SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

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HARRISON, : : NEB.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY has been elected an honorary member of the New York Actors' Fund.

DR. AGNEW says a healthy woman can kill herself in about a year by horseback riding.

G. WHITTIER, the poet, says that he expects to live to be 100, though he is not anxious to.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN in ten years has boxed before audiences that paid nearly $600,000 to see him spar.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria is soon to marry the Princess Marguerite of Bourbon, second daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

GEN. GREELY of the probabilities bureau is afflicted with rheumatism in a mild form, and grimly refers to this addition to his outfit for predicting weather changes.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, the novelist, has again become a resident of Belmont, Mass., where he lived some years ago. His present home is a fine old mansion, surrounded by beautiful grounds.

AT the funeral of the late Mrs. Henry Hoffman at Sassamansville, Berks county, Pa., there were used up at the funeral feast 200 pies, seventy-five loaves of bread, sixty dozen rolls and cakes, a calf, and a large quantity of ham.

AN American lady who was at the last drawing-room writes: "The queen is a homely little woman, but she has the loveliest hands I ever saw—white, well-rounded, and soft as velvet. She wears a few rings, and all of them small; no large stones or flaring gems."

IN his Decoration day address at Philadelphia Mr. Depew told the veterans that the literature of the war was exceedingly voluminous, but in view of some recent experience he remarked that he hadn't hired anybody to go over it for him. He had concluded to rely on his own unaided efforts hereafter in making his speeches.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT belongs to one of the oldest of noble French families. But he has discontinued the title, and as his sons are not legitimate they cannot claim them, so that when the phamphleteer and journalist dies they will lapse. Strange to say, the last of the line who bore the title, Henri Rochefort's father died some twenty years since in a lowly garret in absolute poverty.

IT is related that when Prince Bismarck met Samoan Commissioner Kasson he was struck with the idea that he had met that gentleman before. "Is my face familiar to you?" asked Bismarck, with a puzzled expression on his countenance. "Your features are known to everybody in our country," said the courtly Kasson. But the latter was not pleased to think that Bismarck should have wholly forgotten their meeting when Kasson was Minister to Austria.

IT is stated that Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, nee Endicott, is much disgusted with the freedom which pertains to conversation in what are considered the most select circles of English society. Her puritan blood cannot stand certain features of dinner gossip popular in London. Not long ago she left the table of a noted peeress because of some remark which was made. The guests were astonished, but it is said that Queen Victoria thoroughly approves of Mrs. Chamberlain's course. Whatever the queen may decree regarding court dress, she does not believe in having conversation cut decollete.

A CURIOUS ceremony took place at the white house Saturday—the cremation of a bushel of letters written to President Cleveland by cranks. They had been preserved in two mailbags and were found during the recent clearing of the white house attic. They were written by cranks in all parts of the country and gave Mr. Cleveland advice on all sorts of subjects. About 100 letters had been received from a man who signed himself "David God." Another from one J. H. Whiting related to the disappearance of a stovepipe. As the weather was warm, however, Mr. Whiting informed the president that the loss was not serious.

THE Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott wants the mayflower adopted as our national flower, and so do James Parton, Admiral Porter, Prof. John Fiske, and "Larry" Godkin. Among the partisans of the noble goldenrod, which is away ahead of all other competitors in the race, are the Rev. Drs. Phillips Brooks, Howard Crosby, and Morgan Dix, the Rev. Brooke Herford, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, John G. Whittier, Senator Hawley, ex-Judge Noah Davis, and Messrs Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, T. V. Powderley, and Joseph Cook. The little band of advocates of the mountain laurel is headed by Mrs. Margaret Deland and the Rev. Minot J. Savage.

FIRST LOVE.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed—
Time rules all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead,
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—heaven help and pitty me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

But blame us women not if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light,
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear,
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Owen Meredith.

Suspicion of an Hour.

"I should never be tormented by any causeless jealousy! I should know by instinct if affection remained loyal or had become faithless. And I would have vengeance, swift, sure, and deadly, upon any woman who should come between me and my love."

How long ago was it that beautiful Isadora Dustan had uttered those terrible words?

Lorene Gaverock could not quite remember. He only knew the words had been spoken in the days while they were yet happy—in the delicious days before a chilling, blighting, ever-darkening shadow had drifted between their two hearts!

