

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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Entered at the postoffice at Valentine, Cherry county, Nebr., as Second Class Matter.

TERMS:

Cherry Co. Subscriptions: \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 when not paid in advance.
Foreign Subscriptions: \$1.50 per year in advance; paper discontinued at expiration if not renewed.
Advertising Rates: 15c per inch each issue; by contract 12c. Transient adv 20c per inch; locals 10c a line.
Foreign rates for stereotyped advertising, 3 months or longer 10 cents per inch, net.
Local notices, obituaries, lodge resolutions and socials for revenue 5 cents per line each insertion.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1908.

A DRY TOWN.

Valentine, the commercial center of Western Nebraska, has fallen. The industry and business of the past reflects its brilliant splendor upon the dull present. Benches have been erected along Main street and the erstwhile business men are sitting in the sun, whittling and watching their whiskers grow, dreaming of the past. A small group of men have gathered at the post office and are arguing whether it will be advisable to ask the village board to cut the weeds growing in the streets. In another place some are predicting rain, while still others are suspicious that a few drops still lurk within the town.

A meeting of the "ants" has been held and the sense of the resolutions is a dry town. Dry in everything—business men thirsting for trade, school children thirsting for an education, stockmen thirsting for a drink of something just so it is wet; indeed, the town itself looks thirsty.

A wagon rolls up Main street and everyone is on the alert. Some days have elapsed since the last one appeared. The liveryman awakens from his morning nap and takes in the team. Down town everyone is at work. The windows have been washed and the commodities of the past have been dusted. A smile permeates the town. Business is picking up for "SI" just drove in. He walks from place to place and drives hard bargains. Finally, with a sack of flour, a side of bacon and fifty cents worth of sugar he leaves for home—PERFECTLY SOBER.

Gilman has refused to extend his water contract and the mains are empty. An enterprising citizen has erected a mill near the center of the city. Noon is approaching and the lethargy of the morning is cast off and the townspeople gather about the well. "I prithee, give me a jug of water," interposes a meek little woman. A shrill voice is heard in return. "for the third and last time, how much am I bid for this gallon of pure, unadulterated aqua vita?"

Some Statistics.

For the benefit of those who desire a dry town and feel that the village police powers are sufficient to meet the requirements of such, the following interesting statistics are taken from a current number of the Literary Digest:

Maine—adopted prohibition in 1846, repealed 1856, re-enacted prohibition in 1858.
New Hampshire—adopted prohibition in 1855, repealed in 1903.
Vermont—adopted 1850, repealed 1903.
Massachusetts—adopted in 1852, repealed 1868; re-adopted 1869, repealed 1875.
Rhode Island—adopted 1852, repealed 1863; re-adopted 1886, repealed 1889.
Connecticut—adopted 1854, repealed 1872.
New York—adopted in 1855; declared unconstitutional.
Ohio—adopted 1851; annulled by license-tax-law.
Indiana—adopted 1855; declared unconstitutional.
Michigan—adopted 1855, repealed 1875.
Illinois—adopted 1851, repealed 1853.
Wisconsin—adopted 1856; vu-

toed by governor.
Iowa—adopted partial prohibition 1855; full prohibition 1884; mulet law 1893.
Nebraska—adopted 1855, repealed 1858.
Kansas—adopted constitutional amendment 1880.
North Dakota—constitutional provision 1890, repealed 1896.
South Dakota—constitutional provision 1890, repealed.
Georgia—adopted 1907.
Oklahoma—adopted 1907.
Alabama—adopted 1908.

The fate of state prohibition is the fate of local prohibition. When a state cannot successfully handle the question with its majesty and power, what do you expect a little village to do?

COMING TO Valentine, Nebr.,

The eminent physician on chronic diseases will visit our city **Saturday, April 11, 1908,** and will be at the Donohoe Hotel until 5 p. m., one day ONLY.

Dr. Potterf, president of the staff of the Boston Electro Medical Institute, is making a tour of the state. He will give consultation, examination, and all the medicines necessary to complete a cure FREE. All parties taking advantage of this offer are requested to state to their friends the result of the treatment.

Cures DEAFNESS by an entirely new process.

Treats all curable cases of catarrh, throat and lung diseases, eye and ear, stomach, liver and kidneys, gravel, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, nervous and heart disease, epilepsy, Bright's disease and disease of the bladder, blood and skin diseases.

Liquor and tobacco habit, big neck, stammering cured.

Piles, fistula and rupture cured without detention from business. Eyes, nose and throat.

Glasses fitted, granulated lids, cataracts, cross eyes straightened without pain.

