wants to annex South America, and the little girl once declared that she must have the moon.

Chauncey Depew has written an article advising young men to marry. He doesn't say anything about old men marrying.

The most cheering literary note of the day is that Poet Laureate Austin is throwing all of his poor poetry into the waste basket.

Miss Goelet wore the Roxburghe emeralds at her wedding. The other party to the transaction had his pockets full of Goelet rocks.

A Kansas farmer complains because he paid \$5,000 for a gold brick and found it worth only 50 cents. Doesn't he count experience worth anything?

With the hay at \$130 per ton and beefsteak \$7.50 a pound in Dawson, why don't the people there try living on prunes awhile? Prunes are always cheap.

Perhaps the United States will be permitted to exercise its choice as to whether it will have Poulney Bigelow's war with Germany or Professor Small's. We could hardly be expected to stand for both.

We are now informed that Russia and Japan have come to terms—the Czar gets Manchuria and the Mikado captures Korea. This will give the bear an opportunity to rest up for another mouthful of China.

The Jory of a man, who, after being speechless for two years, was cured by chewing tobacco is going the rounds of the press. It is all right, but loss of speech is a very rare disease; what will cure an excess of loquacity?

A New York divine says that society is indifferent toward vice, and does not care to raise its hand to drive it out. There is a well-established rule in America that no person is to be compelled to give incriminating evidence.

The women should complain less about their lot in life. After they have eaten a big Sunday dinner they have to bustle around and do the dishes, and this activity is good for their health. A man, having no dishes to do, gets sluggish sitting around and becomes miserable. We fear that the women do not appreciate all their advantages over the men.

Young Mr. Rockefeller recently found some resistance in his Bible class to the plea that a person might be very rich and still not be without passports to the blisses of eternity. Mr. Rockefeller, however, did not apply the supreme test. He did not ask if anybody would accept a snug fortune "off-hand" and take chances beyond this "vale of tears."

Large corporations are responsible for an ill departure that is attracting wide attention. Many of them have undertaken to suppress drinking, cigarette-smoking, gambling and other habits declared to be objectionable and yet common with their employes. The movement is especially strong in the West, and the prospect is for its spread until most of the great employing concerns are involved.

Most merchants will sell anything if there be profit in it. Not so one of our leading manufacturers of shoes. For philanthropic reasons only and to his considerable loss, he has recently taken patent leather shoes off his list. "Patent leather is practically air-proof," he says in defense. "It prevents the foot from breathing and is the direct cause of untold misery. I shall no longer be a particeps criminis in the production of corms and those awful enlargements over the metatarsal phalangeal joint of the great toe, known commonly as bunions, or inflammation of the bursa."

While the people are often apathetic and careless in the exercise of their electoral prerogatives as the real rulers of the state, they are never indifferent to a champion of sterling fiber who takes the field as a determined and sincere crusader against political immorality. History has again and again exemplified the popularity of such moral heroes. They have been carried on the resistless waves of public acclaim to the highest places within the gift of the people. What the American people especially detest is a coward or time-server or a trimmer. What they admire more than anything else and delight to honor is a man so destitute of fear and so distinctly inimical to all manifestations of dishonesty as to make him the active foe of every abuse that can vitiate popular government. There is never a moment when there is not a chance for a strong, single-hearted man to make a bare distinction by holding up for public decency and insisting upon its practice in the management of public affairs.

What this country needs is a fixed, stable market price for kisses, or at least as near a fixed price as possible. It is true, of course, that one kiss differeth from another kiss in glory,

but not to the extent indicated by the preposterous prices put on kisses by those who have the goods to deliver. Kisses have been known to range in sums demanded from a few dollars far into the thousands—in the one case as absurdly small as in the other ridiculously large. Now here is Miss Stitt who thinks that Mr. Darby should pay her \$25,000 for a single kiss. If she had asked the price before the kiss was taken she might have received it, for any man of experience will tell Miss Stitt that the value of a kiss dwindles amazingly after it has been sampled, and \$25,000 for a fleeting, vanishing, evaporatory kiss is as unjust as the usual restaurant price of an omelet souffle, which it closely resembles. This is why we say that the ladies should get together and agree on a rational sum—not entirely prohibitory, but still large enough to make a man pause and reflect before he rushes into the expense. The statutes should then provide the penalty and see that it is enforced. A kiss is a species of intoxication, and the best man is likely to succumb to its allurements. He should be punished, but always with discrimination, with charity and with a reformatory purpose.

