

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

Any harness will chafe if you fret in it.

The rule of the lowest must mean the ruin of the highest.

If the flood came again some churches would meet it with Overshoe Socials.

Of more than 2,000 prisoners received at the Ohio State prison last year not one could repeat the ten commandments.

The problem of securing radium is not nearly so serious as would be the problem of what to do with it if it were common.

It is said that only 5 per cent of the inhabitants of Colombia can read. That lets a good many of them out on the historical romance.

It is asserted that "golf is making a new man of John D. Rockefeller." Some one ought to speak to the "new man" about the high price of oil.

Dr. Robert Collyer, in explaining his longevity, says he always walked on the sunny side of the street. Others have tried that and been sunstruck.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage says that Adam never fell. Then they cleared off their sidewalks better in Eden than they do here, or else the race's father was very sure footed.

Marie Corelli has been awarded damages of half a cent in her libel suit against an English editor. As a matter of simple fairness Marie ought to use the money for advertising purposes.

Many a married man would like to have the power of forgetfulness possessed by the Oakland, Cal., man whose excuse for becoming engaged while having a wife was that the fact had slipped her mind.

Miss Crabtree, who as "Lotta" was once a stage favorite, is reported to have made several million dollars in real estate deals. Miss Crabtree is one of the stage favorites for whom it will apparently never be necessary to get up benefits.

Discussion has recently been raised again upon the old question whether popular education is not left too much in the hands of women. No matter what the pedagogical answer to that question may be, one human fact is certain: that to brave, patient, industrious women who have served in the public schools for small salaries every schoolboy, young or old, owes unending debt.

A great city church recently called its pastor a clergyman who is 72 years old, and the act prompts the organ of one of the smaller denominations to name seven famous members of its own body who have been "looking for the ministerial dead-line for forty years or more, and have not found it." Probably the dead-line moves about as fast as a man does; but the paradox is true that if he stood still he would soon come up to it.

We are often too strict with young people. They must have their fun, and we must put our nerves in our pockets and endure a reasonable amount of noise and laughter. Children have their rights and we should respect them. They try to do right conscientiously, and do not get half the credit they deserve, considering all the obstacles they find in their own natures when they try to live up to our ideal of a good child—an ideal which they in their inmost soul despise and only tolerate through affectionate respect for their elders. All mothers say "Don't" too often. Tolerance, patience and tact will settle many difficulties.

Neglect to train children in some useful employment is essentially an American sin. They order things better in Europe. There every one must know how to do something, men and women, plebeians and those of the blood royal. The present King of England is a bookbinder by trade and served his apprenticeship just like any one else. It is said that he can do no mean job yet. There are princesses who are dairy maids, cooks, florists and the like. In this country the idle youth develops into a manhood of inaptitude and helplessness to be tossed about on the waste waters of desolation. To prevent this it may yet be necessary for the government to supply the deficiencies of parents and guardians and make each young man self-supporting.

The complete emancipation of true womanhood certainly means that a man must eventually expect to go into the kitchen and look after other domestic arrangements while his wife is pursuing dignified business downtown, but we submit that the woman, returning in the evening, has no right to mail her husband and haul him before a justice on a charge of "disorderly conduct" because he made \$7.50 run the house for only two weeks. We are pleased to see that Justice Mahoney of Chicago has taken this general view of the situation, and has discharged Mr. Buchholz from the resentment of his infuriated wife. It may be that Mr. Buchholz was a trifle slack in some particulars, but after all \$7.50 for two weeks' household ex-

penses would seem to be a creditably showing, considering the small space of time in which true manhood has had opportunity to study domestic economy. You cannot emancipate a man from his luxurious ideas in a month or a season, and we trust that our emancipated sisters will be a little easy with us until we have had more experience in the great affairs of the kitchen and the upstairs work. A wise wife does not necessarily spoil the husband when she spares the mop handle, and a burnt chop does not of itself constitute disorderly conduct.