If you are improving under your family physician do not take up our valuable time. The rich and the poor are treated alike. Idlers and curiosity seekers will please away. Our time is valuable.

Remember NOT A PENNY will be charged for the medicine required to make a cure of all those taking treatment this trip. Office hour 9 a. m.

Positively married ladies must be accompanied by their husbands. Remember the date, Saturday, April 11, at the Donohoe hotel, Valentine, Neb.

Mountains Had Not Moved.

The story is told that when Judge William Rogers was chairman of the school committee in a New England town one examination day he went around questioning pupils of the middle grade. He asked a boy named Rock where the Rocky mountains were. The boy answered correctly, but failed to be promoted that term.

The following year the judge asked the same question. Rock replied, "The same place they were last year."

Wholesome Fear.

Miss H., the principal of a grammar school, was investigating a case brought her by a pupil.

"Are you quite sure that was the way it happened, Mrs. P.?"

"Miss H., that was just the way. I'm telling you the truth. I wouldn't dare tell you a lie. I'm not well enough today."—Woman's Home Companion.

University Tests.

One might say that the first test at Oxford is athletic ability, the next sociability and the final scholastic ability. When you have passed the first two, you are the admiration of your friends; when you have shown yourself a scholar besides, you are the admiration of your college.—Rhodes Scholar in Sunset Magazine.

Discarded.

She—They say that a man becomes like that with which he continually associates. He—Ridiculous idea! I've been a fishmonger all my life and can't swim a yard yet!—London Opinion.

The End Came Another Way.

A distinguished actor was one time engaged at one of our leading provincial theaters in a drama in which he attempts an escape from a convict prison, first by getting rid of his fetters by means of a file and lastly by getting over the prison wall. In the act of doing this he is shot at by a warder and killed.

One particular night the drama had run its usual course up to the point where the actor attempts the escape over the prison wall. The warder, as usual, presented his rifle, but instead of a loud report nothing but a faint clicking sound was heard. The rifle was lowered and after a brief delay again pointed, but with the same disappointing result.

The audience now began to hiss and jeer. The disgusted actor then got off the prison wall and, staggering toward the footlights, exclaimed, "It's all up, I've swallowed the file!" and fell prone on the stage amid the laughter and applause of the audience.—Pearson's Weekly.

Bachelor Seal Skin.

"This skin," said the furrier, "came from a young seal bachelor, a youth ignorant of love and of life."

"How do you know?" the lady asked.

"By its fitness, its perfection," he replied. "The pile, you will note, is like close cut velvet. Gaily bachelor seal skins have such a pile."

"The bachelor seal," he went on, "has a rather sad life. The big bull seals in the seal islands have each a household of fifteen or twenty wives, but the young bachelors must herd by themselves. Let one of them attempt to marry and straightway a bull slays him. Not till he is big enough to fight and conquer a bull—not till he is fourteen or fifteen years old—can he know the delight of settling down in a home of his own."

"He leads a hard, ascetic, celibate life, only in the end as like as not to make a lady a very fine coat. All the very fine coats, I repeat, are made from the unhappy bachelor seals."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jack Tar and the Actor.

A famous Irish actor of the eighteenth century named John Moody early in life, before he went on the stage, had been to Jamaica and worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night some time after he had been engaged at Drury Lane when he was acting Stephen in "The Tempest" a sailor in the front row of the pit got up and, standing upon the seat, hallooed out, "What cheer, Jack Moody—what cheer, messmate?"

This unexpected address rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward and, recognizing the man, called out: "Tom Huddell, keep your jawking tacks aboard. Don't disturb the crew and passengers. When the show is over make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a jug of punch. But till then, Tom, keep your locker shut." Moody, it is related, was as good as his word.—Cornhill Magazine.

Exchanging Amenities.

A blatant sample of the loud voiced, self-conscious, look-at-me variety of man took his seat in a bus and called to the conductor:

"Does this bus go all the way?"

"Yes, sir," responded the conductor politely.

"Does it go as far as Oxford street? I want to get out there."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I want you to tell me when we get there. You'd better stick a stamp on your nose or put a straw in your mouth or tie a knot in one of your lips, so that you won't forget it."

"It would not be convenient for one in my position to do so," said the conductor courteously. "But if you will kindly pin your ears round your neck I think I shall remember to tell you."—London Scraps.

The Sins of Hatters.

