

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

Good roads talk is again in order everywhere.

It's a wise worm that stays under cover and deprives the early bird of his breakfast.

It may be that matches are made only in heaven, because the fire never goes out in the other place.

It's almost as difficult for a medium to predict what is going to happen as it is for a historian to record what has happened.

Brigadier Jenkins of the Salvation Army says that the sawbuck is an unchristian device. We have held that opinion for forty-odd years.

England has a club for women called the Stay at Home Society. It would be perfectly safe to wager that the men approve of this organization.

Somehow the Panama republic's declaration of independence isn't quite so eloquent as the one signed by John Hancock and other eminent gentlemen.

Reports of climatic and social conditions in the arctic regions are always of the most discouraging nature. And yet explorers are invariably anxious to go back.

It appears that the man who was arrested for trying to kill President Diaz of Mexico was only celebrating and had no thought of murder. The incident is now closed.

There is not as much satisfaction in knowing that the millennium of to-day is the pauper of to-morrow, as there would be in some assurance of reciprocity in the transformation.

The Russian press broadly intimates that the United States may talk of its rights in China, but can't enforce them. "Can't" is a word which this country has yet to learn when it comes to enforcing rights.

A French writer is advising his country to abandon all projects to conquer the Sahara Desert, which he finds commercially valueless. Why not move the Sahara to America, and irrigate it along with our own deserts?

Miss Frances Pettit, of Galway, N. Y., has been awarded \$3,000 for 1,239 kisses which she says a man of the name of Titmore pressed upon her during a party.

There's a certain brand of joke that your wife does not enjoy. Such for instance as the one worked out with infinite pains by the Yonkers Statesman humorist. This joke was about a man who all his life had been thinking up his "last words," but when he came to die, his wife talked so much that he couldn't get them off and so went into the other world lastwordless.

Cattle-keeping in Hawaii used to be a hazardous business. Pools of unwholesome water abounded; so did the fluke, a tiny animal that lives in the grass, and when swallowed by a sheep or cow speedily finds its way to the vital organs and causes death. Four years ago a consignment of frogs from California was taken to one of the islands, whence they and their progeny have been introduced to all the group. The frogs are cleansing the water, exterminating the fluke, and fattening in the process.

Nineteen hundred and three will be a notable year for stamp collectors. It has seen a new series of United States postage stamps and three designs for the two-cent stamp; the design with the profile of Houdon's bust of Washington, which had been in use for thirty-two years; the nearly full face of the Stuart portrait of Washington, draped with the flag, which has just been abandoned because the engraving was not satisfactory; and as its successor, a larger head in the Stuart pose, framed by a shield. It is not often that collectors can get three patterns of a stamp of the same denomination issued within twelve months. Yet coin-collectors will recall that three different kinds of five-cent pieces bear the date 1853.

The young men of to-day are too finicky—too much given to self-analysis, to self-pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and ploddings, and they wait for success ready made to come to them. There is not a young man in the country who would imitate Ben Franklin and march through the streets munching a loaf of bread while looking for employment. He dares not, indeed, because society has become also finicky, and he would be arrested as a tramp. The young man of to-day wants capital. Trusts and combines and corporations distress him. He cannot be president of a bank or judge of a court the first week he is from school, and he feels, like the famous Eli Pussley, that he has "no chance."

"One-half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth." The pop-

NO BIG RUSH FOR THE LAND.

Settlers Are Not Seeking Homes Among Skulls in the Desert.

If the interior department officials expected a great rush for the 1,000,000 acres of land in the Mojave and Colorado deserts thrown open to settlement in June last, they have been sorely disappointed. This land should be let alone, and for good reasons.

There is a good deal of talk about "making the desert blossom as the rose." Some deserts blossom, but not this one. Nobody will ever do more for this desert than Mother Nature has done. The only blooming that nature has brought about there is that its freaked bosom blossoms with large alkali pustules, or pimples, punctuated with sage-brush and cactus. This sums up the flora of the new promised land. The fauna includes jack rabbits, horned toads, lizards, Gila monsters and venomous snakes. The soil is coarse gravel, and on top of the coarse gravel there is a fine alkali powder which, when the wind blows—and the wind blows often—sweeps over the scorching and barren land like the dreaded sandstorms of the Sahara, which, by the way, they much resemble. Even far to the southwest, across the lofty mountain ranges, these desert sandstorms sometimes sweep, reaching the favored dwellers in southern California in the midst of their orange groves. Even this distant touch of the desert winds causes trees to wither, grass to scorch and men and animals to suffer keenly. Over this dreadful desert the sun moves like a ball of fire across the sky of brass, and producing nothing but profanity, of its pitiless rays.

