

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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TERMS:

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1907.

Dog Mad.

Rushville is having a wholesale slaughter of dogs by poisoning and half her citizens are crazy mad about it. They, perhaps, are the class that own dogs or have owned them for the past dozen years and think they are just the cutest creatures that ever existed and excuse all their filthy habits because the dogs reign supreme in their minds, consequently they can do no harm that should not be promptly overlooked. The other half have been run over by dogs until they are tired. They have, perhaps, protested, in vain, many times against dogs roaming the streets without an owner or had their buildings, awnings, posts, doorways and goods damaged by the filthy habits of the loathsome creatures until they were exasperated and wanted to move out of the country where dogs were not permitted to roam the town at will and petted, fondled, and encouraged in so doing by their owners who seem to want them constantly in sight on Main street where they can chase after any stray dog that happens in town, and occasionally engage in a general row and fight amongst themselves. There is a cause for these general disturbances of the public mind and the owners of good dogs should keep them at home where they won't molest anyone. Don't send people to the pen because they refuse to let your dogs run over them. Keep your dogs at home, Rushville, and they won't be poisoned, or, if you can't take care of them, then you should not have dogs.

Our "chip on the shoulder," in the shape of sixteen large battleships, has begun a 14,000 mile voyage to the Pacific ocean. It is claimed by those in authority that the trip has no political significance. To the ordinary mortal, however, it looks like an attempt to intimidate Japan. The large expense which will be incurred could have been better spent in caring for the victims of the recent mining disasters.—Papillion Times.

NOTICE.

Some of our brand advertisers are in arrears. We will send statements and expect some reply or settlement of account. Some pay once a year regularly. We don't mean them. Those who are in arrears for two years or more should settle and start the New Year right. Also subscribers.
I. M. Rice.

SCHOOL BONDS GARRY 201 TO 16

A meeting was held last Friday night to discuss the issue of bonds to build and addition to our school building and it developed that there was no opposition to building the addition to the school house nor to bonding the district for that purpose, but that the people expected more for their \$5,000 than two rooms and they expect it yet and want to know that it requires \$5,000 to build this contemplated addition and that the money be judiciously used to build it.

The vote Monday afternoon showed 201 votes for bonding the district and only 16 votes against the bonds.

Some thought that it was going to be a hard fight and were surprised to find that there was no fight at all but many of our people would have preferred to wait another year before voting bonds.

The subject was brought up too soon or developed too rapidly.

This is not idle talk but well grounded belief that the enthusiasm boiled over and that our movement was too hasty. There are reasons for the complaint. \$5,000 bonds at 6 percent will draw \$300 interest every year beside the amount levied to pay the principal. It also means an income of \$350 from the state and an estimated income from tuition of \$650, which will not cover the expense of the interest and extra teachers required, but Valentine people are philanthropic and want to do something for the county, and also want a better school for our home children so that we may educate at home rather than to send them away to play foot ball and endure a siege of hazing at some college whose greatest reputation is its foot ball players.

But to return to the economic question we want to say that there are buildings now vacant that might have been rented for a year or two at a much less expense than the \$300 a year interest on the bonds, and then, when times and conditions are more settled, we'd know how much room to build because of the conditions existing in non-chaotic times. But it was a hurried measure in which most people acquiesced and rather than lose the opportunity a great majority favored the bonds and so cast their votes as we did.

Inherited Indian Lands.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Dec. 26.—The first sale of inherited Indian land in the Rosebud Indian reservation to be held in 1908 will occur on February 10, when the United States Indian agent at the Rosebud agency will offer forty six tracts of Indian land for sale to the highest bidder under the regulations of the interior department. Practically all of the land to be offered for sale in February is situated in Tripp and Meyers counties, and is among the most desirable in that part of the state.—World-Herald.

Only Changing the Tune.

"The man escaped us," said the detective. "He had invented a new dodge. That, you see, is the trouble about the science of detection. The minute we detectives master all the old tricks something new springs up."

