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THE WANTS OF MAN.

"Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long," Tie not with me exactly so; But 'tie so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told, Would muster many a score; And were each wish a mint of gold I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread-And canvas-backs and wine—
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide My appetite to quell; With four choice cooks from France, be-

To dress my dinner well.

I want (who does not want?) a wife-Affectionate and fair, To solace all the woes of life, And all its joys to share; Of temper sweet, of yielding will, Of firm, yet placid mind— With all my faults to love me still With sentiments refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs, And Fortune fills my store, I want of daughters and of sons From eight to half a score. I want (alas! can mortal dare Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair— The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend. To cheer the adverse hour; Who ne'er to flattery will descend, Nor bend the knee to power-A friend to chide me when I'm wrong, My inmost soul to see: And that my friendship prove as strong For him, as his for n

I want the seals of power and place, The ensigns of command; Charged by the people's unbought grace To rule my native land. Nor crown nor scepter would I ask But from my country's will, By day, by night, to ply the task Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise To follow me behind, And to be thought in future days The friend of human kind, That after ages, as they rise, Exulting may proclaim. In choral union to the skies, Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man-I cannot want them long, For life itself is but a span, And earthly bliss, a song. My last great want, absorbing all— Is, when beneath the sod, And summoned to my final call, The mercy of my God.

UNEXPECTED DEBUT.

"Mr. Hughes!"

Mr. Osgood, the manager of the great Commercial Hotel, hatening toward him with as much speed as his portliness would permit, after calling him by name across the crowded office. In a moment Osgood had overtaken him and shaken hands

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Hughes." "Thanks," answered the person addressed, wondering what could be the reason of this cordiality.

"I have taken great liberty with you, my dear Hughes," continued the manager hesitatingly. "Namely?"

"Well, you see, Sir Charles Mervyn came here the other night and wanted accommodations for a night or two. The house was full-convention of dentists here then, you know. I disliked to turn away so distinguished a member of the nobility" (this with a very pompous manner) "and so, knowing you were out of town for a few days, I gave him your room."

'Is be here still?" "No: left this afternoon."

"All right, then, of course," pursued Hughes, with mock seriousness, "it should not be done for everyone, but for so distinguished a gentleman as Lord Mervyn I am only too proud of the honor.

As he entered his room and proceeded to divest himself of his wraps he thrust his foot against an object lying half concealed on the edge of bureau. Picking it up he examined it

It was the photograph of a young woman, clad becomingly in furs. A pair of smiling eyes looked out at him from under the shadow of a dainty cap. Who on earth could it be? Jack scratched his head in perplexity. Then, turning it over, he saw on the back! To Charles Mervyn, in loving remembrance of H. P.

"Charles Mervyn," that must be the young sprig to whom Osgood had given the room. Why could "H. P." want to give her picture to a man like that? And then there was that "in loving remembrance," too. Well, he certainly didn't care about it, only-

Next morning, as Jack entered the pressroom of the Telegram, he met the theatrical reporter pacing impatiently up and down

"I want you to do me a favor, Jack." he said. "Grandmother dead-apo plexy; want to catch the 9 o'clock train for Liverpool. Will you write up

'Rosalind' to-night? It's at the Star." Jack said at first he couldn't do it. but in his good nature finally consent-At 8 o'clock in the evening he started for the theater. Just as he was passing into the souse he felt a

next moment someone had grasped both his hands and was shaking them violently.

Jack looked up and saw a little man of sandy complexion, whose blue eyes were gasing into his with all the joy of recognition.

"Jack, old man, you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

"Forgotten you, my boy? Well, ? hope not. Thought you were abroad."
"I was. Got tired of wandering about, and looked round for something to do. Look here, what do you think of this?" He handed Jack a card, upon which was engraved: "Ernest Ruthen, manager of Harriet Parkburst Company."

Jack laughed. "So this is the end of your studying in Berlin, is it?"

"Never studied much. Couldn't get the hang of the German language,

They entered the cafe and seated themselves at a side table. "What are you doing now, Jack?"

asked Ruthen. "On the Telegram staff; came to write up 'Rosalind.' How much of a notice do you want-will two columns

"Are you in earnest, Jack?" "Certainly."

Two columns in the Telegram! That means success. Now, Jack, you will get your reward immediately. Come and see Miss Parkhurst act, Shall we look on from the stage or the house?"