We have fallen into the way of excusing and condoning wrong doing on the score of heredity and environment. Inherited helplessness has taken the place of original sin. "Only lately," complains the London Spectator, in an elaborate article on this subject, "we heard a scoundrel excused on the ground that he had a bad uncle." "A mental twist" is another favorite excuse. It is considered to satisfactorily account for anything from a violent temper, incurable laziness, or inveterate lying, to a mere disregard of ordinary manners; and for the reality of an eccentric grandfather is accepted as ample explanation. There is no question that there is a good deal in heredity, a good deal in environment, to shape one's course and condition; but in 99 cases in 100 there is a good deal more direct force and influence for good or ill in the child's home. It is easy for parents to put the responsibility back a generation or two, or sidetrack it to some collateral branch, but the larger share of responsibility is usually in the child's own home. If there be a good father and a good mother there, the grandfather's faults and shortcomings may lie buried with him. The other day in Kentucky two boys, neither over 17 and neither having the characteristic traits that mark the fixed criminal, were hanged for murder. They were deserving of death—their crime was fiendish beyond description. Yet they were but victims, not of bad uncles or eccentric grandfathers, or general environments, but of parents who failed to act their part and to make home what it ought to be. Every day, in every city in the world, children have to be dealt with for the sins of their parents. It is impossible, of course, for people to be perfect in their attitude as parents, as it is impossible for them to be perfect in anything else; but there is no excuse for the failures, worse than criminal, that are so common. For children who are orphaned the whole world warms with sympathy. But for the many more children worse than orphaned—the children of incompetent parents—the world has prisons and gallows. Heredity and environment have influence upon every life; but there is little of that influence, if it be bad, that the home cannot correct and overcome if it be what home should be.

Neckwear to Order.
"Neckwear made to order" is the sign hanging in the window of a conservative and high-priced haberdashery. As this establishment used to impose its own fashions on customers the new sign seemed a remarkable concession to the taste of purchasers as opposed to the modes which the store provided.
"We have to do it to save ourselves trouble," one of the clerks explained. "Men used to be content to buy the kind of ties we showed them. But now the men out of ten have their own ideas as to how they want scarfs made. One man wants a narrow scarf and the other a broad one. Some would be delighted to take a scarf if the material were only made in a different form. The upshot of it is the sale of special-made ties and the neglect of the stock already made up, and we are obliged to satisfy any man, however cranky he may be about what he puts around his neck."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Unpleasant Predicament.
It is related that on one cold night ex-President Cleveland, who used to fish and hunt a good deal in the Barnegat Bay district, got lost. He wandered through the mud and rain and darkness for more than two hours, but not a light nor a road could be seen. At last he struck a narrow lane and in due course a house appeared. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired. So he banged at the door till a window of the second floor went up and a gruff voice said:
"Who are you?"
"A friend," said Mr. Cleveland meekly.
"What do you want?"
"To stay here all night."
"Stay here, then." And the window descended with a bang, leaving Mr. Cleveland no alternative but to move on.

Many a woman imagines that her troubles are due to the fact that she is misunderstood.
In what particular is a girl whose wedding is kept a secret any better off than an old maid?

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"I saw two men on horseback near the dead angle at Kennesaw," said George Drake, of Clinton, Iowa. "The Eighty-fifth Illinois led the charge June 27, formed in close order as skirmishers along the full brigade front, and I was one of the skirmishers. I was in Company K, on the left of the line, and went close to the rebel works, gay, with twenty-five feet. As we were firing I noticed two officers on horseback very near me. One rode a white horse and the other a dark chestnut. The one on the white horse was General Harker, I am sure. Turning to me he asked, 'What command is this?' and when I answered, 'McCook's brigade,' he turned behind me and rode at a gallop to the left.

"At the same time the man on the chestnut horse turned back to the right, and I saw neither one after that. I remember distinctly the officer on the white horse. He was the most conspicuous on the field, and he was within thirty feet of the rebel works. I remember that I thought at the time that the riding of a white horse in such a charge was an example of the finest courage, and that it was like Harker. The officer on the dark chestnut horse went in a direction to bring him in line with the officer seen by Major Eakin, of the Confederate regiment in our front. Harker, it is known, was killed to our left and rear. My theory is that in the tumult of the charge he had ridden a little to the right of his brigade, and that in going across to his own men he was shot. But, after all, who was the officer on the dark chestnut horse seen by myself and the rebels defending the works?"

