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## SOLDIERS AT HOME.

### THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

**How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.**

#### A Strange Story.

The ex-baggage-master was in a reminiscent mood the other night, and he recited several first-class yarns, says a southern writer in the Chicago Times-Herald. One of his stories has been running in my head ever since he told it, and the only way for me to get rid of it is to jot it down on paper. I will let the baggage-master tell the story in his own words.

"Just after the war," said the old man, "I was running on one of the roads leading out of Montgomery. Several ex-Confederates were on the train and quite a number of Federal officers and soldiers. Our rules were not very strict in those days and as the other cars were crowded I let two of the passengers ride in the baggage car with me. They were young men—one a Federal soldier and the other an ex-Confederate, a mere boy of 17. At that time many of the Southerners had to wear their old uniforms, as they had nothing better. There was no objection to this, but it was a common thing for the Federals to halt the boys in gray and cut off their buttons when they wore the letters 'C. S. A.'"

"Well, this boy wore his gray jacket and was in a very bad humor. He paid no attention to the Union soldier, and talked recklessly. Among other things he said that he had left the other car because an officer had cut off his buttons, all except one, which had been overlooked. The youngster pointed to this with pride, and said that he intended to keep it at any cost. The man in blue, who was five or six years older than the other, listened attentively and finally pulled out his pocket-knife. Before the other realized what was going on his button was severed from his jacket and thrown out of the open door.

"The lad glared at his enemy for a moment, and there was the look of a hunted tiger in his eyes. I made up my mind that there would be trouble, and was ready to step between them, when the boy relieved me by laughing and saying something about the fortune of war. Then he patted up and down the car whistling tune after tune. The Federal sat down on a box by the door where I was seated and explained his conduct. He said that he had nothing against the men who had fought him on the other side, but he drew the line at Confederate flags and buttons. He did not think that they should be displayed in public. With the gray uniform it was different, because many of the wearers had no other garments.

"It was growing pretty dark by this time, and the train was crossing a deep ravine on a trestle 100 feet high. I was looking out into the darkness and thinking about what had just occurred, when my companion suddenly shot headfirst into the black ravine. I looked around, and behind the box on which the man had been sitting stood the boy, with a peculiar smile on his pale face. I asked him what he had done, but he would give me no satisfaction. He said very quietly that I could not say that I had seen him push the soldier from his seat, and this was true, as I had my head bent down at the time and turned in the opposite direction.

"I told him what I thought about it, but he suggested that it might be a case of suicide or fits. Finally he grew serious and asked me if I proposed to give him away. Of course I told him that it was my duty to report the facts. This seemed to disturb him somewhat, and just as the train crossed the trestle I'll be hanged if he didn't leap through the door like a young panther. He landed on his feet and was out of sight in a moment.

"You may be sure that I was badly bothered, but no questions were asked at the end of my run, so I held my tongue. Nobody ever said a word to me about the affair and I thought it best to remain silent. But there is no doubt in my mind. That boy threw the soldier out as sure as we are sitting here, and he did it to revenge himself for the loss of that button."

The baggage-master filled his pipe and puffed away thoughtfully.

"Did you ever hear of the murderer again?" I asked.

The old man smiled, and then laughed in a quiet way.

"Yes, I saw him two years ago," he replied.

"You saw him—where?"

"In a State in the far West. I prefer not to be more definite."

"Had he drifted into a life of crime?"

"No, oh no—nothing of the sort."

My curiosity was excited and I asked for further particulars. After considerable urging, the baggage-master finished his story.

"When I saw him," said he, still smiling, "he was a bishop and I heard him preach an excellent sermon."

"Did he look like a man who had suffered?"

"Not a bit of it. He was fair, fat and jolly, and his face did not show

a line of care or a wrinkle, while his hair did not have a touch of gray. After the sermon I met him face to face. His eyes met mine, but he showed no sign of recognition."

The story worried me, and I suggested that possibly the man was innocent—perhaps the Federal soldier had fallen from the car without being pushed out.

"No," said my friend, "I was there, and I have thought it all over. The fellow was in perfect health and it took a powerful push to hurl him from the car. Somebody threw him out, and as I did not it follows that the bishop is the guilty party."

"You have never made this public and given the murderer's name?"

"No. It all happened thirty-one years ago. I know the bishop's name, but I do not know what name he bore when I met him in the car. Let the matter drop. The bishop seems to be doing a good work. If the gallows was the loser the pulpit was the gainer."