Have you good health? And a family to support? Then you are rich. Health is wealth. It is more than capital. More than labor. It is both combined. It is ability, opportunity, success. Without it the richest man is poor. With it the poorest man is wealthy. The trouble with most of us is that we do not know how to make a proper inventory of the best things of life. We lose sense of proportion. We put some things too high and others too low. We put money, ease, luxury too high and good health too low. We forget that many a wealthy man would give thousands for a good stomach. And your family there's wealth for you. An incubance? A burden on your back? Man alive, there's where you lose your clear sense of the things that are worth while in life. One of the greatest needs of human life is incentive—something to live for. The man who bears none of the burdens of family may boast of his liberty, but the time will come when he feels the vanity of existence. There is no stern necessity upon him. Likewise there is no divine incentive. As the years multiply the emptiness of life appalls him. The cry comes to his lips, "What's the use?" But you: You have an incentive—the greatest a man can have—a wife and children. Life can never lose its initiative for you. You have something to live for, strive for, die for! Look into the answering face of your wife and into the faces of your children. How rich you are! Is it not so? Sometimes you say your lot is hard. Some persons get on in the world easier than you. But do they get the best out of life? May they not be striving for the lesser things? You are rich. And don't know it! That's pitiful.

Nothing better illustrates our progress in things dietetic than the controversy of the doctors over the nutritive value of ice cream. Perhaps it is wrong to call it a "controversy," for most physicians appear to have abandoned the old-time contention that the congealed milk fat is "poison." Indeed, there appears to be general agreement on the proposition that in certain kinds of ailments, particularly in fevers, ice cream may be eaten with positive benefit to the patient. Time was when the fever patient was even denied cold water. Now the doctor not only gives the fever-stricken sufferer all the cold water he wants, but they quite frequently pack him in ice. All of which shows that therapy is an experimental science, and that the wise doctor is not bound by the traditions of the past. But what the doctor believes and what the food expert will sanction are quite often two distinct propositions. When the national commission of food experts, appointed under act of Congress to fix standards of purity for food products, reached ice cream it balked at the job. It found little difficulty in fixing standards for milk, cream, butter, meats and spices, but when it came to the frozen delicacy that has reached such an enormous sale in this country it hesitated and pondered. To say that ice cream must have fixed percentages of milk-fat and milk-sugar and certain kinds of favoring would be to rule out "brick" ice cream, which is given solidity by the use of rolled crackers or corn starch, and many other kinds of ice cream which could not be characterized as unwholesome. If the commission of experts tackles the ice cream question at all it should set a standard of purity for the cream that is to be used in the manufacture of the delicacy and should set the seal of disapproval upon favoring extracts and adulterants that are known to be deleterious.

Over the Telephone. "Hello!" "Hello!" "That's you, Jim?" "Yeh, Hoozat?" "Snee—Nell." "Hello, Nell Smatter?" "Nothin'. Thought 'd call yup. Say, Jim, Juno Tom Dixon?" "No. Oozee?" "Letcha know some time. Say, Jeer- about Kitten Jim?" "No. Whajjaknow 'bout 'em?" "Don't speak teach other." "Wot strubble?" "Ida know. Cumminover soon?" "Yeh. Guesso. B' choir cumminover tower house first." "Willlican. Gotteny fudges?" "Lot zuyvem." "Well, I'll come. G'by." "G'by. Say!" "Well?" "Don't tell whattitold Jubout Kitten Jim." "I won't. G'by!" "G'by!"—Chicago Tribune.

No More Than Right. Egbert—But I have never loved before—and you have certainly encouraged me! Elsie—And why not? I always encourage a promising pupil!—Puck.

Many a man doesn't realize how fortunate he is when the girl refuses him. Any man who works only for pay seldom does his best.

A HIGHER JUDGE. Azeem—Since you can get the horse so cheaply, you will take it, of course. Henpeck—I don't know yet. I haven't consulted Maria. "But what is your opinion?" "Well, I may not be much of a lawyer, but I'm too shrewd to give an opinion until I'm reasonably sure it won't be reversed."—Philadelphia Press.

