THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL

L. J. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

Bad Place to Fight.

ALLIANCE, O., June 17.—A thrilling encounter took place on board an engine on the Lake Erie, Alliance & Southern railroad between the fireman and the engineer. Edward Benitz, the engineer, and James McSwigan, the fireman, were both candidates for the hand of Miss Julia Shieler, a pretty brunette who resides with her parents at Bergholz, the southern terminus of the read. Both men were aware of the others intentions, but never discussed the matter on their runs and were known to be on good terms.

They left Bergholz at 3:20 with a mixed passenger and freight train. When within twenty miles of this city McSwigan told Benitz that he had proposed to Julia and had been accepted. This enraged the engineer, and releasing his hold on the throttle he sprang upon his rival and a terrible battle ensued. The train was then running at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. McSwigan grabbed a shovel to defend himself, but the engineer wrested it from his grasp and soon had him on his back on the tender, pummeling him fearfully. A brakeman standing on a boxcar witnessed the fight and, summoning aid, rushed forward and separated the combatants.

The train meantime had not slackened its speed and the passengers were unaware of the scene that was going on in the engine. On promise that the matter would not be reported both men resumed their posts. One of the brakemen remained on the engine the remainder of the journey so that the battle was not resumed. Both men evidently were willing to let the matter drop.

Brief Wooing.

DALTON, TEX., June 17.—Quite a romantic wedding took place here which, as far as heard from, breaks the record for time. The contracting parties were Lee Anderson of New York and Miss Sallie Mitchell of St. Louis. The parties, who had never seen or heard of each other before, met on the train near Muskogee, I. T., and struck up an acquaintance. The lady intended to stop at Muskogee. The gentleman was billed for Haworth, Tex. He became infatuated with her, and on learning that she was going to stop at the next station he had to make quick work of the wooing and forthwith proposed matrimony to her, provided she would go on with him. He convinced her that he was in earnest and she consented. They came to this point, this being the first place they could obtain a license and an official to perform the ceremony and a marriage certificate.

When the south-bound evening train stopped they alighted and took the 'bus for the court house, obtained the necessary papers and had the nuptial knot tied by Judge F. M. Davidson according to the forms of the law. The couple then, seemingly in blissful contentment, took lodging at the May house and will remain in this city for a few days. The groom is a good looking man about thirty years of age. The bride is a beautiful brunette of about twenty-four years.

Contented Indians.

CHICAGO, June 16.—Captain Frank Baldwin of the Fifteenth infantry returned from Pine Ridge, whither he had gone to attend the meeting of the commissioners sent to mark the dividing line between the Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies. Twenty-seven chiefs met the commissioners, and Captain Baldwin says there will be no friction regarding the dividing line, but that the Ogalallas agree to have the line moved sixteen miles to its proper place. After the meeting 600 Brules held as prisoners of war since the Indian war were released. The Indians, Captain Baldwin says, are well contented, their rations being liberal and according to specifications.

Very Poor Shooting.

CINCINNATI, O., June 17.—A sensational shooting affray took place in a florist's establishment between Charles W. White, a well known attorney, and J. P. Slough, his son-in-law, recently employed by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad. Slough has made charges against his wife, which her father resented, and so when they met this afternoon they both drew revolvers. Ten shots were fired. White is perhaps fatally injured, but Slough has only a wound in his right hand.

Shooting Scrape.

EVANSVILLE, IND., June 17.—Matt Bausly murdered Ed. Richardson, firing a heavy charge from a shotgun into his temple. Both are colored. Bausley and some other colored men had had trouble over a girl, and the former armed himself and went to Richardson's house. He was refused admittance and forced the door. He saw a man sitting on a bed, and supposing it to be his enemy blew out his brains. The victim was Richardson. Bausley is at large.

Harper's Bazar: "Please sir, I am starving. I've had nothing to eat for four days. "Won't you give me a dollar?" "A dollar? That's a good deal isn't it?" "Not to keep a man alive for four days, your honor."

