THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA

In Whitneyville, Me., is a hen that catches and kills mice as readily as a cat does. She stands near the grain barrels in the barns and with one downward peck strikes the rodents to such good purpose that she is soon able to finish them.

Water hyacinths have at last been found good for something, according to a property-owner up the river from Jacksonville, Fla., who says that after putting some of them on a theretofore sterile field and plowing them under he was able to grow good crops on the land.

Persons who believe, or profess to believe, that there are many people in the church who would be out of it unless they were hypocrites, will take satisfaction in the intelligence that a Cincinnati Baptist minister has dropped 119 members from the rolls of his church because they had become "too worldly."

From the pollution of the water supply through the excrements of a single typhoid fever patient, Plymouth, Pa., in 1885, with 8,000 population, had 1,104 typhoid fever cases and 114 deaths—involving a loss on care of the sick and for wages lost of $97,000, together with $18,000 lost as the annual earnings of those who died.

Queen Amalie of Portugal, who took up the study of medicine in order to be able to diet her portly husband down to presentable proportions, has taken up the X ray, and is putting it to a novel use. She has been taking pictures of the bodies of the various court ladies and giving them lectures on the deformities corsets produce, illustrating with the pictures, which show the bones in their crushed state.

When one reads that a device has been patented in England for supplying watches with incandescent light without increasing the size of the watch-case, wonder grows from more to more—first, wonder how so big a device can be packed in such small quarters, and then wonder how long the watch will remain unmagnetized and true to the time with a potent little battery in its vitals constantly trying to mesmerize its movements.

A few years ago Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the father of the Princess of Naples, found it necessary to borrow 40,000 florins from the Lloyd Bank in Cattaro. A few days before the debt became due the Prince saw a peasant driving a pig pass by his palace. He rushed out and asked the countryman where he was going. "To Cattaro, Prince," replied the Montenegrin. "All right," said the Prince, "you can do me a service if you will leave this at the Lloyd office," and he gave him a package of bank notes, which the peasant carried faithfully to the cashier of the bank.

The Chicago Times-Herald prints the following dispatch from Columbia, Mo.: "A tramp appeared at the house of J. H. Barton, three miles south of here, this morning, and asked in Greek for cold victuals. He stated that he was a graduate of Princeton. Mr. Barton, himself a Greek scholar, was just about to start for Columbia, and his horse was hitched in front of the house. Jestingly, he offered the tramp the horse if he could recite the Greek alphabet without a mistake. The tramp inquired if the offer included the saddle and bridle. Mr. Baron said it did. The tramp rattled off the alphabet without error, and, turning the horse about, disappeared in a cloud of dust."

The experience of the Charleston, S. C., knitting mill takes out of the domain of argument the long mooted question in the South as to the possible efficiency of colored employes in the cotton mills. As may be conjectured, the experiment with colored operatives was not made voluntarily. White girls were at first employed, but, as they were paid "by the piece," they were able to earn little while learning the business, and finally refused to remain longer at the work. Then the colored girls were called in, were paid the same rate offered to the white girls, and, according to a statement by the mill-owners, are giving perfect satisfaction. This may prove to be a matter of considerable consequence to certain industries in the South.

The peculiar shade of yellow that prevailed in the famous jacket of Li Hung Chang has just become a fad in this country when the distressing news comes from China that the aged diplomat has again been shorn of his beauteous raiment. It is not stated explicitly that the jacket which the diplomat loses is his yellow one, but that appears to be the fact. Li in a moment of Oriental inadventure wandered into the imperial park and hunting grounds, an offense that would have cost a less eminent man all his decorations. It is to be hoped that later reports may indicate that the yellow garment is still flowing about the form of Chang and that some one of his other multi-colored adornments has been sacrificed to this ill-starred invasion of the Emperor's park. It would be highly embarrassing for the social world to continue its devotion to the Li yellow if Li himself should be compelled to wander about in disgrace and without a trace of the distinguished color.

Atlanta Constitution: Under the direction of the Baltimore school authorities a rigid investigation of the eyesight of the pupils was made some time ago. It was found that out of a total of 53,000 pupils whose eyes were examined fully 9,000 were disqualified from attending school. In addition to this startling disclosure it was also found that several thousand others were in such a bad condition that prompt medical attention was advised. The precedent established by the Baltimore school authorities in causing the eyesight of pupils to be investigated should appeal to the good sense of educational boards all over the country. In Atlanta there are nearly 15,000 children enrolled in the public schools. Is it fair to assume that every pupil is blessed with good eyesight and that not a single one of them is in need of medical attention? Such an assumption would be ridiculous in view of the recent disclosures in Baltimore. The subject is one which the Board of Education should gravely consider, as it involves not only the efficiency of our public school system, but the physical condition of numberless pupils attending the schools of this city.

