

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

SUCCESSOR TO  
CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT GOOD, Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896.



**WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN**  
Who was nominated by the National  
convention of the democratic party for  
President of the United States, and  
who was endorsed by the populist and  
bimetallism parties at St. Louis.

## Democratic Ticket.

For President  
**WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN**  
Of Lincoln, Nebraska  
For Vice President  
**ARTHUR SEWALL**  
Of Bath, Maine

This is the people's year. Bryan  
means prosperity.

The most efficient method of protect-  
ing the American workingman is to  
stop the importation of pauper laborers  
to compete with him.

The people love Bryan for the  
enemies he has made. A more con-  
sistent opponent of trusts has never asked  
the public for its support.

One hundred and fifty of the dele-  
gates to the free silver convention at  
St. Louis wore G. A. R. buttons.  
Twenty wore Confederate badges.

The Butler County Press says it is  
hard for a certain brand of republican  
bosses and editors to discriminate be-  
tween persuading men and herding  
hogs.

Every trust of the country is behind  
McKinley and Hobart. This is the  
reason why democrats cannot vote for  
them, even though they cannot endorse  
the action of the Chicago convention.

Now it is the republican party which  
has become the calamity howler. Let  
them turn back a page or two in his-  
tory and read what they said in regard  
to the calamity wail of the populists  
hurting the credit of the nation.—  
Chadron Signal.

Up to date the only practical solu-  
tion of the problem of perpetual mo-  
tion is: "Syndicates make million-  
aires, millionaires make paupers, pau-  
pers make rags, rags make paper,  
paper makes bonds, bonds make  
syndicates," and so on ad infinitum.

Disraeli's allusion to Gladstone as a  
sophistical rhetorician inebriated with  
the exuberance of his own verbosity is  
now being applied to Bryan by the  
democratic candidate's opponents.  
Gladstone, as a statesman and as an  
orator, was as much superior of Bea-  
consfield as Bryan is of McKinley, and  
nearly always had more people behind  
him.

Notwithstanding all the statements  
of McKinley organs to the contrary,  
the exports of merchandise for the  
year ending June 30 exceeded the im-  
ports in value by \$102,000,000. This  
is a fact, and cannot be controverted.  
The republican "campaign of educa-  
tion" will have to ignore statistics this  
year if they want to make votes for  
the "mortgaged candidate."

## HILL ON UNITY.

Now that democrats are "all split  
up" over the action of the national  
convention in declaring for free silver  
at 16 to 1 it is interesting to read Sen-  
ator Hill's speech to Tillman, May 1st  
of this year. In that speech he said in  
answer to Tillman's threat that he  
would leave the party if it did not ad-  
vocate free silver:

Sir, no matter what may be in store  
for us in the next campaign—come  
victory or defeat, come sunshine or  
shadow, come weal or woe—there is  
where I will be found again in behalf  
of whoever may be the democratic  
candidate and whatever may be the  
democratic platform in the campaign.

Continuing, he said:

Men can differ upon the details of  
policies of the Democratic party, and  
such of you as think that the party  
will die this year are mistaken. What  
kind of a party can you keep up with  
that kind of discipline which forbids  
and prevents conciliation and mutual  
concessions? What kind of an organ-  
ization can you have with that spirit  
being fomented throughout the coun-  
try by good, loyal democrats, or those  
who have been such in the past? I  
have confidence in that party in which  
I was born. I inherited my democracy  
from my father and grandfather, and  
I am willing to live in that party still.  
I am willing to trust its great advisors  
when they shall meet to council, and I  
am willing to abide by the result. All  
other democrats should do the same.  
We will express our views, which may  
differ from yours. You represent  
yours. We come to the great council  
at Chicago, and there wise counsels  
shall prevail, we will adopt a platform,  
and the moment the convention ad-  
journs every loyal democrat will  
swing into line.

Mr. Hill's peroration was an eloquent  
protest against the talk of a split in  
the party, and a plea for unity, and he  
closed with the suggestion that dem-  
ocrats should pursue the policy of "In  
essentials unity; in non-essentials  
liberty; in all things charity."

Was this the speech of a man who  
was striving merely to produce an  
effect? Senator Hill is too well known  
to descend to such methods for keep-  
ing himself before the people. Were  
these words insincere? Senator Hill  
has never been charged with insincer-  
ity. Will he accept his own advice  
and stay by the ticket even though it  
was nominated over his protest? The  
New York World, the leading democ-  
ratic paper of the United States, says  
he will, but in his campaign of the  
state he will ignore, not antagonize  
the platform. This will probably be  
the method pursued by the majority of  
democrats who are in favor of sound  
money. "In all things charity."

