

SIoux COUNTY JOURNAL.

HARRISON, NEB., JAN. 3, 1889.

NO. 16

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

W. E. Patterson, Proprietor.

With the close of the old year we have perfected arrangements whereby we assume, with this number, entire control and ownership of the JOURNAL and in accordance with our convictions on National topics, will present our readers hereafter with an Independent Republican paper.

We shall continue to show up official rottenness as in the past, without fear or favor, whether the official be Republican, Democrat, or Mugwump.

Our object in running a newspaper is, first, to repair to our somewhat shattered stock of ready cash, second, to work to the good of the Republican party, and third and last but by no means least, the improvement and settling up of our county and upbuilding of the town, in whose successful future we have unbounded confidence.

To our many Democrat and Union Labor friends who have so generously assisted us in the past we return thanks and hope that the change now made may be no bar to our future friendship and trust that we may work together in the future for the furtherance of justice as in the past. Believing that our course in the past has been such as to merit your confidence and approval, and hoping that our future actions will entitle us to a continuance of the same, I am Yours Most Respectfully,

W. E. PATTERSON.

The Judge seems to have released his grip on the Republican before downing the Mud Ring, as he has frequently christened the JOURNAL and a few of its friends. We are surprised, for the truthful Judge has frequently promised to "down the JOURNAL if the expense reached to a thousand dollars even." Have you forgotten your obligations to that promise Judge, or has your arduous duties, scarcity of funds, or something else compelled you to abandon that pet scheme of yours? Of course you, with that massive intellect and unbounded influence with the people of Sioux county must have surely succeeded had you only persevered—in your mind.

If the "downing" process was just wilfully given up, then you are entitled to and have our sincere thanks, for we are aware that possibly, at some time hence, in the dim and misty future, you might have succeeded in depriving us of one subscriber or possibly of a two inch "ad" or a pay locat, and it is the thought of the possibility of these overwhelming circumstances that causes us to deal out that share of our thanks to which we consider you entitled.

Boggy Items.

Thos. Holly is still picking corn.

Bill Orcoran has gone to hold down his claim and finish his mansion.

Mr. Bannan got a notice to vacate his claim in thirty days.

Mrs. Smith and mother, Mrs. Bixby, are at hadron attending the bedside of Mrs. Bixby's sister who is quite sick.

More men are going to work on the railroad.

We advise the Republicans of Sioux county to wake up, reorganize and renew your pledges to stand by the principles of the party.

I see in the Herald and Republican a statement that the Coffee Bros. spend \$300 or \$400 each week in Harrison. They must be very rich, as in a year that would amount to \$15,000 or \$20,800. Wonder if the Herald and Republican believe that lie themselves?

SLOCUM.

The masquerade ball given by the Harrison ornet band on New Year's eve was a grand success. The proceeds netted a little over \$39 for the band. The costumes were many and some quite fine. It was the unanimous verdict that a splendid good time was had.

The following committees have been appointed to arrange for the literary to be held Jan. 9th: General committee, Messrs Balscock, Weir and Trimbur.

Music, Miss Hester and Mrs. Guthrie. Harades and entertainment, Misses Weir, oan and Kroening.

The JOURNAL is indebted to Miss Lillie Thomas for the compliment she so kindly paid us in wearing a costume at the masquerade ball composed chiefly of JOURNAL.

Frederick Beetscher has contested a tree claim in sec. 35, adjoining his plantation.

THE MYSTERIOUS "AGENCY."

Everyone who lives or has ever been in the little village of Yatesville knows Charley Brown; not that he has any striking peculiarities of mind or of body, but his warm genial nature makes him a favorite with all.

Charley is studying medicine and not long since left his village home to attend a course of lectures in the city of C.

It is here I became acquainted with him and here that the strange circumstances I am about to relate, or rather Charley's body's portion of them, (if this tale be true) took place.

Being thrown considerably into his company, and often visiting him at his lodgings, it was impossible not to notice the change that recently came over him. From the light hearted and sometimes rather flighty medical student, he seemed to have developed, without a single gradation, into a stud, dignified investigator into the mysteries of Materia Medica; in fact everything else was forgotten; the learned lectures on anatomy were neglected, and even the mysteries of the dissecting room itself ceased to have any charms.

Matters had reached this pass when I was called away from the city, and consequently Charley and his affairs, on a business trip south, which, through complications, elongated into about six weeks duration. On my return late one evening, I had hardly got settled down to a comfortable supper before I was astonished by a message from Charley, delivered by a policeman, requesting that I come at once to the central police station and be his surety for a appearance before the police judge in the morning on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In a moment—for Charley's habits had always been, to my knowledge, strictly temperate,—I hurried on my overcoat and accompanied the "blue coated guardian" to the station.

