

The Valentine Democrat

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Success doesn't always bring happiness and contentment. The dentist who has the biggest pail always looks quite down in the mouth.

The Minneapolis Journal remarks that "a woman suing for damages and holding a set of love letters is a terror to men and angels." What have angels to do with it?

Two footpads attempted to hold up a member of the Ohio Legislature in a corridor of the State House at Columbus. But they succeeded in escaping before he robbed them.

Scientists say the time is coming when we shall be able to talk with the planets. The necessity for more talk is not urgent, but any improvement in the quality will be thankfully received.

The habit of intellectual suspense is a most wholesome and valuable one, especially where the spirit and actions of another are concerned; and nothing tends more effectually to prevent unjust and cruel criticism.

All that a man has to do in a place where he is a stranger is to bridle his tongue and his temper, cultivate good feeling and kind affections, and meet every advance of his neighbor with courtesy, cordiality and cheerfulness.

There is often in one kind word, one look of sympathizing affection, or one small act of disinterested love, more of real nobleness of spirit than in actions which have rung in the ears and found an echo in the hearts of admiring thousands.

The cost of electric power in the great railway tunnel of Baltimore is rapidly declining, and in a short time will be no greater than that of steam. Electricity in the industries is marching on with a steady and certain sweep.

The Boston Advertiser, which carries at its editorial masthead the proud statement that it is "a paper for the best classes exclusively," prints a two-column account of a dog fight. But perhaps this is what the best classes in Boston want.

If Cuba should win its independence Spain will have no reason to regard the event as a deep humiliation. England had to take the same medicine over a hundred years ago, and the colonies she lost have done so well that she is not half sorry.

An electrical exchange says: "St. Louis is in very bad shape electrically. Let us hope the wires will be put under ground before the convention crowds arrive." Here's a shocking proposition! What's the matter with St. Louis matrons, anyway?

Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatever forms and accomplishments they are to be seen.

The duke of Veragua has been waxing exceedingly saucy toward the United States of late. This probably comes from Tom Palmer's "Veragua relief fund," which, when last heard from, stood at \$1.68. It isn't wise to make these foreign paupers independently wealthy all at once.

Conduct is at once the aim and the test of all our learning, our thinking, and striving. The man lives most perfectly whose most constant happiness is found in the consciousness that, in doing the best he can for himself, he is also doing the best that he can for every being that is capable of having good done to it.

England's decision to spend \$100,000,000 in building new war-ships this year would be more formidable if the fact were not known that the ships already completed are decidedly short of sailors. A landsman transferred at short notice to a modern battle-ship is about as effective as a Spanish infantryman on a Cuban mule.

Out in Kansas a judge has ruled that "if a man calls on a girl several times and escorts her to entertainments occasionally he is legally engaged to marry her." That judge evidently is susceptible to outside influences. If an old maid asked him to do so he probably would issue an injunction to prevent the rising of the moon or would cheerfully declare unconstitutional the laws of nature.

In a recent Sioux Falls divorce trial the fair plaintiff testified that for the first three years of her married life her husband kissed her at least 100 times a day. But at the expiration of that time he began to lag in his attentions, sometimes not kissing her more than a dozen times every twenty-four hours. The brute! This unfortunate young woman is clearly entitled to a separation on the ground of extreme cruelty.

If we could trace out the needless suffering inflicted by men upon each other, we should find a large majority of it to be quite unintentional, involuntary, and even unknown to those who caused it. No plea in excuse is more frequent than that there has been no

such purpose. Men forget that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart." That they meant no harm to their neighbors or friends or the public is well; but their responsibility did not end there. They should have been very sure that their acts were as free from harm as their intentions.

