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## THE FAMILY STORY

### PATRIOTIC ·· DOROTHEA.

A LONG, dark hall. The portraits of two old persons that frowned down from the walls as though resenting the modern innovations below; a soft, thick carpet under foot, so old that its colors had all faded to a dull, uniform red; a low window with tiny, diamond-shaped panes, letting in more gloom than light; a small, iron-bound chest in a dark corner; heavy, smothering hangings—these were the belongings of this long, dark hall.

A door opened softly, and a modern innovation entered in the shape of a girl about sixteen years old. A soft light seemed to dispel the gloom. It could not have been her dress—that was dark gray. Her brown hair curled waywardly around a sweet, roguish-looking face. Her straight eyebrows were drawn down into a dark frown. She seemed rather ashamed of what she was going to do.

She moved toward a door, hesitated a moment, and, heaving her head, looked in at the keyhole. She sees a library with books, and more books piled up to the ceiling. At a table sits an old man, energetically pointing out some spot on a map before him to another man who is bending over it.

"You have two courses before you," said Master Hathaway. "You may go to Concord, capture our stores, confound us—we are bright men, but a little setback like that takes the wit out of our heads—then, while we are in dire confusion, you can fall upon us and win the day. Or you can act like gentlemen, and fight us face to face like men. Take your choice."

"I will see what General Gage says," returned the visitor. "By night, of course."

"You ass!" returned Master Hathaway, contemptuously. "I should like to see you get out of Boston without a row by daylight!" and he began rolling up the maps.

Miss Dorothea promptly fled to her own room and locked herself in.

"What shall I do?" she asked of the pretty maiden she saw in the mirror. "Are you going to stand up and scream, 'My Uncle Gaspar is a British spy?' Well, my dear, that is all the sense I gave you credit for. What would Priscilla say? Why need I say anything about Uncle Gaspar? Why can't I go and tell John Farden to tell Joseph Warren? Ah! I've got it now," and she proceeded to act upon it.

First, she opened her door. Then she drew down the curtains. Then she groaned. Then tossed from side to side and groaned again.

"Dorothea," said a quiet voice at the door, "is there in pain?"

A groan.

Master Hathaway came in and laid his cool hand on his niece's forehead.

"Poor child," he said, tenderly; "there has one of thy headaches. I will go away and let thee sleep, and he went away, closing the door softly after him.

No sooner had his soft step died away than Dorothea sprang off the bed, slipped off her shoes and shot the bolt in the door. She listened and then pulled up her curtains and looked out. It was toward dusk and in a quarter of an hour she could leave the house in safety to see John Farden.

Dorothea's bosom friend was a red-hot rebel who had inspired Dorothea with a love for everything that was not British. As Master Hathaway never expressed an opinion upon the war, his niece supposed he was neutral, or too much engrossed in his beloved library to trouble himself concerning it. But Hannah, her old nurse and Master Hathaway's housekeeper, had confided to our heroine that the gentleman upstairs was a Briton. Dorothea had indignantly denied it and gone to see.

When it was sufficiently dark, Mistress Hathaway opened her window and looked out. A large cherry-tree grew close by it, and often had she climbed up and down with Priscilla. She could descend with her eyes shut, she knew, yet a feeling of some sort deterred her. She felt that she was betraying her uncle, and the thought was odious. But she strengthened her mind with the remembrance of other Hathaways, dead and gone, who had sacrificed their homes and everything they held dear to their king, who afterward hung them for treason.

This seemed to give her great courage, for she sat upon the window-sill with her feet outside, seized hold of a branch with both hands, gave a little spring, and immediately she was standing in a crotch of the tree. Getting down was an easy matter, and she was on the ground in a twinkling, and off at a run for Priscilla Farden's. She would see John Farden in the garden and tell him that she had heard that the British were coming to seize the stores.

As she slowly skirted the house, she

saw, to her great delight, a light in Priscilla's room. She flung a pebble against the window and waited. A shadow crossed the white curtain, and a short interval passed, during which Dorothea danced with impatience. Then the front door opened silently and a girl rushed out.

