

# SIoux COUNTY JOURNAL.

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NO. 17

## THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

W. E. Patterson, Proprietor.

### Special Offer.

For the next three months we expect to publish a great number of letters written by parties here relative to the country and its many advantages for successful farming and stock raising, and if you are interested in having your friends back east know just how good a country this is, subscribe for the JOURNAL and have it sent to them. For this purpose we propose to donate half and will send the paper at half price to non-residents for the next three months. Remember, only one dollar will send the JOURNAL to your friend for a year; fifty cents for six months and twenty-five cents for three months. To this end assist in giving Sioux county a genuine boom.

### Will You do it?

We want a hundred letters, testimonials, from parties living in this county, telling how well they are pleased with the country and why. All can say a little if they only try. Write a letter for the JOURNAL and at the same time send us the names of friends in the east and south whom you think might be persuaded to migrate to this country of free homes and healthy climate; and we will send them a copy of the paper free. Now isn't this fair? We want to send out several quires each week of these sample copies, so send us names—anyone who wish—and we will send them a copy of the paper. Be careful to write the names and address plainly.

Write and tell your reasons for thinking that this is a better country than where you came from and why you advise friends to come here. Tell of the crops you have raised or seen raised, of the climate, the people, how healthy it is, how cheap you can live, the cheapness of lumber, wood, hay, vegetables, and all about it. If you don't write send us a few names and if we have the papers to spare will send them copies containing letters of your friends and neighbors.

### ANTELOPE VALLEY ITEMS.

I divide the county north of Harrison. S. R. Story is building a "condition" to his house that he may entertain his guests more hospitably.

E. H. Saulsbury is lathing and plastering his house.

We are informed that the old mud fort has gone down. Don't see how the Sioux county judge will survive as judge much longer. Hope the sheet will come out with a better face than its predecessor gave it, and stand by the people as does the JOURNAL, and not a few individuals. A good county official does not need a paper of his own to keep him up.

The Herald says of Clod Hopper, whom he charges as Gerlach, "It is not very encouraging to settlement to talk of bloodhounds," and the Herald is taking the part of those bulldozers that made the threat that "if any man voted for that contemptible herd law and came to his place he would set the hounds on them." Now the Herald wants to shame the correspondent for mentioning it. It is a wonder he did not put an editorial just below, about the bulldozing in the south. The fact is that truth hurts the Herald when the affairs of this county are mentioned.

A Farmer's Alliance meeting was held at Mr. John Hunt's recently.

Mr. Steve Serres, living on Hat creek, is very fortunate in settling where he will get a railroad. A road built through his homestead in Dakota, the B. & M. is building through his tree claim and another road is surveying across his pre-emption. It will probably build and should give him a depot.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Pratt as one of our nearest neighbors and another quarter of Uncle Sam's best land is taken as a homestead.

A school district is at last organized and the building of a school house will soon be in progress.

### WEEK WRESTLER.

The chairs for the church have arrived and been placed therein.

A freight team consisting of seven yokes of oxen passed through Harrison yesterday.

Mr. Slingerland is now employed with the Herald in place of Jud Woods who left for home last Thursday.

Are you interested in the rapid settlement of the county? Read our offer elsewhere and send in your letters and lists of names.

There is a shoemaker at Montrose who uses neither pegs nor thread in manufacturing shoes. His customers say that shoes made by him are the warmest in the market and waterproof.

### THE MYSTERIOUS "AGENCY."

"As I said in the preceding part of my narrative, Fred was just disposing of a whiskey straight, however, by a strong exertion of will, in a manner probably as you see it sometimes exercised in mesmerism, I succeeded in getting him to his room and to take the "agency" prepared for him."

"His body at once became at my disposal, and entering it I found that at last the experiment was complete. I was hardly satisfied with my quarters as the whiskey straight I had seen had probably been preceded by several others and while of course my sober mind controlled the body, the odor accompanying my breath, or his, was almost overpowering. I was however at liberty to enjoy the full fruits of my discovery, and stepping out in the hall, was going down to take a look at the city, when I was stopped by a very nice looking gentleman. 'Mr. Jones' he said, 'Should—' I hurriedly interrupted him and explained, or tried to, that I was not Mr. Jones, but through the medium of the greatest discovery of the age, I was Mr. Brown walking around on Mr. Jones's legs.

"He looked at me a moment—I wish it were in my power to describe that look, but no language could possibly express half of what it implied."

"Well Mr. Brown' said he, 'I have to inform you that your friend Mr. Jones, who has so kindly lent you himself, owes me for one week's board to-day, and unless the amount is forthcoming to-night—I waited to hear no more. I have done enough of my own to take care of and put off, without shouldering Fred's, besides, by night I would be at home and wouldn't need to trouble about any body else's business.

"I was soon on the street enjoying the sights and the sounds of the Hub, without a thought of Jones or anyone else, when a hand was laid on Jones's shoulder, far from gently, and a gruff voice remarked: 'Say young fellow is your name Jones?'