But how well he remembred her every look, every inflection of her beloved voice, as she spoke!

How her blue, beautiful eyes had kindled! How witchingly the rich color had glowed and faded on her soft, round cheeks! How erect and high she had held her lovely head! What passionate intensity there had been in those accents of sweetest magic! How like a queen of tragedy she had looked at that moment!

He remembered, too, how he had drawn her into his arms! How he had kissed the quivering, fragrant mouth of his darling! How he had laughed at her tragic speech!

It had seemed so strange, uttered by one so always gentle and gracious, by one so endowed with every womanly grace and dignity!

His Isa, stooping to common mortal jealousies! His Isa seeking tragic vengeance for common human wrongs!

The Idea had seemed absurd! Such a notion he had laughed to scorn.

But now the words haunted him.

As he paced up and down, to and fro, along the secluded walk beneath the nodding lilac plumes the strange speech occurred to him again and again.

"And I would have vengeance swift, sure, and deadly, upon any woman who should come between me and my love."

And as he recalled the speech he shuddered.

Would Isadore with all her angelic graces, all her saintlinese of soul and deed, would Isa seek vengeance upon pretty, foolish, coquettish Meda Wayne?

For Loerne Gaverock, reluctantly and with bitterest pain, was forced to confess the truth to his own heart! A fierce jealousy, whether causual or otherwise, had been aroused to torture Isadore Dustan well-nigh into madness.

—He had become courteous to pretty Meda Wayne!—but no man could help being so!

The girl's big baby eyes, her little airs of childish helplessness, her coaxing tones and confiding little smiles, somehow appealed to all a man's gallantry in spite of himself.

Meda had appreciated his attentions, just as she did those of every man who came near her.

He knew now that all these things had been torture unutterable to the proud and sensitive Isa.

But he had believed Isa wiser, clearer of mental vision. He believed, too, that she had a perfect faith—a faith as enduring as life itself—in his truth. He had never believed that she could misjudge his feelings and misinterpret his conduct.

And yet her faith which he had believed so perfect and abiding, that faith had dissolved like a vapor, and her love, too—that had perished like a mist in the morning. She had, judged him false, fickle, and inconstant.

"We have been mistaken in each other. You are free—free to woo, win, and wed Meda Wayne or any other," she had said to him only a few mornings ago.

And that offer of freedom was the first intimation he had of Isa's jealousy.

This saint, whom he had believed superior to any human weakness—this saint had stepped down from her shrine.

For an instant she had permitted him to look into her heart, and he had discovered a heart all human after all.

This goddess had stepped down from her pedestal; with every word and glance and movement she had revealed herself as but an earthly mortal whom love had made blind.

So blind, so weak, so unwise and willful, that she would vouchsafe him neither time nor opportunity for explanation.

She had released him, placed the betrothal hoop of pearls and gold within his reach; then, before he could utter so much as a single syllable, she was gone.

And since then she had shunned him altogether, or if they met unavoidably she had coldly passed him by.

He paused at the end of the lilac walk, and looked upon a scene below.

Down the shrubby slope, on the bank of a lily-grown lake, stood Isa, her lovely hair glinting like red gold beneath the broad brim of her white lace hat; her white gown gleaming against the massed green of a bushy firtree.

A little gilt-banded boat rocked on the amber water among the lily disks. And over the azure cushioned bow bent Meda, Wayne, looking like a great, bright cardinal bird in her red gown, with a knot of flaming crimson in her jaunty empire headgear.

"Isa never cared for Miss Wayne! Why, then, does she now seek the girl?" Lorne asked himself.

Again he walked restlessly the length of the winding lilac path, and back to the shrubbery slope. And again he looked downward—at the moored boat—at the lily-grown lake.

Isa Dustan had gone far away among the trees he had caught the glimpse of a white gown, a white-plumed hat.

But where was pretty Meda Wayne?

Gaverock had suddenly started and shivered, as if an icy wind had blown over him.

Every particle of color blanched from his handsome, dark face.

His dark eyes opened wide and staring, as if he had looked upon some hideous phantom.

There, just beyond the rocking boat; there, half hidden among the large-leaved lilies, the waters of the lake were bearing farther and farther from the shore a small figure robed in cardinal crimson.