"I knew it was you, you dear old thing!" she cried, as she kissed our heroine. "What does possess you to come here at this time of night?"

"I want to see Lieutenant Farden," said Dorothea, quietly.

"He has gone out to dinner," replied Priscilla, with kindly impetuosity. "Come in and see me, there's a dear. He will be back in an hour or two."

But Dorothea had been making her plans; she must disguise herself and go to see Joseph Warren.

"Has John worn his uniform?" Priscilla looked at her with surprise.

"No, it is upstairs. Dorothea, you aren't going to dressing? What for? Oh, do tell me! Where are you going?"

"I can't tell you," said Dorothea, calmly. "It is a secret. Yes, I will dress up in John's uniform."

Priscilla was too much astonished to speak, so she led the way upstairs without a word. Silently she laid the uniform out upon the bed. Silently she showed her friend's hair as a queue and powdered powder upon it. And then her admiration broke out as Dorothea stood before the glass outlining a shadowy mustache upon her pretty lips with burnt cork.

"Dorothea Hathaway!" exclaimed Priscilla, "you are perfectly superb. Won't you tell us where you are going?"

"No," said the young soldier, with a stiff bow. "Good-night, Mistress Farden."

When Dorothea arrived at Joseph Warren's house, she was horrified at beholding it brilliantly lighted. She remembered Priscilla's remark that her brother had gone out to dine. Oh, what an idiot she had been not to know that he had come here, for Warren was his best friend! Why didn't she write him? Why didn't she with ordinary sense leave a letter for him with Priscilla?

All that was too late now, and she desperately went up the steps and knocked. The door was thrown open and a servant appeared.

"Tell Mr. Warren that I would like to speak with him," said Dorothea, majestically, and the servant vanished very much impressed.

"Mr. Warren says will you please step into the dining-room?"

Poor Dorothea! What pen can describe her sensations at being suddenly conducted into a large room with twenty gentlemen, some drinking wine, and all looking at her. She knew almost every one by sight, and many of them intimately.

"Well?" said Warren, inquiringly.

"I would like to see you alone," she replied, grandly.

"Speak out. We are all friends here," said John Farden.

So the girl spoke. "The British are going to Concord to capture our stores. I don't know when, but they are going."

A torrent of questions poured out upon her, in the midst of which she made her escape. The result of her work was soon evident. The Americans began removing their stores, and the battle of Lexington was fought on April 19, 1775.

If John Farden recognized Dorothea in her disguise, he kept his own counsel. After the war was over and he had a wife of his own he said to her one day:

"Dorothea, do you remember that soldier who came to us one night at Joseph Warren's?"

And sweet Mistress Farden looked up and then down, turning red and then white, and murmured:

"O John! Who told you?"—New York Mail and Express.

### OPIUM IN INDIA.

#### Ravages of the Drug in the City of Lucknow.

There is a fierce dispute going on just now as to the relative merits or demerits of opium, says the New York Times. Many eminent men in the scientific world openly declare that opium is a blessing. The government experts in the country where it grows go so far as to say that opium is a blessing instead of a curse to the natives. However, the vast majority of mankind will long be of the undivided opinion that opium is the most all-crushing curse that afflicts man. The enthusiasts, or, rather, extremists, of the international anti-opium society picture the condition of India under the ban of opium in the most dreadful manner possible. According to one of these men, all of the 600,000,000 of human beings in Asia are exposed to the evils of the British Government. In order to derive a revenue from it the Indian Government issues licenses for the sale and consumption of this poisonous drug in vile places in all large cities, like Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Lucknow, and Maulmain, and in all towns and villages of India and Burma. These licenses are not issued for the purpose of limiting the sale of something that can not be prohibited, but they are issued with the requirement that the holder of the license must sell a stipulated quantity or pay a forfeit! The more sold the more revenue the English crown will receive. As the opium is bought from the government agents, of course it is known how much the holder of the license sells. A member of Parliament who was most bitterly opposed to this traffic has been traveling through India gathering facts and seeing for himself what the condition of the natives is under an unrestricted use of opium.