A Big Dynamite Blast

NEW YORK, June 19.—On a high cliff south of Bethlehem, N. Y., there assembled a large crowd of people, numbering over five thousand persons. They expected to witness the greatest dynamite blast on record. It was supposed to rend in fragments the big limestone quarry of Peter Callahan of Albany, by the use of 5,00 pounds of the explosive. Governor Hill, Mayor Manning of Albany, and the members of the common council of the city, with other well known persons were present.

But the gigantic blast promised did not take place. The 137 big dynamite cartridges which had been placed thirty feet in the limestone quarry, twenty feet apart, were connected by four insulated wires with a switchboard. When the signal was given Miss Helen Callahan, daughter of the owner of the quarry, pressed the button but no explosion followed. Experts said the wire had been cut, probably a discharged employe, but an investigation failed to establish this and it was thought that the wires were defective.

Mr. Callahan and electrican went to the quarry and attached fuses to the cartriges. By this means they were again ignited and three explosions followed, each of which was heard for miles, but the effect was by no means as startling or as impressive as it would have been had the blasts all been fired at once. The work was done, however, and the big ledge was rent and splintered.

It was estimated that 60,000 tons of rock were displaced. Immense boulders were hurled into the air, only to fall back and be broken into fragments on the rocks below. A reporter visited the scene after the last explosion. The explosions had made immense fissures in the rocks, while scattered all over the ground were pieces of limestone which were as finely hewed out as though they had been passed through a crushing machine. The report of the explosion was deafening. The earth was shaken for many miles and many men said afterwards that the detonations produced headaches.

An expert in blasting, while speaking to a reporter, said: "I think it is a providential thing that all the dynamite was not exploded at once, for if it had been all the windows for miles about would have been shattered and some people perhaps killed. I think the men who remained within a quarter of a mile of those blasts were tempting fate."

The Chilian War.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., June 19.—It is officially announced here that the presidential war ships bombarded Pisagua June 8 for three hours and that Iquique met with a similar bombardment the day following. Continuing the official report says a detachment of soldiers and sailors landed from the presidential's squadron June 10 and occupied Tocopilla and collected duty to Balmaceda's government on saltpeter than being landed at that port. From Tocopilla and presidential vessels steamed to Antofagasta and bombarded that place also a presidential squadron afterwards occupied Chanaral and after spiking the gun of the insurgent batteries released a number of prisoners held by the insurgents on account of political offenses and who were found to be in a state of semi-starvation.

An Attempt to Unite Them.

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 19.—The first earnest attempt to unite St. Paul and Minneapolis had been begun, the leaders in the movement being Archbishop Ireland, ex Governor Marshall and Senator Stevens. The proposition is to call the new municipality Federal City. At a banquet at the Midway Archbishop Ireland said: "This is the beginning of a great movement which shall not cease until our federacy is born. The unison of the two cities ought to be had soon. What helps one helps the other. What hinders one hinders the other. Unison is a necessity."

Fired Them Out.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—The following was issed yesterday:

The national board of professional baseball clubs has decided that Meekin and Raymond who jumped their contracts with the Western association clubs are forever ineligible to play with or against any national agreement club. This order or any other that may be made for the same cause will never be modified or revoked during the existence of the present board whose terms of office will not expire for five years.

N. E. YOUNG,
Chairman.

Will be Lynched.

PORTLAND, ORE., June 19.—At Monument a blacksmith named Churchill killed his assitant in a quarrel. He fled on horseback and meeting a man on the road shot and mortally wounded him, supposing him to be a member of the sheriff's posse. He will be lynched when caught.

The Marriage of a Sioux Indian

NEW YORK, June 19.—The marriage of Elaine Goodale, the authoress, poet and Indian philanthropist, and Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the Sioux Indian was solemnized at high noon yesterdry at the Church of the Ascension, on Tenth street and Fifth avenue. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. R. W. McDonald. It was a quiet wedding.