Five hundred dollars was recently added to the book fund of the medical department of the University of Michigan to be used by the department in keeping up its files of medical journals.

Three Doctors' Opinions. Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 15th.—Physicians have accepted Dodd's Kidney Pills as the standard remedy for diseases of the Kidneys and kindred complaints. R. H. Dunaway, M. D., of Benton, Ill., says:—"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Diabetes after everything else had failed and I was given up to die. I have since prescribed them in my regular practice for every form of Kidney Trouble and have never as yet known them to fail."

Jesse L. Limes, M. D., St. John, Kansas, says:—"I prescribed Dodd's Kidney Pills for the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McBride of this place, who suffered from Epileptic fits following Scarlatina; results were miraculous; I have never seen anything like it."

Leland Williamson, M. D., Yorktown, Ark., says:—"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine I know of for all forms of Kidney Disease. I believe in using the remedy that relieves and cures my patients whether ethical or not, and I always prescribe Dodd's Kidney Pills and can testify that they invariably accomplish a permanent and perfect cure of all Kidney Complaints."

HARD NAMES. "I heard them call each other hard names yesterday." "Why I thought they were such friends."

"They are, but one said: 'Hello, Homo-kow kintintzy,' and the other replied: 'Why how are you, Zack-intowskiddz?'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The seventh edition of Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations upon the Legislative Power," has just been issued from the press. The editor is Victor H. Lane, professor of law in the University of Michigan, and the publishers are Little Brown & Co. Cooley's Constitutional Limitations ranks fourth in a list of fifty-two of the most frequently cited text books during the period of the 1902 A Digest. It is cited in every argument and opinion on the subjects of which it treats. The new edition of this treatise upon the great principles that underlie our complex system of state and national governments, contains three thousand new cases, and gives the present state of the law upon all the topics discussed.

The sorrelgha mistake is that things are valued for what they have cost, and not for what they are worth.

RETORT COURTEOUS. "Sir," said the angry poet, who had missed another opportunity to break into print, "I will be remembered when you are forgotten." "Oh, very likely," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil. "I always pay cash for my groceries."—Chicago Daily News.

"I hear your brother died and left a lot of money." "Yes. A policeman shot him before he got out of the bank with it."

OLD FAVORITES

Excelsior. The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device— Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath Flashed like a falcon from its sheath; And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue— Excelsior!

"O happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright. Above, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan— Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "Dark lowers the tempest overhead; The roaring torrent is deep and wide!" And loud that clarion voice replied: Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered, with a sigh, Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch! Beware the awful avalanche!" This was the peasant's last good night; A voice replied, far up in the height, Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward The pious monks of St. Bernard Uttered the oft repeated prayer, A voice cried, through the startled air, Excelsior!

A traveler by the faithful hound, Half buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device— Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless but beautiful he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star— Excelsior!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Youth and Age. Crabbed age and youth Cannot live together; Youth is full of pleasure, Age is full of care; Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare; Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, age is lame; Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold; Youth is wild and age is tame. Age, I do abhor thee; Youth, I do adore thee; O my love, my love is young; Age, I do defy thee, O sweet shepherd, he thee, For methinks thou stay'st too long.—Shakespeare.

WOMEN OF MODERN DAYS.

They Are Much Superior to Those of Any Previous Time. Whether the young women of to-day are the equals of those who lived in years gone by or not has been the subject of much discussion. Nearly all members of the sex will agree that in all respects they are the equals and in some the superiors of their progenitors. A recent masculine writer, Rev. Dr. Beverley Warner, agrees with this view. He says:

"The young woman is in the way of receiving more advice than the young man which she conceives to be a gratuitous attention," says Dr. Warner. "She wonders that man, vain man, should be so self-deceived as to think that he knows anything about her at all, above all that he seeks to counsel her majesty as to her mind, her heart, her soul, her habits or her thoughts."

