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GOOD ROADS

Mud and Safety.
Some writers are clamoring for a great system of military roads over which we could hurry our armies in case of invasion by a foreign foe.

It seems to us this is not the proper view to take of it. Why not keep the roads we have in many parts of the country? No foe could pass over them. They are the best kind of protection against friend or foe who may seek to pass along them.

There are many towns so effectually hedged about with these bottomless barriers that progress can't reach them in a hundred years. They are barricaded against the world about them.

Sitting amidst a vast contiguity of mud, some communities live and rot like weeds in a bayou. Or if it isn't mud, it is sand or dust that makes traveling impossible, or, at least, unpleasant.

These towns are full of nice, mossy old citizens, who do not believe in being caught up by any new-fangled notions regarding road improvements. The poor roads they have always had are good enough. Yes, good enough for them, but not for the boys and up-to-date men.

The persistent bicycle is everywhere pleading for the cause of Good Roads. Its friends should call their forces together and battle for right things and progress.

As sure as anything can be, mud is going out of fashion. Public decency and convenience is being looked after.

Building Country Roads.

The problem we have to solve in Pennsylvania is to endeavor to utilize the money and natural material at hand to the best advantage on our country roads. There is money enough expended in this State year by year which, if judiciously and practically used, in the course of a very few years would "pike" all the principal thoroughfares in the State outside of the cities and boroughs. From the best obtainable statistics we find that for the year ending May 31, 1895, the road tax levied in the several counties of Pennsylvania, outside the cities and boroughs, was \$3,622,708.76. This, of course, does not include Philadelphia County. The total mileage of public roads in the same territory is 80,000 miles. From the best obtainable information confirmed by personal observation, over a large section of the State, I am satisfied that at least one-quarter of all the roads are not worked every year. This I believe to be a low estimate. This estimate leaves 6,000 miles of road actually worked during the year, or an average expenditure of \$60 per mile. Now if the provisions of the Flynn bill, passed by the last Legislature, together with some contemplated amendments, were enforced, we would have a network of good roads extending all over the State at small additional expense, which would be a great boon to the traveling public, and in time add thousands of dollars to the corporate wealth for every hundred expended.

The plan contemplated is to have the roads of the State divided into three divisions, namely, State, county and township roads. All roads leading to and from one county into another, connecting county with county, I would classify as State roads, to be maintained by State appropriations. The second class should consist of the principal thoroughfares of the county leading to said State roads or arteries of commerce. These roads to be maintained by a special county tax under the direction of the County Commissioners, according to the Flynn bill. I would also have the State appropriation above mentioned placed at the disposal of the County Commissioners, to be expended according to the conditions of above bill. Said appropriation to be allotted to the county in proportion to the amount the county itself raised for good road improvement.

The third class would consist of the smaller roads or feeders to the county roads which would be maintained by the regular township tax, under the direction of the Supervisors, but upon a more scientific basis than is conducted in some parts at present.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Cloids.

Poor roads are public poverty.
Does anybody like anybody who likes mud?
When all roads are good no place will be out of the world.
A roadbed should be about as hard as a cheap hotel mattress.
Keep out of the mud by keeping the mud out of the highways.
If the Good Roads cause has any friends in your community ask them to prove it.
All the largest taxpayers of Sen. Chaff, I. I., are asking to be taxed for the

purpose of making highway improvements. Contracts are let for the building of ninety-three miles of macadam roads in Queens County, N. Y.

WAR UPON AMERICAN BICYCLES

German Papers Refuse Advertisements from Manufacturers.

The bicycle manufacturers of Germany are greatly alarmed at the progress which American wheels have made in their country during the last few months, and they have adopted novel methods in meeting the American competition. Early this year one of the most prominent American manufacturers established an agency in Berlin, and at once found a large field for its bicycles, which were a revelation to the people, who have been accustomed to the ponderous German machines. Princess Hohenlohe and all the smart set in Berlin bought American wheels, which soon began to be seen on all sides in Germany.

