

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1896.

NUMBER 24.

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS.

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, with your
Eerie eyes so clear and pure
Gazing, where we vain would see
Into far futurity—
Tell us what you there behold,
In your visions manifold!
What is on beyond our sight,
Bidding till the morrow's light,
Fairer than we see to-day,
As our dull eyes only may?

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, with face
Like as in some woodland place
Lifts a lily, chaste and white,
From the shadow to the light;
Tell us, by your subtler glance,
What strange sorcery enchants
You as now,—here, yet afar
As the realms of moon and star?
Have you magic lamp and ring,
And gem for vassaling?

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, confess
You're divine and nothing less,
For with mortal palms, we fear,
Yet must yet you, dreaming here—
Learning, too, to lift the tips
Of your fingers to our lips;
Fearful still you may rebel,
High and Heavenly oracle!
Thus, though all unmet our kiss,
Pardon this!—and this!—and this!

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, we call
Traces and favor, knowing all!
All your magic is in truth,
Pure foresight and faith of youth—
You're a child, yet even so,
You're a sage in embryo—
President poet—artist—great
As your dreams anticipate—
Trusting God and man, you do
Just as Heaven inspires you to.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A FANCY FAIR.

"Couldn't we get up a subscription
or something for the widow?"

"Of course we must do something; in
one's own hotel it is too dreadful!" and
Mrs. Wildover shuddered and her com-
pansions did the same; in fact, the whole
Hotel de Flandres had had its withers
wrung and its nerves shaken in a sin-
gularly ghastly fashion. One of the
waiters, while handing around a dish
at the dejeuner, had suddenly turned
white, reeled, and then, in sight of all
the guests, fallen down in a heap upon
the polished floor.

"Yes, we must undoubtedly do some-
thing," continued Mrs. Wildover; "but
it's a pity it can't be something more
general than a subscription among our-
selves. Couldn't we organize some
kind of a benefit—of entertainment?"

"A fancy fair!" exclaimed two of
three ladies in a breath.

"It would be a splendid idea! But
who is to organize it?"

"Oh, you—you, Mrs. Wildover! Oh,
do!"

Mrs. Wildover smiled modestly.

"Oh, but I'm afraid I shouldn't be
able to—"

"Yes, yes, you would."

"But you'll all help, won't you?"
asked the lady, looking around. "I
think we'll keep it strictly among our-
selves; only the English ladies of the
hotel must be allowed to take an active
part in the bazaar."

Her audience gave a rapid assent,
and Mrs. Wildover immediately plung-
ed into plans and projects. Mrs. Wild-
over was fat, 40, and, thanks to Tru-
fit, also fair; but had there not existed
a meek, timid-eyed little creature
known as Mrs. Wildover's husband, it
is certain that she could have had as
many suitors as she wished, for Mrs.
Wildover was ridiculously, fabulously
rich. The fact had come upon her as
rather a surprise some half dozen
years earlier, when she had fainted
on her drawing-room sofa in the little
house at Peckham after reading a law-
yer's letter which informed her that an
almost forgotten uncle in America had
died, leaving her not only his whole
fortune, but his share in some petro-
leum springs down country.

From that moment it had been Mrs.
Wildover's not unnatural desire to soar
above the musical evenings and card
parties of Peckham and New Cross.
She went everywhere, was indefatiga-
ble in all charitable undertakings, her
shrewdness telling her that they often
proved the thin edge of the society
wedge. Now, at the Hotel de Flan-
dres, there was staying at this particu-
lar moment a singularly beautiful dow-
ager-countess, a lady most popular in
London society, and one whose broad
wings could, and they would, help poor
Mrs. Wildover in her flight.

"Do you suppose Lady Lothair would
help us?" she asked, tentatively. No-
body seemed quite sure, but everyone
thought that Mrs. Wildover would ask
her.

Lady Lothair was cordial and sympa-
thetic, promised to attend the fair, and
even volunteered to allow some of her
photographs to be sold there. In fact,
pump Mrs. Wildover, who was usually
very sure of the ground she trod on,
scarcely felt her feet as she left Lady
Lothair's room. It was the beginning
of her success, she thought, and think-
ing so, she calmed heavily with some-
one coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon."