"It is rather like the story of the thirty butter. When you keep a cask of beer under lock and key in the cellar, only giving the butter the key when you want him to draw you a pitcher, then, if you make him whistle all the time he is out of sight on this errand, you are bound not to be defrauded, eh? Or so at least it was in the past."

"Well, there was a man who engaged a new butter, and, as of yore, the first day he wanted beer he said:

"James, here are the keys to the beer closet. Take this pitcher down and fill it. And mind you whistle all the while you do it."

"Yes, sir," said James, and he departed whistling.

"The clear, sweet notes of 'Home, Sweet Home,' floated upstairs for a minute or so, then they ceased. The master rushed to the cellar door.

"James," he shouted angrily, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir; only changin' the tune!"—Washington Star.

Letter Writing in Ancient Babylon.

It can easily be understood that the reading and writing of cuneiform was not an accomplishment in the possession of every one. Nevertheless there were plenty of scribes everywhere, especially in the cities, where they sat at the temple gates to be at the service of the public. The frequent representations of scribes are hence interesting and show that in addition to clay tablets the Babylonians used some sort of flexible material to write upon. The large number of letters which have been excavated, many of them from the ninth century before Christ, indicate that a very active correspondence was carried on in Babylonia by means of messengers, but even more active was the use of writing in commercial dealings, which was strictly enforced by law. Nothing was legally binding unless it was done into writing in the presence of witnesses.—Professor Friedrich Delitzsch in Harper's Magazine.

Champagne From Sponges.

"The champagne makers of Reims buy a lot of our sponges," said a wholesale dealer. "They squeeze champagne out of them. They must squeeze in the year's course 1,000,000 bottles of champagne out of sponges. Mystified, aren't you? But there is no mystery about the matter. Champagne, as it ferments, is powerful stuff. It breaks the strongest bottles, and, in the past all champagne that broke its bottles and escaped was lost. Now, though, they pack the champagne bottles in clean sponges, and every day or two they go over the plant, and if any of the bottles have broken they squeeze into casks the wine that the sponges have retained. This wine, reclarified, refined and bottled again, makes a very good second quality drink."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Could Make Allowances.

The young mother, who was trying to put the baby to sleep, had darkened the room. Somebody tried to enter the side door, and she went and opened it. "I beg your pardon," said the elderly matron who had come up on the porch, "but is this house for rent?"

"Not at all."

"Seeing the blinds down, I thought there was nobody living here, and as I am looking for a house I was going to step in and inspect it."

"Well, it's not empty, and it's not for rent, ma'am. The reason why the blinds are down, if you must know"—

"Oh, I see. The lace curtains are in the wash. Well, we all have to clean house once in awhile. Sorry to have troubled you. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

The Utility of the Ox.

I should think the ox is the most useful—post-mortem—of all animals. We eat his flesh. We make manure of his blood. We use his horns for lanterns and combs. Buttons and glue come from his hoofs. His bones become paraffine or manure. In the knife handle we use it, in leather, in gold beater's skin, felt roofing; every part of his internal economy is part of our external economy, and his fat is incandescent for not as tallow.—Fry's Magazine.

The Art of Indexing.

A Natal public library catalogue contains entries as follows:

Lead, Kindly Light.
Poisoning.

Almost as funny as the catalogue which gave:

Mill—On the Human Understanding.
On the Flesh.
—Publisher and Register.

His Counting Habit.

"Your husband says that when he is angry he always counts ten before he speaks," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other. "I wish he'd stop it. Since he got dyspepsia home seems nothing but a class in arithmetic."—London Mail.

His Flattery.

"Yes, ma'am, the convict was saying, 'I'm here just for tryin' to flatter a rich man.'"

"The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor.

"Yes, ma'am; I just tried to imitate his signature on a check."

Also Takes Them Off.

"Your friend puts on a good many airs."

"I should say he does. He's a demonstrator in a phonograph store."—Exchange.

Mr. Barrie's Page.

