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BIRTH OF THE NATION

OFT TOLD STORY OF AMERICA MADE FREE

One Hundred and Twenty Years Ago the Ganutlet of Defiance Was Thrown to Britain and This New Republic Was Born.

Independence for All.

One hundred and twenty years ago, namely, on the Fourth of July, 1776, there was born in the western world a new na-tion-the Republic of the United States. Refusing to pay the taxation imposed upon them at the point of the bayonet by the British crown; failing to move the king and his ministers from their career of haughty and reckless obstinacy, the thirteen American colonies found themselves reduced to the alternative of abject submission or of armed resistance. Already there had flashed throughout the country the electric words of Patrick Henry: "We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us."

The sons of liberty shouted their responsive acclaim to this manly summons. and, like the sound of many waters, the spirit of national independence which thus possessed the people came upon the Continental Congress, then in session in the State House at Philadelphia, Pa. It was in this temple of freedom, wherein was sitting as noble and august a legislative body as the world ever saw, that Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution, on the 7th of June, 1776, declaring "That the United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States, and



RINGING LIBERTY BELL, JULY 4, 1776. that their political connection with Great

Britain is and ought to be dissolved." Upon this resolution there sprang up at

once an earnest and powerful debate. It was opposed, principally, on the ground that it was premature. Its further con-sideration was accordingly postponed until there was a prospect of greater unanwas appointed to draft a formal Declara-This committee consisted of Bention. jamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. On the 28th of June the com mittee made their report, and presented the Declaration which they had drawn On the 2d day of July Congress pro up. ceeded to the serious consideration of this momentous paper, which lasted nearly three days, and was extremely earnest. It was known throughout the city that the great event was to be determined, but the closed doors of Congress excluded the populace. From the hour when Congress came together in the forenoon all business was suspended throughout the city. and the old bellman steadily remained at his post in the steeple, prepared to sound forth to the waiting multitudes the expected glad tidings. The bell, manufactured In England, bore upon its ample curve the now prophetic inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."



HEN, in the with another, and to assume of the earth the separate and

HEN, in the course of human seets, it is according to pure law, given the point of an end of the point of an end of the point of the po

SWEETHEARTS. tramp of the sentinel in front of the sway. "He's a tiger man," he whispaymaster's tent. Where are my sweethearts, fond and

fair? None of the graceful group I see: Fitting fairies, they clip the air, Or peep from the woods and laugh at

Laugh at the old man moving slow, In a circle of dreams of long ago!

Thus in memory's mystic room Supreme their changeless charms appear,

Rose and lily in breathing bloom And love-lit smiles that thrill and cheer. Wherever affection has touched the past

is immortality o'er it cast! Seems it only a vision yet-One little month since her I met; May fadeless flowers enwreath the

night! A lady beautiful aglow With kindness. Strange! Her hair is

white, Her cheeks are sunset-tinted snow; Her eyes have that religious light

Gathedrals in their dimness know! My queen of fairies! Not alone

I stood by her exalted throne: For he was there, her gracious king, The royal family around. Ah, what an unsubstantial thing My room of old deligh: I found! Each image false took instant wing. Reality resumed the ground! -Washington Star.

WHEN THE MOON IS RED.

Mawson was the quietest man in the company; lazy and easy-going, and as gentle of speech and manner as a woman. Therefore, what I am about to tell

seems all the more inexplicable. The troops had just been paid at Fort Bolord, in New Mexico, and the detail to escort the paymaster to the next station already announced. It consisted of Sergeant Calson, an ex-English soldier who had seen service in India, and six privates, of whom Mawson was one

On the morning of the 17th of July, the day following the payment, a fourmule ambulance, containing the paymaster and his clerk, and one escort wagon, containing the enlisted contingent, pulled out of Bolord for Fort Newgate, sixty miles across the country. As afterward verified by official observations, it was the hottest day the regiment had ever known in the Territory. After the sun was a few hours high, even those tough and hardened

veterans, the quartermaster's mules, showed signs of it. By noon both men and animals

It was just about midnight when the whole camp was aroused by an unearthly yell, and the next instant the clerk, clad only in a brief shirt, came madly tearing toward the wagons. "Well, what is it?" asked the sergeant quietly, who had caught him in his grasp; "what is it?" It was some time before he could tell his story, and then, when he did speak, it was almost impossible to understand him. "Something had attacked him,"

moved uneasily on their blankets. The

little breeze that had sprung up in the

"Come, sir, tell us what it was," coaxed the sergeant, and then he began: "He had been awakened by something in his tent-a large, white animal, with gleaming eyes and heavy mane, that scratched and bit at him savagely." and in proof thereof he showed his right arm. Incredulity fled at once, for, sure enough, on the arm were a cruel red gash and the imprint of teeth. "It was awful," he continued shudderingly-"awful; it tried to tear my throat, but I managed to roll out of the tent and get away."

