

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

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HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

Cripple Creek shouldn't overdo the matter in trying to live up to its name.

The Bourgeois ministry has fallen. France is changing her make-up, not plying her form of government.

A Philadelphia paper says "It takes great moral courage to wage a successful warfare against the sugar trust." Yes, it takes sand.

If New York's ice trust becomes too grasping and overbearing, every transatlantic liner from Europe may tow home an iceberg or two.

The heirs of the late Mr. Bogus, of Washington, D. C., are contesting his will. What's the matter? Wasn't it a Bogus document after all?

Rev. Dr. Henson asserts that Dr. Harper isn't orthodox, and Dr. Harper insinuates that Dr. Henson is heterodox. Queer pair of "docs."

A late fashion note from Gotham says that in dismounting from a bicycle it is no longer considered good form to use the back of the neck for a buffer.

Congressman Hall has stamped himself indelibly upon at least one colleague. And, strange as it may appear, this is about the only blot on his public career.

A Boston paper remarks that "the American Indian always has been comparatively a quiet fellow." Not always; he used to indulge in hair-raising performances quite frequently.

The king of Servia, who evidently does his thinking below his diaphragm, says he "will not marry an American girl." And we guess he is right; American girls are too sensible for that.

Sugar King Havemeyer has given \$500,000 to Columbia College. Of course, the people who eat sugar are opposed to make up this donation, but still it was a very sweet thing to do.

Now some imaginative correspondent asserts that "Jack the Ripper" was electrocuted in Sing Sing the other day. If that is true there is some reason to hope that Jack's last ailment may prove fatal.

A Washington paper says that "Congress will not improve the present postage stamps, having decided to stick to the old issue." If Congress sticks to the old stamps it will have to furnish its own mintage.

If Secretary Chamberlain really wants to see Oom Paul Kruger, why doesn't he take a run down to South Africa? Kruger has figured it all out, and concluded that it isn't farther from England to the Transvaal than it is from the Transvaal to England.

P. T. Barnum's widow has found her second marriage a failure, and is returning to her old home in Bridgeport, Conn. The millions which her new husband was supposed to own proved to be purely mythical. Let's see, who was it that said "The Americans like to be humbugged?"

The Shah of Persia, Nasir Ed-din, was assassinated by a revolutionary fanatic as he was entering the inner court of one of his temples near Teheran. The "King of Kings" was shot, and it appears from the reports the murderer was disguised as a woman. Persia has been free from any open hostility to the ruling dynasty for many years, and the violent "taking off" of the Shah is believed to be due to a plot that has been slumbering in some of the remote provinces. The assassin was captured at once, but he has not divulged the names of his accomplices nor assigned any cause for his act. The tragedy aroused considerable excitement, but nothing that resembled a revolutionary movement. Nasir Ed-din had reigned since 1848 and was 67 years old. He was the fourth in succession of the Kajars, who took possession of the crown after a civil war extending over fifteen years, from 1779 to 1794. The royal family is of immense size, and the heir, selected by the Shah according to the Persian custom, is his eldest son, Musafar Ed-din, who has been sojourning in Tabriz and is now on his way to the capital in response to the notification of the Shah's death. He is 43 years old and is reported to be conservative in tendency. He should find abundant assistance in tiding over difficult places in the advice of 140 uncles who are recorded in the Persian official year book and the few hundred others who were not granted that distinction.

It is now an imperative duty of the friends of the officials of the expired World's Fair to take those personages in hand and help them out of their present difficulty. If something isn't done those World's Fair reports will not be reported in time for exposition at the fair of 1903. President Palmer wants the reports addressed to him, another official wants to address his report to Congress, another wants to address his to the President and somebody else has sent his to a fellow-official connected with the exposition, and still another declines to report at all. Nobody will give in, and hence a serious disturbance and a delay. There is no authority on "How to Address a World's Fair Report," and so the reports remain undelivered. In order to

solve this difficult problem it is suggested that the officials toss up a coin to find out who gets the honor. Or if this will not do let them address the reports to Kaiser Wilhelm or the man in the moon. Or, better still, let each official get out several reports and address one each to all the other officials, to Congress, the President, the members of the cabinet and himself. This would answer every purpose and dispose of the trouble with the greatest ease. And it would have the highly desirable effect of bringing the business of the World's Fair to an end before the fair itself has passed out of human memory.