"And I would have vengeance, swift, sure, and deadly, upon any woman who should come between me and my love," Gaverock repeated, with a shudder.

Never to the last breath of life would Lorne Gaverock cease to recall that moment with a shudder of horror.

This, then, was Isadora Dustan's swift, sure, and deadly vengeance.

She had believed that Meda Wayne had come between her and her love, and she had lured the unconscious girl to her destruction.

For Gaverock never doubted at the moment that Isa, in her torturing anguish of jealousy, had pushed the girl into the lake.

With a groan of agony, he started for the fatal spot.

The way down the slope was impassable. He was obliged to make a partial detour of the grounds, and approach the lake by a path winding along the edge of an adjoining grove.

Half way through the dim grove he came face to face with Isa.

Something in his look seemed to startle her, for she shrank back from him, and uttered an involuntary cry—a sacred, sorrowful little sound, which went straight to his heart despite all his horror.

He maintained utter silence.

But after that single startled and startling glance, he caught one tender wrist in a masterful grasp and forced her along beside him.

And in such strange fashion, both dumb, they reached the spot where the boat was moored.

Gaverock's stern eyes searched the unrippled surface of the lake, but all in vain.

The red-robed, drifting figure of the drowning girl had vanished.

Had pretty Meda Wayne sunk to the fatal depths to rise no more?

Isa at last regained her power of speech.

"Are you mad?" she asked wonderingly, as she tried to release her bruised and smarting wrist from his ungentle hold.

Before he could reply both saw the stirring of a red gown among the firs, and both heard the tones of a man speaking.

"Can you walk now with my assistance, pet? How did you manage to get in the lake, anyway?" the man was saying.

"I fell in, of course," pretty Meda answered flippantly. "I saw the sweetest minnow with scales just like topaz; I tried to get it, and I went out farther, and just spoiled my nice new dress, and then I tumbled into the water. I am always hurting myself when I have nobody to do things for me."

"The only way to keep you out of danger is to marry you at once; and I will do it, too," the young man said, with an indulgent laugh.

"I wish you wouldn't joke when I am so wet and miserable," Meda pouted.

"Our engagement isn't a joke, my dear little sweetheart," was the response.

And then there were sounds of kisses, and happy murmurs, and soft, low laughter, and the two moved away.

Gaverock had released Isadora's wrist.

As he did so, he dropped upon a rustic bench, and covered his white face with both hands.

The revulsion of feeling was almost more than the strong man could bear.

Isa approached him almost timidly.

"I am sorry Meda has deceived you if you care for her," Isa said in a low voice.

Gaverock dropped his hands and looked at her almost fiercely.

"Cared for her!" he repeated sternly. "How could I care for her when I love you. Despite all the wrong you have believed of me, I love you and always shall—you and you only to the end.

Isa did not speak. But the tears she could not restrain spoke for her.

And the next instant his arms were about her and his lips were upon hers.

And so they walked away from the lake together, reconciled.

But Gaverock kept his own counsel, and he never confessed to his beautiful wife the suspicions which had half maddened him for one brief hour.—Family Story Paper.

Kansas Philosophy.

He who tells to you will tell of you.

The jam always gives out before the bread.

There are some smiles that suggest tears more than some sighs.

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good.

Very often the dog does the best he can and still the rabbit gets away.

If a friend has no confidence in your udgment is he doing you an injustice?

Poor fat woman! All the styles in the fashion magazines are designed or tall, slender figures.

When a woman who has been married ten years still reads love stories her marriage was a success.

The railroad over which you want passes always has the most stringent rules against issuing passes.

The average guard dog will bite a timid neighbor passing on the sidewalk and make up with a burglar.

Some friends are like rubbers; they will stick to you in pleasant weather but are sure to come off in the mud.

"If I were dying," a philosopher might say, "and was permitted to say only one thing, it would be, 'every one talks too much.'

The average man loafs about the town half the night believing that something important will happen, but nothing does happen.

When a man performs a good action against his will he soon forgets that he was compelled to do it and takes credit to himself for his goodness of heart.

"I'll tell you when you realize that you are becoming old; when your children become so large that they call you father instead of papa."

It was not long ago that Mr. Dollar was certainly the most promising anywhere in the world, but he failed last week, and it has been discoverd that patient Mr. Dime was really more worthy of praise than his boasting rival.

