

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

SUCCESSOR TO
CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT GOOD, Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

Democratic Ticket.

For President
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Lincoln, Nebraska

For Vice President
ARTHUR SEWALL
Of Bath, Maine

The McKinley craze is dying out!

Bryan represents the common people of the United States. He is one of them.

The only difference between Buffalo Bill and McKinley is that the former has a good show and the latter has not.

Every trust, every enemy of organized labor, every oppressor of humanity is working against Bryan, and consequently for McKinley.

There is a mellifluous tinkle in the words "Bryan and Sewall" which will hypnotize many a voter into making a cross opposite their names on election day.

The latest figures give McKinley 117 votes in the electoral college and Bryan 330. Necessary to a choice, 224. This is said to be a conservative estimate.

Low prices for the farmer's products are all right, but where is there a republican orator advocating low prices on lumber, coal, groceries, clothing, transportation, etc.?

The "tariff facts" in this paper from week to week can be obtained from any book of statistics. Of course, it may take a little time to find them but they are irrefutable.

If you are for McKinley and the gold standard you might possibly get a job at the sugar factory. If you are for Bryan and free silver don't waste your time in trying.—*Norfolk Independent.*

When McKinley was bankrupt and his friends paid his debts they were looking forward to 1896. If he is elected they will receive about 500 per cent on their investment. This is a low estimate.

The manufacture of woolen goods has prospered more under the Wilson act than ever before in its history. And it might be remarked that the American people are wearing better and cheaper clothing than ever before.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the average wages for day laborers in the western silver mines is \$2.50 per day, while the average wages in the oil and coal mining regions is but \$31 per month. The Standard Oil and Coal Trusts are supporting McKinley.

One more vote for Bryan. A gold standard republican recently told a free silver republican that no honest man believed in free silver and the f.s.r. got so mad at the g.s.r. that he said he'd be — if anyone could call him dishonest, and that he'd vote for Bryan.

The national convention of republican clubs, held at Milwaukee recently, was promised 20,000 delegates, assured of 10,000, and wound up with 500. This is according to what the Milwaukee Sentinel, a republican paper, says, and it is official. The McKinley craze is dying out.

TARIFF AND WOOL.

"The terrible Wilson bill has killed our wool and sheep industry," says a rank McKinley organ. This sort of statement can be made by anybody, but it will not be believed by thinking and investigating men without some figures to back it up. A mere statement does not constitute a fact. Let's look into this wool statement a little bit.

In the year 1884 the number of sheep in the United States was 50,360,243, valued at \$119,902,606. This number was gradually decreased until in 1894, the last year of the McKinley act, there were but 45,048,017 sheep, with a value of \$89,186,110. That isn't a very good showing for the high protectionist's theory. But now comes the most crushing blow.

The production of wool is the real test of the wool industry. In the high water year of 1885 the production of wool was 308,000,000 pounds. In the years of the McKinley act the highest was 303,153,000, in 1893, and in 1894, the last years of that act, the production dropped to 298,057,384 pounds. According to the theory of our misguided friends the production ought to have decreased to almost nothing under "free trade," but instead of doing that it increased in 1895 to 309,748,000 pounds! This broke even the record of the great year of 1885. But here are a few more facts:

In 1885 only 88,000 pounds of domestic wool were exported, and in the McKinley year of 1893 only 91,858 pounds were exported. In 1895, under the "terrible Wilson bill," this country exported 4,279,109 pounds of wool! Isn't it awful what havoc has been wrought in the wool industry by the Wilson bill? Will the country ever recover from the effects of it?

The figures given above are correct.

McKINLEY'S LETTER.

McKinley after 60 days of hard work and deep study has at last accepted the nomination for president tendered him by the republican party, and his letter of acceptance is a curiosity in its way. About one-half of the letter is devoted to a discussion of the money question but in all its verbosity there is not a single idea which has not been advanced by more able men than he, who have had convictions on the money question without having had those convictions made to order. McKinley is not at home on the gold plank, and eagerly grasps at the international agreement idea as a way out of his difficulty. Nothing but platitudes occur in this part of his letter.

When he came to the tariff plank he felt more at home, and regained a little confidence in himself, though he stated an absolute falsehood when he called the Wilson bill a free trade act. Nothing but platitudes occur in this part of his letter.

On the question of pensions, merchant marine, and other things found in the platform, he advances nothing new. Nothing but platitudes occur in this part of his letter.

Taken as a whole the letter is as good as the average republican campaign document, but it is a great failure as a vote getter. In fact, it is generally regarded as one of the poorest things Major McKinley ever did. He is capable of a better letter, and the people know it, whereat they wonder.

