

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

NUMBER 23.

SHEPHERDESSES OF SHEEP.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep;
Her locks are thoughts; she keeps them
White;
She guards them from the steep,
She leads them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright—
Dark valleys safe and deep;
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap;
She is so circumspect and right—
She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
—Fall Mall Gazette.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

It is always an inscrutable mystery to everybody why other people quarrel. For our own little argument there is always, of course, good, sound and sufficient reason; for the disputes of other folk, the excuse appears ever absurdly inadequate. Why, for instance, young Greig and Miss Elsie Norman, both returning from India on the Bengal, should break off with amazing suddenness their engagement just as the Bengal was nearing the Bay of Biscay it was not easy to see.

But they did.
"And I suppose," said young Greig, with a face that looked less bronzed than usual, "that nothing I can say will alter your decision? Your mind is quite made up?"
"It always is," declared Miss Norman.

She held tightly to the brass rail and looked away at the spot in the distance which represented Spain. It is best when quarrelling with anyone you have cared for not to look at their eyes.

"I particularly wish that, for the time that we shall have to travel together, we shall see as little of each other as possible. We can easily say 'good-by' at Plymouth."

"It will not be easy for me," said Henry Greig. "I am not used to saying good-by to anyone that I—that I have—"

"You should be glad of a new experience, Mr. Greig. It's a precious thing nowadays."
"You're not yourself this morning, Miss."

"I wish I were not!" she exclaimed with a sudden change of manner. "If I were some one else I shouldn't be so unhappy. Here is Mrs. Renton. She must see my eyes. This is the last time we shall speak to each other, good-by!"

"But I say, isn't there some means—"
Elsie Norman held out her hand. Greig pressed it and she turned and went below. Mrs. Renton sank into her deck chair carefully, as stout ladies do, and seemed gratified when the deck chair only creaked complacently and did not give way.

"Mr. Greig, pray come here at once. Miss Norman monopolizes your time to such an extent that my poor women see nothing of you. Sit here at once and tell me all about yourself."

"It's an uninteresting subject," said Greig, pulling another deck chair to the side of Mrs. Renton.

"Tell me a secret, then. I'm exceedingly fond of secrets. When are you going to marry Miss Norman?"

"Never? Of course, you're both young; but that seems a long time to wait, doesn't it? Mr. Van Straaten said—"

"Van Straaten is an old fool of the kind they make in Germany. I shall have to ask Van Straaten not to interfere with my affairs."

"His servant Hans is a queer youth. He looks after the diamond samples, I suppose."

"I haven't seen Hans, but Van Straaten is the sort of old nuisance that ought to be labeled, like some of the luggage, 'Not wanted on voyage.'"

"He always speaks very highly of Miss Norman," remarked Mrs. Renton, thoughtfully.

"Why shouldn't he?"
"Precisely. She's very charming, no doubt. But you should remember that she is only a girl after all."

"That fact has not escaped notice, Mrs. Renton."
Mrs. Renton looked complacently down the undulating scene that her plump figure furnished and lifted first one small foot and then the other from under the hem of her skirt. The number appeared to be correct, for Mrs. Renton, having mentally audited them, sighed with satisfaction.

"There is such a thing," said the widow, confidentially, "as common sense."

"I know. Cheap eau-de-Cologne and—"
"No, no. Sense, S-e-n-s-e."
"I wonder where, Mrs. Renton?"
"It is not for me to tell you where," answered Mrs. Renton, modestly, "all that I can say is that you don't find it with young girls. At the age of, say, 30 something, now, you often find a girl—or, perhaps, I should say a woman—admirably fitted to be a companion to a sensible man."

"The popular prejudice," remarked Greig, "is, nevertheless, oddly enough, in favor of girls 30 something." He

looked up. "What in the world's the matter with Van Straaten?"
The old German, with his pince-nez awry pinching the end of his nose, was coming excitedly up the gangway.