The retirement of Charles W. Couldock, which has been announced and denied, cannot, in the nature of things, be long delayed. When he first began to make a name on the boards many of the giants of more than two generations ago were still in the enjoyment of their fame. Forrest, Macready, the elder Booth and others still filled the public eye, and there were scarcely any premonitions as yet of the radical change which stage fashions have undergone since that day. He began his career as a conspicuous stage figure in the school of dramatic representation destined so soon to pass away, though here and there some artist still struggles to achieve fame along its lines. His earlier starring was in the old classic drama, beginning before that old creation of Kotzebue, "The Stranger," a play which was the parent of half a dozen more or less palpable imitations, had yet begun to lose favor. It may be that he would have achieved higher fame if that type of dramatic writing had remained in vogue. But though it is impossible to be at all certain about this, it is at least certain that whatsoever he undertook in that way he did well. He did not, perhaps, reach the plane of greatness, but he was always an artist of intelligence and force, if not of the highest degree of polish. Perhaps the most remarkable fact about him as an artist was that the change in dramatic fashion did not leave him with his occupation gone. He did not drop out of the line of march nor remain in it vainly trying to carry an old and obsolete banner in an entirely perfunctory way. He rose above that. He kept substantially abreast with the developing progress of his art. From "The Stranger" and "The Willow Copse" he passed to "Hazel Kirke" and to yet later forms of the drama, and though he may have halted short of greatness in them too he at least achieved a highly creditable degree of eminence in the newer fashions as he had done in the old. The average man is outgrown by his time if he lives to be an old man. Mr. Couldock was not so left behind. Until he passed 80 he was always able to command a degree of favor which the vast majority of his profession never attain. In that respect at least he has been a remarkable man. For seventy years nearly he has kept abreast with a constantly shifting profession.

A curious light is thrown on the standards of living in this country half a century ago by the records in the case of Burr versus Burr. The couple were married in 1800, and forty years later the wife decided that she could no longer stand her husband's miserly habits, and brought suit for separate maintenance. It was shown that the wife had brought as dowry seven thousand dollars, which compounding annually would have amounted to sixty thousand or seventy thousand dollars, and that the husband was worth one million dollars—a great fortune for those days. The vice-chancellor granted the suit and allowed the wife ten thousand dollars a year for the rest of her days. But the husband demurred, and, though the judgment was finally confirmed, there were dissenting opinions. Judge Lott said, in his dissenting opinion: "I fully concur with the chancellor that if ever a case called for an extraordinary allowance this is one." But ten thousand dollars a year overwhelmed him; and, in discussing it, he said further: "If a commission in the nature of lunacy against Burr had issued, and the fact shown that he was spending ten thousand dollars a year, I believe it would have been considered sufficient proof of his incompetency, and of the waste and destruction of his property, to have justified the appointment of a committee to take charge of the property." And this man Burr was worth one million dollars, with a probable income of from thirty thousand to sixty thousand dollars. Judge Bockes concurred fully as to the separation, but when he came to the amount for maintenance and support, he soared and roared: "Looking upon this woman as a respectable and reasonable one, there is no condition or state of the human mind, short of insanity, which can admit of the belief that she will or can desire to spend the sum of ten thousand dollars a year. * * * She will certainly not now require such an establishment as would be thought suitable for a queen dowager. At her age it would be unsuitable, even ludicrous, to lavish the revenues of a principality in the adornment of her person, and she will not require to be fed, like the profligate Egyptian courtesan, with pearls dissolved in acid. The allowance of ten thousand dollars a year is manifestly extravagant and excessive."

Nobody likes everybody.

COATS OF LATE CUT.

STYLISH WINTER WRAPS OF VARIOUS DESIGNS.

Fur Garments Are Both Plentiful and Beautiful This Season—Favorite Cloth Goods Are Vicuna, Persian Cloth, Beaver, Cheviot and Kersey.

Wraps for Women.