Judge Walcott, of Cherry county, paid this office a visit while in town on legal-business Tuesday. He says the corn crop in that county is good and the wheat is turning out 8 to 10 bushels per acre. Farmers and stockmen are encouraged and more settlers are coming in. Regarding things political Judge Walcott says Bryan will carry Cherry county without doubt but the judge is running on the republican ticket for county attorney and thinks his own prospects are good in spite of the Bryan majority.—*Chadron Signal.*

Judge Walcott is one of the best informed men, politically, in Cherry county, as he sees and talks with more people than any other man in the county, and this paper is willing to wager that his judgment in this political case is without fault. Judge Walcott says he is for McKinley but he knows it is of little avail to work against the majority in this county.

Bryan, brains and brawn will make a first class slogan for the campaign, and will easily compass the defeat of the British, the bondholder and the barrel on Nov. 3.

The American Economist truly says that this is a bread and butter campaign.

It shakes one's faith in human memory, not to say human nature, to hear some croaker say, "the hard times come about on account of free trade." Why bless your brainless pate we haven't had any free trade! We had more bank failures under the McKinley law in 1893 than ever occurred in the same period of time before or since.—*Norfolk Independent.*

The silly and ridiculous story that Bryan would be assassinated if elected president is being justly frowned upon by all leading papers. There is no foundation for the report, and the man who swore he heard a certain other man make the statement has retracted and says he made a mistake. The best way to have a thing of that nature done is to spread a report that it will be done.

"The wool products in Germany covers only one-sixth of today's demand; nor does even that pay for the efforts put forth in compensation against products of the Cape colonies, South America and Australia." So says the Canton (O.) Repository of August 27. This paper is the official organ of Major McKinley, and the editor was probably asleep when he let this explanation of the low price of wool in this country and the world get into his paper.

Down in the Golden Irrigation District they are having lots of fun just now. Large tracts of land are being cut out of the district, and in its last issue the Newport Republican charges Dr. E. F. Dodd, one of the directors, with allowing partisanship to influence his selection of secretaries, assessors, etc., and gets very warm under the collar because Dr. Dodd claims his appointees secure their positions solely because of his superior ability. Just what the Doctor is going to do about it is a conundrum, but we will bet a cooky that the Golden Irrigation District plan will be "all bustled up" before spring plowing begins.

MORE FALLACIES.

The Nebraska State Journal of August 27 gives vent to a long wail against the Wilson bill, and claims that it is responsible for the panic it stopped. In support of its claim gives an itemized list of imports, something like this: Breadstuffs, \$2,800,000; cotton manufactures, \$5,500,000; crockery and china, \$8,000,000; etc., and for each \$500 of the value of imports it says one laboring man was thrown out of employment, \$500 being the average yearly wages of the laboring men engaged in the production of the articles named. Thus it figures that for the importation of the three articles named above 34,000 laboring men were relieved of situations. Remember, these import figures are not supposed to represent excess over the McKinley law. They are the total of the importations. At a glance one can see the fallacy of such reasoning. Proceeding on the same lines THE DEMOCRAT can prove conclusively that the McKinley bill threw 1,500,000 men out of employment in the years 1894, or 6,000,000 in four years, the imports for the years 1891, '92, '93 and '94 amounting to over \$3,000,000,000. 'Tis thus that reasoning makes demagogues of us all, and that's why Bryan will be elected next fall. Next.

THE MEXICAN DOLLAR.

The Chicago Chronicle boastfully says that the price of Mexican dollars increased 3 cents in one day owing to a temporary demand for them by campaign orators and others, and gleefully exclaims that that fact conclusively shows the instability of the price of silver. This is a nonsensical argument and is unworthy of serious consideration. Mexican dollars are but a commodity in this country, and a sudden demand for them will increase their price the same as a sudden demand will increase the price of any other commodity, and a demand for English sovereigns would increase their price the same as it does the price of Mexican dollars. Suppose one hundred people in Valentine should want to buy a gold dollar each, how long would it take to force them to a premium? There are not one hundred gold dollars in the town, and they would be valued according to their scarcity. Here is the nub of the whole silver argument. Will not the increased demand for silver raise its value and the decreased demand for gold lower its value until the two metals stand on an equality? This is the basis of the present financial question, and all other propositions are but ramifications of this.

THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH

Author of "The Adventures of Don Enrique Romero," etc. etc.

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IN NINE INSTALLMENTS—SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

THE DEMOCRAT offers a prize of \$5.00 for the best solution of the mystery on which this story is based. A prize of \$3.00 will be given for the next best solution; \$2.00 for the third best; one year's subscription for the fourth and six months' subscription for the fifth best solution.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Band of Claude Duval.