"Here is the captain!" he screamed. "I insist. Pring me all at once the captain."

The captain of the Bengal hurried up. In a few words of mangled English Mr. Van Straaten explained. A group of interested passengers stood around.

"I talk to Miss Norman for liddle time," cried Mr. Van Straaten. "I go then to my cabin; I find there my precious diamonds—vanished."

"They can't have gone far, sir," said the captain.

"They have no need to go at all. Eight thousand pounds' worth all gone. I must know now quickly who has stolen them alretty."

"Any suspicion?" asked the captain. "I am not so sure. I am not so sure."

"Anybody on board seen them?"
"Von person only. Mr. Greig, if you please come here. I show you my precious diamonds, ain't it, two days after we leave Calcutta?"

"That is so," said Greig cheerfully. "And very magnificent diamonds they were. I remember telling you that I wished one or two were mine then, so that I might give them to—"

He stopped.
"I suppose we shall have to search the cabins," said the captain of the Bengal. "It's a fearful nuisance, ladies and gentlemen, but it can't be helped. May we begin with yours, Mr. Greig?"

"I really don't know," protested Greig, "why I should have my cabin upset and turned out just because—"

"I desire that Mr. Greig's cabin should be searched," said Mr. Van Straaten insistently.

"That settles it, then," said Henry Greig, carelessly. "Fire away. I'll come down with you."

The crowd went below and stood in the corridor, while the examination was progressing. Elsie Norman, hearing the noise, left her aunt and, rather red at eyes, came forward. The captain, Mr. Van Straaten, the chief steward and Henry Greig reappeared at the door of the cabin. The old German bore a leather case very carefully in his arms.

"The diamonds have been found," answered the captain of the Bengal, seriously. "We shall not have to trouble you, ladies and gentlemen."

"They were only ordinary folk, rather bored by the tediousness of the journey from Calcutta and they could not help showing a certain relish over the diversion."

"Most painful, really."
"Case found under the pillow in the berth."

"Seemed such an honest fellow, too."
"My dear," said Mrs. Renton, bitterly, "it doesn't do to trust anyone nowadays. You never knew who's who."

"But you'd think really on a P. & O. steamship—"
"I'm sorry for that poor Miss Norman. She was engaged to him, you know."

"Oh, that's broken off quite definitely. I heard her telling the old German so. The old fellow asked her what was the matter and she told him. He was a partner of her father's, you know, and he seemed much concerned about it. You see, dear, I wasn't exactly listening, but—"

"But you heard, dear—that's the main point. Come into my cabin and see my new serge dress."

"They went aft, leaving Greig at the door of his cabin. He was holding the sides to prevent himself from falling. Other passengers went past his cabin, keeping carefully to the other side of the narrow corridor. Not one of them spoke to him, but they all spoke to each other."

"What does this mean?" cried Henry Greig. "Do they all suspect me of—"
"Harry!"

A soft, white hand was laid on his arm with a kindly pressure. He turned and seized it gladly.

"Elsie! Aren't you, too, going to follow them?"
"Tell me first what it all means."
"It did not take long to put the girl into possession of the facts. Her face flamed red with indignation."

"And they dare to think that you would do a thing like that?"
"Well," said Greig, uneasily, "they found the things there, you see. It's circumstantial evidence of rather an awkward kind. But I needn't tell you, Miss Norman—"

"My name is still Elsie."
"My dear girl! I needn't tell you I should not dream of taking poor old Van Straaten's diamonds, or anybody else's."

"I am quite sure of that, Harry. I must see him about it." She repinned her straw hat with a decided air. "We two must stand together now, whatever happens."