"Indeed, it was my fault."

And both passed on in their several
directions.

The person who had gone to the wall
in the collision was a slight girl dressed
in deep mourning. She turned into a
door to her left, and, closing it behind
her, tossed her hat petulantly on to the
table.

"Is that you, Nell?" called a voice
from the balcony.

"Yes; come in, I want to talk to you."
The other woman entered. She also
was dressed in deep mourning.

"What's the matter?" she asked,
glancing at her companion.

"Nothing more than usual. Why will
you insist on staying here, and like
this?—It's awful."

"You are always so impatient, Nell.
I tell you that—"

A sharp knock at the door interrup-
ted her. "Entrez!" called the girl curt-
ly, and then, to both women's astonish-
ment, the big form of Mrs. Wildover
loomed upon them.

"Can you spare me five minutes, Mrs.
Seymour?" asked she beamingly.

"Oh, certainly! Do sit down," said
Mrs. Seymour, while Nell drew for-
ward a chair.

"I've come to ask you if you would
care to help us," continued Mrs. Wild-
over, as she proceeded to unfold the
scheme of the fair.

Mrs. Seymour and her daughter had
been at the Hotel de Flandres for over
a week, but somehow they seemed to
have assimilated with none of the sets.
Perhaps their deep mourning isolated
them, as it prevented their joining the
circle des strangers, but Mrs. Wild-
over felt that it would be sweet and
condescending of her to take them un-
der her protection and to patronize
them.

"And now, what will you both do?"
concluded the good lady, beaming on
them good-naturedly. "Will you take
a stall, Miss Seymour, or will you sing
in the concert, or play, or what?"

Mrs. Seymour hesitated and glanced
at her mother. "I'm afraid my sing-
ing and playing don't amount to much,"
she began, "but—"

"But she dances nicely, Mrs. Wild-
over, if that is of any use to you."

Mrs. Wildover gave a little gasp, and
then suddenly recollected that skit-
dancing was one of the recognized ac-
complishments.

"That will be charming!" she ex-
claimed. "And you don't think you will
be nervous?"

Nell shook her head decidedly.

"Then that's all right. And won't
you help us at all, Mrs. Seymour?"

"Oh, I'll sell programs, take tickets,
anything you like," replied the lady,
laughing; "make myself generally use-
ful, in fact."

"Well, anyway, that's something to
do!" exclaimed the girl when their vi-
sitor had departed.

"Exactly!"

"But whether the game is worth the
candle, whether it's worth while vegetat-
ing here for a fortnight for the
pleasure of showing one's ankles at a
fancy fair, I'm sure I don't know."

"Neither do I as yet, my dear. Wait
till the time comes. We'll soon see.
But you are certainly right in one
thing, Nell; black does not show you
off."

The girl gave something between a
grunt and a laugh and glanced at
herself in the long mirror, the invari-
able adjunct to an apartment in a for-
eign hotel.

She was tall and very slight, with a
clear, colorless complexion and crisp
red hair; her eyes were heavily lidded,
and when she took the trouble to raise
them they were of a curious changeful
tone. In her black gown no one would
have called her pretty; yet to an ob-
server there were great possibilities
about her. She recognized the fact bet-
ter than most people, and therefore
there was some excuse for her petulant
turn from the glass.

Mrs. Seymour, on the other hand,
was short and plump and comfortable
looking, neither plain nor pretty, and
gifted with little appealing, helpless
ways which usually stood her in very
good stead, indeed.

"I wish you would not sit smiling
there like that!" ejaculated Nell, im-
patiently. "I can't see what you want-
ed to come to Spa for."

"I am consumed with a desire to
make Mrs. Wildover's acquaintance,"
quietly replied her companion.

"Then why on earth—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Seymour. "Let
us go down to the salon and talk about
the fancy fair."

For a week little else was spoken of
among the English colony at Spa. In
all likelihood Mrs. Wildover had never
been so happy in her life. She spent
her whole time in bustling and fussing
among her helpers, and the name of
Lady Lothair was scarcely ever off her
lips. Her constant companion and
right hand was little Mrs. Seymour.

