

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL

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HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

The Marsee of St. Bartholomew

PORT AU PRINCE, June 10.—The massacre of St. Bartholomew has had a reproduction heretofore. There has been rumors that a revolution against Hypolite was imminent, and these having reached his ears, he caused the arrest of about eighty suspected persons. Among them was General Sully, who hid himself when informed that he was wanted. Failing to secure him his wife was taken instead and thrown into prison. An outbreak occurred May 23. A former cabinet minister at the head of a band of well armed followers stormed the prison and released 200 prisoners, who were provided with arms, and when Hypolite's troops arrived there was a bloody battle. The rebels were routed and their leaders shot at once. By nightfall forty men had been put to death. Others were captured and shot on three following days. Every man suspected of being in sympathy with the insurgents was put to death without trial as soon as captured. Most of the 200 prisoners released from jail by the insurgents were recaptured and shot. The outbreak seemed to have been precipitated by the killing of Ernest Rigaud, a most prominent merchant of Port au Prince, Hypolite suspecting him of being in communication with Legitime and of having brought a cargo of arms for the rebels. Hypolite went to his house with a detachment of soldiers. Rigaud denied that he had any arms concealed either at the store or at the house. The president called him into the street and had him shot down by the soldiers the next morning. A nephew of Rigaud called at Hypolite's house to ask about the killing, not knowing that his uncle was shot by the president's orders. As soon as he stated the object of his visit, Hypolite had him dragged into the street and shot. About the same time Alexis Reossignol, an inoffensive and much esteemed man was put up against the cathedral wall and butchered. Seventeen men were executed in a batch, and even as this letter is being written (June 1) an occasional volley tells that another wretch has gone down. There is no fighting in the streets to excuse this. Every execution is carried out in the most cold blooded manner, the executions being soldiers belonging to the most degraded type of men, and who seem to enjoy their bloody work. Day and night Hypolite's troops patrol the streets, searching for persons suspected of being in sympathy with the insurgents. Business is practically suspended. The bodies of the rebels shot are left lying in the streets for hours.

Creeds Crumbling.

St. Louis Mo., June 10.—Under the head of "creeds crumbling" and evening paper quotes Rev. Frank G. Tyrell, pastor of the Central Christian church of this city, as saying all signs point to the dissolution of the orthodox creeds. Mr. Tyrell pointed out forcibly the discussion in regard to matters of the belief and faith which have shaken the Protestant church, and from this drew conclusions that creeds are crumbling and will ere long disappear. He cannot, he says, accept the belief of the trinity of Jesus, and as to why he believed the Protestant creeds are failing he replied that one had but to notice how the teachers of the gospel are demanding the right to make their own deduction, provided they acknowledge the divinity of Christ. Tyrell's statement has created a sensation among the orthodox ministers.

The Marine Department.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 10.—The marine department has received a detailed report from D. McPherson of North Sydney, Cape Breton, who was sent to render assistance to the sufferers from grip on St. Paul's island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The doctor says on his arrival he found Mr. Campbell, the superintendent of the light station, and the chief engineer, suffering from pneumonia, and nearly every person on the island had been affected with influenza. Besides this, many children were suffering from diphtheria or whooping cough, and in some instances, from both diseases. The grip is also epidemic at Magdalen island. Hundreds of people are sick and the canning factories had to be closed, as there was no one to run them.

The Torpedo Boat.

IQUIGUA, June 10.—The torpedo boats Almirante Lynch and Almirante Condell, accompanied by two armed transports, attempted to bombard Piasagua at long range today. Very few of the shells reached the town and the two vessels soon retired. The congressional ships have gone in pursuit. The British ship Sirius from San Francisco has arrived. She reports that an agent of Balmeada attempted to detain her at Callao, but the British minister at Lima opposed such action unless the agent deposited \$20,000. The Itala will be ready to sail for California soon.

Post: "On what grounds did Henshaw get his pardon? I never heard that he did any fighting during the war."

"No doubt, but he claims his capture was an honor."

STILL ANOTHER.

A new Political Party Launched in Minnesota Under the Leadership of a St. Paul Contractor.

Aims and Objects of the Organization.

St. Paul, Minn., June 12.—A new political party has been launched in this city under the name of the National association, sixty gentlemen of St. Paul and vicinity filing articles of incorporation with the secretary of the state of Minnesota. The leader of the new party is Charles F. Huff, the well known St. Paul contractor. The objects of the party as stated in the articles of incorporation are to "unite socially and fraternally all respectable citizens for the purpose of bettering their conditions in private or public life by a course of debate upon political subjects, from which will result a more thorough knowledge of what is needed in the way of reform or political economy in the counties, the states and nation."

"It will give us a clearer idea, from the interest shown by the different individual members in these debates, of their fitness as candidates for different positions of trust as public servants instead of picking them from the roster of a base political party as has been done heretofore, contrary to the feelings of the well meaning citizens of the different communities," said Mr. Huff. The new party is to be on a secret society basis but will not be exclusive. Its mode of nominating officers is unique. Whenever election time approaches, the ward or township associations meet and take a ballot for candidates for the positions to be filled. For ward or township officers the person receiving the highest vote shall be the nominee. In votes for county officers the board of the ward or township organization. The man who has received the most votes is declared the candidate and all other members of the organization are sworn to vote for him. For state officers the same plan is to be followed, except that the votes from each ward are forwarded to the county organization and then to the state organization, and by that organization the declaration made as to who the candidates of the association are.