"I again explained that I was not Jones, but that I was Brown inhabiting Jones' carcass temporarily, by means of and etc.

"Well Mr. Brown' he said, 'I am going to wipe the street up with Jones' carcass, but of course as you 'aint Jones it doesn't matter to you.'

"From the beginning of the speech I found myself considering what Jones would do under the circumstances and think I decided right, because Jones's legs made a better run of it that time than I thought they were capable of. This thing of being taken for Jones was getting embarrassing and as I had some relatives in Boston whom I had never seen, I concluded to make them a call and then hurry back to my—Jones' lodgings in time to get back home according to agreement, so linding a policeman I inquired the way and walked around. I was very kindly received, and as they had never seen me, did not have to make any embarrassing explanations. Time pleasantly spent passes rapidly, and before I was thinking of leaving a queer feeling of being lost began to come over me and I felt myself gradually leaving Jones. In a moment I was conscious of seeing Jones apparently in a dead faint, but the "agency" was not strong enough to keep me there longer, and I found myself feeling very laddy crowded in a dive on — street in this city, with my head on a beer keg, just opening my eyes out of what must have been a drunken sleep. Now here the trouble began. The doses of the "agency" were timed exactly alike, and while I had taken mine at the time agreed on, Jones had been some time longer. I had found it impossible to take possession of Jones before Jones was out but on coming back, when the power of the "agency" had expired, I took possession of myself without regard to Jones's occupancy.

Here was a pretty state of affairs, two minds in one body, and moreover Jones's mind was drunk and mine was sober. My mind wanted to go home; Jones's wanted another drink, and I—that is my body—went this way and that according to which mind happened to gain the ascendancy for the time being. I succeeded in getting out of the place onto the street, talking to and trying to reason with Jones all the time; but Jones was drunk and would talk too and an unintelligible murmur was the result. Jones soon began to get mad, and although I tried my best to control him, he would at times get possession of one of the hands and scratch the face. Sometimes I would have control of one hand and one leg and Jones the other and there would be a contest as to which was the stronger. All this time Jones was getting more and more crazy. I suddenly seemed to loose all control for a moment. I was conscious of Jones catching hold of a lamp post and falling and then I came to in the police station. The "agency" had evidently ceased to act on Jones while he was unconscious and he had returned home.

"I am in a pretty plight I acknowledge, but I would rather be here than in

Jones's shoes when he comes to in that parlor, drunk. So old man that is how it all came about."

I arose and took my leave sorrowfully: I had in the past attained some reputation as a prevaricator myself and naturally felt out done.

Whether or not Charley told the judge his story I don't know, but the next day's papers contained the following terse item under the head of Police Courts.

"Charles Brown, drunk and disorderly. Ten dollars or thirty days."

### Little Cottonwood.

Both of the saw mills are running this week.

A. C. Dove's new house is nearing completion.

S. W. Carey has bought Andrew Proctor's claim and with his family has taken up his abode there.

School in district No. 4 is progressing nicely under the leadership of Charles Grove.

The dance at Greenwoods last Friday night was well attended and a jolly time is reported.

Messrs Aaron and Robert Telly were subpoenaed as witnesses in the case of State vs. Wain and Osborne, and have departed for Omaha to attend said trial.

The lyceum in district No. 3 is a success in every sense of the word. Always well attended and exercises good.

### Indian Creek Items.

The holidays are past and the work for the new year commences with cheering prospects.

The B. & M. graders are at work near Sugar Loaf.

Several balls and shooting matches were the amusements during Christmas week.

Some time since there appeared a card of thanks in the Herald and Republican, to Judge Hunter and others, for establishing two roads through the valley. The county records show that the Hon. Judge and his men were well paid, and therefore not entitled to any additional pay of thanks. Furthermore it now appears that they didn't establish but one road, and now we are inclined to believe it was only one of the Judge's dirty schemes to use the county funds to pay an obligation he may have owed his understrappers for work.

We pray that the Ring may either reform and be honest men, or go and hang themselves as Judas did. In either case we would be happy.

Walter Windsor has been appointed to the position of deputy county clerk.

Attorney Fanning, one of Crawford's enterprising professional men, was in Harrison last Saturday.

There was a case of larceny brought up from White river last week but was discharged for want of jurisdiction. It was for posts supposed to be taken from Government land.

Mr. Albert M. Taylor, the new proprietor of the restaurant, has taken possession and manages things in a manner that shows ability. He respectfully invites all of the old patrons to call again and as many new ones as are in need of a square meal.

The ladies of Harrison and vicinity will give a Basket Lunch social in the M. E. Church, on Saturday evening January 12th. All are invited. Hot tea and coffee will be served, which, together with a basket of lunch for yourself and "best girl," will cost you but 50c.

The American Art Gallery will also be open, for this evening only.

The proceeds of the entertainment are to be applied toward buying an organ for the church.

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D. H. GRISWOLD.

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G. CUTHBERT, Manager.