"The stage, by all means." They turned down by the side of the theater and passed in a narrow little door, which a dirty sign announced to be the stage entrance. A few steps further down a passage and they stood upon the stage. The curtain was down. Everywhere there was confusion. Workmen were bastening to and fro, carrying furniture and shifting huge pieces of canvas. A file of soldlers were rehearsing their drill noiselessly with their captain. The stage manager, in his shirt sleeves, was giving orders to

was surrounded. Ruthen made his way skillfully be tween the scenes and Jack followed

all-cool, collected, undismayed by the

chaos of scattered articles by which he

him more slowly. "Miss Parkhurst, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr.

Hughes."

play.

As Ruthen spoke Jack raised his eyes and found a young lady. Yes, there was no possibility of mistake; she was the original of his photograph. There were the soft furs nestling close to the slender throat, the dainty cap set coquettichly upon the dark head.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hughes," Jack heard her saying, "but I am late and John Hughes looked around. Could shall have to hurry with my dressing. a box and shook his head to see if he

were really awake. "Anything wrong?" asked Ruthen. "Heart disease," answered Jack with

a smile. "Now," said Ruthen, as the call bell rang, "let's make for a box and see the

The house was barely half-filled with people, and long rows of vacant seats met their eyes as they entered the box. The incandescent lights, shining upon the red-and-gold hangings of the big theater, lent a very desirable air of comfort and warmth to it. Still there was a look of discontent in Ruthen's eves as he cast a quick glance around the audience.

"That house won't pay expenses," he said as he saw Jack's inquiring look "How long are you going to run her?"

"Billed for three weeks, worse luck." growled Ruthen.

"Bet you a 'fiver' you have a crowded house to-morrow night," said the critic complacently.

"What do you mean?" "Just what I say," answered Jack "Now, old man, do not interrupt me; I have got to begin." And taking out a notebook Jack commenced to write.

Ruthen entered the theater next afternoon and found his way blocked by a line of people which stretched from the box office to the street. His conntenance was no longer clouded with anxiety, but he was the picture of con tent, and his eyes beamed through his glasses as though he were at peace with all mankind. Exchanging a furtive wink with the ticket seller he en tered the house, where he found a re hearsal in full progress. The actors who till that day had been noticeably listless and indifferent, had developed an energy as sudden as it was surpris ing. Even the brusqe stage manager, yielding to the general enthusiasm, had softened the notes of his harsh voice to an astonishing degree of mildness.

"Standing room only" stared the publie in the face as they passed by the entrance of the Star that evening, Jack stood before the signboard and contemplated it with no little satisfaction. How strange it all seemed. Last night he had grudgingly come to write up a Parkhurst to be the original of the photograph, and had won success for them

by his glowing description of the play He had done himself a good turn, too, though an indirect one, for the editor of the Telegram, spurred on by the excel-lence of his article, had seen fit to compliment him upon it and make a mate-rial addition to his present salary. Just

ployed in staring vacantly at the sign, feet acting, so well did the actors apseized him and bore him off to the pear to feign en harrassment. Never coxy office.

"You have done me a good turn, Jack," he said; "positively saved me the look of agony and appeal upon it

from bankruptcy."
"Bosh!" said Jack, but he was pleased all the same, and went up to a portrait with an uproar which seemed to raise of Miss Parkhurst as Rosalind to hide the roof. his confusion

"Beautiful woman, Mies Parkhurst, eh?" asked Ruthen, darting a quick that she had called him by his first look at Jack

"More than beautiful-charming, I should say."

"Just so," said Ruthen.

. Two weeks have sped quickly by, and 'Rosalind" is still playing to crowded houses. Jack and Ruthen have become as inseparable as it is possible for two Jack's surprise Harriet now rose and beings whose time is so occupied to be, and all Jack's spare moments are spent face eloquent with anger. in Ruthen's office, except such few moments as they spend together round at alone, and hearing the door open he does not look up. "Ruthen in ?"

It is a stout old gentleman who has addressed him, one very courteous in manner and very neatly dressed.

"Beg pardon," says Jack. "Thought you were he. He has not come in yet. Will you not be seated?" "Thanks, can't wait. Will call later.

Kindly give him my card." Jack nods and the gentleman bows very politely and leaves. The critic glances indifferently at the card-"Sir

Charles Mervyn, Chiswick." A little later Ruthen enters and finds Jack standing in the center of the room, apparently oblivious to all his surroundings, whistling a tune from "Erminte.

"What's happened now, Jack?" Jack hands him the card.

"Sir Chawles sez ez how he'll call later," he remarked.

The manager gazed at his friend in no little surprise. For the last few days he had seemed rather moody and despondent, and now he was suddenly changed.

"Be back in a minute. Want to post some letters," Jack said, picking up his

Truly he took a long time to get to a postoffice. Passing through a door over which was the legend "Stage entrance" and nodding to the doorkeeper, whose grim old face slowly relaxed into a mile as he saw who it was for Jack had become a great favorite with all; he asked for for Miss Parkhurst.