"I notice that a good many men are still in doubt as to the utility of the bayonet and seem reluctant to believe there were any hand-to-hand conflicts during the war. There was one at Jonesboro, in which one bayonet was used effectively. Our brigade had charged a battery and the men were among the guns when one of the rebel gunners running back to his gun was just in the act of firing it when a man of the Seventy-eighth Illinois took in the situation. There was a cluster of twenty men directly in front of that gun and a pull of the string meant death to most of them. The rebel had been ordered to surrender and the men near the gun supposed he had surrendered, when he changed his mind and decided to give us one more shot for luck.

"It was a brave thing to do, but it was a terrible thing for us and required quick action. My comrade of the Seventy-eighth Illinois was as quick as a flash of lightning, it seemed to me. He thrust at the man in a way to push him back from the gun, and his bayonet went clear through the rebel's body. We left him, as we supposed, dead, but at a later date I found him in one of our hospitals at Atlanta, by the side of one of our own men, wounded the same day. He got well, and if he is living to-day he knows that bayonets were used during the war in a very reckless way."

"There was another hand-to-hand tussle in the fight on the Sand Town road in the Atlanta campaign. We charged the rebel works and climbed on top just as 'he rebels fired a volley. The bullets went over our heads and the next minute we looked down on the Louisiana Tigers with empty guns in their hands. All our men had held their fire and we thrust the muzzles of our rifles in the very faces of the men below us and demanded them to surrender. Some few attempting to push the guns away were shot, but the most of them surrendered without ceremony. As one of them said, they knew their time had come and that the question of surrendering was not open to debate."

"I had some doubts," said the sergeant, "about hand-to-hand struggles during the first year of the war. Our regiment did good work at Shiloh, but didn't come to close quarters with the enemy. We made our mark at Perryville, but not at close range, and I wondered if any battle was fought in which men strove against each other within reach of bayonet or sword. At Stone River we charged at a run against a rebel line. I expected the old thing to happen, and the enemy to break. I shook from head to foot as I saw the rebels start on a run and at a charge bayonets to meet us. I could see the hair and eyes and facial expression of the rebels as they came steadily and swiftly toward us.

"I could see a short man making his legs do their best, and a long-legged fellow in advance. I felt this thing couldn't go on without bayonet striking bayonet, and without the lines crashing together. The crash came sooner than I expected, and not quite in the way I expected. About half of our men went through or over the rebel line, some of us coming down on our heads and others on their feet. It was undignified and confusing, and when we turned we found men in gray standing back to back fighting both ways. There was little or no shooting, but a giving and taking of hard blows and a good deal of rough-and-tumble scuffling. Finally one of the rebels shouted: 'What's the use? Why in thunder don't somebody ask us to surrender?' Thereupon all our fellows shouted 'Surrender!' and down went the muskets of the rebels caught be-

tween our lines.
"There wasn't an unbruised man in our company, but we felt like birds when the rebels threw down their guns and shed their cartridge boxes and belts. They went to the rear, and we went slam-bang into another rebel line, which, yielding at first, rallied and drove us back. Then we rushed them and broke their line, and I never felt happier in my life than when I saw the men in gray scamper away into the cedars. At Chickamauga we waited for the rebels to charge, and they broke us all up. Some of our boys were so completely knocked out that they ran a mile like scared horses, in the belief that the whole army had been routed and that the only thing to do was to get off the field. Then they slowed up, came to their senses, turned and ran the other way, and, falling in anywhere, fought like wildcats to the end, crashing at odd times into the rebel lines with the devil-may-care insolence of football players in a tussle.

"I remember well," said the captain, "when the re-enforcements for Thomas came up late on the 20th of September. Some of the regiments came at a run on a scene of excitement and confusion, wherein lines seemed inextricably tangled. As the men of the arriving regiments stood a minute waiting for orders one of them, looking up to our regiment, posted on a ridge, said, after the manner of one farmer talking across a fence to another: 'All snarled up, ain't you? What's Old Pap Thomas trying to do?' One of our boys, glancing down in a neighborly way, replied: 'He is trying to drive the Johnnies back, and he is very particular about it. He wants to hold these roads.' Then, as the waiting regiment moved off to take position, the man who had asked the question said, in an easy, unexcited way: 'You tell Old Pap the roads are his. And if he sees anything else he wants just let him mention it.' And in ten minutes that regiment was climbing a hill in the face of the enemy's fire. Years after the war I heard General Thomas say that such conversations encouraged and comforted him, because they showed the men in the ranks were taking things coolly."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Frolics in Camp.
"I was in a New Jersey regiment," said the doctor, "and in the winter of 1863 we were camped at Fairview with three regiments of Vermont troops. Our regiment was newer than the others, and was nearly as strong in numbers as the three Vermont regiments. We were camped on the slope of a hill, and the Volunteers above us nearer the summit. The camp was a beautiful one and camp life very pleasant. When a heavy snow came the Vermonters challenged us to a snow fight, and we accepted. We organized under field officers as did the Vermonters, and we fully believed we could charge up the hill and drive them out of their camp. "We made the charge. We went up in good shape. Snowballs flew as thick as bullets at Gettysburg. But the Vermonters were old snow fighters. They not only stopped our charge, but drove us back down the hill. After that whenever we passed the Vermont regiments the men would shout, 'Hunt your holes, Jerseys.' At last our boys determined to get even. Some of the men killed a large dog, skinned and dressed the carcass, and hung it up in plain sight of the Vermont camp. We made a show of putting guards about it, knowing the Vermonters, supposing the carcass to be that of a sheep, would attempt to steal it. The plan was to let them have it, and when they made their raid, our guards were not alert and the dog carcass was carried off.