"I really don't know what I could
do without you," she said on the even-
ing preceding the eventful day. "You
seem to think of everything, dear Mrs.
Seymour—"

"Oh, I am so pleased to be of use to
you in anyway!" exclaimed her com-
panion, eagerly, "and so is Nellie—"

"Has her dress arrived?" asked Mrs.
Wildover.

"Yes, I fancy she is trying it on now.
Would you care to see it?"

With good-humored condescension
Mrs. Wildover agreed, but she started
back with a cry of genuine amazement
when Mrs. Seymour threw open her
sitting-room and she realized that it
was indeed "that insignificant girl in
black" who stood before her.

She saw a vision of diaphanous dra-
peries, a maze of filmy silk and lace,
and a face pale as a lily, but radiant
under a glory of bright hair.

"Why—why, my dear girl, I never
realized how lovely you were before!"

exclaimed the good lady as she sank
into a seat.

Nell made some demure reply, and ex-
ecuted a few graceful steps.

"Your gown is perfect, my dear, per-
fect."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" said Nell, with a
laugh. "It wants your diamonds, Mrs.
Wildover, to be that," she added, with
a glance at the beautiful stones lavish-
ly displayed on the lady's ample bosom.

"Let us try the effect," said Mrs. Wild-
over, graciously.

In a second the girl's white throat
and arms were gleaming and flashing.

"I will lend them to you, if you like,
and you must have some for your hair,
too; I'll send them to you to-morrow."

Miss Seymour's thanks can easily be
imagined, and Mrs. Wildover felt more
like a beneficent fairy than ever. The
whole town would be raving about the
little English dancer to-morrow, and it
would be to Mrs. Wildover that all the
credit would come.

When she left mother and daughter
together, both sat for a moment silent.

"Do you suppose she will really lend
them?" asked Nell, doubtfully.

"Why not?"

"Then, my dear child, I suppose you
will be a little reconciled to our vegeta-
tion?"

The girl laughed, and the mother be-
gan to turn over a "Bradshaw" in a
businesslike fashion.

The fancy fair was not to be opened
until the evening. A great number of
tickets had been sold, and there was
quite an imposing list of figures in the
account-book Mrs. Seymour carried, for
she had arranged to relieve Mrs. Wild-
over of all the mere business part of
the affair, and was really secretary and
treasurer rolled into one.

"Do you know that Harry is here?"
exclaimed Nell, in a low voice, as she
burst into Mrs. Seymour's room on the
afternoon of the great day.

"Of course he is. I sent for him—"

"But—"

"How silly you are, Nell! You are
delicate, I could not allow you to dance
unless there were an efficient medical
man on the spot. Suppose you were to
faint?"

"But if Harry forms one of our
party—"

"That would be absurd; no, he will
merely be there in case of an emer-
gency."

At that moment Mrs. Wildover's maid
appeared at the door, with her mis-
treasures' compliments and several mo-
rocco cases, and a message that that
lady would like to see Miss Seymour
when she was quite ready.

"You are positively charming, my
dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Wildover, when
the girl stood before her dressed, "and
let me tell you that you look worth
more hundreds of pounds than you
have lived years."

It soon became apparent that the at-
traction of the fair was in the little
yellow-curtained booth, where a stage
had been erected, and where several
people were content to crowd together
and endure the efforts of several sin-
gers in order to enjoy the sight of Miss
Seymour's dancing. Nothing was
spoken of but her grace, her charm and
the magnificent diamonds which Mrs.
Wildover had lent her.

Mrs. Seymour had, however, been so
busy looking after other people, taking
charge of their stalls during their tem-
porary absences, that it was late before
she was able to get near the place
where her daughter was dancing for
the sixth or seventh time.

The mother stood just inside the door,
conscious in the black gown which
she still wore; Nell was floating across
the stage, her draperies waving fan-
tastic figures around her, when sud-
denly her steps grew uncertain, her
arms dropped limply to her side and
she fell like a log upon the stage.

A cry ran through the little booth;
Mrs. Seymour pushed quickly for-
ward.

"She has fainted!" she cried in
alarm. "A doctor! Is there no one who
will fetch a doctor?"

"I am at your service, madam," said
a young man, making his way rapidly
to the stage.

The next moment he had raised the
fainting girl in his arms and was carry-
ing her to some quiet spot. Everyone
was lost in pity for the poor widow,
who was beside herself with grief and
alarm.