#### Grant's Gratitude.

"I think I carry with me the finest proof of Grant's love and gratitude of any man living," said Col. William Barnard, of St. Louis. He opened his pocket-book and drew out two worn and creased papers; one, a blank check signed "Ulysses S. Grant," the other, a few lines scrawled on a torn bit from a memorandum book, to the effect that "the within is good up to \$50,000," and signed "Grant."

The "Col. Bill" told his story:

Years before he had been a rich man, and there came a time when the young infantryman got into trouble through no great fault of his own, but through that faculty for trusting people, which never left him in all the after years. He needed some money, and needed it badly, yet he was too proud to ask anyone of his wife's relatives or family connection to loan him the amount. As he afterward expressed it when talking over the affair with "Col. Bill," who had been one of his best friends from the time he courted "Miss Julia," he was "in a devil of a fix."

Without knowing very much about the complications, but receiving an intimation from an officer stationed at the same fort, the Colonel sent the subaltern an unfiled check, with instructions to use it if he needed it. Grant did use it, and labeled and filed away the little debt of gratitude he was to owe for many a long day. "Col. Bill's" fortunes fell with those of hundreds of others in the city on the banks of the big river, but always, in some unobtrusive way, a chance was given him to recoup, and without becoming wealthy again he kept "in comfortable circumstances."

Partly knowing the intimate relations existing between the successful General and the Colonel besought him time and again to go with them into certain gigantic schemes that needed only the tacit consent and protection of Grant to make every man among them a multi-millionaire. Once the Colonel hunted up Grant "down in the jungles" of the Southwest and told him how he was being "pestered to death" by those enterprising "blockade runners." Grant listened quietly until the story was done, and then he swore a few of the mighty, righteous oaths kept for choice occasions.

"Bill, do you want to go into that thing? If you do I can't say a word, but—"

"It would have done your heart good to have seen his face soften and heard his voice tremble, when I assured him that though I didn't consider myself a saint by any means, I did consider myself a gentleman, and that though a million or two would come in right handy, I had no thought of making it in a way that would certainly reflect upon his honor. We talked of other things after that, as Grant seemed to want to dismiss the subject entirely. In answer to his inquiries I told him I was doing fairly well financially, and then we drifted to 'home talk,' and I soon after left him and went North, and later abroad. When I next saw Grant he was in Washington, and upon bidding him 'good-night' after one of our long talks, he handed me an envelope, saying carelessly: 'Here is something may fit in sometime.' When I went to my rooms I broke the seal and found the check just as you see it and this characteristic note."—Washington Post.

#### Amenities of the War.

Stuart, Lee's famous chief of cavalry—the Murat of the Confederacy—was ordered to cross the Potomac, harass the rear of McClellan's army, and invade Pennsylvania. With five thousand troopers, he encircled the whole Federal army unchecked, and McClellan, in a dispatch to Halleck, excused his failure to arrest the march of the daring raiders around his army (which had received eighteen thousand fresh horses since the battle of Sharpsburg) by stating: "The horses of this army are greatly fatigued, and have sore tongues." To that dispatch President Lincoln sent this characteristic answer: "Will you pardon me for asking what your horses have done since Antietam that fatigues anything?" But McClellan never deigned a reply.

No man has any mercy on his own besetting sin, when he sees it in another.

## TOPICS FOR FARMERS

### A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

**Cut Feed Best for Horses—How to Preserve Corn Fodder—The Culture of Walnuts—Cross Drilling of Wheat—General Farm Notes.**

#### Cut Feed for Horses.

All farmers use cut feed for horses when at hard work, because there is a great saving in the labor needed to digest cut feed. If mixed with some grain meal, and wet so that the meal can only be got by eating the cut feed mixed with it, the whole will be chewed sufficiently to moisten it with saliva, which is necessary to quicken digestion. But this economy in feeding cut feed is also important when the horse is not working. If the cut feed is corn stalks, it should always be steamed or wet with very hot water, so as to soften the cut ends of the stalks, which may cause injury. This is best also if hay or straw is cut, particularly wheat or rye straw, which being harder than cut hay and less nutritious is not so likely to be thoroughly chewed. The stomach of the horse needs a slight irritation. This is the advantage which the oat has over other grains. Its hull helps the grain to digest better, and this makes the horse feed frisky and able to do his best. It is an old saying of farmers that when an old horse begins to act unusually coltish he has probably "got an oat standing cornerwise against his stomach, and he jumps around so as to get it out." It is a homely illustration, but may have much truth in it.