Those credulous persons who may believe that this is the kind of desert which, by irrigation, may be turned into a garden are doomed to disappointment. There is no water on this desert strip. The waters of the Colorado may be led to the lands of the Yuma desert, but that is far lower in level than are these. Much of this Mojave strip is at an elevation of 2,000 or 3,000 feet, ending in igneous rock and producing nothing but profanity. The last hope for the settler on this barren land would be the discovery of the precious metals. They may exist there. We do not say they cannot be found. But we know that the land has been prospected by experienced miners for half a century. If a tenderfoot can find a gold mine where an old Californian miner fails, he is a smart tenderfoot. But we doubt his success. We warn all eastern people not to be deluded by false, even if well-meaning, representations concerning this strip of land between Mojave and the Colorado river. It is strewn with the skeletons of prospectors, the bones of animals. It is a place of skulls.

Mr. Dolan, through the agency of butter and eggs, had reached that stage of prosperity where he was able to set up an establishment with a horse and carriage, and nobody begrudged him his success. "But what's the reason your wife drives around in a carriage with the letter C on it?" inquired one of Mr. Dolan's friends. "You've not changed your name, Terry?"

"Naw, man," said Mr. Dolan, gayly, "me name has stood me fifty years, an' it'll last out me time. But the carriage was a great bargain, at six hundred, man, and the C was on it. 'Twind cost a bit to change it to a D, and I says to Mary Ann, D is a koinon of a broad-luking lether, whole C is more delicate and ornamental," I says. "And beside that, it's the very next to D in the alphabet, and more than all," I says, "it stands for 'continted,' and that's what every Dolan that rides in the carriage will be—so let it stand, and Mary Ann agreed wid me."

A Polite Prisoner. The lady who was visiting the jail had been much impressed with the appearance and behavior of the prisoners, and she took occasion to express her approval to the warden. "They seem as courteous as anybody," she said, enthusiastically, "even if they don't say anything." "Yes, they're polite enough," assented the jailer. "But I'm a little suspicious of too fine manners." "I don't see how you can be!" exclaimed the lady. "Well, I am," declared the warden, "and I have been ever since one of the smoothest of them broke out of jail and left a note for me in which he wrote, 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking.'"

Mark of Appreciation. The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it."

The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction. "It is just like him," she said; "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"—Tit-Bits.

Believed in Skilled Labor. "The organist's wife told me this morning," said Mrs. Thornton, "that several of the pipes on the organ were out of order." "Well," replied Mrs. Hadley, "I hope they'll get Mr. Jones, our old plumber to fix them, and not those new plumbers that have just set up on the corner."

Cotton in Rhodesia. It has been found, through extended experiments, that Rhodesia can produce first-class cotton, which will command the highest price in Liverpool.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

What Woman Owes to Man. Mrs. Craigie, known to the literary world as John Oliver Hobbes, may make herself disliked by the advanced women if she is not careful about her public utterances. At a recent dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Society of Journalists she replied to the toast of "The Ladies." In the course of her reply she said many charming things about the accomplishments and the achievements of woman, and then dulled the edge of her praise by declaring that woman owes all she knows of the arts, and nearly everything else, outside of domesticity, to men, citing Angelica Kaufmann, George Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte and others as examples. She even went so far as to assert that women would not go into the intellectual professions and public life but for the support and praise of men.

Warming up with her subject, Mrs. Craigie asserted that "the reign of great queens have also been the epoch of great statesmen. The famous ladies of great historical crises owe their celebrity to the classic descriptions written of them by men. Great actresses, great players on musical instruments, great singers, great scholars and great writers were all, without exception, first trained and taught by men." And then, worst of all, in her peroration she said as to woman's position in the world: "We do not understand half of it or nearly half of it. We think of other things. But we do as a rule as we are told, and when we are commended for doing it pretty well we are just as happy as though we were masters of the situation. We know we are not, which is clever of us, and we do not wish to be, which is cleverer still."