## IT IS THE ONLY ONE.

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT is the  
only democratic newspaper in north-  
west Nebraska. All the others have  
sold out, been closed out, or dropped.  
Bottenberg's paper, the Belle Fourche  
Times, has been sold to a populist.  
The Chadron Recorder was consolida-  
ted with the Signal a short time ago.  
The Crawford Tribune, which was  
currently reported to be democratic  
for revenue only, has left the party  
and its editor, Col. Ketchum, is now  
loud in his demands for McKinley and  
protection. The Butte Gazette has  
finally espoused the cause of the peo-  
ple who have the "dough" and  
"whoops her up" for Bill and Garry.  
To complete the list and leave this  
paper in undisputed possession of the  
field, The Rushville Democrat has  
been sold to a syndicate of republi-  
cans. Peace to their ashes! Watch  
the columns of the sheets begin to fill  
with legal notices, and wait for them  
to crawl back into the party after  
election!

Oh, ye gods! how lonesome it is.

One democratic paper in a territory  
large enough to make three or four  
states! A stretch of railroad 400 miles  
in length with only one newspaper on  
the line advocating the faith of our  
fathers. How can the bones of Thos.  
Jefferson and A. Jackson rest easy in  
their tombs under the existing state of  
affairs? May the shades of Samuel  
Tilden and Thomas Hendrick come to  
our aid, and may every democrat along  
the line send in a dollar on subscrip-  
tion.

From an eastern exchange we learn  
that a Delphi, Ind., man firmly believes  
that Bryan will be elected president  
and is willing to back up his belief  
with money. He offers to wager \$350  
that he can name twenty-five states  
that will go for Bryan, and \$1000 that  
one half the balance of the states will  
go also for Bryan. He will give \$50  
for all the bets obtained for him up to  
\$15,000. His name is Thompson. Here  
is a chance for some of our republican  
friends who are positive that nothing  
can keep McKinley out of the White  
House.

If misguided republicans will stop  
to look into the matter they will dis-  
cover that there is a vast amount of  
difference between the principles ad-  
vocated by Lincoln and those advocated  
by Hanna.—Stromsburg Headlight.

As the fall election draws near it is  
worth while to begin talking about  
the court house bonds. This paper  
will give its readers a few facts in  
connection with the subject, shortly.  
Cherry county is the only county of  
importance in the state without a  
court house.

God hates a coward, and McKinley's  
managers will not allow their goldbug  
Billy to be tore up by "the boy orator,"  
who will play the David part with the  
great Philistine leaders in the latest  
and most approved style if they would  
only dare trot their cowardly "Napo-  
leon" out long enough to reach his po-  
litical Waterloo.—Falls City Populist.

Republican papers and bolting gold  
organs are charging Arthur Sewall, the  
vice presidential nominee of the dem-  
ocratic party, with being a protection-  
ist, consequently a republican. Some-  
way or other they overlook the well  
known fact that Hobart, the republi-  
can party, James G. Blaine, and  
worked and voted for Benjamin F.  
Butler.

Mark Hanna is coming down fast.  
Just after the St. Louis convention he  
was the entire republican party, camp  
and baggage equipment and all. But  
he has had to give up on the tariff,  
Cleveland headquarters, had to move  
them to Chicago with a sop to New  
York with a branch, had to agree to  
beginning the campaign immediately  
in the west, and it has all but come to  
pass when he has to put McKinley out  
on the stump. Yes, Mark is coming  
off the perch fast.—E.E.

Marshall Wilder took a poll of his  
cabin coming over from Europe on the  
St. Paul the other day. He found 113  
votes for McKinley and ten for Bryan.  
There were plenty of democrats on  
board, but most of them were out and  
out for McKinley.—State Journal.

The State Journal says the above  
with all apparent sincerity, but when  
it is known that Marshall Wilder is the  
greatest joker and most noble liar of  
the age, being the legitimate successor  
of Bill Nye and Bob Burdette, it is  
easily seen that the joke is on McKin-  
ley.

The Bassett Comet, which was start-  
ed some time ago ostensibly in the in-  
terest of "anti-monotony" is begin-  
ning to let its republicanism show  
through the thin seam of would-be  
humor with which it was covered.  
The wit is wearing away, and what  
promised to be a bright little sheet is  
already losing its originality and sink-  
ing to the plane of the Newport Re-  
publican and Norden Borealis. Wake  
up, Morris, and don't be overcome by  
the baleful influence of the Canton  
joss.