#### Preserving Corn Fodder.

The great attention paid to ensilage ought not to lessen interest in keeping and curing corn fodder dry. There is no cheaper feed that the farmer can grow, and we will not except even the same feed cut green and put into the silo. If corn is cut just as the ears are glazing, its fodder will be then at its best, and the grain will also take all from the stalks that it would get by standing longer. So soon as the husks are dry enough to allow husking easily the corn should be husked, and the stalks will then usually be in good condition for drying to the farm or stack. It is better to make medium-sized stacks, so that the stalks will not undergo violent heating. A slight heating will soften the shell of the stalk without injuring it in any way. When freezing weather comes these stalks will be thoroughly dry, or at least seem so, and they should then be cut with a horse-power cutter. Such a machine will put through in a single day five times as much as a man can do with only hand power, and at the saving of much hard labor. The stalks after cutting will heat some more, and should be watched and turned with a shovel occasionally, so that the under portions may not mildew or blacken. Corn fodder so prepared will be eaten with little or no waste.

#### Walnut Culture.

The walnut is best grown from the nut, but it can also be propagated by budding, grafting and layering. Fresh gathered nuts should be selected, and they can be sown in nurseries in drills two feet apart, or better, where it is intended for them to remain, as this tree makes a very strong taproot, which, if the tree be left too long before removal, may be injured in the transplanting. A deep and preferentially a calcareous soil should be chosen, with a dry bottom. The young tree is somewhat delicate and is apt to be injured by the spring frosts. In cold districts, therefore, it must be protected for a year or two. Plenty of room must be allowed, as it is a vigorous grower and makes fully twenty feet in height in ten years, at which date it usually begins to bear a crop. Once established little or no attention is required, and except to remove unsightly growths no pruning is necessary. It will attain quite 100 feet in height, and lives to a great age, its productiveness increasing with its years. It is very suitable for avenue planting, as a roadside tree, or to be planted along irrigating canals, preferably on the upper side and some little distance from the water.

#### Cross Drilling of Wheat.

No winter grain should be cross drilled. It is doubtful whether there are any advantages in cross drilling grain at any season. The check to growth in the drill furrow is only enough to save the grain from becoming too vigorous and being thereby attacked with rust. The particular objection to cross drilling winter grain is that half the seed is double covered and is buried under the ridge made by the second drilling. We tried this once, and found that the first drilling was entirely winter killed, or so nearly so that very little grain could be found except in the last drill rows. The checked appearance of a cross-drilled grain crop makes it look fine when the plants come up, but the crop is never afterwards so good as that when the seed is drilled all one way.

#### The Care of Honey.

Honey has a great affinity for moisture, and if comb honey is stored in a damp atmosphere it will absorb the moisture through the slightly porous

cappings and become thin and watery. The bulk of the honey will be so increased that it will burst the cells and ooze out. The honey may become so thinned that fermentation will set in. Gold is also detrimental to comb honey, causing it to candy in the cells. When comb honey is first taken from the hives, it should be stored in a warm, dry atmosphere. A room in the south-west corner of a building where it will become very hot in the afternoon is a good place to store it. The heat continues the ripening process, and if there are any unsealed cells, the honey in them becomes thicker and riper instead of thinner. Down cellar is where the ordinary purchaser of comb honey is almost sure to put it. No place could be more undesirable for keeping comb honey. As ordinarily kept, comb honey will candy before spring, but by keeping it in a warm atmosphere it will not candy, and will really improve with time.

#### Melons Not Grown in Hills.

It seems most natural to most people when planting melons to make a hill, put lots of manure under it, cover it with soil and plant the seed. This almost insures the drying out of the hill and the failure of the vines just when they are needing most moisture to produce the crop. The better way is to plant the seed in a line along a slight ridge, putting some nitrate of soda under the seed, and scattering a very little of the manure a little distance from the vines, so that when the roots form on the points, as they will, they will strike down to the manure. A very little manure is enough to furnish plant food, and is better than the large quantity that only dries up the ground and causes the crop to fail.

#### Potato Bugs on Tomato Vines.

Late in the season, after most of the early planted potato vines have died down, there will always come an influx of these pests on the tomato vines, which, differently as they seem to us, the bug recognizes as belonging to the solanum family, and therefore his proper prey. In most cases hand picking of the old bugs as they appear will be the only remedy. The hard shell beetles do not eat, so they cannot be poisoned, besides paris green should never be used to protect vegetables grown above ground from insect attacks. The tomato is very often cut up without being fed, or is cooked in its skin, and poison may thus be conveyed to those who eat this fruit.

#### Dairy Dots.

Feed all that the cows will cut up clean.

Neither the strainer nor the separator will take dissolved filth out of the milk or cream; prevention is the only remedy.