"We awaited developments in a state of wild expectancy, and our spies reported that the Vermonters suspecting no trick were on the point of dividing the carcass among several messes. Before this was done, however, the character of the meat was discovered and the carcass was thrown away. After that whenever a man of our regiment met a Vermont soldier he would whistle, and when the Jerseyman passed the Vermonters on the march or in line all the former would whistle and all the latter would shout, 'Hunt your holes, Jerseys.' Whenever I hear a whistle on the street now I think of the frolics the Jerseymen had in war time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Spectator's Martial Enthusiasm.
The following is told by a New Yorker who wears a Grand Army badge:
"The boys of the 10th supported Cothran's Battery at Antietam. At about the hottest of the fight the enemy massed themselves opposite our front, for an assault on Cothran's position. The battery was short of ammunition, and so reserved their fire, while throughout the whole field there was a lull in the tumult. The Confederates advanced in a solid mass with a precision of movement perfectly beautiful. It was a moment which tried the nerves of the bravest. In the meantime one of our lads, becoming quite interested in the affair, climbed a high rock where he could view the whole scene. He occupied his place unmindful of the bullets which were buzzing like bees around us. The Confederates came on until we could see their faces, and then Cothran poured the canister into them. The advancing column was literally torn to pieces by them. Our friend on the rock became frantic in his demonstrations of delight, and as one of the battery sent a shrapnel which mowed down a long row of Johnnies he swung his cap, and shouting so that the flying Confederates could hear him, sung out:

"Bull-e-e-e. Set 'em up on the other alley!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GOOD Short Stories

Colonel C. G. Halpine sometimes made his stammer tributary to his wit, as when, upon Mrs. Stowe's going abroad in 1853, on a supposed mission to collect funds for the anti-slavery cause, he nicknamed her, first among his friends, and afterward, in print: "Harriet Beseecher Be-Stowe."

It is related that, on one occasion, Boss Tweed, of New York, was standing with a group in the Mayor's office, when a large diamond, as big as a strawberry, rolled upon the floor. Some one of the group picked it up and passed it around to find its owner. "Not mine," said one after another. Tweed fumbled with his garments for a minute, then reached for the stone. "It must be mine," he said; "I see I have lost one of my suspender buttons."

It once happened when "Faust" was being acted, that the corpulent person who was playing the title role stuck fast in the trap door, being therefore unable to comply with Mephistopheles's final injunction to descend to the fiery regions. Mephistopheles tried to pull in the pause with interposed stage business, but still Faust stuck where he was. A dead pause followed, broken by the kindly encouragement of one gallery god to a friend: "Larry, my boy, there's luck for us all. Sure this place is full!"

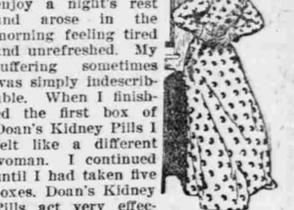
Leschetizky, the Russian composer, was an instructor in the imperial institute for young women at Smolna. Some of the pupils of the institute, girl-like, had complained of the quality of their food, and rumors of their complaint reached the ears of the Emperor, who ordered the Duke of Oldenburg, president of Smolna, to look into the matter. "I was not very fond of his excellency," says Leschetizky; "he was a man of sour disposition—thin, quick and angular in his movements, with little, blinking, beady black eyes that took note of every thing; and his nose in everybody's business. The Emperor's command was no sooner issued that Oldenburg started for Smolna, arriving just at dinner-time. Stationing himself not far from the kitchen, he awaited the passage of the soldiers on duty in the dining room. Presently two went by, carrying a soup tureen. 'Set that down on the floor and fetch me a spoon,' thundered the duke. The soldiers looked up in evident surprise, but, too well disciplined to speak except in answer to a question, obeyed; then stood submissively awaiting further orders. The duke, wearing a severely critical expression of face, dipped the spoon in the gray, murky liquid, but had no sooner touched it to his lips than he angrily rejected it, shrieking, 'Why is this dishwater?' 'As your highness says,' answered the terrified soldiers, 'and so it was—dishwater being carried away in a cast-off soap-tureen, used for washing knives and forks.'