It would take a bold man to utter such sentiments as these, and he would be hauled over the coals more effectively than was Bartle Massey by Mrs. Poyser. Fortunately, it was not a man in this case. It remains to be seen how the emancipated women, the advanced women, the club women, and martial spinsters, will accept this feminine definition of the feminine relation toward the masculine tyrant. Of course, there are women who will agree with Mrs. Craigie, but they are the women in humble life, the old-fashioned women, the domestic women, the time spirited women, who usually do as they are told and are glad to have some one tell them what to do. They are the vines clinging to the oaks. But on the other hand, there are many who are not clingers and who are reveling in the joys of freedom, the pleasures of the clubrooms, and have a doorway of their own. They are not the kind that rest patiently under the accusation of doing as men tell them.—Chicago Tribune.

Nearly Drowned Their Teacher. They said Miss Erline Sinclair was a brave girl when, at the age of 19, she accepted the position of teacher in the "Unlucky Thirteen School" in Cass township, Sullivan County, Ind., for it is one of the toughest in the county. She got along very well, however, until the question arose as to what Christmas treat she proposed to provide for the pupils. It has been the custom for the teachers to provide such a treat. Miss Sinclair promised to observe the custom, but declined to explain what the treat was to be. When she refused to satisfy the curiosity of the pupils the larger girls, ranging from 14 to 16 years of age, overpowered her, tied her feet to a trough and carried her to a pond in a neighboring field. There the boys cut a hole in the ice and the girls put the teacher in the hole. The water came only to her waist and the plucky teacher refused to yield. Then they carried her farther out on the ice, cut another hole and again plunged her into the ice-cold water. This time the water came to her neck. There they left her. The trough tied to her feet prevented her getting out, but finally when she had almost perished her screams brought aid. She afterward suffered greatly from pneumonia and shock.



MISS SINCLAIR.

The more conveniences we have around us, the more tact shown in our contact with others, the better our surroundings, the better do we enjoy ourselves and get along in the world. Such conditions do not come without effort, nor do they come to the indifferently and weak hearted. To get along, to make a success of the place in which one is situated, is to be thoughtful, tactful and unselfish. Why does some one seem to be liked by all, to have so much influence, to be a general favorite? What has she done? Really nothing but smile. Beaming good humor all the time. Not silly, but kind; a little thing here and a kind word or look there. This is all of her secret. It is only the one who thinks of the trifling act, that is prepared to see and be ready for the great act of love or help when the time for it comes.

Did you ever stop to think what a great difference a word or two at the breakfast table makes, whether it is a snarl or whether it is a word of compliment for the nice breakfast prepared; and if there is not a successful effort at the meal getting, how much more then is the kind word needed. Let the days begin with sunshine in the soul, and let a good part of it out to reflect upon those about you. These are days that leave their marks on one's character.—Exchange.

Co-operative House-keeping. The women of Ontario, Cal., have for some time past been conducting an experiment in co-operative house-keeping and have met with such success that they have formed a co-operative family club. About a dozen families of the representative citizens of the place have united, rented a two-story private residence and established a joint house-keeping arrangement. Four employees, including a stewardess, do the work of the establishment, supplying meals to the forty-three persons who make up the dozen families. Their united wage-amount to about \$150 a month, as against the \$30 and \$35 a month which good cooks and general houseworkers in the place demand, and which each family has heretofore been obliged to pay when it was possible to secure them.

Each family has its own table in the co-operative house, with individual equipment of linen, silver and decoration. Every month the expenses are carefully audited by the club's committee and the amount assessed pro rata among the club members, children proportionately according to their ages. Eleven cents per meal per person is the average cost, the best of food being provided. The women of the club take turns in making out the menu, and in this way the tastes of each family are consulted. The undertaking is very similar to that of Longwood, near Chicago, and others that have been tried in other places.