If the cows are allowed to eat the bitter muzzles, the milk will be bitter. While the grass is plentiful, however, they will not eat much weeds.

Care must be taken to see that the pastures supply plenty of food; otherwise the cows may begin to fail in their milk giving.

To churn easily and make good butter, milk should not be over thirty-six hours old. Keeping milk too long and failing to salt the cows makes butter slow to come.

The best churning temperature is 62 degrees in summer, and 64 degrees in winter. If you feed much cotton seed in winter you can go to 68 or 70 degrees, and it will do no harm. The lower the better.

Milk stations are found at various places in the cities of Ohio. A cow is tethered on a platform, and when a person wants a drink of milk the cow is milked to order. The cost is a trifle, and brandy is at hand if he prefers a milk punch.

Cows get more sustenance from fodder when it is properly cut up. Testing cows with equal milking capacity, it was found that 721 pounds of cut fodder produced as much milk as 1,133 pounds of uncut stalks. This is a difference which demands attention.

#### Farm Notes.

There are more failures from bad management than bad seasons.

Run the mower over the weedy pastures; it is a good way to reduce the number of weeds.

The best paying crops are grown, not by the farmer with the richest soil, but by the one with the longest head.

In getting your wheat ground ready for sowing, don't stop the work of preparation too soon. Much depends upon thorough cultivation.

A success with alfalfa is reported from the Michigan Experiment Station. When cut frequently throughout the year, as it should be, it yields much better than red clover.

To make use of good sweet corn for seed: As soon as the husks begin to turn white, pick out a sufficient number of the best ears and lay in the sun until thoroughly dried. Then hang up in a loft where they will be safe from vermin.

Red Kaffir corn has proved to be one of the cheapest feeds grown, according to the "Kansas Farmer." It stands dry weather better than any other plant, and with the same treatment averaged 40 per cent. more grain and over 90 per cent. more fodder than Indian corn.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

**Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.**

England is about to launch a new \$5,000,000 battleship. She is not counting upon the immediate substitution of international arbitration for war.

Hard coal will be higher this winter because the public has no servant courageous and honest enough to enforce the letter of the law against the hard coal trust.

A London dispatch says the Prince of Wales is recovering his old spirits, and is resuming many of his earlier ways. This may or may not be a compliment to the prince.

If Li Hung Chang had experimented with "cold tea" while in Washington the other day we feel sure that he would have added to his suite Hi Ball, Sing Long and Fur Tung.

Lord Chief Justice Russell and other eminent leaders of British thought make eloquent pleas for international arbitration with the United States, but none of them made any offer of that kind to Zanzibar.

We can hardly believe the report that the Marquis of Queensberry personally requested Lady Sholto Douglas to leave the stage. He could not have taken so much interest in the matter unless he had seen her perform.

"Let us hope," fervently exclaims the Philadelphia Times, "that the fashion of wearing socks now prevalent among fair cyclists in Paris will never reach here." Can it be possible that in Philadelphia fair cyclists go bare-legged?

According to the New Orleans Picayune the Louisiana anti-high hat law permits the ladies to "display their handsome heads uncovered as well as to exhibit their good hearts." If that is so the law must be exceedingly decollete, and speak.

The plan for the Eldon Library in New York, a picture of which has just been published, shows a truly magnificent building that is not surpassed by even the Grant tomb as evidence that New York is among the most enterprising and lavish cities in the world, so far as making plans is concerned.

A New York reporter who went to interview Li Hung Chang was asked at the outset by the Chinese Tallyrand as to his age and the amount of his salary. A Yankee answers a question by asking another, but Li Hung Chang fires a volley of interrogations that renders a reporter speechless.

An exchange tells a story of a boy who went to market with a sack of rabbits and lingered around town all day. When asked by his father why he had not sold the rabbits he said no one had asked what was in the sack. How many merchants are like this boy?

They have plenty of goods for sale, but fail to tell the people "what is in the sack." If you expect to sell goods in this day and age of the world you must open your sack and keep shouting the merits of your stock in trade.

Every year as the threshing season begins we hear of engines exploding or of other accidents, showing lack of care on the part of the engineer. Too much care cannot be taken to secure men who are thoroughly competent.

men who will understand when the engine becomes too old to be longer safe, which more often than anything else is the cause of explosions. Many steam engines rust out rather than wear out, but are even more dangerous on that account.

For those who believe in the fatality of the number thirteen, the American quarter-dollar is about the most unlucky article they can carry. On the said coin there are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll which the eagle holds in its claws, thirteen feathers are in its tail, there are thirteen parallel lines on the shield, thirteen horizontal stripes, thirteen arrowheads, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter-dollar."