J. M. Barrie, the popular novelist and playwright, glorified tobacco more than once, but on a certain occasion he tried to induce a smoker to desist. It happened thus:

Mr. Barrie returned to his rooms one day and discovered his page boy puffing hard at a dirty clay pipe.

"My boy," said the novelist, "it is very bad for you to smoke that coarse black twist. You will make yourself old before your time."

And so he went on till he had delivered a long and what he believed to be a telling lecture. A day or two later the youth left without giving notice, and shortly afterward Mr. Barrie brought some friends to his flat. Promising them a special treat, he went to a cabinet where he kept a store of very choice cigars. You can imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the cigars had vanished, and in their place was the page boy's clay pipe and the following note:

Dear Sir—I agree with you that it is bad for a boy to smoke twist. I will not smoke any more twist till I have finished your cigars.

Some Animals in Winter.

The ptarmigan, a member of the grouse family, is in summer mottled with black and a rich rusty brown, but in winter it becomes pure white. The snowy owl and the snow bunting, that come to us from the far north have whitish plumage that blends harmoniously with the prevailing whiteness of the landscape. But perhaps the most interesting example of all is the weasel, whose fur in the summer has a peculiarly soft shade of reddish brown, but in the winter is pure white except at the tip of the tail. It is probable that this black point is useful to its owner in diverting the attention of a carnivorous bird or of a beast of prey, as the black spot is more readily seen than the white body of the animal. It is said, too, that if the tip is covered with snow the whole weasel becomes clearly visible and that if the first snowfall is later than usual it is claimed by some naturalists that the color change is delayed accordingly. The turning white takes place when most needed.—St. Nicholas.

Coronets.

It is a mistake to suppose that dukes, marquises and other noble Britons sleep in their coronets. In fact, they never wear them at all except at the coronation of the sovereign, when they put on their coronets at the precise moment when the primate of England places the crown upon the anointed brow of the King or queen. And when a peer or princess dies the coronet is again used at the funeral, being placed in the coffin or borne on a purple cushion behind the hearse by one of the attendants. That is the extent to which the coronet is used according to the official rules and regulations. But sometimes they are made to serve other purposes than those for which they were intended. They are made of silver gilt, edged with ermine and lined inside with a purple velvet cap edged with a gold tassel and are quite ornamental baubles. One belonging to a noble marquis which was sold at auction in London had been cut in half and arranged to serve as brackets for candlesticks.

Daffodil Poisoning.

A large number of plants which are usually looked upon as harmless possess poisonous properties, says the Dundee Advertiser. These who are employed in picking daffodils and narcissus frequently suffer severely from a troublesome skin affection known as "daffodil poisoning." The most trying feature of this ailment is the small gatherings which form under the finger nails. It is said that minute crystals of lime exist in large numbers in the juice of the stems of the pretty blooms and that these are responsible for the poisoning. Regular daffodil pickers are accustomed to rub their hands with oil and work tallow in underneath their finger nails before beginning their work. The bulbs of the white Roman hyacinth have similar unpleasant properties.

With Thanks.

John Budd was a most sedate, precise and altogether exemplary young man. When he wooed and won Susan Smiley, the belle of the village, everybody rejoiced at John's good fortune. However, he bore his triumph with modesty and decorum until the day of the wedding. Then for one awful moment his air of aplomb failed him. When the officiating clergyman asked, "Will you, John, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" John responded blushing, "Yes, please."—Harper's Weekly.

Something Good.

Johnnie on his first visit to his grandparents, who live in the country, communicated with his anxious family as follows:

Dear Ma—I am well and hope you are. Your loving son, JOHNIE.

If you want something good, get a red cabbage and eat it raw.

—New York Press.

The Rattle.

Jimmy—I was walking in the woods when all at once I came on the biggest kind of a rattlesnake. Pa—How do you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy? Jimmy—By the way my teeth rattled as soon as I saw him.—Chicago News.

Her Revenge.

A lawyer asked a woman in the witness box her age, and she promptly replied:

"Old enough to have sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my money yet."

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.—Ford.

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