

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1896.

NUMBER 42.

HE ASKED FOR BUTTERMILK.

And the Weary Waiter Lived Over Again the Joys of the Farm.

"How's the buttermilk?" asked the tired man; and the weary waiter looked the enquirer as he answered: "Churned fresh every hour."

"Well, now, give me a glass from the last hour, and let her be full," said the tired man. Then he unfolded the midnight edition, smiled as if memories haunted him, and never seeing a line of all the black type which tried to startle sated humanity. He was thinking of buttermilk fresh from the churn, and the big, staring headlines were as blank paper before him. The weary waiter disturbed his reveries.

"Buttermilk's all out, sir." He said the "sir" as one who follows a vacant form, and meant nothing by it.

"I'm sorry," said the tired man, taking coffee and sandwich—of course—and still conjuring up pictures of the country.

"Great thing when you're tired," said he, smiling, and looking past the weary waiter and the coffee urn, and the blank wall beyond. "La! I can hear the soft chug of the churn dasher yet when the butter is coming. Gets lighter then, and splashes inside, and the yellow drifts wash down from the hollows in the lid, and you hit twice half-way and once clear down, and—butter's come."

The weary waiter smiled without releasing his stare at the street, silent in midnight darkness.

"And they put the buttermilk down in the springhouse in a great big jar, and the water swishes around it, and there's a board on top, with a stone to keep it down. And Sunday morning you carry the horses and turn them out on the clover pasture, and dive off the bank in the river and take a wash, and put in a clean hickory shirt and your Sunday clothes, and lay down in the shade of the apple tree in the long, soft grass, and catch the wind from the woods and the music of the cow bells far away—and then you think of the buttermilk."

"That's right," said the weary waiter, as he rearranged the sugar bowl and spoon holder.

"And you go down and dip it up with a big tin cup, and drink it in great big swallows, and the other boys come in, and we all sit there and drink and talk of the tough times we are having, and chatter about the girls, and josh each other about going home with them from meeting, and after a while dinner is ready, and we go in and eat fried chicken and mashed potatoes, and biscuit and custard pie."

"U-m-m," said the weary waiter, fervently.

"And then again in the afternoon," resumed the tired man, "we get out there when the sun is down, and we have another cupful, and the whippoorwill is booming from some place up in the clouds, and the katydid is telling of the frost just six weeks ahead, and the cattle are standing along the barnyard fence, with the smell of fresh milk in the mellow air, and the tin cup has yellow flecks all over the sides, and we fill it again and drink."

"Or in the harvest field," said the weary waiter.

"Yes, when the women folks send it out in a jug, with a slab of ginger-bread in the long forenoon, and we take great swallows."

"And sweat."

"And sweat, and buckle down with the cradle and the rake, and set up a shock to shade the buttermilk."

"And a rain comes up and we run for the barn." The weary waiter stood erect, and smiled delightedly.

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes! That was life, after all."

The tired man took his check to the desk and waited outside for an owl car to come along; but all the time he was thinking of that mellow nectar, which mingles the acids and sweets of rural ecstasy, and all the tired insistence of his journey home could not impress the city's hopelessness upon him.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Uncle Daniel.

Uncle Daniel was one of the characters of the Saco Valley. He was always bubbling over with droll speeches. At one time he adopted a city-bred boy who gave him great annoyance by not falling in with country ways. Uncle Daniel tried hard to teach him to mow, but in vain, and after a time the old gentleman was heard inquiring at the village for a "small boy about four years old."

"What do you want him for?" some one asked.

"I want him to ride on the heel of George's scythe and keep it down," was the answer.

Again, when it was the custom of the neighbors to "change works" in dressing their pork, the water had cooled somewhat before Uncle Daniel's hog was immersed, and the bristles did not yield readily. The other men, at a little distance, were succeeding better.

"Is your 'bout ready to hang up, Daniel?" inquired a brother butcher across the way.