There is an enemy to the farmer abroad to-day far more dangerous to his interests than any "senseless corporation" or "grasping trust," however closely resembling an octopus, or even the sordid plutocrats. These may be fought with some degree of success, but the enemy here complained of is far more potent in its wide range of mischief. This foe to the agriculturist is known to everybody in the land under the comprehensive but unscientific cognomen of "bug," and he is getting in his work with his usual expedition at this time of year, when the forage is succulent and tender and just suited as it were to his milk teeth. All through the winter he "lays low," like Bro'r Rabbit, but as soon as the first signs of spring were to be seen he came forth, conquering and to conquer. With saw and augur and cutting tools of various shapes, but all admirably suited to the work in hand, the bug samples the various productions of the farmer and finds them all to his liking. The cucurbit and a host of borers attack the fruit trees, the cutworm and the Hessian fly look after grains and grasses, the grasshopper indeed becomes a burden, and the air is filled with the hum of millions of little pests in infinite variety, all devoting their attention to securing the crops before the farmer has an opportunity of harvesting them. Methods of fighting these creatures seem ludicrously inadequate. Even the early bird fails to catch the worm until it is everlastingly too late. The loss to farmers from insect depredations each year is something enormous. Last year the figures were conservatively placed at \$4,000,000,000 for agricultural products alone. In one year (1894) in Illinois \$73,000,000 worth of corn and wheat were destroyed by the chinch bug—a bug in his isolated personality not much bigger than a flea, but when combined in armies of billions nothing can stand his appalling ravages. To the above figures should be added large sums caused by damage to fruit and shade trees from insect pests and to grain stored in bins. Every year the horn fly, by its attacks upon cattle, causes great decrease in the milk supply, and horses and sheep often succumb in large numbers to the attacks of insects. Nothing seems immune from the bug, and while the farmers' crops do not grow as rapidly as Jonah's famous gourd, yet they frequently wither in a night from the effects of hemipterous, coleopterous or lepidopterous plant killers. The importance of this subject is demonstrated by the fact that the general government and many States are devoting much study and money to devise means to check the ravages of insects. It is an economical problem of the greatest importance and is worthy all the efforts that have been made. But somehow the average farmer considers the study of "bugs" to be beneath the dignity of his high calling as an agriculturist, and the insects go on eating his crops when frequently timely efforts would tend to check their ravages in a great degree.

What Cathode Means. Let us first see what we mean by the term cathode. If we should break the tiny filament of an Edison incandescent lamp at the middle of the glowing loop the light would go out. If, now, we connect the two ends of a broken filament to the poles of a battery of a great many thousand voltaic cells, such as are commonly used to ring house bells, we should be able to light the lamp again, not by incandescence, but by a feeble glow which pervades the whole bulb. The ends of the broken filament would glow—and the glow at one end of the filament would be different in appearance from that of the other. The broken filament, by means of which the electrical energy enters the bulb, is called the anode, and the filament by means of which, in ordinary language, it leaves the bulb, is called the cathode.

Now, the great peculiarity of the cathode rays is this—they seem to be independent of the position of the anode, and they stream out from the cathode like the beam of a search light, striking the walls of the inclosing vessel.—Scribner's Magazine.

"St. Elmo's Fire" at Sea. "St. Elmo's fire" alighted on about twenty-five different parts of the Johnstone line steamer Rossmore while she was off the capes Sunday night. It was blowing a blizzard from the north and snowing when a steel rope, drawn taut between the foremast and the mainmast, lit up with a white phosphorescence. The long level line of unbroken whiteness stood out distinctly in the darkness a hundred feet above the vessel's deck. Tiny white lights appeared lit on the fifteen upright bars of iron that hold the rail around the bridge. The tops of the twelve davits holding the boats aft of the funnel were also lit up, and one light appeared at the foremost head like a lantern. The lights continued without interruption for half an hour, when they disappeared. They reappeared later, but only spluttering along the wire aloft.—Baltimore American.