New York correspondence:

PROBABLY fur garments for women were never more plentiful than they are now, and they certainly were never more beautiful, but they are not to be had at prices that suggest their growing on backyard bushes, so those who cannot afford them turn to less expensive protection against cold. Coats of one or another kind of cloth are a popular resort, and the favored goods are Vicuna, Persian cloth, beaver, cheviot and kersey. Boucle cloth does not wear well, and is not as warm as it looks, yet it is a good deal used. Velvet still holds its own, but nothing looks less shipshape than a velvet coat when worn on any but dress occasion, and as this means that another coat must accompany the velvet one, the latter is withdrawn from the economical list. Among other coats that are more in line with extravagance than economy are a few fine ones of brocade silk in very heavy quality and these are belted and in front have box bag that looks careless, but that is the result of careful planning. The belt is

A WRAP WOULD DETRACT.

of silk and fastens under a handsome buckle, the waist size being large. Sleeves are big, with several rows of corded tucks, a fancy that appears late and has an authoritative look that is convincing.

Passing such coats we come to coat bodices that are not intended to be hidden. In these it might be thought that a true vein of economy had been touched, but unless the investigator goes warily she'll be apt to meet with complete disappointment. Two things will be discovered at once: one is that if there is any saving in these garments it is accomplished by stealth, their original intention being to please women of wealth, rather than the millions of skimpers; and the other is that many of these coat bodices are very rich and expensive. As evidence of this last point, consider this first picture. Here fur and dark-green cloth were combined, but a glance shows that economy didn't influence the union. Aside from the liberality with which the fur was used and the seeming recklessness with which it was cut, the fact that the dress skirt was made to closely match the bodice proves the latter to be even farther outside the realm of saving devices. Chenille braid ran up the fronts of this jacket, entirely covered the cloth portion of its collar, ornamented the cuffs and finished the scalloped hem of the skirt's cloth. An elegant costume resulted from this contriving, but very plainly there was no saving in it.

While the latest styles are quite as carefully adhered to in the next cos-

A BOX COAT WITH BOLERO TRIMMING.

tume, it does not necessitate any such outlay as the other. Made of military cloth, its skirt was trimmed with two rows of black fancy braid which ran around the front breadth and up the right side, each row ending in a pretty ornament. A plain silk blouse was worn under the jacket, which had a box front, fitted back and sides and only a narrow basque. It hooked invisibly in front and was cut in one with the high collar, which showed black velvet facing. Its close relationship to the skirt was pointed by its trimming of braid.

Chamois jackets are much worn beneath this sort of bodice, as well as under capes, and are an excellent protection, and that there was a silk blouse beneath this one should not be taken as an indiscriminate endorsement of the dainty waists in crepons and delicate silks that are now offered at very low prices. These waists are very at-

CAPED COOLLY.

tractive, being pretty of themselves and costing very little. But a wholesale lowering of prices always means that Dame Fashion is beginning to turn up her fastidious nose at the articles cheapened, so be careful.

The last example of the styles in box coat bodices was in a suiting of a dark red shade that is now very desirable. It hooked in the center and had a garniture of black mohair braid that gave a bolero effect, which is just now a trade-mark of stylishness. Its high collar was lined with fur and had black braid trimming around the seam. With this bodice was a skirt of the same material, trimmed in the manner indicated with braid, and cut, like the last pictured skirt, to lightly skim the pavement. That is just what the fashionable woman now aims at, for she will not permit such a vulgarity as a dragging skirt. Though her skirt touches, she will not hold it up. You may catch her doing it on a side street, but then in a guilty way and with an eye out for the appearance upon the horizon of any one who looks as particular about such small matters as she is. The result is that if the edge of her gown is to last at all, it must be brushed thoroughly every day it is worn. The favorite finish at the edge of a skirt is a roll topped by a width of braid, which makes a tight, tidy facing. The old-time braid set on the inside of the skirt and fastened only at its upper edge is rarely used now, for the dust settles too dreadfully between the loose edge of the braid and the skirt. As it is now a skirt is hardly supposed to wear more than a dozen times before it shows

PROTECTED AT THE THROAT.

trace of cutting at the edge. It may then be turned up the least mite, and the next step is to set braid, fur, velvet or a ruche at the edge on the outside and so offer a new edge, at the same time adding a little to the length.

Though capes come in at present for only a small share in women's favor, their makers seem to exert themselves very little toward renewing their former popularity. The new capes that are seen are almost invariably pretty, but they are as short and chilly as ever, and aside from the multitude of simple cloth ones, their prices are far from low. A fair sample of the present fancy cape is presented in the fourth illustration, and consideration of it will show that what little warmth it afforded was gained at a pretty stiff price. Made of black velvet, it was trimmed at the hem with bands of almond green cloth richly embroidered with tinsel and jewels. Narrow strips of fur edged the embroidery on both sides, and bands of this trimming supplied fur ends, while the revers were also taken from it. The front of the cape consisted of pleated chiffon, a large jabot of the same coming at the neck.