"Yes, Joe," was the disgusted answer, "if you want to hang him up by the hair of his head."

His neighbors complained that the squirrels were eating their corn, but Uncle Daniel boasted that he had no trouble at all.

"But how do you prevent it?" they asked.

"I never plant any outside rows," he answered, wisely.

Then it was remembered that he did not plant corn at all.

A gentleman once asked him if he could remember his grandmother.

"I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple-tree limb, and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father."

"Here, Joe," said she, "lick Daniel with a smooth stick!" And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

Her Diamonds.

The innocent ignorance of much-enslaved men of science as to ordinary matters is illustrated by an amusing anecdote of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire the younger, a famous French zoologist. Monsieur Saint-Hilaire was accustomed to bury himself in his laboratory, where he did not allow the affairs of his household to disturb him; and Madame Saint-Hilaire, indeed, was careful to guard him against all worry of domestic matters.

In his laboratory he was accustomed, being a naturalist, to have various strange animals. Of these, a monkey was his favorite. His wife possessed a necklace of diamonds of which she was naturally proud. One day this necklace was missing. Madame was in despair, and had the house searched, with the exception of Monsieur Saint-Hilaire's room. She knew his dislike of being disturbed, and moreover she had not entered this room for a long time, so that she could not have left the diamonds there.

Monsieur Saint-Hilaire was hard at work on some researches at the time, and she instructed the servants not to mention the disappearance to him. But the house was again turned topsy-turvy, and no diamond necklace was found.

A few days later, at one of Madame Saint-Hilaire's "at homes," her husband appeared; and a lady among the guests, who supposed he knew of the disappearance of the diamonds, asked him if they had been found. "What diamonds?" he asked.

He called his wife and questioned her: "What sort of a looking thing was this that you have lost?" She described the diamond necklace.

"Ah," said the zoologist, "for several days my baboon has had in his possession, generally worn about his neck, a similar thing to that described."

"But why did you not tell me?" his wife exclaimed in indignation.

"Why," answered Monsieur Saint-Hilaire, "I supposed that it belonged to him. He seemed to be very fond and proud of it."

Long Sentence.

It was the desire of Rev. Augustus Jessopp, for many years a country clergyman in England, to be welcomed by his people as a neighbor and friend rather than as a clergyman; but he confesses that he was often pulled up by a reminder more or less reproachful that if he had forgotten his vocation, his host had not! "Ever been to Tombland fair, Mrs. Cawl?" he asked during a parochial visit, which he describes in "The Trials of a Country Parson."

Mrs. Cawl had a perennial flow of words, which came from her lips in a steady, unceasing and deliberate monotone, a slow trickle of verbiage without the semblance of a stop. She began:

"Never been to no fairs sin' I was a girl; bless the Lord, nor mean to 'xcept once when my Betsy went to place and father told me to take her to a show and there was a giant, and a dwarf dressed in green pellicot like a monkey on an organ, an' I says to Betsy my dear they's the works of the Lord but they hadn't ought to be showed but as the works of the Lord to be had in remembrance, and don't you think sir as when they shows the works of the Lord they'd ought to begin with a little prayer?"

Mr. Jessopp admits that he had no reply at hand, and believes that Mrs. Cawl ever afterward privately considered him an irreverent heathen.

She Was "Out."

The admission of women into the occupations which were formerly deemed the exclusive possession of men is neatly satirized by a contemporary.

This paper represents, in the warfare of the future, a feminine aid-de-camp rushing in great excitement into the tent of her "generalness."

"The enemy are advancing in force!" exclaims the aid-de-camp.

"The generalness" looks up calmly.

"Tell them," she says, "that I am not at home!"

She Wrote for George.

The first successful woman editor and proprietor of a newspaper in this country was, according to the Hartford Courant, Miss Watson, who edited the Courant 120 years ago. She numbered among her subscribers George Washington.