She Saw a Scheme.

A girl with a bundle in her hand was going up Park street yesterday when she met a girl with a bundle coming down. They seemed to intuitively divine each other's occupation and the fact that each was out of a job.

"When did you leave?" queried the first.

"About an hour ago. When did you?"

"Same time. What did you quit for?"

"Folks had too much company and I worked like a slave. What did you quit for?"

"Folks had no company nor nothing to do, and I was getting too fat. Don't we have hard times though?"

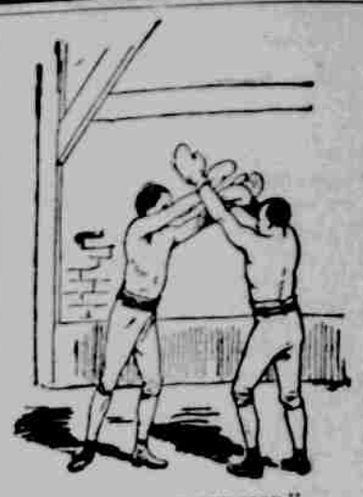
"Dreffful. If it isn't one thing it's another. I am now after a place where the lady is said to respect her servant's feelings."

"How nice! That means every evening out—all the beaus you want—breakfast at 8:30, and girl company every afternoon. Oh, but it can't last. It's a scheme to get you there and put a double wash on you for a starter.—Detroit Free Press."

Culture Lost the Day.

A young wildcat was brought into Albany the one day by Mr. Glover of Worth county, and sold for a dollar to Messrs. Mayer and Crine. It quickly attracted a crowd, eager to watch the motions of this wild "varmint." It was wrought up to a pitch of frenzy by being pulled around by its chain and poked at with sticks, which it would viciously bite at, all the while uttering a low, growling noise, similar to that of a dog with a bone, while its little bob tail was vigorously worked and its eyes flashed forth a baleful emerald light. Some of the members of the Loafers' club thought they would have some fun with it; so they carried it to a rag house on Washington street, and procuring an old Thomas cat prepared for a first-class cat fight. When all was ready the felines were brought together. The wildcat made one angry leap toward the tame one, whereupon the latter turned tail and, with the utmost horror depicted in its upraised fur, lit out for parts unknown as if a cyclone had been after it. Superior culture did not tell when placed in conflict with piney-woods grit.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE Indian has been said to be incapable of joking; but the Maine Indians had aparently degenerated; for here is Joe Susep, of the Penobscot tribe, telling about a log that became wedged under the Ripogenus Falls so that while one end was in the water the other was striking against the ledge with such force and rapidity as to catch fire.



"DOUBLE LEAD AND STOP."

PRIZE FIGHTING.

Sullivan Has Introduced the Fashion of Slugging—Old School Methods in Favor Again.

I am often asked how modern pugilism and pugilists compare with those of preceding generations. That there is a great difference is everywhere acknowledged, but it is made up of so many details that it is well nigh impossible to give a brief explanation of the fact.

Some of the differences arises from the increased money value of pugilism. When I was a boy, a prize-fighter usually had some trade or calling which supported him and he fought for the love of it or to gain honorable distinction. To-day, he poses as a pugilist and makes a handsome living by giving glove fights, joining a theatrical company or taking some other position that was unknown thirty years ago. Modern professionals speak of thousands of dollars to-day as familiarly as merchants or bankers do. In the old days they seldom aspired to hundreds.

On the other hand, the men of thirty or forty years ago had no such pleasant times. A few great stars like Jem Mace, Ned O'Baldwin, John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers were always well off in worldly goods, but the rank and file had to work hard, and occasionally hustle for it, to get along. There was Joe Wormwell, a splendid heavy-weight, in fact one of the best of his time, who seldom made as much money in a year as some of these toy boxers do in a week.

Billy Clark, who even to-day at nearly 70, is more than a match for a dozen modern so-called fighters had the same experience. He not only never made any money in the ring, but for many years worked as hard as he could to meet the expenses entailed by his calling as a fighter. In fact the pecuniary success of pugilism to-day makes every old member of the fraternity sigh that he was born so many years ago as to prevent his reaping a good-sized share of the present harvest.

