

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

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THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

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We Hope so.

Hereafter no offensive personal matters will appear in the columns of the Republican, nor will any be noticed, no matter from what source or quarter they come.—Republican.

Again is it demonstrated that "love's labor is never lost." Almost incessantly have we labored with the Judge during the few short weeks of our acquaintance trying to show him by argument and example just how erroneous was the course he has pursued, and as the last ray of hope had about vanished, lo! our labors are rewarded. An open confession is good for the soul, and the Judge appears to have awakened at last to a realization of that fact. Yet what a confession for a man to be obliged to make who holds the exalted positions of county judge and newspaper editor. What a humiliating position. Acknowledging that he has stooped to the use of "offensive personal matters," and by that acknowledgment showing that it must have been wantonly and wilfully done.

Go on Judge. Continue in the good work you have so tardily begun. Rise above your environments and their seductive influence and allow the manhood within you that has so long lain dormant to come to the surface and assert its rights. Yet this statement of the Judge's may be like so many of the rest of his declarations; only the outcroppings of his distorted mentality, if so, then it is only another step downward instead of upward. We can only wait and hope for the best; trusting yet fearing.

We want a correspondent in every precinct in the county. A little time spent in writing for a newspaper can be made quite interesting as well as instructive to any one who may wish to try. Correspondents may, by comparing their articles in print with the manuscript, be able to correct in themselves many common errors of speech, even though it may not be entirely correct in print. If anyone will call at the JOURNAL office we will furnish him with paper and stamped envelopes if he wishes to try his hand at "writing for the press." We have several good correspondents and we want several more from other parts of the county. The ladies frequently take part in doing this writing and have proved themselves very efficient.

School District No. 1 vs. E. C. Lockwood, county treasurer of Sioux county, was tried in the county court Tuesday, and a verdict rendered in favor of the defendant. Some time ago school district No. 19 was organized out of a part of the territory formerly belonging to district No. 1, though illegally, as it is claimed, and now No. 1 is suing for the amount of money paid to No. 19 that would have gone to No. 1 had it not been divided. Attorney Fisher of Chadron was prosecuting attorney and E. D. Satterlee for the defence.

How the Commissioner Vote Stands.

Counting the 16 votes for Robinson that were thrown out at War Bonnet and the 9 that were thrown out at Bowen precinct, Mr. Robinson is only 9 votes behind Mr. Morris. Allowing that, at least one half of the votes polled at Running Water were "patent"—and we are assured by persons well acquainted in the precinct that that would be a low estimate—it is clear that Mr. Robinson would have a sufficient plurality to elect him.

Enrymple, the bonanza farmer, in speaking of this year's wheat shortage in the northwest, says: "The encouraging feature of the situation is, that the present high prices are likely to continue two or three years longer, and that with moderately good crops we shall be able to realize handsome profits that will enable farmers to pay off their debts—the effect of which will, of course, be felt in all kinds of business."—Black Hills Times.

Many of the settlers are quite poor, yet the cold winter weather will compel many to buy a new heating stove or perhaps the cooking stove is too near gone to be used another winter, and the question is "where can I get a good stove for the small amount of funds on hand?" Try the cash store of Wm. Christensen at Harrison.

McShane came out of the fight better than was expected. Through the use of his "pastors" he secured the election as road supervisor in thirty-three districts, and in one precinct in a western county was elected constable. Every county has a silver lining.—State Journal.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Remains of the Victims of the Kearney Massacre to be Removed to Fort Custer.

It has long been a subject of reproach to the Government that the bodies of so many faithful servants whose lives were the sacrifice of their fidelity, should be for so many years allowed to decay in a neglected spot near old Fort Kearney, without so much as the tribute of a stone to mark the resting place of honored dust. Twenty-two years ago at this place occurred a fight and massacre as distressing in its details as lay within the power of ruthless red savages to make it. Nearly a hundred men fought and died a death the horrors of which will never be related, for there was no tongue to tell. But all that is known has been told so many times that it is not the purpose to go over it now.

This lonely spot on the hillside, sixteen miles from this city, is suggestive of strange thoughts. The poet Gray in a peaceful country churchyard was inspired with the thought that:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire."

What inspirations for a Gray would this hill afford? Here lie the men who were tried and proven. Their deeds were those of heroes and their deaths those of martyrs. They are not to be shut out from favor by the simple phrase, "Their lot forlorn." Fate required of them a terrible sacrifice, and resolutely they met the call. And yet there is no mark to denote even the names of those who suffered. One may not even "approach and read" the inscription carved over their heads, for there is not a line. Where is the poet that shall weave into song the thoughts that naturally arise?

At last however the government has decided to remove the bodies which have so long lain neglected, to a more honored place of sepulture at Fort Caspar. It might have been more fitting to have provided for them a fitting token of remembrance and care upon the spot that they hallowed with their bravery and sacrifice, and where they have lain so long, but it is a good thing that the subject receives the attention that is now given it.

For the purpose mentioned, Captain Sano with his company of the 7th infantry began the work of exhuming the bodies last Tuesday. There were in all some hundred and twenty-five interred at this place, but not all were victims of the massacre. All but two are said to have been killed by the Indians. Thomas Inglesh was present with his camera and made some photographs of the battle ground, burial place and surrounding scenes, and it is from him that we get most of our facts connected with the interment.