The Bishop of Colchester, England, has taken to the wheel, and thereby greatly shocked large numbers of the truly good in his diocese. The London papers are now hard at work discussing the great question, Should a bishop ride a bicycle? Strange to say, it has long been customary in England for the curates, vicars and rectors of the State Church to ride the wheel, but the line has been drawn at rectors.

The "biking" Bishop of Colchester bravely proposes to efface the line. Success to him, and may he never puncture his tire more than half a mile away from a repair shop!

An agent of the Humane Society at Washington caused the arrest of the driver of a horse which had a sore

back. This was a praiseworthy act and no doubt caused a temporary flutter of happiness to the poor old horse. The flutter did not last long, however, as the animal having been taken from the hands of its cruel owner was backed up in front of a police station and left there in the burning sun for ten hours. Driven by its owner when its back was sore, left in the sun by a beneficent police force and entirely neglected in the important matter of food and water by the Humane Society, the horse might well ask to be delivered from its friends.

A writer in an Eastern magazine makes this last appeal to the object of what he probably calls his love: "My heart, one kiss, just one; That thro' eternity's gloom I may see the light of your eyes Reflected 'gainst the dark of the tomb."

We wish it were in our power to help the poet out of his anguish. Whoever his "heart" is she ought to thaw out and give him one, just one, kiss. In his present condition he can't last long, and according to the latest mortuary report he is likely to be looking through eternity's gloom a long while. And she wouldn't miss just one kiss. Our friend is a trifle shy on his prosody, but he overcomes the deficiency when it comes to making a strong argument. He wants the kiss, not merely for the pleasure it will afford him, but because he wants some light through eternity's gloom. As eternity's gloom is reported to be thick he thinks his girl's eyes are built on the X-ray plan and that their light is turned on and off by pressing her lips. That is just about as much sense as a poet usually has anyway. The quoted verse proves beyond all successful contrivance that poets are born and not made; and for this reason they should not be blamed too severely. Had he not been a poet, and a magazine poet at that, he would have obtained that kiss and eternity's gloom would not have entered into the transaction. He would have said to his heart: "Let's have another, just one and then I'll duck, and he would have received it. But the poet must whimper and simper until any sensible American girl would wish he was in the middle of eternity's gloom and not a match in sight. The question "What shall we do with our poets?" is not difficult to answer: It is downright easy if they are magazine poets.

The roller ship designed by M. Ernest Bazin, which has just been launched on the Seine, suggests the idea that we are on the eve of a new era in the business of shipbuilding and that the much-strived-for five-day passage between New York and Southampton is by no means the limit of the possibilities which we may shortly look forward to. The chief difficulty which marine architects have had to contend with in increasing the speed of new types of vessels has been in overcoming the resistance due to skin friction—that is, the hold which the water retains on the ship's hull as it passes through it. Mr. Bazin has utilized this resistance as a means of increasing the speed of his new vessel. The hollow disks which support the body of his ship are revolved at the same time that they are being thrust through the water by the screw propeller; in this way they act as wheels as well as floats. Many attempts have been made from time to time to build ships that would go over the water instead of through it, but none of them attained any considerable degree of success. Not long ago an invention called a water locomotive was patented at Washington by an American named Pond; his idea was to revolve an endless chain of hollow pontoons over and under the body of his vessel. The pontoons were fitted with a small blade along one edge, sufficient to grip the water, and as they revolved the framework inside moved swiftly along. The inventor estimated that its speed would be equal to that of land locomotives, but up to the present time it has not passed beyond the model stage. Mr. Bazin expects that a ship built after his model on the same scale as the present Atlantic liners, should make at least thirty-five miles an hour. If the principle of his novel craft proves successful, a host of new-fangled inventions on similar lines will quickly follow; first ideas will speedily be improved on, and it may be only a short time before our present ocean greyhounds are relegated to the cold limbo where the horse cars rest.

#### Wit of the Joyous Lunatic.

The teeth of the old gentleman who was frequently late to breakfast came together upon some hard substance with a thrilling shock. The old gentleman who was frequently late to breakfast turned an injured glance upon the landlady. The Joyous lunatic smiled cheerfully.

"Madam," said the old gentleman, "as a general thing I do not criticize the victuals you see fit to place before us, but in this case I am obliged to. I have, I am certain, found some foreign substance in the hash."

#### The Face of the Joyous Lunatic Lighted up.

"No substance," he remarked, "is foreign to hash."

#### Diamonds costing less than \$100 are noticed only by people who own small diamonds themselves.