And then he proceeds through 200 pages and nine chapters to do that very thing, discussing the responsibilities, influence, occupations, amusements and matrimonial affairs of the young woman, with only masculine liberality.

A flavor of old-time chivalry runs through Dr. Warner's book which is somewhat attractive, if not exactly the quality to be looked for in an impartial critic of the inexplicable sex.

"Man is a poor creature at his best," he says, but that woman is also a poor creature he does not appear to suspect. The young woman of to-day he believes to be the "fairest bloom of earth and time." He exalts her upon a pedestal and burns unmeasured incense before her. "Princes bow before my lady," he says. "Peasants are ennobled by her smile. The fairest fields of the beautiful old world take on new color as she sweeps over them. Dull souls brighten in her presence, tired hearts thrill with fresh impulse and beat more hopefully in the light of her eyes. From the hour of her innocent babyhood, when lying on the mother's bosom, she appeals to the strongest and mightiest of the compelling trust, of her baby's stare until, in the midway of her gracious womanhood, she turns the world about her soft fingers, she reigns."

This glorious being Dr. Warner holds responsible for very nearly everything that goes wrong in the world, and to her he gives the credit of the greater part of what goes right. She is to reform society and the stage, to check the secularization of Sunday and even to safeguard the English language against the inroads of slang.

"The woman's in a ration is over us all. We creep or climb, as we have been struck down or lifted up by feminine indifference, love or hate. Upon her common sense of life she casts a

radiance and over its sordid cares and routine duties she throws a glory." Yet Dr. Warner does know some things about women. "When we talk of the awful glory of her youth," he says, "her capacity for happiness, her influence for good, she is uncomfortably aware of her sex and youth. She is not her own mistress. She is under perpetual orders to do this or do that which she cannot co-ordinate with her ideas of life. The word don't is constantly ringing in her ears, with the mournful and monotonous insistence of a one-stringed lute. The very heights and depths of her royal dower of womanhood lay her open to falls and bruises which men never know. And through all the woman must smile and hold her chains the impetuous tumult of her often outraged sensibilities where a man would grow softly in his beard and take himself off.

"The young woman cannot take herself off with equal facility. She is most often bound, as no man feels himself bound, to her environment. She is hemmed in by circumstances. Her cage may be gilded, her food and water of the best, her feathers of silver, and yet the cage is there and she is in it."

FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY WEIGHS 144 POUNDS

The London School Board has been beaten by the fat boy of Peckham. The fat boy of Peckham is a child of 5 years, who lives with his parents working people, a Colegrove Road midway between Rye lane and the Old Kent road. He is about 4 feet 11 inches, and weighs 144 pounds. He has enormous strength for his age and altogether in the pride of Peckham.

The boy is of school age, and the School Board has been concerning itself about his education. After elaborate inquiries and an examination by a doctor it has been decided that he is too big and too strong to go to school.

In the course of his remarks the examining physician said: "This child is of abnormal development physically. His weight I find as stated—ten stone. This abnormal weight is due not only to fat but to muscular development as well, since the child can easily lift an ordinary adult. Mentally he seems in some ways precocious; he is quite educable."

"Owing to his size and habits I do not think it possible to place him in any school. It is obvious he cannot attend an ordinary infants' department, not only would his extraordinary appearance create disturbance, but no desk in that department would hold him, and his enormous strength would be dangerous to the other children. I therefore suggest he be exempt from school attendance."

The committee admit their defeat in the terse sentence, "Agreed to exempt from attendance." "Jack" as the boy is known in the neighborhood, is himself happily unconcerned about his education. During the day he is generally to be found in or near a beerhouse in Willowbrook road, where in the doctor's words, "He earns his dinner by acting as an advertisement."

Skee Runners of the West. During the last ten years skeel has grown to be almost as much of a winter sport in the northern and north western States as tobogganing in Canada, says Country Life in America. Where the snowfall, as in Oregon, Nevada, Michigan and Wisconsin, lies on the ground for weeks together, to the depth of several feet, skees virtually become the life preservers of the inhabitants. They furnish the only means by which the mail carriers can reach the inaccessible and outlying mountain districts of the Rockies.

