

The State Democrat.

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

National
For President—
WILLIAM J. BRYAN.
For Vice President—
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.
State.
Presidential Electors—
J. W. MARTIN, Codington County.
JOHN P. McELROY, Pennington County.
FRED BACON, Lincoln County.
J. M. KING, Hand County.
Congressman—
JOSEPH B. MOORE, Deadwood.
ANDREW E. JEE, Vermillion.
Governor—
B. H. LEIN, Sioux Falls.
Lieutenant Governor—
ABE L. VAN OSDEL, Yankton.
Secretary of State—
FRED B. SMITH, Brown County.
Auditor—
F. J. TRACY, Edmunds County.
Treasurer—
CHAS. D. TIDRICK, Brule County.
Supt. School and Public Lands—
EDMUND COOK, Roberts County.
Attorney General—
A. E. HITCHCOCK, Davison County.
Supt. Public Instruction—
M. A. ASVED, Day County.
Railroad Commissioner—
W. C. LAFOLLETTE, Brule County.
County.
For Senators—
J. C. KINDSCHY.
D. MCGILCHRIN.
For Representatives—
BERT DOUGLAS.
EUGENE HORNING.
OSCAR CONANT.
GEO. B. DALY.
Clerk of Courts—J. H. EVANS.
For Treasurer—A. E. CLARK.
For Auditor—J. H. MILLER.
For Sheriff—J. M. BURNS.
States Attorney—C. N. HARRIS.
Register of Deeds—A. L. WILLIAMS.
County Judge—W. H. MORGAN.
Superintendent of School—H. A. WAY.
Coroner—D. H. CHRONY.
Surveyor—HORACE BARNARD.

WHO OPPOSES PETTIGREW.

In view of the strenuous attacks that are being made by the organ-grinders upon Senator Pettigrew, it may be as well to consider why some of his former supporters are now spoiling so much good ink with so much putrid language. It seems peculiar, as we remember of days gone by, when they could say nothing too laudable of the senator, that now, the most vituperative epithets are not sufficient to characterize him. At first thought, it may appear that either the senator must have changed his individuality entirely, or else his present enemies must have been entirely wrong in their estimate of his capabilities. As a matter of fact, neither is the case. Mr. Pettigrew has made no change in his attitude toward the people of this state. He has been working for our interests ever since he was first elected to represent South Dakota in congress. He has taken his position upon new questions as they came up, because he believed he was right, and there has not yet one of his opponents been able to demonstrate that he was not right. Every bill he has introduced, and legislation he has promoted has been for the benefit of South Dakota. During the last session of congress, the bills he introduced were followed by exact duplicates offered by his opponents. This was a case where imitation was an indirect compliment, their offering of the same bills, was an acknowledgment that they concerned the welfare of this state. But they were compelled to follow the lead of the senior senator. He was the only champion of the common people on the floor of the senate during last session. No fault can be found with the legislation that he has supported. No one complains of the laws he has secured enacted. No one questions his integrity or ability. Why then all this diatribe of accusations? Simply because he has been able to defeat some of the pillaging plans of peanut politicians. When engaged in politics the senator has shown himself to be the better politician, and when engaged in scoring the opposition, he could more scathingly castigate them than they could him. He has fought them with their own weapons and beaten them every time. They have thus suffered defeat and humiliation, and suffered bitterly. They are sore and weary laden. The senator never forgets his hands or his enemies. His opponents know it. Their lamentations and execrations find harmonic utterance in every machine-organ. Yellow-streaked jealousy is crying for vengeance. The pliffing pie hunter must have pie. Pettigrew must be downed. Should these peccating plotters suc-

ceed in accomplishing their purpose, it would be the success of a kind of politics that sometime make great men ashamed of their country.

WHAT ROOSEVELT REPRESENTS.

It was neither by accident nor by a feat of political wire pulling that Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the vice-presidency. He is the best man in the country for the place, because he represents better than any other man the new spirit of conquest and imperialism which has sprung up during the last two years. Roosevelt represents the latent savagery which our skin-deep civilization has as yet only veneered, but not abolished. He is a mixture of Don Quixote, General Booth and John L. Sullivan. His twin brother in Europe is Emperor William of Germany. Both men are the natural product of an age which is dominated by the press and the theater, not to speak of the kodak. Publicity is the very atmosphere in which they live and move and have their being. Such men are harmless when born in what is called a humble social position. They would become drum-majors, Waldorf-Astoria waiters and winners of cake-walk contests. But when they are born the heirs of great power, either in rank and wealth they are the most dangerous of social incendiaries. They would hurl one nation against another as gaily as a small boy sets off a cannon-cracker. They would fiddle grandly while Berlin or New York was burning, if only an audience or a reporter or a photographer were near by.—H. N. Casson.