By this time the Major had joined the group and the story was repeated to him.

'Sh, what's that?" asked some one.

There was instant silence, and quite plainly, from the direction of the clerk's tent, there came a sound as if of some animal crawling through the brush. The sergeant loaded his piece.

Again they heard it, this time evidently approaching them, and then through the brush they caught a gleam of something white.

"That's it," chattered the clerk "that's it-shoot it "

Suddenly it came plainly into sight; a long, white animal that crawled and slid along, slowly and stealthily on allfours. Before they could realize what it was it halted, turned its head toward the moon, and gave vent to a wild, plercing cry that was absolutely bloodcurdling.

"Now!" said the Major, and the ser along the barrel.

able horror, the animal suddenly raised

pered All through the long night they As the night wore on it grew hotter and hotter, and the men tossed and

watched and cared for him and listenel to his one weird cry:

NUMBER 43.

When the moon is red-the tiger kills. When the moon is red-the tiger kills. When the moon is red-the tiger kills. When the morning breeze broke the long weary watch and the blood-red moon aropped to rest Mawson suddenly sat up, rubbed his eyes, and then, ooking at one of the men he was fond of, said, in his usual lazy, gentle manner of speech:

"Hello, Don; ain't reveille gone'yet?" When the sergeant reported to the paymaster for instructions prior to breaking camp that officer asked: How does Mawson act now?"

"Much as usual, sir, except that he omplains of being tired; doesn't seem to have any recollection whatever of last night's proceedings."

"He's shamming," said the Major, "I think not, sir; I've questioned him very closely about India, but he doesn't even know where it is. He's very ignorant, like most mountaineers. I even repeated in Indian, 'When the moon is red-the tiger kills,' but after gazing at me in amazement for a few minutes he burst out laughing. 'What's that, sergeant-Dutch? he asked, when I repeated it. Considered it a huge joke." "How does he account for the wound

on his head?" continued the Major. "Thinks he must have walked in his sleep and fallen against a rock. I really believe he's in earnest, sir, and doesn't remember anything."

But the Major was far from satisfied. 'Keep close to him, sergeant," he cautioned, "and see he doesn't get hold of a rifle."

When they got into Newgate the Major reported the circumstance to the commanding officer and the post surgeon, and Mawson was immediately taken into the post hospital for observation.

"A mild sunstroke, probably," said the doctor some few days later; "he's perfectly sane and well now."

"But how about his talking Indian?" persisted the Major; "a sunstroke can't make a man a linguist, can it?"

The doctor smiled in a superior manner. "I don't think it was Indian," he said; "the sergeant was evidently overexcited and only imagined he understood it. Why, my dear fellow," noticing the paymaster's rising wrath, 'you're a sensible man and a bright one. Now how in the name of common geant raised his piece and ran his eye sense could a man speak a language he didn't even know of? The day of mi-The next instant, to their unmistak- racles is over and you don't believe in supernatural? Well, I've studied the matter most carefully; too much sun: you all had a little touch of it, I guess. What'll you have?" This is what the doctor said and what was generally accepted as the true solution. But the men of the escort knew better. Perhaps the queerest part of all is that when Mawson was discharged from the hospital he returned to the company and served the remaining three years of his enlistment faithfully and honestly. Sergeant Calson, who himself told me the story and in whose word I have implicit confidence, pointed Mawson out to me on a number of occasions, but as he was not in my company I never learned to know him. The madness, or whatever you may see fit to call it, never recurred. He was gentle in speech and manner, easygoing and lazy, which, as I before said, makes it all the more inexplicable. These events, which occurred many years ago, had almost escaped my memory, until, the other day, I received a letter from my friend, the ex-sergeant, who is now in the customs service of the Government, stationed in Tennessee. Among other things he wrote: "Do you remember Mawson and the story I told you about his queer doings at Pinon Creek long ago? In one of my trips last month I came across a family of the same name, up in the mountains of this State (his birthplace, you may remember), and by close, though apparently indifferent, questioning found out that they were cousins of his. They remembered him well; in fact, had a picture of him, taken in uniform when he was a member of my old company. "It seems that his grandfather (who before drifting to Tennessee had been a sailor in early life) brought back with him from his last trip to foreign parts a darkskinned wife. She died in giving birth to Mawson's father, whom his kinsfolk here speak of as 'a sleepy, dreamy, worthless sort of cuss, very fond of hunting about at night.' "From the description of the woman (Mawson's grandmother), which is, however, almost entirely legendary, I have every reason to believe that she celonged to one of the tribes of tiger people, quite common in India years ago."

early part of the evening died out, and the silence grew almost oppressive. Overhead the moon hung red and large in the skies, its lurid beams giving the scene an almost unnatural appearance.

he blurted out.