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS.

West Point is making war on the cotton wood trees growing in that town.

Frank Bell of Filley was quite severely injured by being thrown from a buggy.

The hog cholera is said to be thinning out a good many of the herds in the vicinity of Burchard.

The Hubur elevator at Manly has changed owners, having come into the possession of Messrs Coon & Keckler.

The barn of Monte Wheeler of Boone county was struck by lightning and burned up, together with five head of horses.

The little son of J. W. McMullen, living south of Craig, got a piece of pencil lead in his ear and had to have an operation performed.

The cut stone for the new court house is said not to be up to the standard required by the contract and work on the building has been temporarily suspended in consequence.

Citizens of Thurston county have organized an "Indian Protective association." Its object is to secure to Indian citizens the full enjoyment of all the privileges of American citizenship.

The trustees of the Indianola district camp meeting association of the M. E. church met at Cambridge to decide on a place for holding a camp meeting. It is understood that Cambridge was the place selected.

The horsemen's meeting at Albion July 3 and 4 promises to bring many fast horses to the city. Already stalls have been applied for by parties from Grand Island, Clarks, Columbus, Scribner and Norfolk. Liberal purses are being hung up for the occasion.

The council of Gretna have passed an ordinance imposing an occupation tax.

A number of farmers near St. Labory, Howard county, clubbed together and bought a stallion.

Lightning struck the store of Mr. Petersen in Fremont, doing from $100 to $150 damage to goods in the show windows.

Messrs. Seely & Son of Fremont have been awarded the contract for building the new 40,000 court house at Grundy Center, Iowa.

J. C. McElhoes of Madison took from his alfalfa field a stalk measuring three feet and eight inches. He had previously cut from the same ground a heavy crop and the stalk above mentioned was from the second growth.

The loss incurred by Mr. M. F. Thomas by fire in Madison is about $10,000; the insurance amounted to $7,000. The Madison fire company are receiving many compliments for their work during the fire.

R. W. Rother, who is stopping at the Denver house in Hastings arose in his sleep and tumbled out of a second story window falling to the sidewalk about ten feet below and was badly cut by the broken glass.

A man entered the Farmers' and Drovers' bank at Battle Creek and demanded the cashing of a check which he presented, drawing a revolver on the cashier to emphasize the demand. The latter drew a gun and drove the bad man from the bank.

John Battersby of Philadelphia is at present stopping at the farm house of his nephew, Martin Perkins, near Beaver City, having come to Nebraska to recruit his health. Mr. Battersby has a wonderful history, and his name, several years ago, was known almost wordwind as Barnum's living skeleton. And a skeleton he really was weighing only forty-five pounds. Mr. Battersby was born upon a farm and until the age of sixteen there was nothing to distinguish him from ordinary boys placed in like circumstances. His weight was about one hundred and twenty pounds, his health was good and he performed the usual duties on the farm, devolving upon the country boy of his age. But at this point in his existence a wonderful transformation began to change him from the plumpness of a well developed youth to a "living corpse" and animated skeleton. This phenomenon occured in the space of a few years and left him in seemingly as good health as before. Such a freak was at once discovered and secured by P. Barnnm and Mr. Battersby's life in the show business began and continued for many years, taking him through every state in the union and across the ocean to the countries beyond. One of the strangest facts concerning the life of this wonderful man was his marriage. His wife was Mrs. Hannah Perkins, the largest fat woman probably the world has ever known and who for years was one of Barnum's attractions. The bond of affection which sprung up between the hearts of these strangely contrasted bodies was soon sealed in holy matrimony. She was twenty years old and weighed 782 pounds, while he weighed forty-five pounds and was twenty-three years old. She had amazing strength in her big arms and, when he fell ill, she would lift him up bodily and nurse him as though he were an infant. Some years ago Mr. Batterby received an injury which terminated his show life, but his wife remained a star until her death, which occurred two years ago. A daughter was born to this strange marriage. She is remarkably handsome being a blonde with Grecian features and a fine figure, neither too fat nor too lean. She is married and resides at Frankford, Pa.