In a very short time, however, a mel-
ancholy little procession left the bazaar
by a side entrance. The men carried
the still unconscious girl on a species
of improvised hammock, and Mrs. Sey-
mour and the doctor walked sadly by
her side. They all entered the hotel;
the servants placed her on the bed, and
then the doctor declared that they
could do nothing more for their patient.

They were, in fact, few hands to be
spared, and the busy hotel-keeper was
delighted when Mrs. Seymour declined
all offers of help, and declared that she
would nurse her daughter herself.

It was fully 2 o'clock in the morning
when the strange doctor left the hotel;
the night porter who let him out asked
for news of mademoiselle. Her medi-
cal attendant shook his head:

"Don't let anybody go bothering there
in the morning to inquire after her; ev-
erything depends on keeping her quiet.
See that no one disturbs her, if you
can."

At midday, however, Mrs. Wildover
would take no further denial, and in-
sisted on going to inquire for her
friends. Several times she knocked in-
effectually; at last, growing alarmed,

she tried the door. It was locked.
After considerable delay the door had
to be forced open, and, white as death,
Mrs. Wildover rushed in before anyone
else. It was, indeed, her cry which
made the others follow her with a rush,
expecting they hardly knew what trag-
ic spectacle. As a matter of fact, noth-
ing met their eyes but a couple of
mourning costumes, neatly folded on a
chair and the diaphanous dancing
dress lying in a heap on the floor. For
the rest—nothing—nobody.

The astonishment was so great that
it was fully a minute before anyone
grasped the situation.

"Gott in Himmel! My bill! They
are swindlers!" gasped the hotel-keep-
er, finding his wits first.

"Swindlers!" ejaculated Mrs. Wild-
over, "Ah, my diamonds!"

Everyone gazed at her speechless; in
a moment the whole thing was as clear
as noonday, and, in the confusion of
the fair, their mourning garb doffed,
they had escaped, and won a good
twelve hours' start.

Mrs. Wildover started everyone by
a peal of hearty laughter.

"She's mad!" screamed one in horror.
"The loss of her diamonds has turned
her head."

"The diamonds," she gasped, after a
second. "That's just it! I left them at
my banker's in London. Those the girl
had were paste."

No one ever quite knew what the
exact figure of the receipts of the fancy
fair amounted to. Mrs. Seymour might
have told, but she omitted to leave her
account book and cash box behind. And
one thing is tolerably certain—
that never again will Mrs. Wildover in-
terest herself in widows or orphans at
a continental hotel.—London World.

WALKING ON AIR.

Eminent Authorities Look to Its Possi-
bility as a Reasonable Hope.

Despite the immense amount of writ-
ing and talk on the subject of aeronauts,
the question has always been: Will
aerial navigation be practicable within
a time near enough to justify us in in-
teresting ourselves about it? asks a
writer. The decided affirmative answer
of Professor Alexander Graham Bell,
the creator of the Bell telephone, is
worthy of consideration. Professor
Bell says that human locomotion
through the air will be achieved before
long, although the principle of gas ex-
pansion, which constitutes the lifting
power in balloons, will have no place
in the practicable flying machine. What
is necessary for rising in the air, he
says, is not a cumbersome balloon, nor
an unmanageable imitation of a bird's
or insect's wings, but a mechanical
contrivance which can be operated by
ordinary motors.

Buoyancy of the flying machine must
be secured by motion of some of its
own parts, and not by the whole ma-
chine having a specific gravity less than
that of the air. A French machine
called the helicopter, Professor Bell
thinks, approaches nearer in principle
than any others the flying machine of
the future. It simply screws itself in-
to the air, a certain rate of revolution
of the screw causing it to rise, a lower
rate giving it more buoyancy, and a
still further decreased rate making it
sink gently to the ground. This device,
it will be noticed, secures only suspen-
sion in the air, but little is detracted
from its value on this account, as buoy-
ancy is the only problem, it being
comparatively easy to obtain motion to
and fro.