Good One on the Doctor.
The novelist Thomas A. Janvier has lived for a number of years in France, and has collected many folk tales and anecdotes of the French peasantry.
"I heard a story of a physician the other day," Mr. Janvier said recently. "He was a physician of Provence, and one morning, stopping his gig, he entered into condescending talk with a tombstone-maker.
"While the talk went on the tombstone man did not cease to work. He had a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other. He was carving upon his tomb the words, 'Sacred to the Memory of—' and the rest he would leave blank.
"This proceeding for some reason amused the physician. Watching the stonecutter, he laughed heartily.
"Why," said the other, "do you laugh?"
"Because your way of work amuses me, the physician said. 'Do you always cut out your headstones the beginning of the obituary and then wait?'
"No," said the stonecutter, 'not all ways. When there is some one sick and you are treating him I keep right on.'—Los Angeles Times.

Most Famous Lights.
No lighthouse the world over has as wide fame among mariners as that which stands fourteen miles off the coast of Land's End. It is perhaps the most celebrated in the world. It has often been used as an illustration by poets and preachers, for no other lighthouse is in such a lonesome or dangerous place and none costs so much money and trouble. There are three keepers who live there with their families, and two of them are always on duty, while the third is on the main coast enjoying a vacation. They relieve each other each month, so that none of the keepers remains on duty more than two months at a time. This change and rest is said to be absolutely necessary to preserve the nerves of the keepers. The lighthouse is 137 feet high, was erected in 1882 at a cost of \$400,000, and rises from a submerged rock. The first lighthouse was erected on this rock as long ago as 1607, but was washed away six years after and not replaced for a long time. The second was burned down in 1775, the third stood from 1767 to 1882 and was famous in history.

A Million a Day Bet on Races.
During the racing season more than \$1,000,000 a day is wagered on horses. Although macaroni is hollow it is said to be solid food.

Completely Restored.
Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For af-



teen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foretelling Him.
"Now, Mr. Beefy," said the bandsman widow who was doing her own marketing, "while I am fully conscious of the honor you wish to confer on me, I must tell you that I have no present intention of marrying again, and am therefore, compelled to refuse the offer of your hand."

"Bub-bub-ut, mum," stammered the astonished butcher, "I have never offered you my hand, and—ah—"
"Then why are you trying to weigh it on the scales with the meat, sir?"

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on the prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

RETURNED HIS MONEY.
From Town Topics.
Here is a story going the rounds. It is very irreverent, rather irrelevant, quite shocking, very naughty, but it illustrates well the public ridicule created by the "saving" rich. The story goes that a fabulously rich man, who was quoted for his economical, died. He appeared at the gates of heaven. He was met by St. Peter, Gabriel, as recorder of deeds, sat near by. St. Peter said:
"What have you done that you think you should come to heaven?"
"Well," said the applicant timidly, "I met a crippled child and gave him 2 cents."

"Um-m," replied St. Peter "that was something. Is that right, Gabriel?"
"Yes-s," grudgingly answered Gabriel.
"That is not enough—anything else?" asked St. Peter.
"Yes, I met a newsboy. He was crying because he was stuck with his evening papers. I bought a paper."
"Um-m," said St. Peter, "that was good—is that all right, Gabriel?"
Gabriel referred to his books and answered in the affirmative.
St. Peter thought an instant, then walked over to Gabriel. Then consulted in low tones. Finally Gabriel closed his records with a bang, and said, impatiently:
"Oh, give him back his 3 cents and tell him to go to hell."

The average marriage age for men does not differ materially in those countries where they keep accurate marriage records. It is highest, thirty-one years in Sweden, and lowest in the United States, twenty-six and one half years. Among women it is also highest in Sweden, twenty-eight years, and lowest in Russia twenty-two years.

It's queer what a splendid effect on the brain spanking on an entirely different place has.

KNOWS NOW.

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.
It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:
"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me, although I had palpitation of the heart every day.
"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes, which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.
"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact, I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."
A remarkable little book, "The Road to Wellville," can be found in each pkg.