Some people may wonder why a scientist should devote time and energy to the task of securing quantitative measurements of sensibility in persons of different ages and different classes of society. To the careless or the ignorant a thermesthesiometer or an algometer is of no consequence whatever, but that such delicate aids to psychological study have great value will be evident even to the masses in the near future. Dr. Arthur MacDonald, who is a specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, has developed some interesting neuro-social data. Of especial moment are those that relate to school children; one thousand seven hundred and seven having been the subjects of the doctor's simple experiments. Whatever may be the scientific value of Dr. MacDonald's measurements their practical value amounts to much. A tabular statement of average sensibility as to locality, heat and pain has been prepared, presenting which the doctor says that any pupil 20 per cent. above or below these averages for its age should be reported to the family physician; ought, perhaps, to be taken away from school or if permitted to remain should not be required to do the average amount of school work. Bright pupils with weak bodies are now too common, but with the assistance of the clever psychologist they may enjoy a measure of relief sufficient to give the physical self a chance to catch up with the over-rapidly developing mind. Practical science is only the refinement of common sense.

Chicago Times-Herald: A poor negro, long out of work which he had diligently sought, mad with hunger and desperate against society, saw a purse lying in the lap of a woman riding in a street car. He seized the money bag, ran, was pursued, overtaken, and with a certain penitentiary fate ahead, cut his throat. The fashion that, depriving women of pockets, compels them to carry purses and other articles of value exposed to the vision of poverty and want, is brutal. It is amazing that women, right-minded, kind-hearted and rational in all other things, condescend to submit to it. They are miserable slaves of dress-makers. Dressmakers are slaves of style. There was never a style that so idiotically ruled a sex, and there was never a time when that sex claimed to be more intelligent or half as independent. "Lead us not into temptation" ought to be carried on the corsage of every woman, as of old the fable placed on the breast the bag containing the wearer's follies. The poor fellow whom the sight of a woman's displayed purse drove first to robbery, then to suicide, leaving a family to the mercy of the world, is not the first victim of a fashion that for its cure only needs a pair of scissors to cut a pocket hole or to rip open a seam to make place for a pleat that would conceal access to a pocket, without detracting from the grace of the garment. Cannot the Woman's Club and the various other philanthropic aggregations of women of which we see and hear so much spare a little time from aesthetics, poetry, parliamentary law, political economy, and other higher kindergartening to devote a little time to expounding that very old but always salutary phrase, "Lead us not into temptation?" Which, being contemporaneously translated, means: Women, in heaven's name, put pockets in your gowns and stop driving men to felony and suicide. The grand jury has done in its day worse things than bringing in a moral indictment of women who carry purses in their hands and watches secured only by frail stick-pins on their busts.

A Bee-Hunt.
An Australian savage comes up to an Irishman's idea of human skill, for "he bates the bees." A native seldom fails to get honey when he discovers the bee he has been watching for. The following description of a native's bee-hunt is given in Mr. Arthur's "Kangaroo and Kauri":
Warryallah, the chief of a tribe, went with two little nets to a small pool, filled his mouth with water, and then lying down, his head hanging over the pool, he remained quiet for an hour, apparently looking at his own reflection in the water. Then the hum of a bee was heard. Buzz-z-z it went over the pool, round the black's head, now on one side, now on the other, and now close to his ear; but not a motion betrayed the bee-hunter.

But when the bee, dropping close to the water, gave notice by the change of its tune that it was about to sip, the chief, with a snort, squirted the water from his mouth over the little "buzzer." Before it had time to recover from the unexpected douche, he seized it dexterously by the wings. Then he prepared it for the chase by fastening to it a bunch of wild cotton with some gum. The bee was let go; it made for the hive, slowly at first on account of its novel burden, which impeded its progress and showed a sign in the air for the chief to follow. Over bramble and brake went the chief, accompanied by the men of his tribe, and in half an hour halted at the foot of an immense gum-tree, into whose top the bee had gone.

The chief mounted quickly, but cutting notches into the bark with his stone tomahawk. In a short time he brought down a quantity of honey-comb, a small piece only of which contained honey. The Australian bees are stingless.

When a man saves his money, people think he steals it.

FROM SAP TO SUGAR.

CURIOSITIES OF THE MAPLE SUGAR BUSINESS.

How the Sap is Obtained and How Manufactured into Sugar and Syrup - A Profitable Thing for the Farmers of Vermont State.

The Maple Sugar Industry.