Trials of Contract Laborers.

FAIRFIELD, CONN., June 19.—In the quarry back of Fairfield quarry there is a colony of 700 Italians whose lives are almost as bad as though they were confined in the mines of Siberia. The men were brought here to work on the railroad by contractors who have taken the contracts for the new road-bed. They are in charge of Foreman Leonard Scinto, who carries a big revolver and a ugly knife. He tells the men he is king and will imprison them forever if he chooses. He hires them in New York as soon as they arrive, and knowing nothing of the customs of the country they really believe him. They are paid $1.35 per day nominally, but by a system of extortion they claim that every dollar is taken from them.

It was formerly the custom to take up subscriptions from them on various pretexts, each being expected to contribute $1. If one refused he was discharged in a strange country and without money. Those who protested were also discharged. Section Boss Leary usually managed the subscriptions. He delegated a man among each gang to collect $1 from each man on one pretext or another, sometimes to present an official with a gold watch and chain, then to present the same man with a bicycle, then a diamond ring for some other official, and so on.

One day one of the bosses went to the men and said that he had lost his pocketbook containing $85. He requested that they contribute the usual dollar as a mark of their esteem. The hat was passed around and $25 was raised. All had to contribute. When Superintendent Turner died it was reported to the poor fellows that the railroad required them to raise a big sum to buy flowers. They contributed $300. The men stop in a low shed about three hundred feet long built like a hencoop, the only means of ventilation being a small window at one end. The air is stifling and the thermometer at 100 degrees.

When Scinto assumed control he established a store house on the grounds and the men were ordered to buy everything of him. Since then the subscriptions have not been taken up. As soon as any man learned to talk English he was discharged, for Scinto had no use for any man who understood his rights. His prices were double the usual cost of all the articles he sold. For the night charged them $1 20 per month. When the men are sick they are not allowed to have a doctor but must buy medicine which Scinto keeps in stock and take it until they are nearly at death's door, when they are sent to the hospitals in New York.

Accompanied by an officer and an interpreter a reporter interviewed the men. Scinto followed by twenty ugly looking fellows appeared. Scinto grabbed the interpreter and began shaking him. The officer in the party displayed his badge and said:

"Let that man alone; he is in a free country now."

Scinto at once called his men away. Dr. Dickenson said yesterday:

"During the past six months a dozen Italians have come there for treatment and said that if Scinto learned of it they would be discharged. One man who owed me $2 sent that by a friend, as he dared not come to me again. The interpreter said that there were four others at the shanty who needed treatment but they dare not come."

Discharged Plate Printers.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Much interest is manifested in regard to the recent action of the secretary of the treasury in the matter of the charges against the chief of the bureau of engraving and printing for discharging seven plate printers made by the members of the executive committee of the Knights of Labor. An investigation by secretary Foster showed that the men had been dropped from the rolls by his predecessor. He is of the opinion that it would be unfair and unwise to reinstate the discharged men to their old places and thus displace the men holding them. He however promised, in view of the fact that within the next six weeks a large number of printers would be required, the men within that time should be given presses. The proposition was rejected by the Knights of Labor representatives, who ask that the men be given back their old places.

Crushed by Falling Coal.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYO., June 19.—W. L. Phillips, a miner in Union Pacific mine No. 3, was crushed under some falling coal yesterday afternoon and instantly killed. He was a young man 25 years old and unmarried.

A fire was discovered Wednesday afternoon in the slope leading to the Union Pacific mine No. 1, while about 400 were at work in the mine, and but for the prompt and effectual work by the local fire department in putting it out a very serious accident with loss of life and property might have occurred.

The Milwaukee Wreck.