A new novel declares that the sweetest place to kiss a woman is on the back of her neck. And get a mouth full of hair? Baugh!

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

Changes in Shirt Waist Styles Said to Be Freakish—Jacket of the Novel Zouave Pattern—This Season's Ideas in Graduating Gowns.

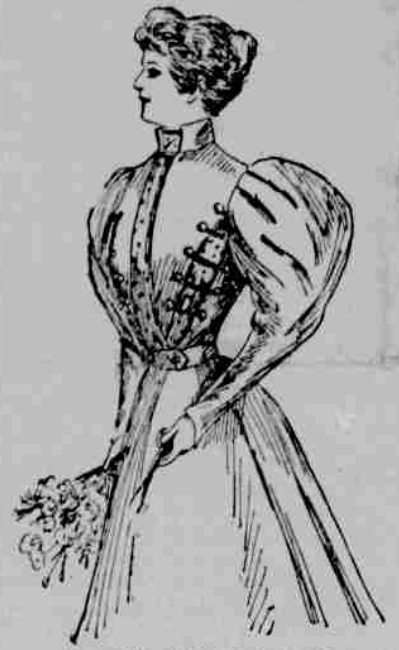
Fashion's Late Fancies.

New York correspondence.



Shirt waists the changes from last year's styles are considerable in degree, but though there may seem to be but little sense in the changes, they must be followed carefully or garments that are plainly unfashionable will result. In one respect—the sleeves—the change is a decided improvement, for nothing could be cooler or more comfortable than the full, loose bishop sleeve. In considering its generous dimensions, it is hard to believe those dressmakers who are prophesying tight dress-sleeves by autumn. Still that may come; women must expect that small sleeves will return as soon as all the changes have been rung on full ones, and it does seem as if that had already been accomplished.

It hardly seems as if any sensible woman need be told that the neckgear of the tailor rig pictured with the initial is the correct thing, yet women are seen who, having acquired a handsome and stylish tailor dress, will ruin its appearance by adding to it neck fixings that are all frills and



A NOVEL ZOUAVE JACKET.

airy bows. This gown's finish is severity itself, its material being blue mohair, and beneath the jacket there is a manly double-breasted vest of blue pique dotted with white. This is topped by a stiffly starched chemisette, standing linen collar and black stock. One caution should be pointed here. It is, don't risk a made tie if you have to depend on a metal hook and an adjustment of it over the collar button to hold the tie in place. That hook may not show to yourself, but he is taller than you are and as he looks down at you that fatal metallic gleam catches his eye at the upper edge of the little bow; then all pretensions to tailor-made correctness are declared to be fakes.

Bodices that are quite elaborate are frequently worn this summer with shirt waists, but in such cases the waist is no less dainty than as if it were to be worn outside. Then again the outer garment may not be highly wrought, and yet may be of novel design, as is the one shown in to-day's second illustration. Here is a zouave jacket of blue cheviot, which is also the skirt material, that is slashed on either side



ANOTHER NEW CUT OF JACKET.

so that the shirt waist shows through. Crossing the slashes are silk cords held by cloth-covered buttons, and confining both waist and jacket is a belt of white leather that ends in a fanciful silver buckle. The waist is pink dotted swiss,

its turned-down collar almost hidden by the jacket's plain high collar.

Another jaunty jacket of the sort that is frequently worn over shirt waists is presented in the next sketch, its costume including a sleeveless blouse of faintly flowered white dimity. A belt of white leather shows in front, and the jacket's wide revers are held down by cloth straps and buttons. Topping all is a wired plain collar. The goods is nickel gray mohair, and the ripple basque may be lined with white silk as desired. Whatever is worn beneath such a jacket, let its nature be readily determined; that is, don't wear



OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

a tailor-finish collar and cuffs. Let a shirt waist be a shirt waist, or else have it a fancy waist, and be done with it. In purchasing shirt waists the woman with a narrow back may find difficulty in getting fitted. Her best way is to look for a size that is very narrow across the front. All shirts are made with such full fronts that they will fit, though not perhaps with as much fullness as was intended. The neck will be proportionately narrow. The neck may be a little snug, but you can put a little slit in at the back and it will not show when the collar is adjusted.