The private soldiers who were killed at the massacre, numbering eighty-six, were buried in one trench the coffins being placed in a double row, one above the other. The boxes in which they were deposited contained three or four bodies. The clothing was in most cases preserved, but the flesh was decomposed leaving only the bones. The hair was preserved, but with the action of the elements, under the influence of the alkali soil it had all turned red. On the breast of three of the bodies were pieces of paper which had contained some inscription, but it was so obliterated as to be entirely illegible. The only clue to the identity of any of them was that the stripes on the clothing made it possible to recognize here a sergeant, there a corporal and yonder a trumpeter. By reference to the records of the slain it could be told in one or two instances whose were the remains that now after so many years "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon."

For the most part the soldiers were buried in the same clothes in which they fell, and the arrows which had caused their death were still to be found in their bodies. The tale told by these metal points is fearful. One poor fellow was found with thirty-two arrow heads in his body. The broken bones and crushed skulls tell of the frightful mutilations which were practiced upon the lifeless bodies.

Apart from the rest and in the same grave but in separate coffins were found the bodies of Col. Fetterman and Capt. Brown the unfortunate leaders of the expedition. At another place was found the remains of Lieut. Bingham who was killed some days before the general massacre. More care was displayed in his interment for the fearful duty was not then laid upon the soldiers to bury half their number. The lieutenant's coffin was lined with tin, and the remains were much better preserved than any of the others. Over his face lay a silk handkerchief which upon being removed disclosed a face that might still have been recognizable to any one who had known him in life.

In another grave lay Wheatleigh, and Fisher, civilians, who are said to have been scouts. The long hair of the for-

mer still hung down over his shoulders, and his shrunken frame still gave signs that in life he was a man of powerful frame. He was not scalped, nor was there a trace of the wound which caused his death. It is said that he alone was supplied with a repeating rifle and many a redskin fell by his sure aim before he was laid low.

Upon the desk before us now lies a rusty arrow point still affixed to the broken shaft lately removed from the body of one of the victims. Its last flight was a flight to death. What blood-thirsty savage curled his fingers round this very shaft to steady its flight from the bow? And what stalwart man sank with a groan when the cruel missile pierced his vitals? There is no answer but in conjecture.

Report of "Walker's Secretary."

In response to a few remarks that the "Big Soo" made in the last Herald, I wish to inform the gentleman that I would rather be Walker's private secretary than his tool. I suppose he thinks I should have worked for him against my own interests and principles because he defended me in the suit between myself and the Gunn Brothers.

He seems to take it very much to heart because I went down to Sheep Creek precinct to see how the election went there. Another gentleman and myself did go down there and the first place we struck on the way was the P. F. horse ranch situated about six miles north or northwest of Mr. Snyder's place, where the election was to be held. There were four men there and a nice new-looking top buggy stood outside. We asked to stay all night but were refused and were told that it was only six miles to Snyder's ranch. We started on when someone called to us "Come back and we will keep you," but we thought it best to keep on, which we did, arriving at Snyder's about midnight.

We were told, the next morning, that a party from Harrison was down there rounding up voters from Wyoming, and that he had passed the ranch the day before. He was described as a "tall elderly man with a full beard well sprinkled with grey, and driving a span of horses hitched to a top buggy." He was accompanied by a dudeish looking young man who lives somewhere in Sheep Creek precinct. We told one informant that "it is all right. We are sent here to help count the ballots." The poll books and ballot box were at Mr. Snyder's, but no one appeared to say or do anything about election until about ten o'clock, when a young man came from the P. F. horse ranch and said he wanted the poll books and ballot box because a motion had been made to move the place for holding the election elsewhere. Mrs. Snyder refused to give up the books and box; so the young man said that he and others would be down right after dinner and vote. He asked me who I was electioneering for, and I told him "No one." He then said he didn't think there would be much voting done there and I said: "No the voters are not coming in very fast. How many voters are there in this precinct?" He replied: "About 12 or 15." One of Mr. Snyder's men told us that if we would get our horses ready to start right after dinner he would take us to where the voting was to be done, as the polling place was moved. We said: "That won't work; the poll books and ballot box are here and we will stay with them. You may tell the others that if they wish to move the polling place they must come here and organize a board and then we will go with them." No one else came around until about two o'clock, when two young men came from the P. F. ranch to accompany the Miss. Snyders to a dance on the Platte river. After that every thing was quiet the rest of the day.

We were told while down there that no election was held in that precinct last year until a young man came down from Harrison and organized an election board; and further that there were but three legal voters in the precinct at that time; but 16 votes were manufactured there in the presence of the family. We have the names of the judges but not of the clerks, though we are pretty good at guessing some times. Come dude produce your manufactured returns.

I am informed by good authority that the "Big Soo" says that if he can get a hold on me he will serve me as Walker is served. If the gentleman has any inclination to "persecute" me in his court of injustice, he cannot commence any too soon.

Respectfully,
JAMES FARNAM.

Grant Guthrie saw a mountain lion(?) while enroute to his home on "the claim" in the dusk of one evening last week. He gives a vivid description of a long-eared animal about the color of pale moonlight, mounted upon four very long and crooked legs with which he frequently fanned the air.

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CUTLERY, GRANITE IRON WARE AND TIN WARE

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—ALWAYS ON HAND.—

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Harrison, Neb.

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GENERAL LAND AGENT
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of Sioux county and eastern
and has done work from
to the Lakota line. He fur-
nishes entertainment to visitors and
has this the most wonderful
tract, 8 miles north west
have 640 acres of the best
land to let.
Answer to the question
is business?
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—Of the—
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L. TUBBS,
—Said—
IN FULL.
A GOOD WAY TO KEEP
—TUBBS—
STOVES,
Furniture.
FURNITURE!
Furniture.
THE
BEST STOCK
AND
Lowest
Prices.
In the line of HARD-
WARE FURNITURE call on me in
Harrison and you will be well
satisfied.
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