The process of making maple sugar and syrup is quite interesting to the majority of people of this country. While some maple sugar is made in New Hampshire, northern New York and Massachusetts, the bulk of it is manufactured in Vermont. The sap of the sugar maple begins to run about March 10 usually, and continues three or four weeks according to the weather. Sap will run only when the thermometer registers at least 32 degrees F., and stops flowing as soon as the frost is out of the ground, or directly after the snow is gone. The sugar season comes when the Vermont farmer cannot profitably employ his time otherwise.

As soon as the weather is favorable the Vermont farmer gets out his buckets and sets to work tapping his trees as quickly as possible. The maple trees are tapped by boring the trunks with a small bit—usually a half-inch bit—about 1 1/2 inches deep, and from one to three feet above the ground. Trees are not tapped until they are one foot in diameter. After tapping, a spout made of clean maple,



THE HANGING BUCKETS.

beech, tin or galvanized iron and fitted with a hanger for holding the bucket, is driven firmly into the hole made by the bit. A bucket of tin or wood is hung upon the spout, and the tapping process is finished. The buckets are like ordinary water pails, generally all alike, and each farmer usually paints all his buckets one color.

Only one hole is bored in young trees, but it is not uncommon to have as many as six buckets with two spouts each hung to maples of large size. If the bucket fills with sap in a day the run is a good one, although twice this amount is obtained in exceptionally favorable sap days. What is called a "good sized" sugar orchard will contain from 500 to 800 trees, and in the northern and central parts of Vermont orchards of 2,000 to 4,000 trees are not uncommon.

When the sap begins to run well the farmer and his family must work hard. A man with a large farm will employ help outside of his family frequently, and use two or three pair of oxen or horses to make the rounds of the trees with a sled, on which is the large sap tub, into which the sap from the buckets is poured. An orchard of 700 or 800, or even 1,000 trees, need not require the farmer to hire help if he has two or three boys in the family besides himself. From an orchard of 700 trees an ordinary run of sap for two days will enable the farmer to collect about 80 barrels. Sometimes 60 barrels of sap can be collected from 700 trees in one day.

As soon as the men begin to collect the sap the fires in the big evaporator furnace must be started, and the boiling of the sap begun as fast as it is brought in, so that none will be wasted by souring, or that the quantity brought from the woods may not so far ex-



GATHERING THE SAP.

ceed the accommodations at the house, that while waiting to get room for it much will be wasted at the trees. At the time when the sap is running freely the farmer must often keep the fires going and the sap boiling all through the night, and, of course, he is likely to have to work all day Sunday and Sunday night. It is all-important that he "make hay while the sun shines."

When the work is hardest the fun is at its best. Those who have but a small orchard will spare some of the family to help a relative or neighbor through sugaring.

The modern evaporator makes it possible to do much sugar-making in a short time. The evaporator is made of tin, copper or galvanized iron, and is so constructed that the sap flows in at one end, and by means of partitions extending nearly across the other end,

where it is drawn off as syrup. The sap in the pan is kept shallow—about one-half inch in depth—and evaporates very rapidly. Rapidity of evaporation is greatly to be desired, not only on the score of economy of time, but because the sooner the sap is converted into syrup after it runs from the trees, the lighter will be the color and the finer the flavor of the syrup and sugar.

The sugar house is a rough little building with a shed half full of well-dried cordwood. The room is mainly



THE SUGAR HOUSE.

occupied by the boiling apparatus, and with the bunk of the man who has to watch pans of boiling sap day and night. One side is taken up by the oven, which is built on a bed of brick and consists of two brick walls, about 2 feet apart, 2 1/2 feet high and about 12 feet long. A huge old-fashioned brick chimney is at one end, where there is also a sort of square brick furnace to hold a big kettle. In the roof, near the center of the ridge pole, a large slot opens to the sky as an escape for the steam, which rises in heavy volumes from the pans on the fire.

The sap as it comes from the maple tree is like water, and has barely any more flavor than good water. But it doesn't take much heat to produce flavor. A barrel of good sap will make a gallon of syrup, or eight pounds of sugar. After being reduced to syrup in the evaporator the product is allowed to cool and settle, more or less impurities being precipitated by standing. The syrup is now ready for putting into cans for sale. The size most in use is a one-gallon can.

