The Sioux County Journal.

[ESTABLISHED 1888.]

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

LARGEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN SIOUX COUNTY.

[Subscription Price, $2.00

J. J. Simmons, - - - Editor.

Entered at the Harrison post office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1891.

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HOW SHE RETALIATED.

A Cheeky Seller of Sewing Machines Cured of His Audacity.

"When much younger than I am now," said an old newspaper man to a Boston Globe reporter, "I sold sewing machines. You may rest assured I was a trifle fresh, and suffered therefor, as the following adventure will show:

"Near the close of a hot August day I was driving through the little village of G—— to the town where I made my headquarters. Suddenly a big black cloud appeared in the sky, and when my played-out horse had covered half a mile the rain came dancing down. I had two machines on and no blanket. To save myself and machines from getting drenched I drove for the only house within a radius of a mile.

"I was a sorry sight when I reached that old country mansion half hidden by tall maples. Jumping out, I knocked at the door and explained that I would like to leave my machines temporarily, in order to save them from the storm.

"Before I made the request I discovered that the young lady who responded to my knock was one with whom, much against her will, I had left a machine on trial a month or two before, and had only taken it back after repeated protestations on her part that she did not want it.

"You understand, we used to get a machine into a house by representing that we would leave it on trial. But once we got it into the house we insisted on its being bought, and used every persuasive art to accomplish that result.

"Frequently this was very embarrassing to the lady of the house, and she never forgave us for the annoyance of leaving the machine for weeks and asking her every other day if she wouldn't buy, when she had emphatically declared she would not.

"Now was the turn of the young lady in the old-fashioned house to get square. And although the rain had nearly washed the machine out of the wagon, she slammed the door in my face and then sat by the window enjoying my discomfiture to her heart's content. As I prepared to drive away I turned my head and beheld her pretty face bubbling over with smiles.

"When I reached N— I was a sight to behold. But the experience cured my freshness."

Descendants of De Quincey.

It is not generally known that three of the Opium-Eater De Quincey's family are still alive—one son and two daughters. The surviving son is Paul Frederick De Quincey, who won distinction in the English army during the Indian mutiny. He retired from the army a good many years ago, when he had attained the rank of Brigade-Major. He went to New Zealand, purchased land and settled there. He organized the New Zealand militia about the time of the last Maori war, and is still alive and well, at present occupying the post of Sergeant-at-Arms to the New Zealand Parliament. The two surviving daughters are Mrs. Baird Smith, a widow, and Miss De Quincey. They reside in London.