"Elsie, hadn't you better let me fight it out alone? The truth is nearly sure to come out sooner or later, and—"

"In the meantime, dear, you will have to forget our stupid quarrel of this morning. I was quite wrong."
"So was I," said Greig, promptly.
A man has no business to kiss a girl as she is ascending the gangway of a P. & O. steamship. It has been done, no doubt, on more than one occasion, but it is nearly always an act to be condemned by right thinking people who have not had the chance of com-

mitting the crime. Nevertheless, if it is at any time to be pardoned it was in the instance at present in question.

"But," said the astonished Mrs. Renton to her companion, "I thought you said, my dear, that their engagement was all off."

"She certainly said so. Why she should be so affectionate with him now, after this scandalous affair, goodness only knows."

"Ah, my dear! Girls are queer creatures."

There were a few hours of mixed feelings for Mr. Greig of the Eastern Bank. It was terrible to feel this suspicion hanging over him; to watch the looks cast at him by the passengers, to observe Mr. Van Straaten's almost comic appearance of injury; on the other hand, it was delightful to feel that close to him in this time of stress, as he sat on the deck or strolled up and down, was a cheerful young person in her very best spirits. The boy meanwhile sympathetically behaved in a manner quite exemplary.

"I am astonished, my dear," said Mr. Van Straaten, severely, "that you should be friendly with Mr. Greig after what has happened alretty. I strongly advise you to give him up. You did me up had decided—"

"I've changed my mind," she said definitely. "Women folks are not good at a lot of things, but we do know how to change our minds."

Mr. Van Straaten lifted his hat and turned away. The old gentleman when he was a few paces off seemed agitated—so much so that he had to pat his eyes gently with his scarlet handkerchief. He called to one of the sailors:

"Dell my man Hans to come up instantly."

Much commotion soon after the appearance of the stolid-faced Hans. A rush toward that part of the ship by all the passengers on deck. Swift talking in German. Considerable temper on the part of Mr. Van Straaten; pent-up words from Hans.

"Mr. Greig," cried the old German, "come here directly. And Miss Norman. Listen to this horrible man of mine. I hat lost also my hatbox; I ask him where it is, and he replies that he think he place it by mistake in Mr. Greig's cabin. Is it not so, Hans?"

Sorrowful acknowledgment from the profusely penitent Hans. Mr. Van Straaten raised his voice—

"Then I say to him, 'Is it possible that you careless scoundrel you place also by mistake the diamond-box in Mr. Greig's cabin?' And he said 'Yes.'"

Quite a noisy cheering from the assembled passengers. A pressing forward to congratulate Greig. He, delighted beyond expression, turned to Elsie Norman.

"You don't repeat being counsel for my defense, young Portia?"
"You are just the client I like."
"And respecting this morning," said Greig.

"Sir! I do not respect this morning. Let's look forward."
They walked forward.

"Dot was a good drick of mine," said Mr. Van Straaten, as he watched them. He wiped his glasses carefully. "I knew it would answer. I was once, a long time ago, in love mineelf."—St. James Budget.

The Present Armenian Troubles.
The original aggressors probably were the Kurds, a tribe of wild mountaineers who are accustomed to harass the Armenian villages. They made several forays and got the Armenians excited. Then the Armenians in Constantinople tried to petition the Sultan to protect their compatriots at home; being forbidden to approach the Sultan, they caused a riot in Constantinople which became soon a race war in that city. The Turks and Kurds continued to slaughter the Armenians in Armenia, angered by the troubles in Constantinople. Then the European powers made a pretense of interfering to protect the Armenians, but they were too jealous of one another to do those unfortunate any good. Meantime the Sultan did not care to protect the Armenians, and could not have done so, anyway; so the slaughter has gone on. The Turks and Kurds are Mohammedans, the Armenians are Christians; so the troubles have religion as well as race for their origin. Now that the powers have obtained permission to have each two small warships at Constantinople, it is reported that they will let the Armenian matter take care of itself.

