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A WOMAN.

She wore a high hat to the play,
And what did the man behind say?
Well, not what he ought,
If he'd said what he thought,
But he didn't—he just went away.

From the slow moving car, without fear,
She got off with her face to the rear.
All who saw her resolve
Made a solemn resolve
Not to go and do like her this year.

She made a small bet with a man
On a most satisfactory plan.
No matter which way
It went, he had to pay,
So now she has got a new fan.

She never had learned how to cook
But she studied receipts from a book—
Her first lemon pie
Delighted the eye,
But the crust of it cut like coutechone.

She got to the theater late,
For her pa and her ma had to wait
While she stood at the glass
For an hour, alas!
To see if her hat was on straight.

But we love her in spite of all this,
For she sweetens our dull life with bliss.
She is tender and true
When troubles pursue,
And our woes vanish all at her kiss.
—Somerville Journal.

HENDERSON'S PUP.

HE came in a crate by the evening stage—an ungainly St. Bernard puppy with legs long enough for a dog twice his size. A card on the top of his wicker cage read:

BILL HENDERSON,

Keene Center,

Adirondacks.

The crowd on the store porch waiting for the mail to be sorted looked at the newcomer over and expressed their several opinions as to his breed. Some "calated he had shepherd in him," and others "swan" he hadn't.

"See that; how he bobs that head of his'n," said Israel Lukens, an old hunter, peering into the crate. "Hello, thar, 'Long Legs' know goes it—hungry, be ye?" And the puppy licked the old man's hand.

"What ye got thar—a lion?" shouted Alfred Hamner from the road on his way to the lumber shanty.

By this time the mail was sorted and the crowd shuffled into the store. A kerosene lamp sent long shadows scurrying over the ceiling and diffused a mellow light half way down the counter at the further end of which was strewn a tumbled assortment of lumbermen's shirts and some old pairs of children's boots, the remnant of the winter stock. Great drifts of blue tobacco smoke floated lazily toward the lamp and ascending were lost in the shadows.

The puppy left alone on the porch heard the laughter and the voices of the men inside, and began to whine. Then realizing this only added to his loneliness, he cocked his head and looked up at the stars and the great range sleeping clear out against them. He could hear the roar of the river as it swung through the valley, and far down the road the baying of a hound. Then came the sound of a wagon clattering along, and the next instant Bill Henderson reined in his team and called out:

"Dog here for sour folks?"

The door was opened by the postmaster.

"Some of my women's relatives down in Fort Tl," Henderson continued, "writ that they had one of them St. Bernards and wanted we should take it. I told my wife, sez I, we got enough hounds to feed without goin' into no fancy breeds."

Ten minutes later the puppy was lifted out of the crate and tumbled into the wagon, and Henderson drove off. As they rattled down the road the cool air seemed to revive the puppy. It felt good to get out of the close crate, and though at first he cowered against the dashboard he began gradually to feel more like himself. Now and then he would put up his foolish shaggy head and try to make friends with Henderson. But Henderson was surly. He regarded the puppy as more of an incumbrance than anything else. Such friendly beginnings on the part of the puppy were greeted with a kick that sent him shivering under the seat again. Henderson hadn't much heart even toward his neighbors, and when it came to animals he had less.

When Henderson reached his cabin

Mandy, his "womern," came out with a candle to see the new dog, and the puppy was brought into the kitchen, where he walked about awkwardly and was mauled by the children. After a scanty supper he was turned out among the hounds in the woods, where he lay shivering with cold and fear until Henderson's eldest boy came for him in the morning and hitched him to a cart.

If he was not harnessed to the cart by the eldest boy and lashed up and down the road in the broiling sun, he was dragged into the cabin on wet days and mauled by the rest of the children. One morning he growled, Henderson's "womern" said "sne knowed that dog was ugly as soon as she got her two eyes on him," and that



"POOR LITTLE CUS," HE SAID.

"It was nothin' short of Providence he hadn't bit some of the young uns."

Henderson said he'd take him where he wouldn't get back in a hurry, and the next day the puppy was hitched under a peddler's wagon and departed amid the gibes of the Henderson children and the snarling of the Henderson hounds. The peddler drove along in the blinding heat and dust, and before he had gone two miles the puppy had hard work to keep his chain slack. His feet began to bleed and he whined piteously.

When the cart reached the valley, six miles distant, and stopped in front of the postoffice, the puppy lay unconscious against the hind wheel, his eyes were closed and blood oozed from his nostrils. Some one unlatched the chain and dragged him a few feet away on the grass under a tree.

