

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

I. M. RICE EDITOR

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TERMS

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The reform editor of the Blair, Nebraska Pilot clamored for a Sioux City expert to go over the books of the democratic county treasurer. The expert found the democrat even with the board, but uncovered shortage of two republicans amounting to several thousand dollars. This seems to be the popular ratio in Nebraska.—Sioux City Tribune.

Before Governor LaFollette's enemies had time to decide whether or not they were glad to get him out of the state, and into the senate he announced that his acceptance of the senatorship was conditional on the disposition of the legislature to carry out the reforms that he has started in Wisconsin. The governor seems to have caught them both coming and going.—State-Journal.

The Roosevelt anti-railroad policy lacks force in the fact that he will have Paul Morton at the head of department of railroads as a member of the cabinet. We have been in hopes that President Roosevelt was in earnest in his views on railroad matters, but it seems to us that he is making very poor choice in his selection of men to put his ideas into practice. That railroad legislation is needed no one will deny and that the powers of the interstate commission should be enlarged no one will dispute but the trust magnates who own the railroads. President Roosevelt has the chance to make himself deservedly popular with the people if he is in earnest in this move. O'Neill Independent.

Should a public official be required to give an official bond? The history of Nebraska shows that the total sum collected from the bondsmen of officials who have stolen public funds has been less than one per cent of the total pecuniations. The Telegram does not believe a public official should be required to give bond. He is the servant of the majority of the people. He should be placed in office on his honor. If he betrays his trust he should suffer imprisonment for life. The whole history of bonds in Nebraska has been farcical. County and state treasurers have stolen millions. They gave what were regarded as good bonds, but by the aid of sleek lawyers the bondsmen have escaped with the payment of cents in return for the dollars stolen by the officials whose honesty they had guaranteed. It is the sincere judgment of The Telegram that official bonds do not prevent of fiscal stealing. We believe there would be less official stealing with out official bonds. Place men in office on their honor, and let them know that the penitentiary is always just ahead of crookedness on their part, and the public defalcations would be few. Under the bond system the public official argues that if he shall fall short a few thousand the influence of his bondsmen will be sufficient to force a satisfactory settlement with the county and the state, and that in order to recover a part of the stealings the people will be satisfied without demanding punishment of the betrayer of a public trust. The official bond, whether

signed by individuals, or by a surety company, is a promoter, rather than a preventive of crime.—Columbus Telegram.

Judge Ricker, of the Chadron Times, comes out with a double column article in which he scores the republican party, the democratic party, the trusts and the people. Read what he says and if you don't entirely agree with him, you will admit that he has spoken the true conditions in many respects:

Roosevelt is an expectancy. Let him do his utmost and he will prove but a feather in hell. The triumvirate who have the iron claw of power on the strings in Republican noses will let Mr. Roosevelt have just enough empty success to make the fools at the other end of the strings believe they have a catch of whales when they've got only suckers. That is the history of thirty years legislation, and the dumb and driven people have been contented with it. When the corporations found that railroad legislation was inevitable, they set about shaping it, and gave us all manner of high sounding and widely lauded "commissions" that have had as much power as a mosquito in a cyclone. The Sherman anti-trust law was passed fifteen years ago with the result that the executive branch of the government has slept and dodged and played truant, and when forced to the wall actually discredited the law by saying it was a sickly bantling afflicted with measles, croup, summer complaint and the entire category of infantile disorders. Bah! the people are fools, and the word fool doesn't half express their condition. For three and thirty years and more monopoly preliminaries and proceedings have been going on, and men and women of insight and patriotism have been throwing out warning signals of the breakers ahead. The exploiters replied with the hard names of "calamity howler," "anarchist" and a few dozen more choice epithets, the babbling fools joining in the chorus, and to the end that their rascality and lying might be entrenched, they first subsidized and bribed and then bought up the press of the cities, and to perpetuate their power have made a raid on the higher schools of learning.

Now cometh Tommy Lawson in a one-horse shay filled with fine array of flashing fireworks and a rushing expose. The dear people, what of them? For a century they have patted themselves on the back and exhausted the language for words of self-praise for their own vanity to feed on, declaring that they are the universal Yankee nation, able to lick the earth and all the inhabitants thereof; that they are freer, more enlightened and wiser than all God's creation, past, present and future. Now behold the amazement of the pigmy self-conceits at Lawson's disclosures! The infamy has been going on before their faces with their active consent and assistance, and while the details were to a large extent secret the labyrinthian structure of lawless iniquity of monopoly and plutocracy has grown in their hands until a monster of their own creation, stronger than the government itself, is drawing suck from the vitals of society.