MAINTAIN MONROE DOCTRINE.

The declaration in the republican platform adopted at the Philadelphia convention held in June, 1900, that the republican party "steadfastly" adhere to the policy announced in the Monroe doctrine, is manifestly insincere and deceptive. This profession is contradicted by the avowed policy of that party in opposition to the spirit of the Monroe doctrine, to acquire and hold sovereignty over large areas of territory and large numbers of people in the eastern hemisphere. We insist on the strict maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and in all its integrity, both in letter and in spirit, as necessary to prevent the extension of the European authority on this continent and as essential to our supremacy in American affairs. At the same time we declare that no American people shall ever be held by force in unwilling subjection in European authority.—Kansas City Platform, July 4, 1900.

There is no issue between the senator and the people. He has never betrayed their confidence. All the howl, kick, bluster, brag and bluff comes from the petulant, political, would-be bosses. It is the sentiment of envy and revenge, nourished in the bunion-brained heads of his subverted opponents that is now trying to down Senator Pettigrew. Are the people going to abet and encourage this sentiment merely to gratify a few political sore-heads?

U. S. Senator Scott, Elkin's side a partner of West Virginia has given a testimonial as to the good character of Mr. Hanna. He says: "Senator Hanna is an honest, big hearted, charitable and unassuming man. I believe that under the very strongest temptation he would not do anything dishonorable."

Hanna's campaign committee has discarded their German bureau as useless. The committee's attention will now be directed to corraling the the Hungarian, Dago and Jap vote.

The Imperialists already feel that they are losing the old soldier vote, and think to draw them back by waving the old "bloody shirt."

North Carolina went democratic by a majority of 50,000, and it is now authoritatively stated that the republicans have given up all claims of a victory in that state.

The republicans have so far failed to secure any promise of service from Reed and Hoar in this campaign.

Millions Given Away. It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern which is not afraid to be generous. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles and have the satisfaction of knowing it has cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases are surely cured by it. Call at Bennett's Drug Store, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed.

EXCHANGE EXTRACTS.

Mr. McKinley may not like the civil service, but judging by his gyrations he is much in love with the swivel service.—Omaha World-Herald.

It is a well-known fact that the republican politicians claim that everything that is good and beneficial comes from the republican administration. They even take the blessings of Providence and claim they are from republican sources.—Plain Talk.

What do Americans, who believe in a republic think of an administration that will distribute free through the mails British literature condemning Boers for fighting for liberty and their homes. Yet this has been going on in Washington for the past two weeks.—Tyndall Register.

In an Iowa town the wife of a prominent man was married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband's name was Robins, the second Sparrow, and the last Quails; the family living on a street named Jay. There are two young Robins, one Sparrow and two Quails. One might almost be forgiven in suggesting that she was "a bird."

South Carolina proposes to adopt a constitution which limits the right of suffrage to those who can read and write, and the g. o. p. organs denounce it as a wicked attempt to disfranchise the negro. In Massachusetts the right of citizenship is limited to those who can read and write English, and the g. o. p. organs call this a wise and patriotic provision for the safety of our institutions.—Plankinton Herald.

I believe that perseverance in this policy will be abandonment of the principles upon which our government is founded, that it will change our government into an empire, that our methods of legislation, of diplomacy, of administration must hereafter be those which belong to empires, and not those which belong to republics.—Senator Hoar on the subject of Imperialism.

When Roosevelt was nominated at Philadelphia this writer indulged in the opinion that he was capable either of accomplishing something extraordinarily brilliant or of making gigantic blunders. Now we have reason to believe that we were not mistaken in his make up. In that speech of his for which Hanna had to call him off, he made an infernal ass of himself. We still think that he might do something brilliant, but his blunders so outnumber his feats that he will never be given the chance.—Spink County Chronicle.

All Herried lacked of being a populist in 1896 when Ringsrud ran for governor, was a little larger offer in salary as editor of the Sioux Falls Press. The company could not pay what Herried wanted, so he decided not to be a populist, and sat on the fence and let his home county, McPherson, which had usually given 500 republican majority, slide down the scale and only give Ringsrud a bare majority, and thereby defeated Ringsrud's election. There is no other reason why Herried is recognized after this treachery to his party, except that he can be used by Kittredge.—Elk Point Leader.