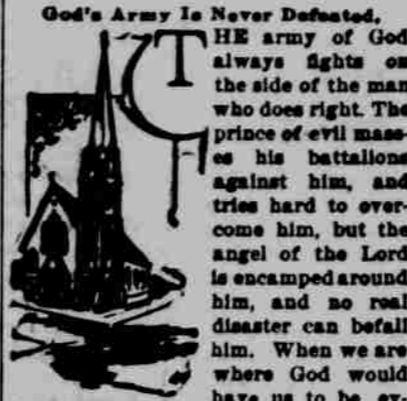
Two Little Indians.
At Antlers, I. T., two Choctaw youths, 12 and 16 years old, have lately taken the war path and revided the war-like traditions of their tribe. They lay in wait for and shot a white man named Lee Crum, leaving him where he lay wounded, but not slain, ed with the voice of a centaur. Throw scalp him, cut off his ears, gouged out his eyes, and at last cut his throat.—Kansas City Star.

They Were Not Miracles.
M. Litre, of Paris, who recently investigated a number of alleged miraculous cures, says that they can be accounted for without supposing a miracle. He explains that in many of such cures there is a muscular action of the affected part. The muscle contracts energetically; it breaks down the pathological adhesions, if they exist, and restores the bones violently to their place.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Wise Words of Ezekiel—"They that Be With Us Are More than They that Be With Them"—False and Melancholy Flout of Life.



God's Army Is Never Defeated. HE army of God always fights on the side of the man who does right. The prince of evil masses his battalions against him, and tries hard to overcome him, but the angel of the Lord is encamped around him, and no real disaster can befall him. When we are where God would have us to be, everything the devil does against us is sure to help us, for whoever walks with God takes no step that is not for his own good. The better the fire the purer the gold. The most important, then, of all questions to every Christian is: "Am I living in harmony with God? Am I submitting myself to his will in all things, and would I rather have his will prevail in my life, than my own? Would I rather please God than please myself?" As these questions present themselves to our minds, we shall have confidence toward God according to the way we answer them. To know that we are all for him will quickly give us faith, to believe that he is for us, and to know that he is for us, is to be assured that no power can stand against us. The important thing, therefore, is to keep ourselves in an attitude of glad submission to the will of God, and it will then become easy to form the habit of living by faith instead of trying to walk by sight. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Aunt Hannah's Farewell.
So, yo's ergwine erway, honey,
Frum ole Pin Oak!
Ise glad yo's foun' Gaud's faith, an' tuck
De Mostah's yoke;
Faith life's 'up, sho's yo' git sad
In dat big town,
An' sho's 'y' gettin' proud, de yoke
'I keep 'y' down;
Yo's sees de widom dah, Moe's Press,
Ob de gospel plan;
Jes' hol' 't' de teentes ob de chu'ch,
An' be er man.

Hit seem laik on'y yiday, honey.
De day yo's bawn;
I min's er great big laffin' stah
Awn a' sidge ob dawn;
Bin hit drap down yo' leetle light
Begin ter shine,
'N' I tuck yo' frum de d'yr Lawd's arms
Right inter mine;
Yo's done growed up all white, Moe's Press,
Pride ob de lan';
Jes' hol' 't' de teentes ob de chu'ch,
An' be er man.

Yo's twenty-one terday, honey.
Stronger n' yo' paw,
Yit wid de jauntle eyes she had—
Y' angel maw;
Stan' laik em bofs, fo' good an' right
In all yo' do;
Dah's need fo' stawn an' berrycane
Es well es jew;
Doan' f' yer ter let de worle, Moe's Press,
Know whur yo' stan';
Jes' hol' 't' de teentes ob de chu'ch,
An' be er man.

M-m! 's gwine erway, honey.
Frum ole Pin Oak!
'N' I wuzn' dat sho' ob yo', my heart
'I be plum' broke;
But min'—yo' hex er wuck ter do,
Speak loud an' strong;
Min' 'n' put de no, jes' laik de yes,
Whur hit belong;
Keep right 'n' de norrah way, Moe's Press,
Wid de posse ban';
Jes' hol' 't' de teentes ob de chu'ch,
An' be er man.