## IT IS DEMOCRATIC.

It should be noted by those skittish  
persons who object to the democratic  
platform because of its alleged popu-  
lism that the opposition to Bryan's in-  
dorsement among the populists is that  
the platform does not represent popu-  
lism.

If Mr. Bryan would consent to stand  
upon a populist platform there would  
never have been a question of his in-  
dorsement by the populist convention.  
As a matter of fact, the points in the  
Chicago platform to which the popu-  
lists agree are the points of sound  
democratic doctrine which they took  
from the democratic party and em-  
bodied in their own platform. These  
points are bimetallism, income tax-  
ation and the constitutional rights of  
the states.

The charge that the platform is so-  
cialistic is even more absurd than the  
charge that it is populist. Socialism  
involves governmental ownership and  
direction of industries, and in its in-  
cipient form demands the ownership  
and control of railroad and telegraph  
systems. There is not a hint of social-  
ism in the Chicago platform. There is  
not even a hint of that milder phase  
of it to which the republicans are  
favorable—political centralization.

The term socialistic might be applied  
with truth to some of the doctrines  
incorporated in the republican plat-  
form. Socialists would spew the dem-  
ocratic declaration out as directly op-  
posed to their views.—St. Louis Re-  
public.

# THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH

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

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## SYNOPSIS

Chapter I—Introduces the heroine, Isabel  
Preston, the only daughter of the wealthy Ne-  
braska ranchman, Henry Preston, with whom  
three cowboys, Charles Thompson, Will Powell  
and Edward Belden are in love. Chapter II—  
The Preston Mystery. After supper Will Powell  
and Isabel take a stroll; Will declares his love,  
and is assured that he is loved in return. As the  
lover bends to kiss his sweetheart a shot is fired  
from the bushes and Isabel sinks to the ground,  
shot through the breast.

## CHAPTER III.

### A Vain Pursuit.

Let us return to the ranch and re-  
cord the happenings there at the time  
the awful tragedy was being enacted  
on the river bank. For a few moments  
after the departure of Will and Isabel  
the two cowboys Edward and Charles  
sat conversing on ranch matters with  
their genial employer, but after a time  
they arose and passed out of the house  
together.

A half hour had passed; ranchman  
Preston had withdrawn with his wife  
to the sitting room, and was reading  
there when, of a sudden, on the still  
night air the report of a pistol sound-  
ed with startling clearness, and blend-  
ed with the report came a scream from  
the direction of the river. With a  
start Preston dropped his book and  
sprang to his feet exclaiming: "My  
God! what can that mean?" Then,  
without waiting for a reply from Mrs.  
Preston, whose face had blanched to a  
deathly whiteness as she grasped a  
chair for support, the ranchman seized  
his belt of pistols with a nervous hand  
from where it hung on a peg, and  
dashed through the open doorway.  
Running to the men's quarters he  
shouted: "Quick, boys! tumble out,  
for God's sake! Bring your six shoot-  
ers; something has happened Isabel—  
hurry, hurry!"

A dozen cowboys were in the sad-  
dles in an instant, and, heading north-  
ward, with their employer in the lead,  
the cavalcade plied spurs and quirts  
for the Niobrara.

The moon had disappeared under a  
black cloud, and it was totally dark.  
When the moon at last reappeared the  
cowboys had reached the river bank.  
All was silent there—nothing whatever  
in sight. The river flowed swiftly  
along; but not a sign could be seen of  
Will and Isabel. The father was well-  
nigh frantic, and with a grizzled old  
plainsman was searching the river  
bank for tracks. All at once he stag-  
gered back, and with staring eyes  
pointed to a large pool of blood show-  
ing plain in the bright moonlight.

"Oh, my God," moaned the anxious  
man, "do I see the blood of my little  
Isabel?" A crash of heavy thunder  
from the approaching storm was his  
only answer. At this juncture the old  
cowboy spoke up, pityingly: "Here  
are the imprints of hoofs in the sand,  
Mr. Preston; may she not have been  
carried off? And may not Will have  
been injured in an attempt to protect  
her?" The grief-stricken father, quiet-  
ing his fears a little, turned to grasp  
the hand of the honest cowboy for his  
words of comfort.

"I pray God you may be right, Joe;  
let us to horse, and head to the west-  
ward. Perhaps we may be able to  
overtake the scoundrels before the  
storm breaks."