We charge upon President McKinley, who was elected to high office by appeals to Christian sentiment and patriotism almost unprecedented and by a combination of moral influences never before seen in this country that by his conspicuous example as a wine drinker at public banquets and as a wine serving host in the White house he has done more to encourage the liquor business, to demoralize the habits of young men and to bring Christian practices and requirements into disrepute than any other president this republic has had.—The Prohibition Convention in Chicago.

The indifference and even contempt which President McKinley displayed toward American ideas and toward the proper aspirations of a brave people, I for one cannot forget, and politically speaking, cannot forget. He has done his best to turn the great statue in New York harbor, of liberty enlightening the world, into a colossal joke. He has made us and our boasted ideals the derision of Europe. He has caused the nations of our own continent to drill armies and stand guard against the United States as a great freebooter, watching to rob them of their birthright. He and his counsellors have largely thrown away our finest national possession—our moral influence. He has put into our history a black page, which will shame us forever. My humble vote he cannot have again. The gold of our coinage is not so precious to me as the gold of our history.—Prof. A. B. Tolman of the Chicago University.

THE GRAND SCHEMER.

HE PLANS A DEVICE THAT WILL TAKE THE PUBLIC BY STORM.

Major Crofoot Originates the M. W. B. Company, Filling a Long Feat Want, and Incidentally Takes In a Lawyer Friend.

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The grand promoter sat at his desk in his office with a wandering look on his face and 40 cents in change spread out before him. He had been counting that change over and over and figuring how many times the \$28 he owed his landlady, the \$12 he owed his tailor, the \$4 he owed his hatter and the \$75 he owed various other people would go into that 40 cents. He was still about it when he heard a step on the stairs. It was the step of an aggressive man. As it came nearer it betokened the step of a determined man. As the door was burst open without preliminary warning the major recognized the fact that he was face to face with a circumstance. For one brief second his knees weakened, and he caught his breath with a gasp. Then he was on his feet with hand outstretched and a smile on his face and saying:

"Bless my soul, but if you had been two minutes later I should have been on my way to your office! Come in; come in."

"I didn't know as you would remember me," dryly replied the visitor as he looked around the office.

"What! Not remember Thompson of Thompson & Thompson, attorneys at law! You must be joking. My dear



"I WANT TO TAKE YOU IN." man, Major Crofoot never forgets the face or name of a friend. You more than any other man in the world have been in my thoughts for the last three days, and, as I remarked, I was about to start for your office. Thompson, shake hands again."

"I haven't time," replied Thompson. "Look here, major, bills against you to the amount of \$200 have been put into our hands for collection. You promised to pay that old board bill two months ago. I want to know what you are going to do?"

"Do, my dear Thompson? Why, I'm going to give you a check in about ten seconds for the whole indebtedness. You could have had your money long ago if you had given me the slightest hint. Major Crofoot has a good memory, but how can you expect him to keep track of shillings when he is dealing in thousands of dollars."

"I heard you were promoting a little," said the lawyer as he waited for the check.

"Ten companies formed in the last three months, my boy, and the eleventh just ready to be incorporated. Grand aggregation of over \$300,000,000 capital thus far, and every company bound to pay at least 80 per cent dividend. What do you suppose I've got on hand now?"

"I can't say, and as I'm in a hurry you may fill out that check."

"The biggest scheme of all—the ne plus ultra!" whispered the major with a flourish of his right arm. "I expected to stop at ten, but this scheme came pushing along and I had to take it up. It's the richest of them all. I'll pay 100 per cent profit from the very start. In a week from now the Standard Oil company won't be on earth."

"But I'm here about those bills."

"My dear Thompson, walk with me. When I was hard up, you were one of the few who did not lose confidence in my integrity. The man or woman who trusts Major Crofoot never regrets it. I might not have picked up this eleventh scheme but for you. I wanted to let you in. I wanted to reward you for your faith in me. Thompson, my boy, sell out your law business—give it away—get rid of it before night."

"I want to know about those bills," said the lawyer as he came to a halt.

"The last and best scheme of all," continued the major as he got hold of his arm again. "Is the Musical Washboard company, organized on a capital of \$20,000,000. The idea is strictly original with me. Washboard runs a music box while you rub. Music box can be placed in the laundry, parlor, kitchen or even the next house. May arrange later on to have 'em connected with drug stores, kindergartens and public schools. Twenty-four tunes in the box, evenly divided between sad and lively. And the washerwoman rubs away at one of your colored shirts the music

box strikes up 'Comin Thro' the Rye.' She changes off to a sheet or pillow-slip, and you have 'Home, Sweet Home,' with variations. Thompson, shake hands!"