Nothing Hidden from God.
The sinner is the only one who travels in the dark, and the Christian the only one who may always walk in the light. When darkness covered Egypt, the children of Israel had plenty of light in their dwellings. The wicked man thinks his plans are unknown, but he forgets that there is One who can see where no other eye can look, and that even his most secret thoughts are as well known to God as were the plans of the king of Syria to the prophet Elisha. Bear this in mind, friend, when you undertake to do that which you know is not right. You may deceive your neighbor, and rob him of his rights, but you cannot deceive his God, and sooner or later you will have to restore all, even to the uttermost farthing, for God has made himself the champion of every man on this earth who is wronged by his brother, and has declared that every offender shall be brought to judgment. "Vengeance is mine; I shall repay, saith the Lord."

To make any kind of a plan for life and leave God out of it is to make the greatest possible mistake. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth." Evil shall slay the wicked, and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Through All the Ages.
Through all ages men have regarded themselves as being only that they might die. That has always been the great melancholy plaint of life; that has been the distress which has always lain on the soul, even in its moments of happiness. This being so, is there not something great and stirring in the fact that Jesus takes up this word of death and turns it into an assurance of victory? Jesus takes the dirge and turns it into a psalm; makes it the very assertion of the glory of His existence on earth.
"I was born," we hear Him say, "for a great, a noble and a splendid purpose, that I might through death destroy him who hath the power of death—that is, the devil." There is something noble in the way in which Christ thus takes these words, "We are born to die," so full of distress and pain on our lips, and turns them into the psalms that ring through the ages and glorify the world; in the way in which He takes the very tears and lamentations of our human life, and shows how at the very heart of them are victory and joy.—Phillips Brooks.

Endurance.
"The pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but righteousness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in closest troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies also are at his service, softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs."—John Ruskin.

For Light.
Oh, God, I cannot always see Thy way
In the sharp turnings of my earthly path;
At times it shines before me clear as day,
And then with eager steps I hasten on,
To find that suddenly the light is gone,
And I, in darkness, fearful of Thy wrath,
Stand trembling, waiting, hoping for some sign.
Some light or vision of Thy face benign.
To warn me, lest my erring feet be
strayed;
To bid me, "Still press on, be not afraid,"
I do not ask that Thou shouldst make for me
The path an easier, smoother one to tread;
Nor that my burden weigh less heavily,
Nor that the biting stones hurt not my feet—
My expiation else were incomplete—
But breathe upon my wearied, grief-
bowed head
Some whispered word of guidance, that
Thy child,
Made new of heart, may stem the torrent
wild,
Till once beyond, I lay my burden down,
To find what seemed a Cross to be a
Crown.
—John Henry Dick.

Justifying Faith.
True faith is no mere intellectual exercise. The faith by which we are justified is a living faith, and faith without works is dead. Selden compares faith and works to light and heat: "Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; yet put out the candle and both are gone."

Chaff and Wheat.
Growth is always the result of life inside.
People who think too little are sure to talk too much.
A face without a smile is like a lantern without a light.
What a man is, always depends upon what he believes God is.
Difficulties overcome become horses which draw our chariots.
A lazy man does his hardest work looking for an easy place.
Sin may sometimes hide its head, but it can never cover up its tracks.
Great victories are not always won on fields where great armies fight.
Man's plan of salvation always begins and ends with his own work.
The man who wouldn't be honest if he didn't have to is a thief at heart.
There are still some people who only follow Christ for the loaves and fishes.
When a Christian begins to neglect his Bible, he has begun to forget his God.

The Bible speaks of the bottomless pit, to show that all lost sinners will fall to the same depth.
Until the devil can find something that will hurt a Christian, he will never know the meaning of rest.

A FAULTY RULE.

In This Case the Inventor Found that It Would Not Work.