"Said she couldn't see no one this afternoon. These mattynays is very trying."

"May I come in?"

"That depends on who it is," an wered the person on the other side of the door calmly.

"It's me." "Who is me?"

"Jack."

"Jack who?"

"Jack Hughes," said the critic, coolly Now if my catechism is satisfactorily answered, let me revert to the original question. 'May I come in?' " The door was opened.

"I am penciling my eyebrows; sit

down and watch me," said the frank young maiden. She returned to the mirror and re

umed operations on the eyebrows. "Won't you please be seated?" she said, sweetly, after Jack had wandered round the room several minutes.

"Where, for instance?" he asked glancing vainly for an unoccupied "There doesn't seem to be a vacant article of furniture anywhere." There is always the floor," suggested the actress carelessly, putting a finishing touch to her eyebrows.

"Or the celling," said Jack. "Now," said Miss Parkhurst, "let's go and try the first scene on the stage. I will be the maiden fair and you can

act the disappointed lover." The scene was set, and the actress ank into a great armchair which was drawn up before the fireplace. Jack set-

tled himself upon a stool at her feet, hat and cane still in hand. "How long before the play com-

mences?" he asked. "O, not for some time. The bell will give you warning, and, besides, the orchestra is still playing."

Jack was most unaccountably silent. "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Hughes."

"Do you really want to know them, Miss Parkburst? Harriet nodded.

"Well, then," said Jack, "there they are. I was thinking of how well

His sentence was destined never to oe finished. A bell sounded, and simultaneously the great curtain rose, disclosing to the critic's astonished gaze the dazzling gleam of the footlights and the eager faces of a large audience. For new play. He had met in Ruthen an a brief moment he hesitated, so sudold college chum; had found Harriet | denly had it all happened, and then he was about to arise from the stool upon which he had seated himself, when Harriet laid her hand on his arm and

said hurriedly: "Act as though you were terribly em

"What?" gasped Jack, frantically Luckily for both, the applause of the audience was now redoubled as they

tremendous slap on the shoulder, and | then Ruthen caught sight of him em- saw what seemed to them a bit of perbefore had they seen such naturalness, and when Jack's face met their view only served as added fuel to their admiration, and they burst forth anew

"Keep it up, Jack," whispered Miss Parkhurst, forgetting in her excitement

"Keep it up?" shouted he, rising unthinkingly to his feet, and now thoroughly beside himself at the thought of the figure he was cutting, "how can I help keeping it up?"

ence saw him about to speak. To stood before him, her eyes flashing, her "Yes, Mario, keep it up at all hazards Continue as you have begun. Follow

The applause subsided as the audi-

the palatial "Shakspeare." To-day he me with your persecution as you will, is writing at Ruthen's deak. He is all but do not for a moment think that it leguminous plant. will aid your cause." When Jack had seen Harriet ap-

proaching him, with a mental "What's coming now, I wonder?" he, already on his feet, prepared for flight. When she spoke, however, he caught his cue. Gazing at her sadly, he began in a broken voice:

"Mlas-" "Rosalind." breathed Harriet, sotto

"Miss Rosalind," continued Jack recklessly. "I have hoped against all reason. Heaven knows you never gave me the slightest encouragement, yet fill up the space with the fresh-cut the great love I bear you must plend forgiveness for any unwitting rudeness. Good-by, my darling. May God blees you!"

"Are you going?" murmured Harriet, faintly, quite aghast at this unexpected eloquence.

"Yes, far away from here. I will never trouble you again, Rosalind. May I kiss you before we part?"

Rosalind seemed to harbor some serious doubts as to the propriety of this request, but there was no time to hest tate, and Jack took her in his arms.

"Mr. Impudence!" laughed the ac tress, as he pressed his lips to hers. "Couldn't belp it," answered Jack blandly, in an aside, under cover of an expression of deep sorrow. "All in the

"Yes, only go slowly and don't stumble." Jack stalked sadly away after the

I do now, run for it?"

most approved fashion. "Well, I never!" Ruthen was standing behind a piece of scenery mopping ground stables are unfit for horses the perspiration from his face. "You Jack pressed a coin into the willing did nobly, my boy. The leading actor working teams out to pasture during hand of the doorkeeper and groped his was delayed, and just arrived. The call the night. This will more surely weakboy mistook you for him, thought everything was ready, and rang for the the farmer can do to him. curtain. What a fright I was in when saw you there!"