Concerning Women. Miss Maggie J. Wals, of Calumet, Mich., is the only Finnish newspaper publisher in America. She is sole owner, editor and publisher of the Naisten Lehti, or the Ladies' Journal. The magazine is the official organ of the Finnish ladies' societies of America, and is read by the Finnish women throughout the world.

The American woman in Berlin pays about \$1.50 a month for a street car ticket. This bears her photograph and must be shown on demand. The bearer can board a car as often as she pleases and at any point in the city where the cars pass. The ticket is good for the month. If she does not take \$1.50 worth of rides it is her own lookout, and if she takes more it is all due to the railroad company.

There is a fruit grower in Southern California, a Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, who owns 150 acres of walnut trees, besides growing many other kinds of fruit and nuts as well. She recently read a paper before the State Board of Trade on the value of pampas grass as a crop, and also on the cultivation of the pomegranate in Southern California, which showed a comprehensive grasp of the details of the work. She herself makes a considerable amount of money from these crops yearly.

A Lovable Old Woman. You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one. She mastered the art of saying pleasant things. She did not expect too much from her friends. She made whatever work came to her congenial. She retained her illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind. She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful. She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged. She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—Richard Palladium.

Some Facts About Widows. The State of New York has 320,000 widows and the city 105,000. There were by the last federal census 2,720,000 widows in the whole United States, of whom, it is worthy to remark, 88,000 were in Indiana and only 8,000 in Utah.

There were 128,000 in Massachusetts, less than the total number in the two States of Alabama and Mississippi, though the view pretty generally prevails that the number of widows is disproportionately large throughout New England. There are nearly 2,000 in Hawaii and 1,700 in Alaska, a proportionately larger number than in the city of Chicago.

Three Years After. Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Colo., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since." Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.



A Lawyer's Poor Outlook.—"Oh yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer. You may remember that you saw me buying an alarm clock the other day." "Yes," replied his friend. "You have to get up early these mornings, eh?" "Oh, no. I use it to wake up when it's time to go home."—Philadelphia Press.

A Little Previous.—"Well, said the doctor "how do you feel today?" "Oh, doctor," replied the patient wearily, "I am suffering the torments of the damned." "What! Already?" inquired the doctor pleasantly.—Chicago Post.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out an obligation made by their firm. SWISS & TILDAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WADSWORTH, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some men imagine they're hanging over a precipice, until they get nervous prostration and then drop a foot.

Trossite and Billion Dollar Grass. The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 90,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre. JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalogue and lots of farm seed samples. (C. N. G.)

The mineral resources of India have been greatly developed during the past ten years, and coal is now found in paying quantities, in all the provinces except Bombay, Sind and Mysore. The latest discoveries affecting India have been in Afghanistan where some large and rich fields await development. Most of the Indian coal is of inferior quality, and in efficiency falls short of English coal by a full third, but it suffices for all the needs of the country, and the railroads now get less than one per cent of their fuel from abroad.

Because a man can sit for forty seconds without talking at the rate of a steam whistle, a woman has an idea that he is brooding over black thoughts.—New York Press.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our mortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—Daniel Webster. Errors cost time and money. So do other things, but carelessness is a reputation killer.

GIVES "GO." Food That Carries One Along. It's nice to know of food that not only tastes delicious but that puts the snap and go into one and supplies staying power for the day.

A woman says: "I have taken enough medicine in my time to furnish a drug store, but in later and wiser years I have taken none but have depended, for the health I now enjoy, on suitable and sustaining food of which I keep on hand a tested variety, plain but nourishing. "Of these my main dependence is Grape-Nuts, especially if I have before me a day of unusual effort, either mental or physical. In this case I fortify myself the first thing in the morning with about four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts moistened with cream and not much else for breakfast and the amount of work I can then carry through successfully without fatigue or exhaustion is a wonder to those about me and even to myself. "Grape-Nuts food is certainly a wonderful strengthener and is not a stimulant, for there is no reaction afterwards, but it is sustaining and strengthening, as I have proved by long experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will add more strength and carry one further than a plateful of coarse, heavy food that is nearly all waste. Grape-Nuts food is condensed, pre-digested and delicious. It contains the parts of the Wheat and Barley grains that supply the rebuilding parts for Brain and Nerve Centers. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."