One of the opium dens of Lucknow is graphically described. There is no secrecy about selling or purchasing the drug; it is handled as would be sugar, flour, or the other necessities of life. Entering with the customers, you will find yourself in a spacious but very dirty court yard, around which are ranged fifteen or twenty small rooms. This is the establishment of the government collector—the opium farmer. The stench is sickening, and the swarms of flies intolerable. Enter one of the small rooms. It has no windows and is very dark, but in the center is a small charcoal fire, the glow of which lights up the faces of nine or ten human beings—men and women—lying on the floor like pigs in a sty. A young girl fans the fire, lights the opium pipe, and holds it to the mouth of the last comer till his head falls heavily on the body of the inert man or woman who happens to be near him. In no groggery, in no lunatic or idiot asylum, will one see such utter helplessness as appears in the countenances of those in the preliminary stages of opium drunkenness. Here one may see some handsome young married woman, 19 or 20 years of age, sprawling over the senseless bodies of men. Here is a much younger girl sitting among a group of newly arrived customers singing lewd songs as they hand around the pipes. At night these dens are all crowded to excess, and it is estimated that there are some 14,000 people in Lucknow subject slaves of this hideous vice.

There are those, however, who have radically different opinions on the opium question. The use of the drug in America or Europe under vastly different climatic conditions has nothing in common with the use of it in its native land. The Bishop of Calcutta, on being asked for an opinion on this subject, said among other things that "while admitting that there are evils arising from the use of opium, we are of the opinion that they are not sufficiently great to justify us in restricting the liberty which all men should be permitted to exercise in such matters. Medical testimony seems to show that opium used in moderation is in this country harmless, and, under certain conditions of life, distinctly beneficial."

One distinguished native, a high official of the Indian museum, was rather sarcastic when asked his opinion on this subject. He said that the opium habit was much preferable to the alcoholism of America and Europe, and recommended the introduction of the drug as a substitute for alcohol.

#### European Police Officers.

London police sergeants or roundsmen are paid from \$8.50 to \$12 a week and constables or patrolmen from \$6 to \$8. In Dublin the wages are half a dollar less. In Glasgow the highest pay for a constable is \$6.75, for a sergeant \$8; an inspector gets \$700 a year, and a superintendent from \$1,200 to \$1,500. The St. Petersburg chief of police draws \$2,500 a year, a sergeant from \$300 to \$400, and a patrolman from \$150 to \$220 a year. Paris pays \$5.25 to \$6.50 to patrolmen (agents) and \$7 to roundsmen. Patrolmen get from \$225 to \$230 a year at Vienna, from \$230 to \$300 at Amsterdam, from \$200 to \$250 at Brussels, where detectives may rise to \$480. The Turkish policemen get \$3 a week and the native policemen of Calcutta from \$4 to \$4.50 a month.

Some people spend so much time telling what they intend to do that they have no time left to do anything else.

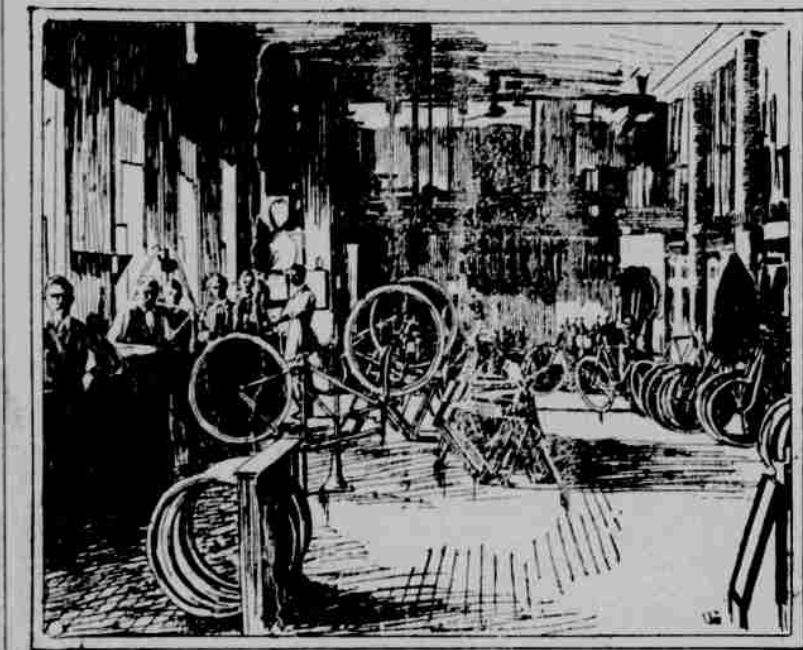
### THE SILENT STEED.