The republican party and the segment of the democratic party with "figurehead" Cleveland for joss-idol, have done it. How may the lost ground be recovered? One way—kill the republican party by keeping it in power—the democratic party is dead. The voting fools when they begin to stagger with starvation will take guns and surround the industrial centers, turn the plants over to themselves, make fair appraisal of their value and pay the owners for them. They cannot be regulated. Regulation is a sham device of monopoly and the people haven't sense enough to safeguard their interests. The representatives

cannot be trusted. The judiciary is undemocratic. The people are fickle, swayed by the gastrometer of the stomach. Corruption everywhere. Whose fault? The people's!—Chadron Times.

Penbrook Quills.

Mr. and Mrs. Swain went to town Saturday.

Mrs. Burdick was at the post-office Sunday.

D. A. Hancock was down at Penbrook Sunday.

Frank Thompson went to Norden the last of last week.

Mrs. Thompson has been on the sick list for several days.

We understand that another fight took place down the river recently.

Henry Grooms and family spent one day last week with his mother Mrs. M. J. Grooms.

Sam Gleason left last week, after a three weeks visit with relatives in this locality.

Dock Grooms and Billing Bros. caught five coyotes Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Hartman, of Valentine, was in this locality last week with the intention of buying cattle.

Miss Laura Tillson is teaching in the Foster district. There is always a good demand for good teachers in this neighborhood.

The Porcupine went to town the last of last week to buy a last to mend the last pair of shoes he bought to make them last a little longer.

What has become of Youngster? The Porcupine's mule has been still for a long time without getting toasted a little from somewhere.

The Porcupine attended the joint installation of M. W. A. and Royal Neighbors at Valentine last Wednesday night and enjoyed a nice time.

The entertainment and box social at Highland school, given by Miss Effie Starr, was well attended and a fine program was arranged and carried out. The money received from the sale of baskets, amounting to \$15.75, was given to the M. E. church at Sparks. This is to be followed by another on Friday night, Feb. 17. A fine program will be arranged and a good time is expected. Come everybody and bring all your friends and enjoy a good time with the most sociable set of people on earth. The proceeds of this entertainment will be for the Highland school.

Soon we'll hear the farmer's whistle
As he walks along the fence;
Patching up the broken places
Ere spring's work he does commence.
Then whenever this is busy
He will then not have to stop,
To go and bring his cattle home
From out of his neighbor's crop.
PORCUPINE.

He Didn't Advertise

I knew a merchant once who wasn't wise;
He wanted trade but wouldn't advertise.
When thus approached, this his excuse, "You see
It doesn't pay, for everyone knows me."
But, all the same, his was a luckless lot;
The people passed him by—they knew him not,
He didn't do a blessed thing but fail.
And there was advertised at sheriff's sale
His goods and chattels, every style and size;
And all were sold—it pays to advertise.
—Lincoln Journal.

Catholic Church Announcement

On Sunday next, an early mass will be said at 7 o'clock in the morning. Solemn high mass at 10:30 a. m. Catechism class at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

WANTED—a good all around farm hand on dairy farm. Married man preferred. Steady work. House furnished.
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Pen Picture of Bunyan.
In the life of John Bunyan by W. Hale White the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" is described as follows: "He appeared in countenance to be a stern and rough temper, but in conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company unless some urgent occasion required it. He never boasted of himself or his parts. He abhorred lying and swearing, being just in all that lay in his power to his word, not seeming to revenge injuries, loving to reconcile differences and make friendship with all. He had a sharp, quick eye, accompanied with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion, his hair reddish, but in his latter days time had sprinkled it with gray. His nose was well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderately large, his forehead something high and his habit always plain and modest."

The Art of Drawn Work.
Perfilado, or drawn needlework, occupies the same place in Mexico as lace does in Brussels. The city of Matamoros is the center of its production, and large quantities of this beautiful work are exported to the United States. Women and girls are employed in the manufacture, and some of it is very expensive, for a year may be required to make a single piece. The linen or silk is placed in a frame, the threads are drawn out one way, and with a needle and the finest spool thread the design is worked. Perfilado is taught in the public schools. Among the articles made are handkerchiefs, tablecloths, bedspreads and covers for chairs or lounges. The work is hard and difficult, and the earnings are on an average less than a shilling a day.