Stating my business to the sergeant in charge, the formalities were quickly gone through with and I accompanied him to the reception room or cell where those charged with minor offences were confined, to release my friend from durance. There, surrounded by the miscellaneous assortment of plain and ornamental drunks, disorderlies and etc, that the police had gathered in the day sat Charley, and in what a condition! The usually pleasant countenance showed unmistakable signs of both drunkenness and disorderly conduct, the eyes both blackened and face scratched in every conceivable design, and ornamented here and there with a patch of street mud, presented a sight that would have been laughable had not real concern for my friend interfered with my sense of the ridiculous.

He rose and came forward to us, displaying as he did so the usually neat gray suit worn by him, torn and hanging in rags in numerous places and liberally spread with the mud and filth of the gutter where the police had found him. He was evidently much exhausted in body, as he tottered in his walk as he came across the room, but singularly enough his debauch did not seem to have impaired his spirits much as his "Hillo Old Man, strange situation isn't it?" was as light and airy as ever. We stepped into the street and getting into a cab, gave the driver the number and street of Charley's lodgings, and then I settled back on the seat, expecting of course, some explanation of such an unusual event, but although Charley rattled on about this thing and that in quite his usual old time fashion, not a word did he say about that day's occurrences.

But after getting home and washing himself up and changing his clothes and I was about to leave him, he stopped me with the sudden question, "did you read about Jekyle & Hyde?" "Yes" I answered quite as abruptly. "Well" he said and then stopped, and I settled back in my chair again, feeling that the deferred explanation was coming. For some time he sat there evidently considering and then burst out in a loud hearty laugh. I don't think his mirth was contagious, but the sight of a man with two badly damaged eyes, and a face looking as if it had been run through a threshing machine, with the teeth hooked for threshing flax, laughing first on this side of his face and then on that as either one or the other happened to smart the worse, was too much for my dignity to withstand and I joined heartily.

"Well" he began again when the fit was over "read that story and the suggestion of man's dual existence, contained in it, set my mind to work in a peculiar channel. We often read and hear of a persons reason or intelligence leaving his body, when under the influence of some strong desire, and annihilating distance, put itself in communication, in a moment, with persons a long way off.

"These occurrences of course have heretofore been considered dreams, and the hallucinations of minds abnormally acted upon by some great exciting cause, but they always seemed to me to be possible, for considering the body and the reason to be entirely distinct, and united only for the short space of this life, why

then why is it not possible to temporarily separate the two, and for the reason for the time being to soar above earthly things, or rather to direct its self to any place upon this earth, in a moment, as from its immaterial nature it is surely able to do it once freed from this incumbering body."

"I'm thinking over this matter the thought took possession of me, that if some agent could be found that would accomplish this separation and still leave the body capable of being filled with some other intelligence, how great the value of the secret would be in this age of rushing business transactions. For instance: I have a business acquaintance in New Orleans who has some particularly private business in this city to transact and I am desirous of going there for a short time. By taking a dose of this discovery of mine (for I was successful in my researches,) carefully prepared with reference to the length of time he proposes to spend in this city, he is at once released from the trammels of distance, and arriving here he takes possession of my body and goes about his business, his reason identifying itself by certain signs that have been agreed on. All the possibilities of the discovery cannot be mentioned now, but you can readily imagine many of them."

"You remember the time and trouble I took to discover this "enabling agency" as I shall call it. How I threw my entire self into the research; neglecting all other duties. I was at last successful beyond all my expectations, and about a week ago I perfected the "agency" to such a state that I was satisfied I was not only safe in making an experiment, but that I could also, by means of using the ingredients in certain variable proportions, regulate the exact length of time that the absence might extend."

"At that time Fred Jones was just starting to Boston, and although I knew of his wild ways, I thought his reckless nature would be just the one to help me with my experiment, so took him into my confidence, and he heartily agreed that to-day we would both take a dose of the "agency" at the same moment and direct ourselves to each other's bodies. We were to change for just five hours.

At the time agreed on I got all in readiness and swallowed the portion of the "agency" had set apart for this purpose. I will not try to describe to you the sensation I experienced on leaving behind me, myself as it appears to you, because I hope you will soon try the "agency" yourself. It is sufficient to state that this portion of the experiment was a complete success. After finding myself freed, by a simple effort of the will, I was with Fred in Boston. Here however was a hitch in the proceedings. Fred had evidently forgotten all about our contract, "agency" or anything else excepting the shortest way to dispose of a whiskey straight that was in hand at the moment of my coming.

[concluded next week]

The Norwegian club gave a dinner on New Year's day.

Did you see the partial eclipse on January 1st, at about two o'clock?

Mr. Slingerland has been spending the past week on his claim near Bodare.

The next club dance will be given on Saturday evening, Jan. 13th. All are invited. Don't forget the date.

Jud Woods expects to leave in a few days for his home at Ainsworth, and expects to attend college this coming year. Jud has many friends here who are sorry to see him depart.

Notice the advertisement of the Ranch Supply House in another column. They keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of General Merchandise, and at prices that are reasonable.

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