When a man's wife gives a party, he gets nothing but the yolks of eggs to eat for a week.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

The Masses in the United States Are Much Better Educated than They Are in Any Country on the Globe—Useless Expense on Dresses.

American Schools Are Best. The average teachers' convention is not prolific of discussions that are invested with popular interest. The programs are generally arranged along pedagogical or professional lines, with special reference to technical theories of teaching. The recent convention at Elgin, however, was an exception. By reason of the presence of practical men on the executive committee the association managed to stumblent onto a live wire. Dr. Hefield and one or two others combined to stir up the latent Yankee combativeness that is ever present in a convention of teachers. We fear they will be sorry they spoke.

The direct cause which precipitated the clash of rhetorical swords was the declaration that the public schools systems of England, France and Germany were so much more thorough and complete than the public school system of America that young men educated by the foreigners are given the preference over the American boys in the positions of responsibility and trust.

The knowledge upon which this contention was based appears to have been glaringly superficial. It is hardly possible that such an asseveration could have proceeded from extended experience in educational affairs or from actual information as to the present status of the American boys in the big mercantile, industrial or banking institutions.

The masses in this country are much better educated than they are in any country on the globe. The education is broader and more practical. Young men who were educated in foreign schools may secure clerkships and positions as bookkeepers in our banks, but the bank presidents and the cashiers are generally men who were trained in our American public schools. Nearly all the executive positions in every great establishment which require tact, knowledge of human nature and ability to organize forces for the accomplishment of a specific purpose, are filled to-day by men who received nothing but an American common school education.

The whole controversy, however, springs from a misconception of the true function of our common schools. It is not the business of our public schools to fit men for any specific trade or profession. If it is the design of our public school system to start men toward the professions, then the artisans, who help support the school have a right to demand that every school be equipped with carpenter shops, lathes, forges, dynamos, looms and printing presses. The tendency toward manual training in our public schools is doubtless ascribable to a constantly growing demand that the schools shall teach the dignity and power of skilled labor instead of yearly augmenting the congestion of talent in the professions.

The true function of our public schools is to develop and draw out the mental faculties of the pupil until he becomes acquainted with his powers. Then will follow in natural sequence the discernment of temperamental tastes and a selection of a life occupation.

If our educators insist, however, in adjusting the common school curricula so that the schools will turn out graduates who will select what are known as the "polite callings," it is only fair that the schools also teach the mechanical trades to pupils who desire to learn them.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Schoolgirls' Dresses. The facts given below took place last summer, and were probably duplicated in spirit and intent in scores of American homes. The names only are fictitious:

Mrs. Paul, who had spent several summers in a large New England town, was especially interested in a poor widow who washed for her. The woman worked early and late. Her little home was always neat, and her children clean and well-fed; but the mother, lean and overworked, was fast breaking down into old age.

"Why does not your oldest girl help you?" her friends asked.

"Oh, Hetty is finishing her education. She graduates next month," was the reply.

There was an academy in the town, and the pupils were most of them the daughters of the ordinary, well-to-do people of the village.

The next week the poor washerwoman looked anxious and distressed when she brought her weekly bundle of clothes to Mrs. Paul. "It is a trifle," she said, when questioned as to her trouble. "But Hetty is very wretched, and I cannot help her. All of the girls have fine dresses for the commencement, and she has none."

"I have seen her wear a pretty white muslin gown with blue ribbons," said Mrs. Paul.

"Yes. But the others will wear silk and white slippers and wreaths of artificial flowers. I cannot afford to buy them." The tears stood in her eyes.

"You would make your daughter ridiculous to dress her as for a ball in the morning," said Mrs. Paul.