COON RAPIDS, June 19.—The Milwaukee officials are very glad that it was a solid vestibule electric lighted train that was wrecked at Coon Rapids. They are confident that had the train been lighted with lamps a conflagration would have ensued, entailing the loss of a great many lives. It was reported today that the miscreant who placed the tie on the track, causing the wreck, had been captured and was now in jail at Coon Rapids.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage text was taken from Proverbs xxiv, 17, "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Solomon here deplores the habit of rushing in between contestants, of taking part in the antagonisms of others, in joining in fights they ought to shun. They do no good to others and get damage for themselves. He compares it to the experiment of taking a dog by the ears. Nothing so irritates the canines as to be clutched by the lugs. Take them by the back of the neck and lift them and it does not seem to hurt or offend, but you take the dog by the ear and he will take you with his teeth.

This is a time of resounding ecclesiastical quarrel. Never within your memory or mine has the air been so full of missiles. The Presbyterian church has on hand a controversy so great that it finds it prudent to postpone its settlement for at least one year, hoping that something will turn up. Somebody might die or a new general assembly may have grace to handle the exciting questions. The Episcopal church has cast out some recalcitrants, and its digestive organs are taxed to the utmost in trying to assimilate others. "Shall women preach?" "Or be sent as delegates to conference?" are the questions that have put many of our Methodist brethren on the "anxious seat." And the waters in some of the great baptistries are troubled. Because of the controversies throughout Christendom the air is now like an August afternoon about 5 o'clock, when it has been steaming hot all day, and clouds are gathering, and people are waiting for the full burst of the tempest. It may be a big blow but I hope it will soon be over. In regard to the battle of the creeds, I am every day asked what I think about it. I want to make it so plain this morning what I think that no one will ever ask again.

This trouble throughout Christendom was directly inspired of Satan. He saw that too much good was being done. Too many churches were being dedicated. Too many souls were being saved. It had been a dull time in the nether world, and the arrivals were too few. So Satan one day rose upon his throne and said: "Ye powers of darkness, hear!" And all up and down the caverns the cry was: "Hear! Hear!" Satan said: "There is that American board of commissioners for foreign missions. It must either be demolished or crippled or the first thing you know they will have all the nations brought to God. Apollyon the Younger! You go up to Andover and get the professors discussing whether the heathen can be saved without the gospel. Divert them from the work of missions and get them in angry convention in a room at Young's hotel, Boston, and by the time they adjourn the cause of foreign missions will be gloriously and magnificently injured. Diabolus the Younger! You go up and get the Union theological seminary of New York and the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Detroit, Mich., at swords' points and diverted from the work of making earnest ministers, and turn that old Presbyterian church which has been keeping us out of so many customers for hundreds of years. Abaddon the third! You go up and assault that old Episcopal church which had been storming the heavens for centuries with the sublimest prayers that were ever uttered. Abaddon the Fourth! You go up to that old Methodist church, which has, through her revivals, sent millions to heaven, which we would otherwise have added to our population, the church of Wesley and Matthew Simpson, against which we have an especial grudge, and get them so absorbed in discussing whether woman shall take part in her conference, that they shall not have so much time to discuss how many sons and daughters she shall take to glory."

Now, what part shall you and I take in this controversy which fills all Christendom with clangor? My advise is to take no part. In time of riot all mayors of cities advise good citizens to stay at home or in their place of business, and in this time of religious riot I advise you to go about your regular work for God. Leave the bottles on the higher shelves for others to fight about and take the two bottles on the shelf within easy reach, the two bottles which all this dying world needs; the one filled with a potion which is for for the cleansing of all sin, the other filled with a potion which is for the soothing of all suffering. Two Gospel bottles! Christ mixed them out of His own tears and blood. In them is no human mixture. Spend no time on the mysteries! You, a man only five or six feet high, ought not to try to wade an ocean 1,000 feet deep. My own experience has been vivid. I devoted the most of my time for years in trying to understand God's eternal decrees, and I was determined to know why the Lord let sin into the world, and I set out to explore the doctrine of the trinity, and with a yardstick to measure the throne of the infinite. As with all my predecessors, the attempt was a dead failure. For the last thirty years I have not spent two minutes in studying the controverted points of theology, and if I live thirty years longer I will not spend the thousandth part of a second in such exploration. I know two things, and these I will devote all my life to doing: God will through Jesus pardon sin and He will save me.