Simplicity rules in graduation effects, but any amount of expense is gone to in many cases to secure exquisite needlework, hand run tucking and insertion, and thread lace can be added till the expense will suit the fondest mamma, yet her proud daughter will hardly look the sweeter for the money hidden away in the details of her gown, and the dotted muslin miss next to her will not suffer a bit in contrast. Still there was never yet a class of considerable size graduated that some of its members didn't pass beyond the mark of good taste in striving to outdo the others. One method of trying to escape the rut of conventionality is to dress in the quaintly demure man-



A SECOND SENIOR.

ner of grandmother's day. This is not infrequently resorted to, but seldom with better results than are shown by the last picture. This dress is of white China silk, plain for the skirt, and in the bodice gathered in to a white satin belt. The bodice is fitted at bust and shoulders, and has a collar of the same satin that is used for the belt. The sleeves here are elbow puffs that are set by long gloves, but ordinarily long sleeves are worn. The only bit of garniture dominates the whole, being the Marie Antoinette fichu of white mousseline de soie. This is edged with an embroidered ruffle and is tied in a knot in front with ends hanging down on the skirt. Of the two graduation rigs shown, the first is the safer, just because it is on conventional lines. It is a temptation to essay something "different," but these attempts are seldom entirely successful and most of the dresses are wisely planned. Time was when a girl's graduation dress was as useless thereafter as her wedding gown, but it is not so now, the dainty, girlish gowns being made are eminently suited for incorporation in the wardrobe of the summer to follow.

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The Queen of England receives from the civil list £50,000 a year, or about \$300,000, as salary, and there are extensive provisions made for house room, provisions and servants.

HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.



RUSSIA MOVES FORWARD.

Abandons the Depreciated Silver Money Standard and Adopts Gold.

After more than half a century's experience with silver-monometallism and fiat money Russia has adopted the gold standard.

This has been done in pursuance of Russia's determination to press forward in the march of the nations.

In 1839 the silver ruble was established by imperial decree as "the legal and unalterable metallic unit of the money current in the Russian empire." Russia has found that she cannot keep the pace of other great nations with a silver standard and has therefore changed to the gold standard.

Silver will still be freely used in the Russian currency as it is in the currency of all nations which have the gold standard, and 140,000,000 ounces of silver are to be purchased to take the place of about one-fourth of the Russian paper currency.

The adoption of the gold standard will therefore result in a great improvement of the monetary system of that country. Twenty-five years ago the Russian ruble had a purchasing power of 74 cents in gold. It has fallen to about 40 cents, owing to the immense increase in the production of silver and the general adoption of the gold standard by the civilized world.

Russia has acted wisely in abandoning a depreciated money standard, and the adoption of the gold standard will make the empire a still more powerful factor in the affairs of Europe and the world.—Atlanta Journal.

What Do They Care For Experience.

To open the floodgates and permit the world's volume of silver to flow to our mints to be coined at 16 to 1 in the hope and belief that the market value of silver would be thereby advanced to \$1.29 an ounce seems to me to be a dream so extravagant as to be beyond the possibility of realization. If free coinage by this country alone would not only arrest the decline of silver, but restore its market value, why is it that such a result has not been attained in the countries where free coinage is permitted? The mints of Japan, Mexico and several of the countries of South America—Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador—are today open to the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, yet in no single instance can it be shown that the bullion value of silver has been kept at a parity with its coinage value. More than this, no nation on the globe today has its mints open to the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver that is not confessedly on a silver basis with gold at a premium. What reason have we, therefore, as a nation to expect any different results if we should venture on such an experiment? From reason and experience I am forced to the conclusion that to open our mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 without the cooperation of the leading commercial nations of Europe would quickly plunge the nation to a silver basis and create such a disturbance in our monetary system as to involve its total destruction.—Hon. J. C. Burrows.