The Prestons left Cheyenne early next morning, and the metropolis of Wyoming was soon hidden from sight over the prairie rolls to the southward. The two travelers encamped the evening of the first day not far from Fort Laramie.

About mid day of the second day out they entered the off shoots of the Wyoming arms of the Black Hills, and the surface of the country soon became very rough. Getting well into the Hills in the afternoon, they entered a deep gulch which led directly north.

The two men were beginning to look for some sign of Claude Duval, for nothing had as yet been seen of the famous Texan bandit.

"Where do you suppose we shall find him, Uncle Henry?" asked John, breaking a long silence.

"It is difficult to tell, John; I think, however, that we must soon fall in with him, we have acted according to his directions, kept straight to the northward; and, as a matter of course, he will be on the lookout for our coming."

"And there he comes," said John, as a horseman came suddenly in sight up the canyon; "I would know that horse of his among a thousand."

"What a splendid looking man he is, said Preston, as Duval came sweeping down the pass in his picturesque garb; "it is a pity that he is an outlaw."

Duval rode up and doffed his sombrero with a graceful sweep.

"Good evening, gentlemen," was his cheery salutation. "I have been on the lookout for you since noon. My men are encamped half a mile up the gulch. I am glad you arrived early as it will enable us to travel several miles on our journey ere nightfall. "I suppose that you are anxious to proceed, Mr. Preston?"

"I am, indeed, Duval," answered the ranchman. "The sooner we fall in with Terry, the sooner will my life search for my daughter's murderer be at an end."

"Believe me, Mr. Preston, when I say that I am deeply interested in your mystery, and truly sympathize with you in your trouble. I will promise you the hearty assistance of myself and my men in searching for the murderer, and my past record will prove that when I become interested in anything, I usually see it through."

"Thank you, a thousand times, for your offered aid, Duval, for better aid than that of you and your gallant men no man could ask or have," answered Preston as he heartily clasped the small hand of the handsome, dare-devil Duval.

"Say no more, my friend, for we travel together; and though I may be compelled to excuse myself, for the sake of my men, when we fall in with Terry's soldiers, I will stay near by and see the mystery to a finish."

They had been rapidly riding north while conversing, and they soon came in sight of a small camp. Gathered about a campfire the two Prestons observed a party of five men, who gave a shout of welcome when they caught sight of the approaching horsemen.

They were all hardy young fellows, armed to the teeth with weapons of the latest pattern. Their thoroughbred horses grazing near by, with their glossy coats and muscular limbs, showed the best of care. They had carried their masters safely through many a wild scene. An account of the hairbreadth escapes from capture of the band of Claude Duval would fill a volume. Though they were outlaws, they were gallant men, each and every one of them, and they had proved it scores of times by lending, at the risk of their lives, timely aid to the unfortunate. A peculiar thing about Claude Duval was that, like his English namesake, he made it a special point on all occasions, to be exceedingly gallant toward the ladies.

CHAPTER XV.

A Brush with Sioux.

The journey northward was uneventful for several days, and the well mounted band had succeeded in covering an unusually long stretch of country. They had entered the Big Horn range when they were fired on one evening from ambush by a party of hostile Sioux, fortunately without serious results. Without a moment's hesitation Claude Duval and his men charged the bushes, sixshooters in hand, and succeeded in routing out a dozen warriors who fled wildly for the mountains, leaving three of their best braves dead on the ground, victims to the deadly aim of the southern bandits.

"We'll have to keep a better lookout, boys," said Claude, as they resumed their journey. "We are getting into a nest of hornets, and if we are not very careful we will feel their sting."

Next morning soon after they had saddled up one of the men who had ridden forward as a scout came flying back out of the gulch ahead, his eyes dancing with excitement as he galloped up. "The gulch is alive with Sioux, Claude!" he exclaimed. "I saw their feathered heads dodging among the bushes. We will have to fall back and get around them. If they got us into that little trap they would butcher us to a man."

"I am not in the habit of falling back, Sam," said Claude, smilingly; "but as I do not care for a fight just at present, I suppose we had better do so."

As he finished speaking a sudden roar of fire arms, followed by fierce yells echoed from the eastward, then close and repeated volleys sounded.

"By heavens, boys, there's a scrap worth seeing! Come on!"

There was a thunder of hoofs through the sage bushes, as the impatient steeds of the Texans bounded madly forward. In a short time, after riding over a ridge of ground, the band came suddenly in sight of a startling scene. Out on the prairie distant half a mile, six men were standing within a circle of horses, while around them were riding fully two score of hostile Indians, and the crash of fire arms was incessant. At this sight even the gloomy brow of the elder Preston lighted up with a fighting glow, while Claude Duval grasped his pistols and shouted:

"Charge them, boys! We'll show the copper-colored scoundrels a sample of the fighting blood of San Antonio!"