Two men passing stopped. "Guess he's dead," said one. "Looks like he'd been ugly, anyhow," said the other, and they passed on.

The shadows lengthened until only the great slides far up on "Giant Mountain" were high enough to catch the rays of the red sun. A few lamps beamed at the windows down the single street, and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves overhead.

When the dew fell the puppy opened his eyes. It seemed to him that he was back once more in the crate at the store. He could see the stars glitter and hear the roar of the river.

As the wind freshened and blew down the valley he staggered on his feet and tottered up the road, whining. For a moment he stopped in front of the store and stood in the glare of the lamps. Some village curs snarled at him. Limping up the wooden steps, he waited until a man opened the store door, then he slunk in, bobbed his head and wagged his bedraggled tail.

"I'll bet ye the cigars that dog's mad," said a rough lumberman in a slouch hat.

"I goll, Bill, you're right," replied his partner, nodding approvingly. "This dog your'n, Ed?" he shouted sarcastically to a big fellow in a blue shirt, as he opened the door, and the crowd roared to a man.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," said another. "I give half a dollar for his hide if anyone'll shoot him."

A butcher's boy lounging against the counter bet he could hit him "first crack."

Just then the puppy settled slowly on his haunches, looked up at the butcher's boy and wagged his tail.

"Look out—don't ye come near me," said the butcher's boy.

The next instant a well-directed boot rolled the puppy into the road. He staggered to his feet and stood gazing up at the crowd on the porch, his limbs trembling. The storekeeper came out with a box of cartridges and a Winchester. Throwing a shell into the magazine he handed the rifle to the butcher's boy.

There was a pause.

"Git that hind sight fine on him." It was the man in the slouch hat telling the butcher's boy.

"Hyar!" came a stern voice out of the dusk, and the next instant the old hunter, Israel Lukens, had the butcher's boy by the throat.

"You young skunk!" he thundered, wrenching the rifle away from the butcher's boy. "Thought ye'd be powerful cunning, didn't ye? I see that there puppy when he come down to the Center. Thar ain't nothin' the matter with that dog; he's been used awfully. Henderson's folks had him and them young ones liked to kill him."

The old man loosened his vice-like grip, and the butcher's boy slunk into the store. One by one the crowd followed sheepishly, while the puppy trembled against the old man's bootleg. When the latch clicked on the last man Israel took the puppy in his arms.

"Poor little cuss," he said as he carried the puppy down the road to his cabin.

And so the puppy lived with Israel, and one August day the old hunter left his cabin at daylight with the dog.

"Hain't ye better git a couple of the boys to help ye, Israel, if ye're agoin' to git out them hemlock?" said Jerushy, his wife, as he left.

"I presume likely I had," said Israel, leaning on his ax at the gate. "Frank—he's ought to went to the Center today to get them shingles, and Pete calated he'd go fishin'. No," he continued, "I guess I'll make out well enough alone, thar ain't so much but what I kin handle it." And shouldering his ax he disappeared in the woods, talking to the dog.

It was noon when Jerushy finished her washing and sat shelling peas in the coolest corner of the summer kitchen. Outside in the tangled garden the bees tumbled lazily over the flowers and the yellow jackets crawled in and out among the bunches of dried herbs hung under the eaves of the rickety porch. Below from the valley, swimming in the August heat, came the harsh droning of the mill, broken at intervals by the delicate ping, as the log left the saw.

"Thar!" she said to herself, starting up as the mill whistle blew. "I hain't more'n had my hands out the dish water and it's plumb noon." She felt something tugging at her skirts, and looking around saw the dog. "Wall, if that don't beat all," said the old lady, readjusting her steel spectacles. "What alls ye—stop it, ye fool!"

But the dog kept tugging at her dress.

"Got a mushrat, have ye?" said the old lady coaxingly. "Wall, I presume we'll have to go and see it 'for you'll git your satisfy."

At her willingness to follow the dog loosened his hold and ran ahead, barking incessantly.

The two crossed the road and followed the trail leading to Israel's "leettle piece," as the hunter called his lumber cutting. When he reached the brook the dog stopped, snuffin' to the right and left; suddenly he stopped and began to howl, and Jerushy looking at the edge of some alders saw the print of Israel's shoe in the mud.

Then the truth seemed to flash across her mind.

"Suthin' 's happened to Israel or that dog wouldn't perform like that, I'll warrant ye," she said hurrying on.