There is a rush through the tall  
grass as the fiery ponies of the cow-  
boys plunge forward at breakneck  
speed for the westward. The storm,  
having risen rapidly, now sent forth  
vivid flashes of lightning, lighting up  
the trail ahead with startling bright-  
ness, and the roar of thunder sounds  
ominously close. Suddenly the old  
cowboy Joe gave a cry and pointed  
straight ahead. When the next flash  
came the startled cowboys beheld,  
perhaps a fourth of a mile distant in  
the trail ahead, three horsemen riding  
from them at tremendous speed. With  
the cry of, "Forward, and to your  
forty-fives, boys!" Preston plunged  
spurs, and a mad pursuit was com-  
menced.

The rangers gained slowly at first,  
but after the first few moments the  
strange horsemen gained ground,  
evidently possessing the best of steeds.  
Seeing them steadily widening the in-  
tervening space, Preston shouted  
fiercely: "Halt, or we fire!" A mock-  
ing laugh was the only answer to his  
shout, and next instant the flash of a  
dozen pistols lighted the scene and a  
shower of lead was sent whizzing after  
the fleeing men. Then with a roar down  
came a sheet of rain. Flash on flash  
of lightning blinded the cowboys as,  
with curses of disappointment, they  
turned backward for the ranch to wait  
for daybreak. Sobbs shook the frame

of ranchman Preston; his nerves were  
shattered by the excitement and  
anxiety concerning the unknown fate  
of little Isabel.

## CHAPTER IV.

### For Vengeance.

It was a sleepless night at the Pres-  
ton home. Both Preston and the  
mother were frantic over the uncer-  
tainty of their daughter's fate. To-  
ward morning the storm slackened,  
and the rain, which had been falling  
in torrents, ceased. All at once Pres-  
ton was startled by a knock at the  
door. "Who's there?" he called. "A  
traveler; I have lost my way, or think  
I have, in the storm. Can I get  
shelter until morning? I am drenched  
to the skin," answered a pleasant  
voice. On opening the door Preston  
beheld a rather short, well dressed  
man. His garments were dripping  
with water from his exposure to the  
furious storm.

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness  
in admitting me. I am nearly chilled  
to death. That you may know me,  
accept my card." With a smile the  
stranger held forth a soaked bit of  
pasteboard. Preston took it and made  
out the following: "JOHN PRESTON,  
U. S. S. S." Then as the ranchman  
scanned the stranger more minutely,  
he gave an exclamation: "You can't be  
my nephew John—my brother's boy,  
are you, stranger?"

"If your name is Henry Preston, I  
guess I am, Uncle; it seems that I be-  
came lost in the right direction after  
all." With a rush the ranchman grasps  
the hand of the handsome young fel-  
low and cries: "Welcome, my boy;  
would to God you had come sooner."

"Why, Uncle, what's the matter?"  
asks John, for the first time noticing  
the pale face of his uncle.

"My little Isabel," moans Preston.

"What of her, Uncle? Has aught  
happened my cousin Isabel?"

The father then told him of the  
event of the evening.

"It is awful, Uncle; but do try to  
sleep a little, or you will be prostrated  
by the morrow. If you will rest,  
I am sure we will be able to clear up  
this mystery with daylight to aid us."

"No, no, John, sleep I cannot with  
my little girl perhaps in deadly peril."  
The young man did not try to fur-  
ther persuade Preston, but, after se-  
curing dry garments, he told his uncle  
of his meeting the three mysterious  
horsemen in the storm.

"Did you see their faces, John,"  
anxiously quired the ranchman.

"No, Uncle, they had slouch hats  
drawn down, and passed me with the  
rush of a whirlwind."

"What can it mean?" moaned the  
elder man, despairingly: "Isabel, my  
little one, I will go mad if harm has  
befallen you."

Daybreak came at last, and soon  
after old Joe knocked at the kitchen  
door.

"What is it, Joe?" asked Preston,  
seeing a perplexed look on the cow-  
boy's face.

"We have made a discovery, Mr.  
Preston; Edward Belden and Charles  
Thompson are missing with their best  
horses, and have been since last even-  
ing."

"And you think—" then as a light  
dawns on the mind of the father, as he  
grasps the ranger's meaning, he  
shouts: "Quick, Joe, get every spare  
man on the ranch into the saddle, and  
we will have those scoundrels if it  
takes a week of steady riding, and  
should they prove in any way respon-  
sible for my daughter's disappearance,  
they hang, though it be the last act  
in the life of Henry Preston. To horse—  
then for vengeance!"