"Who-the Major?" asked one of the grinning soldiers, but the sergeant silenced him

Hours passed on, and fear began to take the place of hope in many a heart; even the venerable and always cheerful bellman was overheard in his despondent soliloguy:

They will never do it! they will never do it!"

Finally, at about 2 o'clock in the after noon, the door of the mysterious hall swung open, and a voice exclaimed:

'Passed !-- it has passed !"

The word was caught up by ten thousand glad mouths, and the watch-boy now clapped his hands and shouted "Ring! Ring!" Seizing the iron tongue of the bell in which he had long felt such a professional pride, the electrified old pat riot rung forth such a joyous peal as was never heard before, nor ceased to hurl it backward and forward till every voic joined in its notes of gladness and tri-The roar of cannon, and illumiumph. nations from every house and hilltop, added to these demonstrations of universal rejoicing.

Washington hailed the declaration with joy, for it put an end to all those temporizing hopes of reconciliation which had clogged the military action of the coun try. On the 9th of July he caused it to be read at the head of each brigade of the army. The troops listened to the reading with eager attention, and at its close broke forth in tamultuous applause.

The excitable populace of New York were not content with the ringing of There was a leaden equestrian statue of George the Third in Bowling Green, in front of the fort. Around this kingly effigy the excited multitude surged, and, pulling it down, broke it into fragments, which were afterward molded into bullets and made to do service against his majesty's troops.

In Boston, that citadel of radical insub-ordination to "his majesty," the public joy knew no bounds. The town clerk ad the solemn declaration to the multitude, at the close of which a shout Degan in the hall and passed like an electric spark to the streets, which now rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measure boom of cannon and the rattle of musket ry. The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorches ter Neck, the castle, Nantasket and Long Island, each saluted with thirteen guns, the artillery is the town fired thirteen

udiciary powers. has made judges dependent on his for the tenure of their offices, and nt and payment of their snlartes. has erevised a multitude of new offices, hither swarms of officers to harass e and est out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of tanding armies, without the consent our estatatures. He has affected to render the military inde-tendent of, and superior to, the civil power, with others to subject us to

states, they have full por to peace, contract alliance things which independent states may of right And for the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of Divine Pro-bury fortunes, and openet to each other sector our fortunes, and openet to each other sector

ounds, and the infantry scattered into thirteen divisions, poured forth thirteen volleys-all corresponding to the number of States which formed the Union.

"Don'ts" for the Fourth.

Don't talk politics. Don't run to every fire Don't despise a toy pistol. Don't complain if it rains. Don't set fire to the house. Don't drink pink lemonade Don't overload your stomach. Don't celebrate with whisky, Don't drive a nervous horse. Don't miss the last train home Don't think the gun isn't loaded. Don't go on a crowded excursion. Don't be ashamed to be patriotic. Don't let your dog out of the house. Don't guy the "old-fashioned Fourth." Don't shoot off your mouth too much. Don't imagine that "it has gone out." Don't nut a double charge in a cannon. Don't blow down the mouth of a loaded annon.

Don't try to suppress small boys; it is their day.

Don't fire a pistol loaded with powder and ball.

Don't put your nose to a rocket after lighting it.

"wish you hadn't gone" after Don't coming back.

Don't forget that the Fourth lasts only one day.

Don't set off firecrackers in the haymow Don't carry loose powder in your pocket. Don't laugh at the drum major-pity

Don't forget you were a boy once your

Don't begin celebrating the Fourth on

Don't throw firecrackers at passing bi cyclists,

Don't take any chantes with a cracked CABBOD.

Don't shoot rockets into your neigh-

The Day We Celebrate. Once a year it comes With its fings and drums, With its cannon loud, With its rockets high And their starry crowd Filling all the sky.

Music in the air. Powder everywhere, Crackers making noise. Snapping at your feet, For the happy boys All along the street.

Then, hurrah! I say Independence Day Comes but once a year, With its noise and smoke. Let us hold it dear. Big and little folk. Let us take our part With a loyal heart.

Be our flags unfurled, Little maid and man, Proudest in the world! Free! American! New York Independent.