With a wild cheer and the thunder of hoofs the eight horsemen went down upon the battle ground with the rush of a tempest.

Hearing the approach the Sioux faced about, formed up and gave them a right warm welcome.

The scene that followed baffles description. There was a crash and rapid rattle of sixshooters—the roar and bang of rifle and musket—wild yells and cheers—the neighing of wounded horses, and the swish swish of feathered war arrows; and for a few moments it seemed as if pandemonium reigned. As John dashed through the ranks of the hostiles he suddenly saw straight in his path a hideously daubed Indian horseman. John raises his pistol and fires a shot that flies wide of its mark as his horse shies from a blow aimed at John with a flint war club. The horse receives the blow intended for his rider squarely in the forehead, and falls, hurling John headlong. When he regains consciousness he sees a familiar face bending over him and hears the voice of Dick Jones: "Good thing you dodged, old boy, for those war clubs are so much harder than one's head, as I can testify from recent experiences." Sitting up, John observes that Jones' head is bound in a handkerchief.

"Much hurt, Jones?" inquired John, solemnly.

"Not exactly," replied that worthy. "My skull was too hard and the club glanced off, greatly to the disappointment of my scoundrelly Sioux brother. Anything I can do for you? If so, I am at your service, as it is practically of no use to try to overtake you flying band of reds."

"I would be pleased to listen while you sing the second verse of 'Three

Cowboys of the Prairie," and afterward a brief account of how you happened to be up here in the mountains posing as a Sioux target."

"Many thanks for your appreciation of my musical talent, but I guess I will favor you with the latter, a description, as I feel anything but musical just at present."

Beyond a few scratches nobody had been seriously hurt in the fight, though several of the horses had been killed. The Indians had made for the mountains, after standing their ground for a short time, leaving a number of their warriors dead and wounded. Several of their ponies had been lassoed by Preston's cowboys.

"I am glad to see you, boys," said Preston, as he shook one by one the hands of his faithful men; "how did you happen to be in this part of the country?"

"We have been dodging Sioux for about three weeks, Mr. Preston," answered the cowboy Jim. "They crowded us steadily northward, and finally attacked us this morning. Dick found us about a week ago down on the edge of the Hills."

"Have you had any success toward clearing up the mystery, Jim?" asked Preston.

"No, Mr. Preston, nothing of importance. We fell in with a wretched looking old woman down in the Hills about a month ago, on our way down to the ranch, who told us that we were wasting our time, and that we should join you; but, as we did not then know your whereabouts, we could not do so."

"Only one thing did we find that might have a bearing on the mystery, and that was while we were down the Niobrara one day, and in a little hill pocket we found the skeletons of two horses and two men. Searching among the bones the boys and I found these," and he held out half a dozen heavy bullets, together with a small revolver of 32 caliber. As Preston examined the pistol he saw that one cartridge had been fired, while the other five chambers were still loaded. On the top of the nicked barrel he made out through the rust the engraved name: CHARLES THOMPSON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE PRESTON MYSTERY."

With this issue THE DEMOCRAT presents its readers with the seventh installment of the above named story. This is next to the last installment before the solution is published, and then two weeks will intervene before the publication of the final chapter. Remember, all that is necessary for you to become a competitor is to have your subscription paid a year in advance of July 1. The subscription price of this paper is but \$1 per year, and if you want to send in more than one solution you may do so, provided each solution is accompanied by one dollar or more for a year's subscription. The contest for the five prizes promises to be a close one, and the solution is not easy to guess, so you want to sharpen your wits when you try for a prize.

In a recent article emanating from republican headquarters we find a list of a few selected imports, which is given to the public with the intention of showing how the Wilson bill has increased imports. In that article we find that our imports of hides increased \$1,162,352; under the Wilson law, leather increased \$3,236,000, tobacco increased \$4,223,928 and wines \$482,977. We are not prepared to dispute the correctness of the above figures, and will let them go for what they are worth. The curious thing about them is that the tariff on these articles was not changed one iota by the Wilson bill, and how that bill could thereby increase the imports is a mystery which cannot be solved. It beats "The Preston Mystery" in a walk.

Those who gnash their teeth and tear their hair by calling all Bryan men "anarchists" and "reputationists" and other hard names, are respectfully referred to the old saw that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

The republican press claims that all the country needs to be saved is "confidence," yet they continue their calamity howl. This is like telling a sick man that he cannot possibly live, and advising him to have hope for his recovery.

THE DEMOCRAT \$1 per year.