"Wouldn't go through that again for

a thousand pounds," said Jack. "You wouldn't, eh?" laughed Ruthen After the evening performance Ruthen and Miss Parkhurst entered the "Shakspeare," and were shown to a room in which was a table set with dainty china and glass. Here they

found Jack impatiently awaiting them. "Come," said Ruthen, in his quick, nervous manner, "we won't walt for Mervyn. He told me he would be a little late.

Dinner passed off very pleasantly, but no Mervyn appeared.

Where can Uncle Charles be?" ask ed Harriet. "Uncle who?" said Jack.

"Didn't you know Charles Mervyn was my uncle?" "Surely," Jack thought, "this is a

most eventful evening "I wonder," said Ruthen, "if he has mistaken the room. I'll go down to the office and see if he has been there Jack, I leave you in Miss Parkhurst's

care. Ruthen was on the point of giving up his search as fruitless, and was about to return, when he met Mervyn just entering the hotel.

"Very sorry to have broken up your little party, Ruthen, but I was unavoidably detained."

"Your niece and Mr. Hughes are waiting for us upstairs. Let's join them.

Ruthen preceded the corpulent baronet up the stairs. "Here we are, Sir Charles," he said, throwing open the door.

What was it that caused him to closit again with such haste and endeavor to put on an expression of unconscious-Jack had slipped into an easier attitude and Harriet had picked up a book,

"Well," said the baronet, somewhat testily, for he had just finished a hard climb, "are they there?" "Yes, I believe so," said Ruthen, "Believe so! Don't you know?" and, passing by Ruthen quickly, he opened

but too late for Ruthen's quick eyes.

the door and stood on the threshold. He turned around. "They seem to be engaged, Ruthen," he said, with an attempt at dignity. "Shall we have a game of bill-

Those who hold positions over a man may be sorry when he dies, but those holding positions under him look at his remains with considerable hope

lards?"-Good Company.

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARM. ER AND HOUSEWIFE.

The Best Green Food for the Dairy man's Herd-Barn Basements Not Desirable for Horses-A Hard Problem to Solve-Farm Notes.

The Cow Pea.

It is beginning to be understood that the legumes, such as clover, alfalfa and pes vines, are not only the best green feed for the dairyman's herd during the summer, but among the best for the winter hay, if properly cured. The difficulty of curing the hay of the pea vine has done much to prevent its use for a winter feed among dairymen who have fed it with profit during the summer. We select from one of our exchanges the following plan for the cutting and preserving of the hay from this useful

The practical man who gives us the information says: "After the vine commences to bear, and some of the pods half grown, I take a grass blade and cut the vines some five or six

inches above the ground. "This work is done after the dew has dried off and the vine is clear of all the moisture from dew or rain. While the process of cutting the vines is going on, I have prepared a lot of fence rails-or poles will do. I commence a pen, first by flooring it with rails or poles; I then build it, say two feet high. I then vines as fast as I can. After the space is filled, then I floor again; go two feet high, and fill this space, and continue until I get the pen ten feet high. On the last space I manage to have it sloped. After you fill the last space cover with boards to prevent them from getting wet, and the job is done. No need of handling them any more, not even for feeding."-Farming News.

Basements Not Best for Horses. The basement barn ought never to used to keep horses in in summer. It is a cool place, but it is made so by being kept too dark and by lack of ventilation. The odor from the urine is constantly rising from their evacuations, and as interest of art, you know. What shall this contains much ammonia it is doubly injurious, first to the health and secondly to the eyesight. Many horses have been blinded by being kept in dark stables, with perhaps a light shining from a small window over the horse's head. The fact that the undersomtimes induces farmers to turn their en a working horse than anyth

> It Is a Hard Problem. The average wages paid to each operative in our manufacturing industries was \$485 per year, according to the census of 1890, an increase of twothirds over 1860. But the gross receipts from the average farm, with its stock and implements worth all told about \$3,500, were only \$408 for each operative or mature person who worked on the farm, a decrease of 15 per cent. The shrinkage in farm values has been more serious during the past five years than the decline in wages. The problem of the times is to even these things up, so that with equitable taxation and strict economy in public expenditure, the chances for a happy life and moderate competence may be as good in country as in city, on farm as in fac-

On Pruning. If trees have been pruned in the fall, winter or spring, the careful orchardist will find considerable work to do during the summer months, and should always go armed with a strong hookbladed pruning knife or a heavy jackknife with a strong blade, when taking a walk through the orchard. In most bearing orchards young trees are planted from time to time as others die and are removed; and it is during the growing months that small trees need the most looking after. Sprouts start out along the stems of small trees, and if allowed to grow will take up most of the nourishment from the roots. The top of the trees will make but little growth and will soon wear a sickly look. In windy locations young trees are very apt to get top-heavy on the opposite side from prevailing winds and should be kept cut back in order to preserve the symmetry of the trees. The real time to prune in this country is whenever anything is found out of position and needs cutting away. The careful orchardist carries his pruner with him as religiously as a Texas cowboy packs his gun.-Field and Farm. Outside Rows of Corn.