If any tradesman has a lot to answer for it is surely the hatter. He will most unblushingly tell you that a certain type of hat is suited to your particular style of beauty, knowing that the information is false, and all the while you have a dull suspicion that you don't look well in it. Yet you are obliged to believe him. His persuasive powers are so cultivated that I firmly believe he would make a dwarf think himself "a fine figure of a man."—Fry's Magazine.

May Do It Now.

"In the olden times it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible."

"Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day."

"You don't say so! How do they manage it?"

"By marrying famous women!"

How It Was Becoming.

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat.

She looked at him coldly for a moment and then replied:

"Yes. It is becoming threadbare."

Brutally Frank.

Scribbles—When I take a dislike to a man I use him as the villainous character in one of my novels. Critics—Ah, I see! You punish the poor fellow by burying him alive, as it were.

Why They Fly.

Bobby—Mamma, do the streets of heaven flow with milk and honey? Mamma—So the Bible says, dear. Bobby—And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walkin's so bad?

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Shakespeare.

Trials of Writers.

George Eliot in one of her letters, referring to her novel "Daniel Deronda," writes as follows: "My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth while giving to the world that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities." Again of the same work, "As usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature and not a mere addition to the heap of books."

Montesquieu wrote thus to a friend: "I thought I should have killed myself these three months to finish a morceau (for his great work) which I wished to insert on the origin and revolutions of the civil laws of France. You will read it in three hours, but I do assure you that it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

The eminent modern French writer Gustave Flaubert suffered tortures in his efforts to attain perfection. When composing, he would sometimes spring to his feet, shriek aloud and call himself "blockhead," "idiot." No sooner was one doubt removed than another arose. At other times he would sit at his writing table as one magnetized, lost in contemplation. His friend Turgenieff declared that it was exceedingly touching to see his struggles with language. He would work a whole day and sometimes all night on a single page.

Traps of the Ant Lion.

We read of the tiger traps in India—great pits dug in the ground and covered lightly with plant bamboo. The tiger steps upon the false top and before it can retreat is precipitated into a trap. Walking along a sandy road, look for tiny circular pits sunk below the surface and then sit down and watch an exciting episode in the life of the little still hunter which has dug the pitfall. It is invisible, and for some time the whole affair seems lifeless. Then an ant comes blundering along and without warning topples over the edge and begins to slide down the incline. But the insect fights hard for life and seems about to make its escape, when, lo, the sand grains heave upward at the bottom and with a jerk are hurled like a miniature catapult at the ant, knocking it over and rolling it to the bottom. The ant lion, for such it is, now seizes its prey and after sucking its juices casts the dry body away and mends its pit against the coming of another victim.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Scientists' Corner.

Lord Kelvin was buried in Westminster abbey in the spot which by analogy we might call scientists' corner, but it is such a very ugly phrase. If pilgrimages are made there the pilgrims will be of another type from those whose shrine is poets' corner. And yet, when one thinks of the poets, how many of them have opened up such wide spaces of imagination as Newton and Herschel, Darwin and Kelvin? If Shakespeare had known such men he would have admitted their right to take their place with the lover, the madman and the poet who are of "imagination all compact." But this conception has not penetrated the popular mind, which is hardly equal to pure imagination unadulterated with emotion and a good many primitive instincts.—London Saturday Review.

Getting His Money's Worth.

A New Hampshire man tells of a tight fisted man of affairs in a town of that state who until recently had never been observed to take an interest in church matters. Suddenly, however, he became a regular attendant at divine service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow townsmen.

"What do you think of the case of old Ketchum?" said one of the business men of the place to a friend. "Is it true that he has got religion?"

"Well, hardly," replied the other. "The fact is it's entirely a matter of business with him. I am in a position to know that about a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50, which the latter was unable to pay. So there remained nothing for Ketchum but to take it out in pew rent."

Struck Out.

Dr. C., who always employs two servants, man and wife, was talking to a patient one day about a couple he had just discharged because the man drank.

He remarked: "It is so strange, but it is always the way with a man and wife. If one is good, the other is no good."

The patient asked him, "How is it with you and Mrs. C.?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Home Life of Genius.

The Actor (before breakfast)—Where are the papers, my dear? His Wife (an actress, absentmindedly)—Curses you! They are far beyond your reach, thank heaven! And I'll die a thousand deaths before you can wr-r-r-ring the secret from—oh—er—Jack, I mean, the boy forgot to leave them this morning!—Puck.

A Reason.

"Pa," asked Mr. Henpeck's little boy, "why did Patrick Henry say, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'"

"He may have been out five minutes after the curfew rang the night before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Highest Applause.

You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.—Emerson.

Experience is the extract of suffer

ing.—A. Helps.

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The Stock Exchange,

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