#### ENORMOUS GROWTH OF THE BICYCLE INDUSTRY.

Use of the Wheel Is Not a Fad—It Has Come to Stay, and Its Admirers Number Millions—Some Statistics.

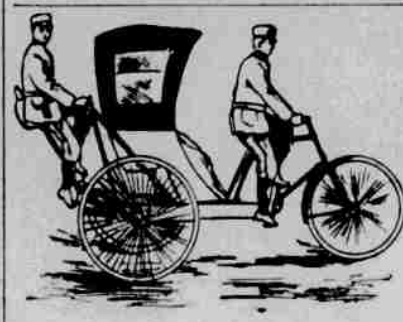
#### Won Its Way to Popularity.

THE bicycle has a current call on attention that is quite as absorbing as the Presidential possibility. Fair belles and buxom matrons who once blushed at the mention of the bloomer and derided the wheel have come to look with favor on the new departure and device as sensible and invigorating ideas that have come to remain. Business men, whose dignity might appear opposed to bestriding the bicycle, and staid old gentlemen, who declared their equestrian days were to remain things of blessed



THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.

memory, have been observed on the whirling wheel renewing their strength and youth. It would be difficult to recall anything in recent years that has attained a popularity more quickly or more universally than the bicycle. Its appeal extends to all classes and all localities; and aside from its advantages as a common or uncommon carrier and a health-giver, it promises to become a powerful factor in creating sentiment in favor of and obtaining legislation that shall secure good roads



THE LONDON "HANSOM CYCLE."

consummation devoutly to be wished. Demand for bicycles has so far outstripped the supply last season that manufacturers were obliged to increase the output multiplied rapidly, but it is estimated they cannot supply the current demand. Advanced statistics state that upwards of 1,250,000 bicycles will be made in 1896. More conservative and accurate estimates indicate that



IN THE BRAZING DEPARTMENT.

the total output of bicycles this year will not exceed 800,000, and over one-half of them will be made in Chicago. Of this aggregate probably 70 per cent. are cheap wheels; the high-grade bicycles remaining limited and in great demand. The total output of 1895 was over 500,000, of which one-fifth were for women; this year about one-half the bicycles will be designed for the fair sex. It is estimated that with wheels of all classes enlisted, ancient and modern, there will be nearly 2,500,000 cyclists in the United States this summer.

The League of American Wheelmen now numbers 41,000 members. The first ten States in order of their representation are: New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, California, and Connecticut.

The new model bicycles show many inventions and improvements over the old wheels. The prominent feature of the '96 wheel is the larger tubing, one and one-eighth inch being used, an increase over the three-quarters and seven-eighths inch tubing of two years ago, the points of advantages being a stronger and lighter wheel. Racing wheels will weigh from sixteen to eighteen pounds, road wheels from twenty-three to twenty-eight pounds, and women's wheels will average a fraction over twenty-two pounds; heretofore they have been twenty-six pounds and upward.

People are given to pondering over

formerly done by hand; but they are very expensive, and have been hard to obtain, in view of the enormous demand by numerous factories that have established of late.