Skees differ radically from the Canadian or Indian snowshoe. They are about seven feet long, four inches broad, and taper from an inch thick at the center to three-quarters.

The western skee-runner can cover on an average about four to eight miles an hour, going up and down hill. Down hill an experienced runner can let himself go, but for a beginner it would be like turning on the clutch valve of an automobile without knowing where the brake was.

Skees were first known to have been used in the thirteenth century. Eight centuries passed before the trappers, lumbermen and woodchoppers of America learned the vast superiority of the skee over the Canadian snow shoe. In a century more the latter will be looked at in museums as the clumsy implement of the bygone age.

His Idea of Greatness. "Don't you sometimes think you would be a greater man if you were to cultivate the art of oratory?" "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "A great man, as you know, is one who gets mentioned in the school books after he is dead, in stead of the financial columns of the newspapers while he is living."—Washington Star.

More Unionism. Clerk—I want more salary, sir, because I am going to get married! Employer—But I don't believe in "unions" raising the price of labor.—Puck.

An ambition to own a sky-scraper is a lofty ideal.



A Professional Nurse Tells Her Experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. Montague, Mass.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen—I heartily wish those who are suffering from backache and disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. As was the case with me, they will be more than surprised with the results. I had been troubled for years with my spine. I could not lie on either side. Spinal cramps would follow, and words could not explain the agony which I would endure. While in these cramps I could not speak or move, but by making a great effort after the cramp had left me I could begin to speak and move a little, but my whole back was so sore and lame that I could not even have the back bathed for some time. My nerves were in a terrible state. I would rather sit up at night than go to bed, dreading the cramps and the terrible backaches. I consulted physicians, but got only a little relief for the time being. Seeing your advertisement, my mother urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using one box I was better, and have ever since been on the gain. I have no backache and no cramps now, and I feel like a new person. My nerves are better and I know my blood is purer. Words cannot express my thanks to you for what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. In my work as professional nurse I have a chance to recommend them; and they did me so much good that I will do so on every possible occasion. HATTIE BRIGHAM, Nurse.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold at 50 cents per box. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for a free trial box.

Be cheerful under all circumstances, do not complain at every little trifle; it is invariably the cheerful man who succeeds in life. Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

The Common Council of Detroit has invited the League of Municipalities to visit that city and in part the municipal works and institutions. Arrangements have been made for this trip on Saturday, Feb. 13th.

FAR FROM HOME

"Yes, I'll give you a meal of victuals, if you'll shovel off these side-aks." "Would you not prefer, madam, to have me shovel off the snow?" "Poor fellow! Have you tramped all the way from Boston?"—Chicago Tribune.

Fun Is as Necessary to the Growth of a Youngster as Sun-Heat Is to Cabbage.

Business Cannot Be Cured. Local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear, there is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and cases of deafness are caused by a catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A speedy wild duck can fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

GREGORY SEEDS

Successfully grown for nearly a half a century. Catalogue from J. J. Gregory & Son, Barboursville, West.

I have more Confidence in a Man who does How to Luff, than in a man who Always Tys 2 Look Dignified.—Dr. R. E. Leek, in the Clinic.

MEXICAN Mustang Lintiment

cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises.

The man Who Luffs at Seeln a Little Kat run around after its Tail may knit ever B the president of a Kale Road, but he iz i a ma Trust.

SEND IN DE T... to make Imitation... to box No. 473, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Alle medical authority declares that hearty sneezing is an evidence of a robust constitution. People with feeble health seldom sneeze, and when they do there is little force to it.

A Jolly German Innkeeper, on the Swiss t-rler, has undertaken, as the result of a wager, to roll a barrel of wine across Switzerland and Italy to Rome.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH

SVRID cures coughs and colds.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. How to Cure It. Price 50c. Sold by druggists.

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