In almost all grain crops the rows next to the fence are poorer than those toward the center of the field. This is also true of the potato crop, the trampling of horses at the end of the row, while cultivating injuring the plants. There is the same kind of injury with corn, but usually the outside rows have more and better ears than those that have shade on all sides of them. Occasionally, however, on the windward side the bills on the outside row will not be so well filled with grain, as the pellen is blown into the field instead of | ward- in small returns.

to the outside rows. It is not often that an ear is fertilized in large part with the pollen from its own stalk. Nature provides for crossing, and the corn plant mixes more freely than any other when differing varieties are grown near each other.

Turnipe Among Corn.

It is a comomn remark among farmers that the turnips sown in summer make their best growth after frost comes. This is not wholly because the corn is then cut and ceases to shade the turnips, nor is it wholly because at this time there are frequent rains which stimulate growth. The chief reason we think is that so soon as frost stops the growth of corn it ceases to draw from the soil the available plant food which at this season is developed by cultivation very rapidly. There is probably no time when the soil contains more available fertility than just when the growth is checked by frost. Most of this plant food, if not used by the turnips, would be washed away and lost during the following winter.

Apple Tree Roots. There is a great difference in the way the roots of apple and other fruit trees run. It is usually in the same line with their tops. Pear trees naturally spire upwards, and they have roots that strike for the subsoil. A Russet, or Greening apple tree or a Baldwin will have very different roots from a Northern Spy. An experienced nurseryman can distinguish most of the common varieties of apple trees by the peculiarities of their root growth. He can also tell by the way roots grow. in seedling trees whether the variety will be likely to be a liberal bearer, or will run mainly to wood growth. The apple trees whose roots run horizontally near the surface are always the best bearers.

Alsike Hay. Because Alsike clover has finer stems and is therefore easily cured, it is commonly preferred for feeding young stock, as calves and lambs. But not any richer if it is as rich a second growth of clover hay, which also has fine stems. This last is usually dark colored because it is cured late in the season, and its large amount of nitrogenous matter causes it to best easily, and it is usually partly ferment-ed before it comes to the barn. But though it may look dark colored all kinds of stock will cut it greedly. It is really more nutritious and therefore better than the bright clover of the first growth cured in midenmen

Tipe on Cowe' Horns.

The next best thing to dehorning is to fit a metal blunt tip over the horns of cattle so as to prevent the horns from piercing when in play or anger it is pushed against other animals. These tips can be procured at most hardware stores, and sawing off enough of the horn to make them a good fit is a painless operation that does not require either skill or severe labor.

Packing Grapes Grapes should be picked at least twenty-four hours before packing, as if packed at once after picking, they settle so that the basket is only about

customer.

two-thirds full when it reaches the

Farm Notes The Vermont station kills potato bugs with a mixture of one pound Paris green to 100 pounds land plaster, all costing 65 cents, while 100 pounds of patent bug remedies cost \$5 and up.

It is said that sulphur applied to the

shoulders of horses that have collar boils will cause boils to disappear. It is better, however, to prevent sore shoulders by having well-fitting collars. When the borer gets into a peach tree run a piece of wire into the bore and kill it. It may also be necessary to use a knife, but if so never cut across the

tree, but follow the bark up and down. Kindness to stock, besides being right in itself, pays in dollars and cents. A successful breeder of driving horses says his success has been very largely due to the fact that he never allows a blow or a cross word in the stable yard or pasture.

Celery should have rich ground, and it is useless to use any but well-rotted manure on the crop. A few rows of celery in the garden will not be regretted later. One of the best liquids for celery s sonpsuds, which seems to give excellent results on both celery and aspara-

It is better to cut hay a little too early than to allow the grass to ripen the seeds. When hay is cut at a late stage of its growth more indigestible matter will be contained in it, and what may be gained in its weight is lost by the proportion that is not digested.

The quantity of salt that cattle may need must be left to them, for the amount varies with the different foods and in foods grown in different solls; but it must be artificially supplied, because it is an essential constituent of the blood, and because it is lacking in many of the common foods.

There is often a difference of more than 50 per cent. in the selling price of improved stock over scrubs, yet the breeder of the latter will excuse himself by saying that the scrubs are hardy and less expensive to feed and care for. There is not much to be said to such a man. He will get his own re-