There are probably seventy-five establishments in Chicago that are making from 200 to 500 wheels. The outputs of the largest factories may be estimated as follows: Western Wheel Works, 70,000 (five grades); Featherstone, 60,000 (five grades); Monarch, 40,000 (four grades); the Fowler, 30,000 (high grades only); Rambler, 30,000 (high grades); Imperial, 25,000 (high grades); Kenwood, 20,000; Thistle, 15,000 (high grades); Adams & Westlake, 10,000 (high grades); St. Nicholas Mfg. Co., 40,000 (four grades); Windsor, 7,000; Davidson, 6,000 (high grades); Czar and Czarina, 5,000; World, 7,000; Shirk, 5,000; March, 3,000; America, 5,000; Napoleon and Josephine, 4,000; Standard, 2,500; Eldorado, 2,500; Iroquois, 1,200.

A trip through one of the largest factories of high-grade wheels on Washington boulevard may indicate to some extent the new and heavy mechanical appliances used in making the modern bike a thing of finished beauty and strength. Just where to begin inspection and get at the start of the wheel is a ticklish task.

All parts of the wheel are made in this factory except the wooden rims and rubber tires. First observe the new automatic screw machines. They are expensive and complicated machines, cutting from solid bar tool steel the cones and cups used in the bearings. The latest and heaviest bit of machinery is the automatic sprocket cutter. A string of thirty-five circular pieces of drop-forged steel, seven inches in diameter, will have their heavy dentistry or teeth cut every time this machine "does a turn." This used to be a very slow and laborious work, constantly requiring the care of an attendant. The new automatic machines does six times the work of the old machines.

The great reduction of weight in modern wheels has been attained through the new method of making frames. Instead of using small bars of solid steel light, tough, weldless steel tubing is employed. Again, in making the joints there is an economy in weight; instead of heavy, old-fashioned castings the joints are now brazed one piece into the other beneath the heat of a blow-pipe, with spelter and borax. Vibrations always begin in the weakest part or joints of the frame. In this establishment the anti-vibrating reinforcements are used, adding immensely to the strength of the frame.

Away from this neighborhood a row of little furnaces are blowing their caloric energies into tough joints of cherry red steel, by the long rows of slowly revolving lathes, drilling cones, cups, cutting nuts, nipples, and screws, and all the lesser parts of the wheel that join to give to it strength, light-



THE FIRST BICYCLE.

ness and stability. In the polishing and buffing department the whirl of many wheels makes music like the drone of angry bees, and sparks fly like tiny meteors as the bits of steel touch the emery wheels. Every small piece is carefully polished before it receives a coating of copper, which renders it impervious to rust. The plating vats remind one of a big laundry, save that there are no suds nor washboards, and an aroma of nitric acid fills the air. Balls, nuts, sprockets, crank shafts, adjusting screws, clamps and handle-bars are strung on wire like so many delicacies in a Chinese market, and suspended in the copper bath. After treatment in this solution all parts are nickel-plated, and ready for adjustment. Among other new mechanical devices are a series of special jigs, or testers, that make the forms exact in alignment. Then there are hardening furnaces of special design, in which metals have chemical treatment for toughening. The enameling furnaces are another important feature. It is claimed that the colored enamel will not crack, despite various tests put upon it. (Black enamel having a rubber base frequently does not stand the test of wear.) The wheel spokes are of needle wire and may be tied in a knot without destroying strength or elasticity. Every part is specially tested for strength and the strain it will bear before it is allowed to take its position in the bicycle.

The bicycle is giving a new impetus to mechanical industries, and has evidently come to stay.

**Shoots for a Living.**  
Miss Winnie Simpson, of Garfield, Wash., makes quite a snug amount of pin money by shooting squirrels. She handles a gun to better effect than many of the men in that region, her average being thirty squirrels a day. She also distinguished herself lately by winning the first prize in an oratorical contest open to both sexes.

**Hal Hal**  
Tommye—What is a tailor's goose, pop?  
Pop—I suppose it is what he makes duck trousers on.—Yorkers Statesman.