The proper consistency of syrup is generally conceded to be 11 pounds to the gallon, and this degree of density is reached at 219 degrees Fahrenheit. The sap is never made into more than syrup in the evaporator. Then it is poured into a large porcelain-lined kettle to be boiled to sugar. If wanted for sugar, the boiling is continued until the thermometer indicates 323 degrees for full sugar, or 238 or 240 degrees for cakes, when the mass is removed from the fire, stirred briskly for a short time, and then poured into tin pails or cake molds, as the case may be, to harden.

The cake molds are often a series of parallel partitions on a large wooden board, with space in them about 3 inches apart, and just wide enough to admit a knife blade. The molds are dampened with a sponge, then the hot water poured in. Little fancy tins are also used for molds. The farmer



AN OLD-FASHIONED CAMP.

gets anywhere from 10 to 18 cents a pound for his sugar, and from 75 cents to \$1 a gallon for his syrup. A sugar maple produces on an average about 3 1/2 pounds of sugar during a season.

Compliment to a Soldier.

During the siege of Paris Marshal Canrobert found himself for a moment in the presence of a party of ladies. They were very much agitated. "What is the matter, ladies?" the marshal asked.

"The matter?" said Madame Brohan, in whose house the people were assembled. "Why, we are on the eve of battle, and I suppose fear affects us."

"Fear?" echoed the marshal, looking about with a puzzled air. Madame Brohan rang her bell.

"Marie," she said, when the maid appeared, "bring a dictionary for the marshal!"

Which was as much as to say that the old commander did not know the meaning of the word.

They Never Move.

There are but two European potentates who manage to get along without change of residence. These are the Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne in such tragic circumstances nineteen years ago, and his Holiness has remained within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple targa was placed upon his head.

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions." "Then," said Willie, "if a feller has candy and eats it all hisself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Proud pop (to old bachelor friend—I tell you, Dawson, there's no baby like my baby, Dawson—I'm glad you've waked up to that fact. I knew mighty well there never was a baby like the one you described.—Harper's Bazar.

With most of your friends, you treasure up things they occasionally do or say that offend you.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S WALKS.

First Lady of the Land Takes a Daily Five-Mile Tramp.

Mrs. Cleveland always did walk more or less, but since her return to the White House last fall she has let very few samples of severe weather deter her from her daily constitutional. That is what it really is, a constitutional. Although nobody says anything about it, Mrs. Cleveland has been gaining flesh, and she has also been working energetically to keep it down.

Mrs. Cleveland doesn't ride a bicycle. She doesn't skate or play golf. She doesn't ride or hunt. In fact, she has none of the fun of the outdoor life that is open to women who live in an executive mansion and have to keep up official dignity. That is why she has taken to walking. Rain or shine, no matter



MRS. CLEVELAND OUT IN THE RAIN.

what is on for the evening, Mrs. Cleveland is ready for her constitutional about 10:30.

Under ordinary circumstances any woman in Washington would be delighted to be honored with an invitation to keep Mrs. Cleveland company for a couple of hours during the forenoon. Most of them did try it for a while. After a couple of experiences all but the strongest have been content to make a plea of sickness.

Mrs. Cleveland's preference is always for a black skirt. This winter she has usually worn one of the wide-gored black skirts of heavy chevot. Over this she has a short jacket, single-breasted, with the buttons concealed under the flap of the coat. The sleeves of the coat are not abnormally immense. A superb chinchilla cape of the new winter fashion, very full and rippy, covers her shoulders. Its high collar is turned up only in the most biting weather. It is an immense cape, and must have been made to order to suit Mrs. Cleveland's shoulders. On her head is a little black toque of velvet and astrakhan, with a couple of wings at the side and front. There is nothing striking or especially fashionable about the outfit. It is quiet and comfortable, and designed for ease also.