But the mother looked at the matter through her daughter's eyes, and was miserable with her.

The day of commencement Mrs. Paul saw Hetty walking to the academy with a beaming face. She was attired in a soiled white satin trained gown, over which an overdress of white chiffon was looped with artificial pink roses. There were roses also on her

head and on her white slippers. Slippers and chiffon and roses were a good deal worn and soiled. A boarder at the hotel had given Hetty a cast-off ball-dress, and the girl complacently sat on the platform with her comrades in their obtrusive finery, unconscious that they were ridiculous in the eyes of the educated spectators.

The Congregationalist recently made an earnest appeal to teachers to curtail the needless expense of graduation days by prohibiting costly gowns to classes, many of the members of which are poor and struggling to fit themselves to earn their living. Even if they were the daughters of wealthy men, such attempts at vulgar display would be unseemly and in bad taste.

On Writing. Any teacher who has used dictation exercises every day in her language work has surely found that the children now readily master the mechanics of written work, that their manuscripts contain fewer errors, and that she is saved much of the drudgery that was formerly occasioned by their compositions. Complaint comes from the teachers in the higher institutions of learning that most students are unable to punctuate a paragraph correctly, and that in the later years of school life it seems almost impossible to teach them to do so. It is much easier to teach a child of ten to capitalize and punctuate than to aid the students of twenty to form the habit.

Persistence and perseverance alone will enable a child to master the mechanics of written work, and he should have daily practice in such work from the first year of his school life. He should use capitals, commas and periods in their proper places, just as he would cross his t's or dot his i's.

The work of reading and correcting manuscripts is dreary and tedious at best, and after it is all done who has ever felt that the child was benefited in a measure commensurate with the teacher's toil? Of course, the children's compositions must be looked over, but much of the drudgery connected with such work may be obviated by dictation exercises. Ten minutes each day devoted to this work will be a most profitable investment of time.

The exercises are easily managed by sending one or two children to the board, while the others write at their seats. The sentences should be short, and the teacher should read the whole sentence before the pupils are allowed to write. After all the sentences are written, the work on the board may be criticised and corrected, and then the children in their seats should correct their own exercises.

Five or six sentences a day will suffice, but it is important to have one definite point in view when selecting them. One exercise, for example, should consist of sentences in which the apostrophe is in the possessive singular; another should have for its aim, drill in writing contradictions; a third, quotations, and so on. With the little children, too much variety would lead to confusion. If one exercise consisting of the five or six sentences, including quotations, contractions and possessives, there would be no one fact impressed on the pupils' minds. Miscellaneous exercise are profitable only after each principle is thoroughly mastered.—Primary Education.

Girls Were Then Uneducated.

In Massachusetts, schools for girls only date back to 1829. Among the early Puritans and their first four generations of descendants, no special account was taken of girls. The law required the instruction of "all children," and the support of schools for children, but girls were not mentioned. Neither in this seventeenth nor in the eighteenth century did girls ordinarily attend public schools. Their attendance was not thought necessary. At home, or in private schools kept by ladies, they were taught to read and sew. Some learned to write, but women in common life had little use for the pen. All that girls were supposed to know in the way of education was how to read the Bible and the catechism. For a generation and more before the revolutionary war there were people of pretension and influence throughout New England. In New York, in Virginia and in Pennsylvania who could not write. At the close of the war of independence, there were ladies of high standing in Boston who could not read.

Kindergarten's Salaries.

Some of the Philadelphia kindergartners have been investigating the average salary paid to members of the guild in different parts of the country, by corresponding with various school superintendents. After tabulating results they publish this list: Hartford, \$1,000; Providence, \$750; Boston, \$700; Laporte, \$700; New York and Rochester, \$650; Des Moines and Buffalo, \$600; New Haven, \$550; Cambridge, \$520; Albany, \$500; Philadelphia, \$475. With such a showing the sisters in the City of Brotherly Love propose to petition the City Council for better pay. They ask that an assistant may receive for the first year \$400, with an addition of \$30 per annum, till the maximum of \$550 is reached, and that principles having one class shall be paid \$450, which shall be increased to \$600 at the same rate, while those who are assigned an assistant shall receive \$475 in the beginning and ultimately get \$625.—Ex.