Onions as Weather Prophets.
One of the rites performed by the French peasants on New Year's eve is the forecasting of the weather for the coming year by means of onions.

When the bells ring for midnight mass they scoop out the middles of twelve onions, set them in a row on the kitchen table, fill them with salt and name them for the months of the year. Then when they return from mass they examine the condition of the salt. If it has melted in any of the "months," those months will be rainy; if the salt remains dry, it indicates drought; if half melted, the first fortnight of the month will be wet. The peasants have such implicit faith in this means of foretelling the weather that they plant their crops in accordance with the prophecy of the onions.

The Fifteenth Century Gambler.
In the time of King Henry IV, of England the "smart set" managed to play bridge or its equivalent without shocking the susceptibilities of those who think it wrong to play for money. The fifteenth century gambler, according to one historian, "played at cards for counters, nails and points in every house more for pastime than for gain." "Everie scholar or petye (little one) that plaies for money is to be expelled," ordains a grammar school charter of the period. One of the duties of hospital sisters was "to make diligent searche amonge the poore for cards or dice."

Insulted His Legs.
Apropos of knee breeches a correspondent of the London Express quotes an anecdote from Captain Gronow's "Recollections" which puts the whole case in a nutshell. The baillie de ferrette was always dressed in knee breeches, with a cocked hat and a court sword, the slender proportions of which greatly resembled those of his legs. "Do tell me, my dear baillie," said Montmond one day, "have you got three legs or three swords?" Soon after which, we should imagine, the baillie went home.

Damages Enough.
There had been a railway collision near a Scottish country town, and an astute local attorney had hurried to the scene of disaster. Noticing an old man with a badly damaged head lying on the ground, he approached him with notebook in hand. "How about damages, my man?" he began. The injured man waved him off with the remark: "Na na; ye'll get nae damages frae me. It wasna me that hit yer bloomin' auld train."

The Other Kind.
"Do you think there is anything remarkable in love at first sight?" asked a romantic youth.
"Not at all," replied his cynical friend. "It's when people have been looking at each other for four or five years that it becomes remarkable!"

The Retort Amiable.
Misses—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

Serious Mistake.
Dr. Cutts—I made an awful mistake when I diagnosed that man's case as appendicitis. Dr. Slash—What did the operation disclose? Dr. Cutts—That he didn't have a cent.—Cleveland Leader.

Cenel Fate's Favors.
The Post—My mail contains nothing but rejected manuscripts! His Wife—And mine nothing but invitations to millinery openings.—Brooklyn Life.

On and Off.
Knobs—They say poverty egged him on to the stage. Snobs—Yes, an' the gallery egged him off.—Princeton Tiger.

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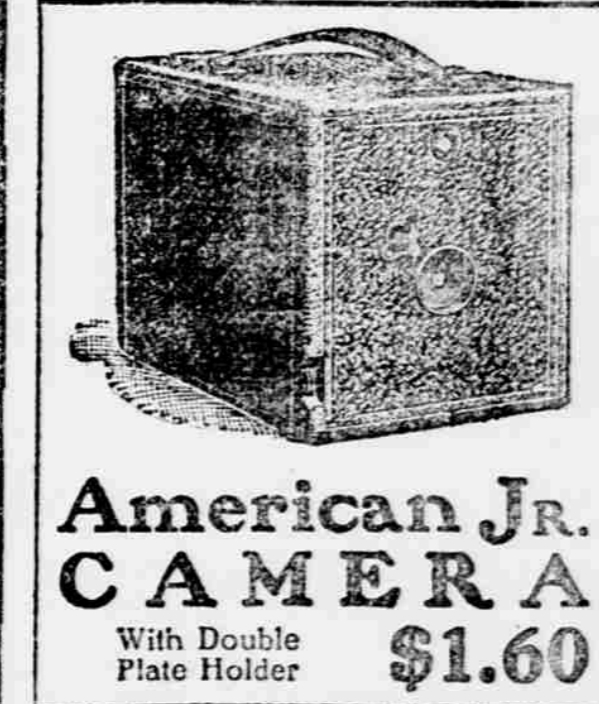
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