It is noonday. From a cloudless sky  
the sun pours down with scorching  
heat on the plains of northern Nebras-  
ka. The scene is now some dozen  
miles eastward of the Preston ranch.  
A group of cowboys are encamped a  
short distance from the river. They  
have ridden out after a few steers  
that have scattered from the main  
herds, and have now halted for their  
noon lunch. The leader, Dick Jones,  
is contentedly eating his sandwiches  
when his dog, which has accompanied  
him, comes running up from the di-  
rection of the river, whining and  
barking alternately. He then makes  
little runs toward the river, and re-  
turning looks up beseechingly into his  
master's face.

"What's the matter, Rover?" asks

the cowboy, noticing the dog's uneasy  
actions. "Boys, get into your saddles  
and we will run down and see what  
the dog has found."

As the men mounted the dog exhib-  
ited every kind canine satisfaction,  
and led the way with short barks to  
the bank of the Niobrara. Fully a  
mile the dog led the men, down to  
where the river made a sharp turn to  
the northward, then on riding down a  
steep bank the boys observed the dog  
standing, looking down at something  
beneath him. Jones is the first to  
reach the spot, and next moment he  
gives utterance to a cry and dismounts  
hurriedly. Raising a limp form in his  
arms he cries: "My God, boys, it is  
little Isabel!"

Then, as the men gather about the  
little dead form, Jones lifts his right  
arm and cries: "May God's curse fall  
on the cowardly wretch who has done  
this!"

"Amen, to that, Dick," respond the  
cowboys in chorus. Then as the tears  
course down the roughened face of  
honest Jones he brushes them from his  
eyes and cries: "She was the light of  
the ranch, boys; poor little girl."

"Tomorrow sees Dick Jones on the  
trail of her slayer; and never will I  
quit it until I have tracked him to his  
death!"

"Count five pards with you, Dick,"  
answered the men in one voice, then  
across the poor little form, with clasp-  
ed hands, a vow was pledged—one that  
was never broken.

Three hours later the form of little  
Isabel Preston was brought in and  
gently laid at her mother's feet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is an article going the rounds  
of the republican press to the effect  
that the export of agricultural prod-  
ucts have decreased 20 per cent in the  
last four years, and this decrease is by  
them said to be caused by the repeal of  
the McKinley law. But they forget or  
at least neglect to tell how the repeal  
of that law caused the decrease. As a  
matter of fact that law did not cause  
the decrease. An examination of the  
crop statistics of Argentine, India,  
Australia, Russia and other foreign  
countries will explain the reason why  
our agricultural exports are less than  
in 1892.

In connection with the charge that  
all anarchists will support Bryan and  
Sewall it is interesting to note that  
Herr Most will not do so. As this  
gentleman (?) is the most anarchistic  
anarchist in the country, his words will  
doubtless be taken as a platform by  
his fellows. He says: Gold is the  
only correct standard of value. I do  
not know whether any citizen anar-  
chist will consider himself bound to  
support McKinley and Hobart in the  
present emergency, but I do know that  
the Bryan-Sewall combination will not  
gain any of our votes; of that I am  
sure."

The Butte Gazette "repudiates" free  
silver and Bryan, and in its haste to  
get into the sound money band wagon  
it comes out squarely for McKinley  
and Hobart. Not contented with this,  
but in order to make itself solid with  
the "sound money" people it supports  
the whole republican ticket from Jack  
MacColl for governor down to M. V.  
Hornback for county commissioner.  
And this it calls devotion to the cause  
of "sound money." How the angels  
must weep at such thinly veiled hypo-  
cricy! Why not declare your republi-  
canism, Armstrong, without such sub-  
terfuge?

The unique position held by THE  
DEMOCRAT makes it of especial inter-  
est to advertisers, and they will not be  
slow to appreciate the fact. This pa-  
per doesn't intend to die. It may get  
killed or starve to death, but die,  
never! And it will continue democ-  
ratic. "A cause worth fighting for  
is worth fighting for to the end," and  
although the paper is the only one of  
its kind, it is proud of the fact and  
instead of being cast down will make  
greater efforts than ever for the cause  
it upholds.

THE DEMOCRAT is in receipt of a  
letter from Grand Junction, Colorado,  
which says among other things:

While Bryan's nomination was a  
surprise to us it was a most agreeable  
one. Democrats, republicans and  
populists united in the grand celebra-  
tion on the night of the 11th inst.  
Everybody you meet is for Bryan and  
feels sure of his election. So Judge  
Tucker thinks Bryan doesn't weigh  
enough, does he? After election the  
judge will find that this is a case where  
weight is not computed in ayordupois.