Cut old socks and stockings down the back seam right to the toe. Place a pair facing each other, opened out, right side in. Machine round, except the top, about half an inch from the edge. Turn inside out, and machine across in zig-zag rows from side to side. Woolen socks and stockings treated in this way make excellent scrubbing cloths, and silk ones are very useful for rubbing grates, etc.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Burning Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.

A Greeting.

(A poem written by J. R. Martin, and read before the G. A. R. Encampment at Cedar Rapids.) Comrades, we greet you with outstretched hand,

And welcome you loyally to our band; We meet to renew the ties that bind Comrade to comrade, and here to find Fresh memories of that long ago,

But, as we recall those days of strife, That made up the sum of our army life, Let us not forget that "Angel of Peace"

Has issued the edict "Let anger cease, And hail as a friend your old-time foe,"

As we sit and muse on those days of strife, What pictures arise of our army life; How each thrilling episode comes to mind, Till we turn with a sigh from the dream to find

We're but fighting our battles over again; But we'll try to paint in our feeble way, Some of the scenes when "Blue met Gray,"

And the world stared aghast at the bloody fray, As the war clouds lowered in the light of day,

And the night wind sobbed over mangled men. We will not attempt to paint the strife, Or the awful carnage that withered life; Too dark is the picture, you know it well, How your heart was wrung as your comrades fell.

And you wept to see them die; But we'll try to recall once more to view, Some brighter pictures of Gray and Blue, Showing clear through the sulphurous clouds of war,

That chord of brotherhood reaching afar From earth, to God's luminous sky. There were lonesome hours on the picket-post,

When we watched with the stars our sleeping host, And the minutes seemed hours as we strained our eyes,

That our comrades might suffer no surprise. Through any neglect of ours; There the silence itself, seemed fraught with sound,

And the fall of a twig caused our hearts to bound, While we strained our eyes to pierce the gloom

That seemed to close as the walls of a darkened room, As wearily dragged the hours.

You remember it, comrades, a gruesome place, Where the darkness seemed only to hide the face

Of a deadly foe, and you almost thought You could hear the click, that precedes a shot,

And you fairly held your breath; And it seemed that the very beat of your heart

Must be heard by the enemy in the dark, And serve as a guide to mark the spot That he might more surely speed the shot

That might lay you cold in death. Yes, we've been there, comrades, and know that while

We were not afraid (?) that a peaceful smile Would break through the camp fire smoke

on our faces, And we never objected to yielding our places

To the sentinels who came to relieve us, And, heaving a sigh of perfect content, Would shoulder our carbine and seek our tent,

(A doggerel generally), there to repose, And dreaming of loved ones, forget the woes

Of our lot, if the foe would let us. You may talk of the battlefield, and tell Of the terrible havoc that bullet and shell

Made in our ranks; but then, you know, That was "give and take," and we had the foe

In front, and our comrades around; But that lonely vigil, with no one near; Those long two hours, when eye and ear

Were strained to their utmost to see and hear. And even the trees and bushes appear Like an enemy sprung from the ground.

Will try the nerve of the bravest man. That ever cooked meat in a frying pan, Or boiled his coffee in an old tin can

That once held fruit, but now second-hand, Serves him as a coffee pot,

Oh, that can cost money, for the sutler, well, Look at his features, they will tell

many, alas! Have stood their last picnic, received their last pass, A pass that we trust and believe leads above, Where the only countersign asked for is love

And each one is hailed as a friend. Let us close up our ranks as our comrades fall out,

And keep unbroken line till at length, with a shout, We receive the "last order," your marchings are done.

The warfare is over, the victory won, And glory and peace is the end.