The Americans, who were heavy advertisers in all the German papers, were recently astonished to receive notice that henceforth their advertisements could not be received. The fact finally developed that all the German manufacturers had entered into an agreement that they would withdraw their advertisements from any paper accepting advertisements from American bicycle firms.

The German sporting papers have taken the matter up in the interest of their countrymen. The Radwelt, the most important cycling paper in Germany, has been particularly bitter, and appeals to Germans, as a matter of patriotism, not to buy American wheels. The paper referred to pointed out that German machines worth 300 marks sent to America have to pay a duty of 195 marks, while American machines of the same value have to pay a duty of 3 marks in Germany. It adds that the Reichstag will, at its coming session, be presented with an "irresistible" petition to raise the import duty as high as America's, and continues:

But in the meantime the public must face the invasion of American and foreign manufacturers by sheer patriotism. Out of what material these cycles are made every sensible man will readily imagine. The German industry has no fear on account of price and good quality of their materials of any competition. On the contrary, they are above any other people as regards solidity of their fabric and cheapness.

Thus the matter stands at present, but, as the American firm has contracts with some of the papers which now refuse their advertisements, legal developments are possible.

In Due Form.

A man was arraigned in an Arkansas court many years ago for stealing a young pig out of his neighbor's pen; said pig, or shoot, being alleged to be worth a dollar and a half.

The evidence was conclusive, and the jury, after a brief retirement, brought in their verdict, "Guilty of hog-stealing in the first degree."

The judge remarked that the finding was proper enough, except that it failed to assess the value of the pig; and, further, that there were no degrees in hog-stealing. He must ask the jury to retire again, and bring in a verdict in due form.

The jury went out, with pen, ink and paper, but were badly nonplused over that word "form." Finally one of them, who had formerly been a justice of the peace, drew up a document to which the other eleven assented, and with which all hands returned to the courtroom. This was the verdict: "We, the jury, unanimously find the defendant guilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a 1/2 in favor of the hog."

Squaring the Circle.

One of the problems that are as old as the science of mathematics is that of squaring the circle. By squaring the circle is meant the problem of finding the sides of a square exactly equal in area to a circle of given diameter. To do this, either by elementary geometry or by expressing it arithmetically in commensurable numbers, has been found to be an impossibility. In other words, the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle cannot be exactly found, even though in the division the decimal may be carried out to ten thousand figures. The above being the exact facts in the case, we will say that the problem of squaring the circle is one that has long been given up by the mathematicians as insoluble.

Just Like Women.

"If that ain't just like the women," said the cornfed philosopher.
"If what ain't?" asked the grocer.
"Why, when we want to show that a man's independent we say he wears no man's collar. But woman must go and show her independence by puttin' on a man's collar."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mystery.

Pompous Publisher—I have a hard time getting good stories for the Screamer and they come high. But I get them.
Chawley Notact—What the deuce becomes of them?—Exchange.

Any man will help a boy into a ball game.

WASTEFULNESS OF AMERICANS.

Food Thrown Away that Would Sustain Millions of People.

"The most conspicuous thing in all of my travels?" remarked the globe trotter. "Well, I've been pretty much over the world in my time, and I've seen quite a bit, but I know I shall astonish you when I say that the thing which has impressed me most is the economy of food abroad and the waste of food at home."

"Understand all this statement implies. Absolutely nothing is thrown away or wasted in continental Europe. And the economy of food is more marked in China, Japan and the Asiatic countries. There is no doubt in my mind but that we in the United States waste more food in a year than is consumed in France in the same time. What a single New York servant girl slams into the garbage barrel every week would support a dozen Chinese families. And yet our people are always complaining of hard times, and are making very faces about getting along in the world."