Propos of mechanics in a different
field, Professor Bell says that the elec-
tric roads, horseless carriages and bi-
cycles will not relegate the horse to the
fields, but will give him another and
more effective sphere of activity. "Man
has invented the bicycle," he says, "to
increase his powers of propulsion, and
while I do not say that a horse could
ride a bicycle, I am confident that a
machine could be built whereby a
horse could be taken off the ground and
used as a motive power. With a prop-
er system of gearing, great speed could
be obtained."—Demorest's Magazine.

Gentle Reminder.

"Uncle Peter Bates was a local ce-
lebrity who kept the tavern in Ran-
dolph, Vt., in the old staging days.
He was noted for his dry humor, and
was never at a loss for a retort or for
a method of expressing his ideas.

One morning, after breakfast, as a
stranger was about to depart without
paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up
to him and blandly said:

"Mister, if you should lose your pock-
etbook between here and Montpelier,
remember you didn't take it out here."

Training Sheep.

To save labor with sheep, take a
young ewe lamb and raise her as a pet
near the house. When the ewe is grown
place her with the flock. She can be
called and the other sheep will follow
her. If properly trained, she can be
made very serviceable, and should a
dog attack the flock she will run to the
house. She may also carry a bell, if
the owner so prefers.

Conditions of Happiness.

Willey—I tell you, it's better in the
end to be honest. Did you ever know
a rogue who wasn't unhappy?

Shalley—No; but, then, one would
hardly expect a rogue to be happy when
he is known. It's rogues who are not
known that are happy.—Roxbury Ga-
zette.

CENTENNIAL OF THE POTATO.

How the Excellent Was Discovered
Many Years Ago.

Centennial celebrations being one of
our modern fashions, why should the
approaching tercentenary of the intro-
duction of that popular and valuable
article of food, the potato, go unhonored?
Mr. Krichauff, the chairman of the
agricultural bureau of South Australia,
has directed attention to the fact that
it was in the year 1596—just three
centuries ago—that the great Eng-
lish botanist, Gerard, first planted po-
tatoes in his garden at Holborn, a
pleasant simlural suburb in those
days. It is believed that he obtained
tubers or seeds from Sir Walter Rale-
igh, who had then lately brought
from South America samples of that
hitherto unknown vegetable, and plant-
ed them on his estate at Youghal, near
Cork. Gerard, however, recommended
them only as a delicate dish, and it is
recorded that the tubers were some-
times roasted and steeped in sack—
that is, sherry and sugar—or baked
with marrow and spices, and even pre-
served and candied. Shakespeare twice
mentions potatoes—in "The Merry
Wives of Windsor" and in "Troilus and
Cressida"—but he seems to have re-
garded them as a curiosity of the ma-
teria medica rather than as an article
of food. It is curious now to note how
slowly the potato made its way to the
tables either of rich or poor. In a
housekeeping book kept by Anne of
Denmark, wife of King James I., an
entry has been found of the purchase
of a small quantity of potatoes, from
which we learn that the price was then
two shillings a pound.

Soon after the restoration the govern-
ment tried to push the cultivation
with the assistance of the Royal So-
ciety, but progress was slow. In Eng-
lish books of gardening at the time of
George I., potatoes are not even men-
tioned, and as late as the year 1784
they were chiefly found in the gardens
of noblemen and other rich men. Soon
after this, however, the cultivation be-
gan to make rapid strides, with good
effects upon the health of the people,
who, till then, lived chiefly on salted
meat and coarse bread, varied by lit-
tle in the way of garden vegetables.
Thus in the year 1796 1,700 acres of
potatoes were planted in the county of
Essex alone.

William Cobbett, as will be remem-
bered, was a persistent opponent of the
new food. In his English Gardener,
published in 1838, he denounced the
substitution of the potato for bread,
urging that it had been established by
evidence taken before committees of
the house of commons that to raise po-
tatoes for the purpose would be a thing
mischievous to the nation. In Scotland
a few plants could be found in 1825—
chiefly in gardens around Edinburgh.
After 1790 they began to be more
generally planted. Frederick the Great
was more successful in inducing the
Pomeranian cultivators to take to po-
tato growing than his father had been.
He had recourse of his soldiery, who
had to force the farmers to plant them;
but Mr. Krichauff thinks that if it had
not been for the famine in Germany in
1771-72 the merits of the potato would
not have been so generally acknowl-
edged.