The dog barked sharply and plunged on through the woods, the old lady following as best she could, calling at intervals.

"Israel, Israel, whar be ye? Be ye hurt?"

Suddenly the dog stopped and listened, and Jerushy heard far up the mountain a faint halloo.

Ten minutes later she found the old man buried under a fallen hemlock, unhurt, but unable to move.

As Jerushy stood by wringing her hands the dog tried to ferret beneath the pile of debris, tugging at Israel's coat.

"Oh, Israel, be you a dyin'?" moaned Jerushy.

"Dyin'?" No," Israel replied. "I hain't hurt none—ye see I mistrusted this here tree wain't agoin' to fall right."

but 'fore I knowed it she come down top of me. If it wain't for that young spruce I presume likely it'd killed me. And he come and told ye!" said the old man. "Wall, I swan!"

When the neighbors came and hauled the old man out the dog's joy knew no bounds.

"Thought he wasn't no good, did ye, friends?" said the old hunter, turning to the bystanders.

"Ye hain't no bones broke, have ye, Israel?" asked a mild old man, once sheriff in the county.

"It's a good thing the dog came down and told yer woman, Israel, wasn't it?" drawled a tall, lanky fellow.

"I'm tickled to see ye wain't hurt," said another as the procession filed down the mountain.

But Israel did not answer; he was talking to the dog.—Utica Globe.

All for \$10.

An Anglican vicar recently advertised for an organist who was to receive \$10 a month, in return for which he was to "play three services Sunday and one Wednesday evening, when, also, the boys must have an hour's practice; Friday he must conduct a full choir practice, first giving the boys half an hour by themselves, and attendance is expected on the usual feast days. Further, no pupils may be taken to the church organ, nor may that instrument be used by the organist himself save Sunday afternoons."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GREAT PREACHER TALKS ON UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

Law Divorce Laws Due Primarily to Free Love Agitation, Mormonism and Unhappy Fiction—Hasty and Ill-Considered Matches Too Plenty.

A Family Skeleton.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as the subject of his afternoon sermon in the New York Academy of Music Sunday a topic of national interest, viz., "Wholesale Divorce." The great audience repeatedly showed its appreciation of the sentiments expressed by the reverend speaker, and his sturdy blows in behalf of the protection of the household and against the disolutescence of modern society were received with marked appreciation. The text selected was Matthew xix, 6, "What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

That there are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be locked up and abandoned, but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in all the apartments.

"Unhappily married" are two words descriptive of many a homestead. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly mated pair that there is a hell. They are there now. Sometimes a grand and gracious woman will be thus incarcerated, and her life will be a crucifixion, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and the great soul. Sometimes a consecrated man will be united to a fury, as was John Wesley, or united to a vixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes, and generally, both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle was an intolerable scold, and his wife smoked and swore, and Froude, the historian, pulled aside the curtain from the lifelong squabble at Craigenputtock and Five, Oheyna Row.

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear every day is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as he authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully married, but you know and I know that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation.

A Pernicious Doctrine.

For many years the platforms of the love nihilism. There were meetings of this kind held in the Cooper Institute, New York, Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. Some of the women who were most prominent in that movement have since been distinguished for great promiscuity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the marriage relation, women's rights and the affinities. Prominent speakers were women with short curls and short dress, and very long tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they were created women, while on the platform sat meek men with soft accents and cowed demeanor, apologetic for masculinity, and holding the parasols while the tergiversant orators went on preaching the doctrine of free love.

That campaign of about twenty years set more devils into the marriage relation than will be exercised in the next fifty. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands that they never got out of their perplexity, and the criminal and civil courts tried to disentangle the "liad" of woes, and this was got almost, and that one got a limited divorce, and this mother kept the children on condition that the father could sometimes come and look at them, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and those went into dissolute public life, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was that free love campaign, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another.

Brazen Polygamy.

Another influence that has warped upon the marriage relation has been polygamy in Utah. That was a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation and has poisoned the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened as to have these terrible polygamies and yet the body of the nation not feel the putrefaction. Hear it, good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Twenty-four years passed along and five administrations before the first brick was knocked from that fortress of libertinism.

Every new President in his inaugural address has taken with the straw of condemnation, and every Congress stultified itself in proposing some plan that would not work. Polygamy stood more entrenched, and more brazen, and more puissant, and more bragant, and more infernal. James Buchanan, a much-abused man of his day, did more for the extinction of this villainy than most of the subsequent administrations. Mr. Buchanan sent out an army, and although it was killed in its work, still he accomplished more than some of the administrations which did nothing but talk, talk, talk.