There is a citizen in this town who has always experienced the greatest difficulty in fitting their proper names and identity to acquaintances whose faces he knows perfectly well. So marked is this failing that he has often been placed in exceedingly awkward situations, even with friends whom he has known for several years. Some time ago he hit upon what he considered a rather ingenious plan for finding out the name of the man to whom he was talking. After one or two satisfactory commonplace remarks upon the weather or any not too personal topic, he would ask in an apparently casual manner:

"Well, how is business with you, now—pretty fair?"

It almost invariably happened that his unsuspecting companion would say something in reply which would reveal the nature of his occupation. That was all Mr. A. wanted. As soon as he knew this particular, he knew his man. Many successful experiments with this method soon gave him a fatal amount of confidence in his infallibility. Fearless of detection, he put the same inquiry unblushingly on every occasion which found him unable to identify an acquaintance. Last week the shock came, and now his faith is sadly shaken by what he admits was a conspicuous failure.

Dropping into a seat in the cable car one morning he found himself beside a gentleman who greeted him familiarly, and proceeded to make inquiries regarding his family, which showed him to be a comparatively intimate friend.

Mr. A., knowing his face, but entirely at a loss for his name, merely awaited a good opportunity:

"And how is business with you now—brisk?"

His companion stared a moment, then laughed.

"I guess you don't know me, Mr. A.; now admit it."

"Well—I—why," stammered the other, inwardly cursing his wretched memory, "you are—"

"Bishop L., I think my business is about as lively as usual, you know."
—New York Tribune.

Story of a Dog.
Men who like dogs are naturally given to praising them, and perhaps to exaggerating their intelligence and other good qualities. But a bright dog is sometimes very bright indeed, and often displays a knowledge which surprises even his master. It is impossible to live long with such an animal without becoming satisfied that he understands no inconsiderable part of what is said in his presence. The New York Sun lately printed this story:

In the lush days of steamboating, before the war, the captain of a Mississippi River boat had a dog that could distinguish between the passengers if once he had heard their names. The matter was mentioned one night in the saloon, and a passenger sneered at the idea.

"Bet you \$500 the dog can't do it once in three times," he said.

"Done," rejoined the Captain. "Write a note to your wife and I will write one to mine. Both are in the ladies' cabin. We will give the notes to Snip at the same time, and if he fails to deliver them properly the money is yours."

The passenger wrote merely his wife's pet name inside a slip of paper, which he folded and addressed. The Captain's missive ran:

"Dear Wife: Send me word at once what Snip does when he comes into the cabin."

He delivered both slips to the dog, saying as he handed over the passenger's note: "Snip, this is for Mrs. M., who sat beside me at supper. Give it to her, then take this other note to your Miss Catherine."

Snip ran away. The men sat smoking and chatting. Very soon a waiter brought a scrap of paper to the passenger. His wife had written:

"What does it mean, you sending me a note by this little dog?"
Shortly after came this from the Captain's wife:

"Snip came in and ran about sniffing at all of us, then jumped in Mrs. M.'s lap, dropped a bit of paper there, and came to me with the other one."

The passenger offered \$1,000 for Snip, saying he could not go against him if he owned so wise a beast. But the Captain would not part with Snip, who lived and died a river dog.

Village of the Stone Age.
On the Island of Pantellaria, midway between Sicily and the African coast, Dr. Orsi has discovered a prehistoric village of the prehistoric age, surrounded by a colossal wall made of stone heaped together. He has also found out that the strange buildings called Nest are dome-shaped prehistoric tombs, and has identified the remains of a small Greek temple. The island lies completely out of the way of travel, and is used by the government as a convict settlement.

"Dear me, Adelbert," said the poet's wife, "this stuff doesn't make sense." "I know that as well as you do," said the poet. "It isn't intended to make sense. It is to make dollars. It was ordered by a magazine."—Independent Journal.