Here He Is Again.



well-nigh maddened by the heat; there was no escaping, as it beat down unmercifully upon them, while they wearily crawled through the heavy sand. It was miles to Pinon creek, their first night's camp, with almost the entire distance a desert. Nothing but

sand as far as the eye could reach; desolation-absolute, utter desolation. The sand gnats buzzed gavly and merrily, and almost drove the animals to open revolt. In the ambulance, which was covered, the paymaster and his clerk crouching close to the ground began sat, violently fanning themselves, the water streaming off their faces, and group. They could now hear his heavy their eves glued to the valises containing the government funds for the payment of the command at Newgate.

"It's simply hell," said the Major, while the clerk, a tenderfoot, muttered something about being back in Ohio. "Ohio!" thundered his chief. "Ohio!

What do you mean by speaking of Ohlo in this God-forsaken country, ch?" The clerk, who was a mild man,

coughed apologetically, and for the balance of the ride remained silent. As the day wore on the wagons creaked along, the Major occasionally slept, awoke, glared at the silent clerk, and took numerous drops of the "Trader's best," his panacea for all evils. The

clerk didn't drink, couldn't sleep, and, by the time the wagons at last dragged into camp, was on the verge of nervous prostration. It was his first trip in the Territory, and, I may as well add here, that it was his last.

After the long, hot slege of the day it was a relief to strike the little green spot where Pinon creek gurgled and murmured over its rough, pebbly bottom with the most tantalizing sound. Even the Major relaxed and offered a drink of the panacea- to the detail who had pitched the tents for himself and clerk in the coolest and shadiest spot obtainable.

After the animals had been watered, fed and secured for the night there was supper, and then the sergeaut divided the detail into reliefs for a running

At about 8:30 o'clock the moon shot up in the sky, blood-red, and the air grew suddenly hotter. The clerk, to whom the sight was a new one, seemed

"Nothing unusual," said the Major, who, like the celebrated Joe Willet, was now in a mood to tackle anything or anybody in the line of argument. "Why, sir, I've seen er-ten times redder," he added; "yes, sir, ten times redder."

belligerently. The clerk believed him, but his resig-

An hour later the little camp had sunk to slumber, and the only noise

up erect, and the sergeant dropped his piece. "By the living God," he cried hoarse

ly, "It's a man!" "It's Mawson," said some one.

As the thing turned its head fully toward them they recognized him plainly. He was perfectly naked, and his skin shone in the moon's red light, white and dazzling

Breathlessly they watched him. Soon he dropped on all-fours, and then slowly crawling toward the horrified breathing and see his fixed, staring eyes moving from face to face, while his jaws worked convulsively and his tongue hung out between his lips.

"He's crazy," whispered the sergeant; "I'd better drop him," but the Major shook his head.

Nearer and nearer, closer and closer he crawled, almost on his belly, and then, with an angry snarl, the long white body shot through the air straight toward them. At the same instant the sergeant clubbed his rifle, and then they heard it strike against Mawson's head with a dull thud. He straightened up bodily, threw his arms wildly once or twice, and dropped to the ground like dead.

When they came to examine him the blood was flowing from the wound in the back of his head made by the sergeant's rifle, but his breathing seemed strong and regular.

"He's only stunned," said the Major, "and the bleeding will do him good." His naked body was feverishly hot and scratched from crawling through the brush, but otherwise he seemed uninjured.

For a long time he lay in a sort of stupor, while they bathed his wound and kept wet rags to his head.

Suddenly he began to speak, and then the men stared at one another in openmouthed amazement; the words were utterly strange to them.

"What's his nationality?" asked the Major.

"American, sir," answered one of the men, who was a walking encyclopedia on all company matters; "born in the mountains of Tennessee, sir."

The sergeant, who had been some distance away, now approached, and as soon as he heard Mawson's mutterings turned to the Major with a queer look on his face.

"He's talking Indian, sir," he said, excitedly; "he's talking the lingo of the tiger people-I know it well."

"Listen to him now, sir," he continued, as Mawson broke into a weird sort of chant, "do you know what he's saying?

"When the moon is red-the tiger kills. When the moon is red-the tiger kills. When the moon is red-the tiger kills." sergeant shook his head and drew the time being safely under cover.

Queer, isn't it? Of course I don't mean to say that this explains the mystery, but it certainly establishes a connection; don't you think so?-San Francisco Argonaut.

A New Gunboat.

A new gunboat has been devised to sail in shallow water, and the inventor claims for it the advantage of great speed with a light draught of water. and a continuous and simultaneous firing on both sides of guns specially man-"He's mad," said the Major, but the ufactured for the purpose, the crew all

much impressed by it.

There was a silence.

"You believe me?" asked the Major,

antion was already a foregone conclu-

that disturbed the slience was the

guard.