"This waste begins at the very foundations of our society and business, and runs all the way up. The American farmer is a man who has burned off great tracts of valuable timber, worth five times the land on which it grew, to raise grain to burn for firewood. That land to-day is but half tilled, taking the fields of Germany and other European countries into the comparison. Until very recently all the refuse about mills and manufactories was destroyed; now many of them turn their slabs into furniture and their sawdust into fuel. Again, as to food. Anybody who has traveled much and knows what sort of food one gets in the South and West—anywhere outside of the big Eastern cities—will appreciate it when I say that at least one-half the food is wasted. This is partly through bad cookery and partly through mere wasteful management. All food not assimilated is wasted—worse than wasted, for it wears the system out to no purpose. The common hotel and family cookery makes assimilation practically impossible. So much for what is eaten. That which is actually thrown away would feed millions. If it could be diverted into the proper channels it would make human suffering from want of food impossible in this country. More—the waste would feed the hungry of the whole world! There is something actually criminal in all this. But I presume it can't be helped until the American nature shall have undergone a change."—New York Herald.

No Taxes in Glasgow.

It is said that the city of Glasgow will levy no taxes after Jan. 1, 1897; that its entire income is to be derived from public works now in its own possession.

There is cheer for other municipalities in this announcement, but for Chicago at least there is no present prospect of a realization of the Glasgow ideal. From the controller's statement it appears that the total receipts of this city for 1895 were something over \$30,000,000. Of this amount over \$11,000,000 came from the tax levy. If the city owned all the gas plants and all the street railways the income from them would not be one-half of this sum. In 1895 the net earnings of the three great street railway systems amounted to \$3,338,102. Nobody on the outside knows just what the gas companies earn, but from what is known of their capital stock and the declaration of dividends it is probable that their net earnings are in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

Glasgow is less than half the size of Chicago, and its growth has been much slower. Its affairs are run upon business principles and are not tainted by spoils politics. Hence it was better prepared to face complications and had fewer complications to face. But if we may not follow its example in all respects we may learn of it and govern ourselves accordingly when new applicants appear for public favors. It should be an inviolable rule with us never to give away franchises without adequate compensation, and perhaps when it comes to the renewal of street car grants in the not far distant future the Glasgow plan may be cited with effect during the course of the negotiations.—Chicago Journal.

Delicately Expressed.

They were anxious to break it to her gently, for she is very fond of the homely dog with the pink ribbon around his neck.

"Where is Hector?" she asked.
"Oh, he's out."
"Playing?"
"Um—yes—I s'pose you might call it a frolic."

"Where is he?"
"Well, the last I saw of Hector he was on his way to a pound party."—Washington Star.

The Brute.

"Could you spare me a little money this morning, dear?" said she.

"Really," the brutal husband replied, with a harsh, dyspeptic laugh, "judging from the biscuits, I thought you had more dough to burn."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who spat in his hand and hit it with two fingers, to ascertain the direction of something he had lost?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN INSPIRATION IS DRAWN FROM THE WOODS.

He Likens Human Life to the Wood-land Leaves—Man Without Religion Dies Without Tinge of Hope—Perishes With No Hope of Resurrection.

The Forest's Glory.

The season of the year adds much apostrophe to Dr. Talmage's sermon which he delivered in Washington last Sunday. His subject was "The Pageantry of the Woods," and his text Isaiah lxxxv. 6, "We all do fade as a leaf."

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a black-board and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! These are Scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world.

Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "the daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness," a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant. "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Glory of the Forest.

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them, and the face of nature has such a flush and sparkle and life that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening tide at the edge of a wood and listened to the cry of the whippoorwill.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have had a tour to the far West, and one autumn, about this time, say that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Crosey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant 2,000 miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas. A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers and up and down the sides of the great hills and by the banks of the lakes there was an indescribable mingling of gold and orange and crimson and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into suffering and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfused, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lovely sprig. Then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wrapped at every pore, it stood bathed in sunlight. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's ur of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip-top of the Alleghenies, and then it had come dripping down to lowest level and deepest cavern.