Another great element of difference is in the style of fighting. The old school fought with the greatest caution. It was like the present practice of "sparring for points." The professional expected to win by greater skill, better wind and quicker strength. His training was devoted to these ends, and was far stricter, severer and harder than that of to-day. When in the ring he strove to close his adversary's eyes by repeated blows, or to produce exhaustion by continued striking over the heart and upper stomach. Under such auspices a fight between two first-class men lasted for hours, and in many instances the contestants were almost as fresh and vigorous after thirty hard-fought rounds as they were at first.

BILLY EDWARDS.

Tom Allen, John Morrissey, Barney Aaron and Mike Donovan, who were all great pugilists in their time, have repeatedly displayed this kind of endurance. Every one of the four could, after winning a battle, turn around and readily whip almost any ordinary man who was not in the profession.

I do not know who first suggested the practice of slugging. While a novelty in practice, it was not in theory. For more than a century every man who can use his hands has known that a powerful blow delivered at certain points under the chin or the condyles of the jaw, where there are large nerves, would produce insensibility. The fact was seldom put to any use, because in the first place it was not scientific and in the second it brought in the elements of accident and serious permanent injury. A fourth-rate fighter might by such a blow put a first-class one to sleep, and so by a happy fluke gain a reputation to which he was not in any wise entitled. Beyond this and more important is the crime it of danger. In old school fighting the almost invariably temporary and vanquished recovering within a few days after the so-called slugging school a man break his hand, wrist or arm injuries that may thereafter p his career.

The modern schools seem this sort of work and appa worse from day to day. The to be, "Has he science?" N "Is he a slugger?" If you re about Killen, Cardiff and the recent prominence you will f the only point dilated upon.

The credit of making sci nate to slugging is undoub John L. Sullivan, although l late he is gradually giving up tem and becoming a careful fighter of the old school. Wh abandons it altogethe as he is example will probably be follo fessionals and amateurs alike, teurs in this regard are even professionals. More than a h tests given under the auspices athletic clubs and gymnasiums twelve months have been st tions of slugging and nothing

JACK M'AULIFFE.

As regards the great coming tween Sullivan and Kilrain, th little to be said in favor of Four years ago it would have be ent. At that time Kilrain was Sullivan and could not have m that confidence which is necess cess.

His progress in the ring and at home and abroad have chang and given him a first-class re and self-possession. Besides th grown stronger, larger and bette way. People who picture him slender, boyish fellow, such as h in most of his photographs, astonished if they saw the reality huge, handsome man weighing just about the same as Sull nature he is cautious, ambitious overquick. He has trained and with remarkable assiduity sin ginning of his career. His teach I think, in every case belonged t school and have made him int scientific sparrer. Add to this h wrestling and his thorough kno his own powers and you have a ble a pugilist as Sullivan or any encounter.

Sullivan is too well known much comment. While he has vitality he possessed some years is much more unweildly, he increased his cleverness with his science and his skill in wres is of course the whirlwind he or rather, he can be whenever sires. But as I said he has le folly of depending exclusively u ging for success, and depends now upon fine sparring as does Mace or Jackson, the new colored As to the endless talk about drink tion and a shattered constitution not amount to a row of pins ever leads a perfectly regular much less does the regular pugil sipation is bound to tell in the but Sullivan has not indulged to seriously impair his strength vitality. Properly trained and he will face Kilrain in the best shape. Anyone who has given the the least thought knows that in all bilities the match will be a affair.

Size is not so important an fighting as is popularly supp course if a giant had the quick nervous force of a small man it very different. Such men as Nel win and Heenan are very rare. contrary, those who are very large to be slow and clumsy. This understood by pugilists that it no great surprise when Dooney one of the greatest fighters kn weighed but 136 pounds, offered any man in the world. In my found it much harder work in with Barney Haron, who weig pounds, and Arthur Chamber weighed about the same than Steve Taylor, who kicked the 240 or even more. For this rea highly probable that Jack Demp can beat nearly all the heavy now in the profession. I believe, I do not know of my own knowled an exception to the rule will be the case of "Nigger" Jackson, t tralian colored champion who California. He possesses size, pluck, endurance, and like his longer reach than any white rival ever wins in the coming match Sullivan and Kilrain will have Jackson before he can be the r champion of the world.