You see, God knew what He made the Bible for. He made the Bible as the Bible. He has not learned a single thing in 6,000 years. He knew what would be the best means of salvation and redemption. And the Bible which was thundered on Sinai, from whose top I have taken the stone in yonder wall, and which I preached so that hill side was brought that yonder grand gospel that is going to save the world. Our theological seminaries are a glorious work, but if every theological seminaries shall come out young men for this plain, practical, and shall become practical schools for guessing and guessing about the Bible, guessing about the soul and their usefulness, and young men of olden time, when they went into the gospel ministry, will put themselves under the care of some old and warm hearted pastor, live with him in family prayer and parsonage, and go with him in visiting of the sick and the dying, and victories the grace of God will be when the couch of the dying is the Marathon.

Do you know that I think the ministers in all denominations should stop this nonsense of controversy, strife and take hold of the work of God, the only question with us being how many souls we can win for Christ and in how short a time the Lord would soon appear for the salvation of all nations? When the queen of England visited Scotland many years great preparations were made for her reception. The ship in which she sailed was late in coming, every hill in Scotland was crowned with bonfires and the night was set on fire with illumination. The queen stood on the ship's deck, knew from the signals that Scotland was full of the spirit of welcome, and the thunder of the guns at Glasgow and Edinburgh woke up all the echoes. The echoes sounded out over the sea and sounded up among the hills. I know that I think our King would if we were ready to receive him, not call to him from all our churches, from all our hospitals, from our homes? Why not all at once the torches of gospel invitation not ring all the bells of welcome, not light up the long night of the world's sin and suffering with the light of victory? The king is ready, if we are ready to receive him. Why cannot we who are now living hasten the descent? Must it all be postponed to later ages? Has not our world groaned long enough in agonies? Have there not been martyrs enough, and have not the tears, and rivers of blood been enough? Why cannot the chariot roll in now? Why cannot the nineteenth century feel the incoming tide of the oceans of heavenly mercy? Our eyes close in death and our ears on the deafness of the tomb, but our hearts beat their last throb the day comes in? Oh, Christ, why tarriest thou? Wilt thou not when we go the way of all the earth, we see thy scarred feet under some day cloud coming this way? When we die let us behold thy hands were spiked and spread out in invitation for a lost race. And why not us, with our mortal ears, hear the voice which spoke peace as it came go up, speak pardon and emancipation and love and holiness and joy to nations as thou comest down?

But as the spikes do not part, there is no rumbling of chariot wheels, no flash of angelic appearance, but all is still. I can hear nothing but the tramp of my own heart as I pass between these utterances. The heart is not land because the world is so. To clear the way for the Lord coming let us devote all our energies, body, mind and soul. A Russian general riding over the battle field on horse treading among the dying and the dead, a wounded soldier asked for water, but the officer did not understand his language and knew not what the poor fellow wanted. Then the soldier cried out: "Christos," and the word meant sympathy and help, and the Russian officer dismounted and put to the lips of the sufferer a cooling draught. Be that the charmed word with which we go forth to do our work. In many languages, it has only a difference of termination. Christ stands for sympathy. It stands for help. It stands for pardon. It stands for hope. It stands for heaven. Christos! In that name we were baptized. In that name we took our first sacrament. That will be the battle cry that will win the whole world for Christos! Put it on our banners as we march! Put it on our lips when we die! Put it in the funeral procession of our obsequies! Put it on the pall over our graves! Christos! Let it be his glorious name forever!

The growth of most of the cities, according to the census just complete, is nothing short of monstrous. It rivals, and in several cases exceeds, the increase of population of the cities of the United States, and leaves all recent European parallels far behind.