The Sleeping Sentinel. A Washington Star reporter had an army officer as a listener, and he was expatiating on the way he would shoulder a musket and fight, bleed and die for his beloved country, in case there was war with England or any other effete monarchy tottering on a tumbling throne, or words to that effect.

"Did you ever do guard duty on a nasty night in the enemy's country?" inquired the officer.

"Well, no," hesitated the reporter.

"Then don't say what you would do until you have tried it. It reads nicely in the papers, and lots of men delight in imagining the high-stepping style that they would trot along the crimson path that leads to glory or the grave, but when the crimson is mud, or the path is in a thicket, which at any moment may blaze up with a volley, it isn't half so nice to think about. The fighting is the least disagreeable thing about war, and the glory is won at an amazingly high price."

"I wouldn't stand guard," asserted the reporter; "I would be an officer and have somebody else do the guarding."

"Well, I didn't begin my soldier career that way," said the officer. "I was a private and not yet twenty, and the amount of guard duty I did seemed to me to be enough to protect all the armies in the field. Let me tell you a story of how I did it one night. It was a dark and dismal time down on the Potomac, and we had been wading around in the mud and cold until the heart was entirely taken out of us. We had moved forward and were expecting an attack of the enemy at any moment. Under such circumstances sentinels are given extra orders to be watchful, and for a guard to sleep on his post means death at daylight, sure."

"I had been placed in an exposed position, and my orders were very strict, indeed. My beat lay across a narrow neck of land between two gorges, and I had a monopoly of it, and was entirely alone, but I had a good command of the ground in front of me, and with ordinary care no enemy could approach without being seen. I knew that much depended on my vigilance, and I knew that if I betrayed my trust death would be my portion at daylight, but I was only a boy and so dead tired that I could hardly stand up. I went on duty, though, like a man, and I stood it for I don't know how long."

"But boy nature can't stand everything, and I was rudely aroused from a beautiful dream of home by a violent shaking and the hoarse whispers and curses of the officer of the guard. In a minute I knew what had happened, and there flashed through my mind a picture of a blindfolded soldier sitting on his coffin with a firing party standing in front of him. I got to my feet by the help of a jerk or two by the officer, and then I expected more abuse, and got it and kept on getting it until I got back to the officer's tent. Fortunately I kept my mouth shut until we reached the light of the tent."

"There the officer got a good look at me and discovered that I was covered with blood. So did I, much to my surprise, but I felt on the instant that I was saved. For the officer asked what the blood meant, and I told him I must have burst a small blood vessel and fallen in a faint on my beat. I was sent so badly that I was sick, and I didn't have to argue long to prove my case, notwithstanding the very serious results that might have followed my dereliction of duty. I had no guard duty to perform, after that for a long time, and an offense that was punishable by death actually turned out to be a fine snap for me, which as a boy I rather enjoyed."

"But the blood?" inquired the writer.

"Simply a case of nose bleed, to which two or three years before I had been subject. I presume my weakened condition brought it back again, but why it should have resumed operations at such an opportune time I cannot say. I can say, though, that I never slept on my post again," and the officer chuckled to think of his narrow escape.

One Reason for War.

The Chicago Record quotes an ex-governor of Wisconsin as telling a little joke upon himself. He was in the Union army during the Civil War, it appears, and leaves us to understand that he is "plain" in his personal appearance.

One summer I met an ex-rebel East, one of those lank Southerners with a face so long that he could eat out of a churn. He looked me over, up and down, two or three times each way, and then he said: "Is that the gov'nor of Wisconsin?"

"Yes."

"Fit in the war, eh?"

"Yes."

"We-el, if all the Yanks had been as homely as he is, we'd be a-fighting 'em yet!"

The fortune of Mile. Adele Hugo, the insane daughter of the poet, has been increased by her guardians, until it now amounts to many millions of francs. The poor woman's only pleasure is the theater, and it is always difficult to get her to leave the theater after the performance, as she thinks the play never ends.

There are now breweries in all parts of the Argentine republic, and the production is large and the quality so good that it is not possible to import beers and ales at a profit.