A sort of cape that is more often seen is shown in the concluding sketch. It was plum colored cloth trimmed with fine black braid. Its front was white cloth embroidered with plum colored silk at the top. This formed a narrow round yoke in back and gave the high collar. The latter was also embroidered, was edged with fur and lined, like the cape itself, with white satin.

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

The Man of Science, After All, Is Only Human.

It was between 12 and 2 o'clock, the "office hours" in a doctor's office, not far from Central Music Hall. The reception room was full of people waiting to see the doctor. As they had entered the attendant had given to each a numbered slip of paper, and they were expected to wait their turn. Some were reading, or trying to, while others were making a desperate effort not to appear conscious of each other's presence. But they all looked impatient, and more or less ill.

It was a few minutes past 12, and the doctor had not arrived. Those who had come at 11 o'clock in order to be among the first were getting impatient. A timid knocking on the door was heard. It is customary to walk right in, and this unusual proceeding caused everybody to look curiously in the direction of the door.

The attendant called "Come in!" but there was no response. She opened the door. There stood a man, his hat in his hand. After being assured that he had found the right place, he stepped into the room in a hesitating, half-scared sort of way.

The chairs were all occupied, so he stood in one corner by the desk as if trying to be as much out of the way as possible. He had taken the slip of paper as it was handed to him, but the number—18—evidently had made no impression on his mind. He was a middle-aged man of the working class, and was unmistakably in great trouble. His eyes were red and swollen, and the tears that had been brushed aside with the back of his hand had left streaks of dust across his cheeks.

The doctor came in late—hurried and tired—from the hospital, where he had been all the morning. As he passed through the ante-room into his office there was a little flutter, and the man in the corner started forward as if to go to him at once.

The attendant restrained him, told him he would have to wait his turn, and explained about the numbering system. He made no remonstrance, probably because he could speak English only slightly, but he looked more troubled than ever, and after the fourth patient had been seen by the doctor a woman patient, waiting her turn, noticed that he was weeping silently. Thinking he might be in pain and require immediate attention, she asked him if he was sick and if she could do anything for him. He shook his head, but took courage from the sympathy in her voice, and explained his trouble as well as he was able.

His wife, the mother of his three little children, had been ill for a long time, and it was only the day before that a doctor had been consulted. He pronounced the case a serious one, requiring an immediate surgical operation, and made arrangements for her to go to the hospital that night to be operated on the next morning by the noted surgeon whom the man was now waiting to see. He had said good-by to her the night before at the hospital, fully realizing that the chances were small for ever seeing her again alive. He was obliged to go to work the next morning as usual or lose his job. And now, during his noon hour, he had come to know her fate—and his. If he waited until his turn he would be unable to get back to work at 1 o'clock, and in that case would be "docked."

The woman to whom he had told his story watched the door of the doctor's office, and the instant it was opened pushed in ahead of her turn and asked that the man be admitted at once.

"Send him right in," said the doctor.

And the man, without a look or word to anybody, hurried in.

"Doctor—my wife——" was all he could say.

The professional mask fell from the great doctor's face.

"My dear fellow," he said, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, "don't worry. Your wife is all right. The operation was successful and she will be well and strong again in a few weeks."

And then, even while the poor creature was hanging over the doctor's hand and trying to sob out his thanks, the mask settled back into place and the doctor called:

"Next!"

But the woman who had helped him did not wait her turn. She staid only long enough to find out where he lived and when his wife would be taken home. She had seen something that was worth more than all the doctors and medicine in Chicago.—Chicago Tribune.

Smart Young Man.

Wonderful things happened when old people were young—if the memory of old people is to be trusted.

"My young friends," said a lecturer in the Cornville Academy Lyceum Course, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but of owning them, so that you may have recourse to them at any time. Why, when I was a young man I used frequently to work hard all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them!"

Chipmunk's Appetite for Corn.

A Dummerston, Vt., man wished to ascertain how many kernels of corn a chipmunk could carry in his mouth. Thirty kernels were placed in a board. A squirrel carried them all away at one time. Forty-five kernels were then placed in position, and chippy got away with all of them at that trial. The little striped animal was beaten this time, but succeeded in carrying away fifty-eight of the kernels in his mouth.