Polygamy in Utah warred against the marriage relation throughout the land. It was impossible to have such an awful sewer of iniquity sending up its miasma, which was wafted by the winds north, south, east and west, without the whole land being affected by it.

Another influence that has warped against the marriage relation in this country has been a pestilential literature, with its millions of sheets every week clogged with stories of domestic wrongs and in-

delicacies and massacres and outrages, until it is a wonder to me that there are any decencies or any common sense left on the subject of marriage. One-half of the news stands of all our cities teeming with the filth.

"Now," say some, "we admit all these evils, and the only way to clear them out or correct them is by easy divorce." Well, before we yield to that cry let us find out how easy it is now.

Wholesale Divorce.

I have looked over the laws of all the States, and I find that, while in some States it is easier than in others, in every State it is easy. The State of Illinois, through its Legislature, recites a long list of proper causes for divorce and then closes up by giving to the courts the right to make a decree of divorce in any case where they deem it expedient. After that you are not surprised at the announcement that in one county of the State of Illinois, in one year, there were 833 divorces. If you want to know how easy it is, you have only to look over the records of the States. In the city of San Francisco 333 divorces in one year, and in twenty years in New England 20,000. Is that not easy enough?

If the same ratio continue—the ratio of multiplied divorce and multiplied causes of divorce—we are not far from the time when our courts will have to set apart whole days for application, and all you will have to prove against a man will be that he left his newspaper in the middle of the floor, and all you will have to prove against a woman will be that her husband's overcoat is buttonless. Causes of divorce doubled in a few years—doubled in France, doubled in England and doubled in the United States. To show how very easy it is I have to tell you that in Western Reserve, Ohio, the proportion of divorces to marriages celebrated is 1 to 11, in Rhode Island is 1 to 13, in Vermont 1 to 14. Is that not easy enough?

I want you to notice that frequency of divorce always goes along with the dissolutescence of society. Rome for 500 years had not one case of divorce. Those were her days of glory and virtue. Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the empire went down, ask Gibbon.

What we want in this country and in all lands is that divorce be made more and more and more difficult. Then people before they enter that relation will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it except through the door of the sepulcher. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation until they are fully satisfied that it is best, and that it is right, and that it is happy. Then they shall have no more marriage in fun. Then men and women will not enter the relation with the idea it is only a trial trip, and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing. Then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more joking about the blossoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

Uniform Laws in All States.

What we want is that the Congress of the United States change the national constitution so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country, and what shall be right in one State shall be right in all States, and what is wrong in one State will be wrong in all the States.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppel to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine condition for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation, for he says, "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce law I'll back out."

That process is going on all the time, and men enter the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that transpired yesterday in Union Pacific, Illinois Central or Delaware and Lackawanna.

Now, suppose a man understood, as he ought to understand, that if he goes into that relation there is no possibility of his getting out, or no probability, he would be more slow to put his neck in the yoke. He would say to himself, "Rather than a Caribbean whirlwind with a whole fleet of shipping in its arms, give me a zephyr of fields of sunshine and gardens of peace."

Rigorous divorce law will also hinder women from the fatal mistake of marrying men to reform them. If a young man by twenty-five years of age or thirty years of age has the habit of strong drink fixed on him, he is as certainly bound for a drunkard's grave as that a train starting out from Grand Central depot at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning is bound for Albany. The train may not reach Albany, for it may be thrown off the track. The young man may not reach a drunkard's grave, for something may throw him off the iron track of evil habit, but the probability is that the train that starts to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock for Albany will get there, and the probability is that the young man who has the habit of strong drink fixed on him before twenty-five or thirty years of age will arrive at a drunkard's grave. She knows he drinks, although he tries to hide it by chewing cloves. Everybody knows he drinks. Parents warn; neighbors and friends warn. She will marry him; she will reform him.

The Altar of Sacrifice.

If she is unsuccessful in the experiment, why, then the divorce law will emancipate her because habitual drunkenness is a cause for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut and nearly all the States. So the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrifice. If you will show me the poverty struck streets in any city, I will show you the homes of the women

who married men to reform them. In one case out of 10,000 it may be a successful experiment. I never saw a successful experiment. But have a rigorous divorce law, and that woman will say, "If I am affianced to that man, it is for life."