Simple Question For Silver Leaders.

Who would be benefited by adulteration of the currency? Not the farmers. They could not be better off if they got two 50-cent dollars where they get now one 100-cent dollar, and that is the utmost Tillman would be able to give them. But the fearful contraction of the currency caused by a collapse of standard money to the 50-cent cheap silver standard would create such hard times that for years workmen would get hardly more 50-cent dollars than they get now 100-cent dollars. How would that benefit them? Neither Altgeld nor Tillman has ever explained this simple question.—Chicago Tribune.

California Must Remain a Gold State.

California was a gold state when it was admitted and has remained a gold state since. None of its debtors has anything to gain by a radical change of standard, not even the banks, which, under a silver standard, would be able to pay all depositors 50 cents on the dollar. The derangement of business and temporary destruction of credit that would result from such a change would

probably break most of the banks in California, including perfectly solvent institutions.—Los Angeles Herald.

Legislation Never Gave Value.

There is not a single instance in the history of the world in which legal tender has been relied upon to give value to currency but that it has ended in speculation, robbery and wholesale repudiation and bankruptcy.—D. W. McClung in "Money Talks."

Third.—That it cannot hope to carry the house of representatives upon this issue. The majority against free coinage has increased from 18 in the Fifty-second congress to 125 in the present house. There are no signs of gains for silver anywhere this year.

Fourth.—Being unable to elect either a president or a house upon this issue, do its supporters hope to throw the election of a president into the house? Is that the choice of the Republican candidate is absolutely certain.

Conceding that the free silver Democrats will be able to write their idea into the platform, what can it profit them? What are conventions for if not to improve the conditions of success as to put the party in the way of a triumph in the near future? Is the free silverist all there is of Democracy for our friends at the west and south? "Only common sense is necessary" to show them the utter futility of their present course.—New York World.

Largely a Question of Freight.

The principal reason why the highly civilized and commercial nations have gradually abandoned silver and adopted the gold standard is that value for value silver is 30 times as heavy as gold. So that if the cheaper metal were used to settle balances in trading between two countries or between distant points of the same country it would cost 30 times more to transfer it than if payment was made in gold. The foolish idea that business men have conspired to discredit the white metal in order to increase the value of gold is merely a cheap money delusion. Merchants and bankers are interested in having the best possible material for use in measuring values and making exchanges, and the fact that millions of transactions the handling of money the greater weight of silver meant a larger cost of transporting it was of itself a sufficient reason why gold should be preferred.

Left to themselves, men always choose the easiest known method of doing anything. Since it is far easier to use a substance having great value in small bulk than one 30 or 60 times heavier, it is only natural that, whenever it is possible to secure sufficient gold, that metal should be used instead of silver. Wood is now generally used instead of steel for bicycle rims because it is lighter. Steelites who should claim that the wood conspirators had demoralized steel rims would be laughed at. Yet their arguments would be just as sound as those of the silverites.

The People Who Buy Things.

There is one class of people in the United States which is specially interested in the agitation for free silver, with its openly avowed purpose of raising prices twice as high as they are now. This is the consuming class, composed of all the people who buy things. To them the most important question in regard to the currency is, "Will our money buy few or many things? We now have an industrial and commercial system in which wages are paid and products bought and sold with a currency which rests on a gold standard and has a high purchasing power. If we were to adopt the silver standard, our money would buy only half the quantity of goods that it does now. How would that help us, the 70,000,000 American consumers?"

Free coinage politicians who are trying to gain votes by setting one class of citizens against another would do well to remember that the largest class in this country is that of the people who buy goods. When they can show those people that it is to their interest to pay higher prices for what they consume, they may have some show of success. Until then their scheme is doomed to failure.

Fichus grow more and more elaborate.