France was decidedly behind her
neighbors, and even to this day the
quantity of potatoes consumed in
France, although very large, is consid-
erably less with us; for there is a
prejudice against them, grounded on a
suspicion that they were unwholesome.
The potato, nevertheless, was placed
on the royal table in France as early as
1616, but it was Parmentier, an apoth-
ecary, who, more than a century and a
half later, first impressed its value upon
his countrymen. Parmentier show-
ed his potatoes, which were then evi-
dently regarded in France as a novelty,
to Louis XVI., who gave him upward
of 100 acres of land for experimental
cultivation. The pretty purple and or-
ange potato blossom, looking like an
enlarged variety of the flowers of the
belladonna or deadly nightshade—to
which terrible plant, oddly enough, it
is botanically allied—became a fashion-
able adornment. The king wore it in
his buttonhole; Queen Marie Antoinette
twined it in her beautiful hair, and
princes, dukes and high functionaries
fell in love with the potato flower. All
Paris talked of Parmentier and the
new "earth apples" (pommes-de-terre),
as they called them. The king said to
the cultivator: "France will thank you
one day, for you have found food for
the poor." "And France," adds Mr.
Krichauff, "has not forgotten Parmentier,
for I saw myself, in 1882, potatoes
growing on his grave in the grand cem-
etry of Pere la Chaise, and I was as-
sured that they were planted there
every year, so that his services might
never be forgotten by Frenchmen."—
London News.

the outskirts, ready for a judicious
bolt.

At this hotel there arrived one morn-
ing a young German girl who was en-
gaged, we learned, to a sergeant of the
gallant Hohenzollerns. She had come,
it seemed, to say farewell to her sweet-
heart before the fighting should begin,
and he should march away, maybe
never to return.

Some of the livelier spirits among us
conceived the idea that the pair should
get married before the farewell should
be said. Both were willing. The
bridegroom's officer gave him leave, on
condition that should the alarm sound,
he was to join his company without a
moment's delay.

All was in readiness, and the clergy-
man was just about to join the couple
in holy matrimony, when the sound of
a bugle broke the stillness. It was the
alarm! The bridegroom hurriedly em-
braced the bride, buckled on his accu-
tments, and darted off to the place of
rendezvous.

In ten minutes more the combat was
in full intensity; the French had car-
ried the heights overlooking the town,
and were pouring down upon it their
artillery and mitrailleuse fire.

Our hotel was right in the line of the
fire, and soon became exceedingly dis-
agreeable quarters. We got the woman
down into the cellar, and waited for
events. A shell crashed into the kitch-
en, burst inside the cooking stove, and
blew the wedding breakfast, which was
still being kept hot, into what an Ameri-
can colleague called "everlasting
amash." It was too hot to stay there,
and everybody maneuvered strategi-
cally to the rear.

A few days later was fought, close to
Saarbrücken, the desperate battle of
Spicheren, in which the bridegroom's
regiment took a leading part. The day
after the battle I was wandering over
the field, helping to relieve the wound-
ed, and gazing shudderingly on the
heaps of the dead. Suddenly I came on
our bridegroom, in a sitting posture,
with his back resting against a stump.
He was stone-dead, with a bullet
through his throat.

HEALTH EXPERIMENTS.

The Result of Some that Have Been
Tried in France.

Among the soldiers under the mili-
tary government of Paris there were
824 typhoid cases in 1888. The fol-
lowing year the number increased to
1,179. At that time the water of the
Vanne was substituted for the contam-
inated Seine water. The cases the next
four years numbered, respectively, only
299, 279, 233, and 258. Last year the
Vanne itself became contaminated
through an accident, the history of
which has been traced conclusively.
The result was an increase of typhoid
cases in the Paris garrison to 436, of
which 310 occurred in the three months
of February, March and April. Dur-
ing January and February of last year
there were only eight cases in all.

The fact that typhoid fever comes
and goes with impure drinking water
could hardly receive a more striking
demonstration. Yet the possibility has
been realized in the experience of Me-
lan, a garrison town of about 12,000 in-
habitants, situated on the Seine, twenty-
eight miles above Paris. Here, in
1889, there were 122 cases of typhoid
fever among the soldiers. The Cham-
berlain filters (Pasteur