"I won't do it. I came here to notify you that these bills must be paid at once or you will be haled into court."

"It's a hummer, my boy—it's a success from the start. Costs nothing extra for the music, you know. While you are hiring a woman in the laundry

for a dollar and a quarter a day she's furnishing music for the parlor free gratis. Put a bedquilt on the washboard and you can hear the strains of 'The Old Oaken Bucket' from garret to cellar. Let the woman tackle a tablecloth, and everybody goes dancing to the tune of 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' Drug stores can have it at a slight cost for their patrons, and public schools needn't pay a cent. Rut-a-dub-dub! Music by the box! Thompson, don't miss it. Don't throw a good thing over your shoulder. I want to take you in. I have taken you in. You are to be secretary of the M. W. C. at \$20,000 a year."

"That's all wind," bluntly exclaimed the lawyer, "and it won't work. Will you draw me a check for \$200?"

"Isn't it a wonder that somebody else didn't strike on the idea?" whispered the major as he patted Thompson on the shoulder. "The washboard has been known for 200 years. What was easier than to make friction run a music box to soothe the sorrowful, lull the ailing or enthrall the discouraged? It would have saved thousands of lives annually, prevented thousands of suicides, and yet no one thought of it. Thompson, shake hands! It's the secretaryship at \$20,000 a year for you, and I'll get you \$50,000 worth of stock at ground floor figures. Months ago, when I was hard up and couldn't pay a bill of \$7, you put your hand on my shoulder in a brotherly way and said you had every confidence in my financial integrity. Do you imagine I've forgotten that, Thompson? Not by the grave of my grandfather! I never think of it without the tears coming to my eyes."

"Do you want to be sued for these accounts?" demanded the lawyer when he could get in a word.

"And your reward for trusting me is this," continued the major—"the salary of \$20,000 is only a starter. I'll double it after the washboards get into the market. The \$50,000 in stock will pay you \$25,000 a year in dividends at the very least, and perhaps double that, and there you are. You can safely put your first year's income down at \$65,000. Is that enough, Thompson? If not, just say the word, and I'll add \$20,000 to it. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I want no more of your wind!"

"Meanwhile, my dear secretary of the M. W. C., I owe \$200. You have the accounts to collect. Just mark 'em 'collected,' and I'll pay in the \$200 to hold your stock. Always have to have a deposit as evidence of good faith, you know. If it was anybody else, I'd demand a certified check for \$10,000. Thompson, go home and throw your lawbooks out of the window."

"I'll be hanged if I do! I want to know—"

"Throw your lawbooks out of the window, dissolve the partnership, and then take your position as secretary. No hurry for a day or two, but don't wait too long. I want to get the articles of incorporation through as soon as possible and patent the idea. Good-by, Thompson, goodbye."

"But I want that check!" protested the lawyer as he was pushed out.

"And the washerwoman rubs and the box plays on," replied the smiling major. "We'll have 50,000 washboards playing 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Home of My Soul' before the month is out, and if you want \$15,000 in advance on your salary and profits send your good boy around and I'll fill out a check. Good-by, Thompson, goodbye, and remember to keep mum till our patent is secured."

The door was shut and locked, and there was grim silence for five minutes. Then the major heard threats and vows and mutterings, and some one went slowly down stairs.

M. QUAD.

The Plain Truth.

Dr. Lyman Abbott used the best of English and told a plain truth in a Cleveland interview last week when he said, "Men who combine to raise prices are thieves." There is no use in mining matters. That's about the moral size of the fellows who compose the trusts.—Kansas City Times.

Our Caesar.

Our Caesar doth begin to take to imperial ways of living. The newly fitted McKinley residence at Canton has a gold trimmed bathtub.—Burlington Journal.

Golf.

The game of golf was put down by an act of parliament in Scotland in 1541 as a nuisance. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interfered with the practice of archery, as men preferred wielding the club to pulling the bow.

An Exception.

In the treatment of skin diseases it is said that the rays of the sun are quite efficacious. They can't cure fleckles, however.—Bradford Era.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockerel Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened on the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockerel seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockerel's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockerel found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks, and ate up everything within his reach in the friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave here for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legatee leave the workhouse. He remained there till his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had scorned to use passed to his wife.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

How to Give a Cat Medicine.

A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be eating all I give her!" She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat!"

Reading a Book.

A writer in the New York Medical Journal says that the curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under a constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision. It is suggested that the difficulty might be obviated if the lines should be printed parallel to the binding instead of at right angles to it.

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