We Fade Gradually.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf."
First, like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which week before last felt the frost have day by day been changing in tint and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the first of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After awhile leaf after leaf they fall, now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last

spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on, now a slight cold, now a season of overfatigue, now a fever, now a stitch in the side, now a neuralgic thrust, now a rheumatic twinge, now a fall. Little by little, pain by pain, less steady of limb, sight not so clear, ear not so alert. After awhile we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life, but a fading away, slowly, gradually, as the leaf—as the leaf!

Again, like the leaf, we fade to make room for others. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn will rock the young buds. The woods will be all abloom with the chorus of those leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, his mantle will fall upon Elisha. If in the blast of these autumnal batteries so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

Give Way Cheerfully.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves to-day, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been. As we get older do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said "You need not think I am old because my hair is white. I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days and remember when in winter nights in the sitting-room the children played the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the church nor the State will suffer for it. There will be others to take the places. When God takes one man away, he has another right back of him. God is so rich in resources that he could spare 5,000 Summerfields and Saurins, if there were so many. There will be other leaves as green, as exquisitely veined, as gracefully etched, as well pointed. However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Alleghenies. A ship is not well manned unless there be an extra supply of hands—some working on deck, some sound asleep in their hammocks. God has manned this world very well. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin, sound asleep in the hammocks.

Not Alone We Perish.

Again, as with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strewn all the streams; they will drift into the caverns; they will soften the wild beast's hair and fill the eagle's cry. All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between fifty and seventy people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over 200,000 of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then, if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Peking are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there, and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed all our cities. Yet, City of Silence, no voice, no hoof, no wheel, no clank, no smiting of hammer, no clack of flying loom, no jar, no whisper. Great City of Silence! Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

If in the movement of time some great question between the living and the dead should be put and God called up all the dead and the living to decide it, as we lifted our hands and from all the resting places of the dead they lifted their hands, the dead would outvote us. Why, the multitude of the dying and the dead are as these autumnal leaves drifting under our feet to-day. We march on toward eternity, not by companies of a hundred,

or regiments of a thousand, or brigades of ten thousands, but sixteen hundred millions abreast! Marching on! Marching on!

Beauty Withers.

Again, as with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered and uncomely and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday gilds them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death snites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast off the cold waters, and they are gone. No tinge of hope. No prophecy of heaven. Their spring was all bloom with bright prospects, their summer thick foliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. Frosted! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after awhile death comes. It is a black frost, and all is ended.

Oh, what withering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, their books, their pictures—and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They quit the presence of bird and bloom and wave to go unbeckoned and unwept. The bower in which they stood and sang and wove chaplets and made themselves merry has gone down under an awful equinoctial. No bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. Frosted!

But, thank God, that is not the way people always die. Tell me on what day of all the year the leaves of the woodbine are as bright as they are to-day. So Christian character is never so attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave not as a dog, with growl and harsh voice, driven into a kennel, but they pass away calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Why go to the deathbed of distinguished men when there is hardly a house on this street but where a Christian has departed? When our baby died, there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died, you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing, and when all was over you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh, there are many Christian deathbeds! The chariots of God, come to take his children home, are speeding every whither. This one halts at the gate of prisons. The shout of captives, breaking their chains, comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The twelve gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian deathbeds—an autumnal forest illuminated by an autumnal sunset. They died not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf!

To Rise Again.

Lastly, as the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust, only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place.

I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world and the radiant faces of my friends that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital, after a soldier had his hand taken off, he said, "Goodbye, dear old hand, you have done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to think of having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again, to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan, and with it wave the triumphs of my King. Ah, we shall rise again. We shall rise again. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder and our bodies be eaten by the sharks, but God tameth Leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air, but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but he will find us and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot and with perfect body, all our weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise. We die, but we live again. We molder away, but we come to higher unfolding. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Manhood.—What is Christianity? It is not so much creed as character. The one is a theory, the other a demonstration. What is Christianity? It is edified manhood. And what is edified manhood? It is manhood forever becoming more like the archetypal man, Christ Jesus, broadening in the love of our fellowmen, mounting ever higher in spiritual kinship and likeness to God, the Father Almighty.—Rev. W. W. Landrum, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.