The daily stretch is not less than five miles. If there is time and a companion who is equal to it is six or seven miles. This is one of the reasons everybody has been saying how well the President's wife looked, says the New York World. When she comes up the walk to the White House her eyes are clear and bright. Her cheeks are flushed with the exercise, and it is to be hoped that the real purpose of the training is being accomplished. Two of the women who have held out best and have been her most frequent companions are Mrs. Minot, the daughter of Secretary of State Olney, and Miss Harman, daughter of the new Attorney General of the Cabinet.

SOUTH AFRICAN RULER.

Judge Steyn, the New President of the Orange Free State.

Judge Steyn, who has recently been elected president of the Orange Free State, was chief justice of that country before his elevation to the office of the presidency. The position had been filled by the late F. W. Reitz.



JUDGE STEYN.

Judge Steyn's election is considered a Boer victory, as his candidacy was endorsed and promoted by President Kruger, of the Transvaal. Dr. Jameson and his raid into the South African republic had the sympathy of the outlanders, or noncitizens, of the Orange Free State. Steyn stood for the conservative or Boer interests, and his election shows the tide is flowing

against British domination in this part of Africa. He is an able jurist, a good statesman and a strong man. The country over which he will rule is an independent Dutch republic in South Africa. On the south of it is Cape Colony, on the west Griqualand, the Transvaal on the north and Natal on the east. Its area is 48,326 square miles. The total population numbers 207,503, of whom nearly 80,000 are whites. The government consists of a president and a council appointed by the volksraad. The country is divided into nineteen districts, with a "landrost" to each appointed by the president and confirmed by the volksraad. The volksraad is a legislative body elected by the adult white burghers, half of the body vacating seats every two years.

SONG OF TEARS.

Composer Who Gave it to the World Is Now Dying in Poverty.

Frederick Nicholas Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," is dying in Baltimore in poverty. The old man's mind is gone and he raves about the coronation of William IV., the cupid of music publishers, his old triumphs and troubles. Hundreds of thousands of people who have been moved to tears by the recital of his famous song will be amazed to learn that its composer is alive. For it is an old song and is involuntarily referred back to years long since dead. But it was a classic before it had become old and will remain a living power in the realm of feeling until human nature is essentially changed. The poem itself was not written by Mr. Crouch. It was first published in an English magazine. Here it was that Crouch saw it. That was in 1837, when the musician was but 19 years of age. These are the verses:

Kathleen Mavourneen! The gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen! What! Slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! Awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! Where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Crouch wrote out his melody and offered it to a firm of music sellers, who



FREDERICK NICHOLAS CROUCH.

paid him in hand just £5. They took the piece and coined money with it. Edition after edition was sold and the song swept over the world.

Women at the Helm.

Among the curiosities of the Russian dominions is a group of communes in the government of Smolensk, surrounding the convent of Besjukow, where not only do women vote, but where they practically do all the voting and office-holding.

As the returns from agriculture are very meager in the district, and there are large towns not far away, the male inhabitants of the Besjukow neighborhood emigrate to these towns early in spring to find work, leaving few but women and children at home, and not coming home to attend to the little matter of voting.

Inasmuch as the women have to do all the farm work as well as the housework in this singular community, it does not seem strange that they rather insist upon holding the offices, and not assigning them to such old men as may be about. Furthermore, it is said that they have for a period of several years managed all the public affairs of the Besjukow district so well that the men are quite content to abandon the tedious work of government to them.

Sometimes, when the "head woman" of the joint communes is presiding over a public assembly of women to pass upon important financial and other concerns, certain of the men have been known to come home for the purpose of merely looking on and admiring the method of procedure—or else of heartily felicitating themselves upon being rid of so bothersome a duty.

"After that," remarked the young slim who had been telling an insane ghost story, "my mind was a blank." "That accounts for it," commended a sharp young woman, and there was an interregnum of profound silence.—Truth.

Shopkeeper—How does it happen that you are so late this morning, Miss Wait? Miss Wait (who will never be hanged for her beauty)—Please, sir, my clock stopped. Shopkeeper—I believe you.—Boston Transcript.

Have you ever observed how suddenly a useful man dies, and how long a worthless one holds out?