A rigorous divorce law will also do much to hinder hasty and inconsiderate marriages. Under the impression that one can be easily released people enter the relation without inquiry and without reflection. Romance and impulse rule the day. Perhaps the only ground for the marriage compact is that she likes his looks, and he admires the graceful way she passes around the ice cream at the picnic. It is all they know about each other. It is all the preparation for life. A woman that could not make a loaf of bread to save her life will swear to cherish and obey. That Christian will marry an atheist, and that always makes conjoined wretchedness, for if a man does not believe there is a God he is neither to be trusted with a dollar nor with your life-long happiness. Having read much about love in a cottage, people brought up in ease will go and starve in a hovel.

By the wreck of 10,000 homes, by the blighting of 10,000 sacrificed men and women, by the hearthstone of the family, which is the cornerstone of the State, and in the name of that God who hath set up the family institution, and who hath made the breaking of the marital path the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of the United States to make some righteous, uniform law for all the States, and from ocean to ocean, on this subject of marriage and divorce.

Character the One Essential.

Let me say to the hundreds of young people in this house this afternoon, before you give your heart and hand in holy alliance use all caution. Inquire outside as to habits, explore the disposition, scrutinize the taste, question the ancestry and find out the ambitions. Do not take the heroes and heroines of cheap novels for a model. Do not put your lifetime happiness in the keeping of a man who has a reputation for being a little loose in morals or in the keeping of a woman who dresses fast. Remember that, while good looks are a kindly gift of God, wrinkles or accident may despoil them. Remember that Byron was no more celebrated for his beauty than for his depravity. Remember that Absalom's hair was not more splendid than his habits were despicable. Hear it, hear it! The only foundation for happy marriage that has ever been or ever will be is good character.

Ask God whom you shall marry if you marry at all. A union formed in prayer will be a happy union, though a cross may palp the cheek and poverty empty the bread tray, and death open the small graves, and all the path of life be strewn with thorns from the marriage altar with its wedding march and orange blossoms clear on down to the last farewell at that gate where Isaac and Rebecca, Abraham and Sarah, Adam and Eve parted.

The Speck on the Horizon.

And let me say to those of you who are in happy married union avoid first quarrels; have no unexplained correspondence with former admirers; cultivate no suspicious; in a moment of bad temper do not rush out and tell the neighbors; do not let any of those gad-about of society unload in your house their baggage of gab and little tattling; do not stand on your rights; learn how to apologize; do not be so proud, or so stubborn, or so devilish that you will not make up. Remember that the worst domestic misfortunes and most scandalous divorce cases started from little infelicities. The whole piled up train of ten rail cars telescoped and smashed at the foot of an embankment 100 feet down came to that catastrophe by getting two or three inches off the track. Some of the greatest domestic misfortunes and wide sounding divorce cases have started from little misunderstandings that were allowed to go on and go on until home and respectability and religion and immortal soul went down in the crash, crash!

In the "Farm Ballads" our American poet puts into the lips of a repentant husband after a life of married perturbation these suggestive words:

"And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lying together in silence perhaps we will agree,
And if ever we meet in heaven I would not think it queer
If we love each other better because we quarreled here."

Fellow citizens as well as fellow Christians, let us have a divine rage against anything that wars on the marriage state. Blessed institution! Instead of two arms to fight the battle of life, four; instead of two eyes to scrutinize the path of life, four; instead of two shoulders to lift the burden of life, four. Twice the energy, twice the courage, twice the holy ambition, twice the probability of worldly success, twice the prospects of heaven. Into the matrimonial bower God fetches two souls. Outside that bower room for all contentions, and all bickerings, and all controversies, but inside the bower there is room for only one guest—the angel of love. Let that angel stand at the floral doorway of this Edenic bower with drawn sword to hew down the worst foe of that bower—easy divorce. And for every paradise lost may there be a paradise regained. And after we quit our home here may we have a brighter home in heaven, at the windows of which this moment are familiar faces watching for our arrival and wondering why so long we tarry.

The minuet is of French origin and uncertain antiquity. The original form of the dance is faithfully represented in the minuet in Mozart's Don Giovanni. Minuets have been written by Handel, who often finishes an overture to an opera or even oratorio with a minuet; by Bach, whose suites contain many exquisite minuets; by Haydn, who introduced the movement into the symphony; by Mozart, who used it in both symphony and sonata, and by Beethoven, who employed it in several of his best compositions, by transforming it into the scherzo.