"That young Pilling is a fussy fellow." "I should say he was. When he parts his hair in the middle he counts the hairs on each side."—Cleveland Leader.

EVER NEW AND FRESH.

Many Persons Originate the Joke About Breaking the Camera.

"I hope I didn't break the glass in the camera," she simpered, as the photographer bowed her out of the door.

Then he went over to his desk and picked up a little book that was filled with figures. "Seventy-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-four," he said, in an undertone, as he made an entry.

The door opened again, and a breezy young man, dressed in his best, and peeping over the corners of a collar that just escaped the corners of his mouth, entered.

"I thought I would come in and sit for some pictures, if you have a camera that you think will stand the racket."

"Certainly, certainly," said the photographer. "Sit down a moment," and then he went over and made another entry in the little book, murmuring, "Seventy-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-five."

When the negative was secured and the chappie started out, he laughed and remarked that he "hoped he didn't break the camera."

"Oh, no," said the photographer, gravely. And then he made another entry in the little book, and nodded at each syllable, as he pronounced "Seventy-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-six."

"I have been at this business about twenty years," he remarked to the reporter. "Ten years ago I commenced to keep a record of the instances upon which I should hear the alleged joke about breaking the glass in a camera repeated. The last time the gentleman who just left repeated it made the seventy-third thousand eight hundred and sixty-sixth. Had he remained a few minutes longer he would doubtless have sprung it two or three more times.

"It is the commonest so-called joke in the world. Next to 'Is this hot enough for you?' or 'Is this cold enough for you?' it is one of the commonest expressions. The old and wise, young and foolish, homely, handsome, plain, pretty, fat, lean, tall or short—everybody that can talk—seem to think it is a brand-new joke, and they are so delighted with it that they sometimes roll the chestnut around five or six times in a visit here of half an hour. I expect to reach a hundred thousand before the commencement season is over this year, for pretty school girls, who are more liable to break a heart than anything else, think it great fun to accuse each other and warn me about danger to the camera when their pretty faces are posed in front of it."—Utica Observer.

Honorable Chinese.

Captain Younghusband, in his book, "The Heart of a Continent," bears a striking testimony to the honorable spirit manifested by the Chinese colonists in Manchuria. He and his companions were traveling through a dense forest, where nothing could be seen, and where life was made almost unendurable by swarms of midgets, mosquitoes and gadflies. At night, because there was no living out-of-doors, they would put up at the hut of Chinese sable-hunters.

Some of the Chinese, whose huts were found every twelve or fifteen miles, were trapping sables, while others were in search of the ginseng root, which is greatly prized by the Chinese for its supposed medicinal virtues. To the Englishmen their life seemed a hard one. The sable-trapping furnished a measure of excitement, but as for the ginseng hunters they would wander through the forest day after day, and all day long, and were content if they found one plant in the whole season. It would be worth, perhaps, fifteen pounds.

At one point Captain Younghusband noticed a clearing in the undergrowth near the trail, with a small plant standing by itself in the middle of it; and on turning aside to investigate he found the plant a ginseng. One of the Chinese had discovered it, but as it was not fully grown had cleared a space about it and left it to mature. It was valuable enough to reward a hunter for a full season's labor, and it could have been carried off with perfect ease, but such is the honor of the men that none of them would think of touching it.

Excited His Curiosity.

"It beats me," he said, as he laid down his newspaper, thoughtfully. "I dunno's I ever thought of it afore, but now thet it does come ter my mind, it certainly beats me."

"What air ye talkin' about?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Literatoor," he answered. "Course we've seen it showed up in the newspapers time an' ag'in how all an editor does is ter set down weth a pot o' paste an' a pair o' scissors an' cut out things ter put inter 'is paper."

"Certainly. I don't see nothin' so beatin' about that."

"But this is the question. Some feller hez ter git them pieces up in the fust place. It never struck me afore; but I'm blest ef I wouldn't like ter know who the feller is thet starts in an' gets up them there things fur the editors ter cut out."—Detroit Free Press.

Had Heard the Proverb.

Fond Parent—You had better go to bed now, Bobby, if you are going fishing in the morning, so that you can be an early bird to-morrow.

Bobby (decidedly)—Not me. The early bird has ter ketch the worms.—New York World.

A man's first great humiliation is when he candidly admits to himself that he can't do certain things he wants to do.

A man riding a woman's bicycle looks almost as tough as a man wearing a woman's dress.