In an interview Mr. Huff declared that the "supreme association," which is now composed of only sixty St. Paul men, would before many days have an organization in every county in Minnesota, and he expects that his party will cut quite a swath in politics. This organization will be extended to other states as fast as possible, and by next year the leaders expect to have sufficient strength to warrant the nomination of a candidate for president of the United States. According to Mr. Huff, forty canvassers are in readiness to start out through Minnesota, and as soon as the printing is completed they will begin their work.

Will be Sent to China.

New York, June 12.—According to a special from Washington, it is reported there that President Harrison has decided to send ex-governor and ex-Senator G. A. Pierce of North Dakota as our representative to China. Mr. Pierce is now an editorial writer on the Minneapolis Tribune. He is a native Indian and his personal relations with President Harrison were of so intimate a nature that during his senatorship his utterances regarding administration matters were usually accepted as authoritative. The sending of Governor Pierce to China will, it is thought, be followed by the appointment of ex-Senator Blair as minister to Japan. The salary is \$12,000 a year, the same as that attached to the Chinese mission, which is a far more desirable one from an American standpoint.

A Counterfeiters Confession.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 11.—Rev. Jerry Holmes and Rev. George W. Vancil were taken to the Chester prison to begin their sentence for making and passing counterfeit money. Holmes has written out and given a detailed confession of his guilt, heading the account, "The Effects of Bad Company." He says that about the time of his conversion he became acquainted with Rev. G. W. Vancil. One day he told Mr. Vancil that he could make money fast, but that he did not like to, as he thought it was wrong. Vancil told him he thought it was all right if the money was used for benevolent purposes. Mr. Holmes thereupon gave him \$2 of the bogus money. Mr. Holmes' confession concludes: "My confidence in God is unshaken. I did wrong but it was a misfortune that caused it. I had my mind on Paul's words to Timothy, 'He that provides not for his own, and especially his own house has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.'"

Fearful News.

ARDMOOR, I. T. June 12.—Reports received here give heartrending accounts of the fearful havoc to life and property in the over-bowed valleys of the Red river in Texas. In this territory dwelling and business houses were swept away, crops destroyed and stock of all kinds drowned. A flat boat containing several men who were trying to rescue families driven to the logs of their boats by the flood, was capsized and one of the occupants was drowned.

MADE A DEBENTURE.

NEW YORK, June 12.—A tall, dark man, wearing a soiled grey corduroy suit and a large light colored sombrero, got off the Pennsylvania railroad express last night at Jersey City. He wore a hunting belt with field glasses slung in it. Everybody in the great station noticed him as he walked down the platform leading a dog. The man was John Sargent, the partner of the late Robert Ray Hamilton in his western ranch, and the dog was Jocko, the pointer that Mr. Hamilton took with him when he started on his last hunting excursion from the ranch and which Mr. Sargent says was watching by the corpse that the search party found in the Snake river. Mr. Sargent left the ranch on May 25th in a one-horse wagon and for the last two weeks has traveled continually. In the Deton canon he found the snow twenty feet deep. Mr. Sargent was obliged to discard his wagon and pack horse with his baggage. He and his horse swam the Two Oceans river and the Snake river amid the floating ice, and after a week's journey reached a railroad, having covered 160 miles in a steady down-pour of rain alone and almost without stopping. He arrived here nearly worn out.

Concerning the finding of the corpse supposed to be Robert Ray Hamilton, he said: "I would rather not say anything about the matter until I have seen General Schuyler Hamilton, Ray's father, though I might be able to disclose some interesting information."

"Is the dog you have with you Mr. Hamilton's?"

"Yes, I brought him along with the rest of Ray's effects." Mr. Sargent said that Hamilton was the best man that ever crossed the Missouri river. All through the conversation he spoke as if he were convinced that there was no room for doubt of Hamilton's death. He said that his business now was to go to Washington to see about the validity of his claim to the ranch. The government has enlarged Yellowstone park and Mr. Sargent fears that his claims have been incorporated in the park. These claims were filed in 1887 and he thinks even though the government has connected them to the park he can hold them.

Mr. Sargent went to the Windsor hotel where General Hamilton lives. He caused a sensation when he arrived there in his cowboy dress. He was disappointed in not seeing General Hamilton, who had gone down to Staten Island yesterday to spend the summer. Mr. Sargent went down to the Park avenue hotel to get some sleep.

A Society Leader of the Oden Times.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Mrs. Coventry Waddell, who was the social leader of this city before the war and a famous beauty in her day, became hopelessly ill and her death has been expected at any time since. She is now lying at No. 310 West Twenty-third street, where she has been living recently with some relatives and friends. Chauncey M. Depew is quoted as saying that Mrs. Waddell was the first woman of this city to establish a saloon, and that she was a social leader in a fuller and broader sense than it is understood today. She was the daughter of Jonathan Southwick of this city. William Weddell, her second husband, was a man of wealth and social prominence. He built a fine mansion in 1845 on the site now occupied by the present brick church in Fifth avenue, where he and his wife entertained the best people of the city and eminent foreign visitors. A newspaper extract of 1857 says of a great ball given at the Waddell mansion at that time: "The gathering of beauty and the concourse of gallantry could not be surpassed." But in the panic of 1857 Mr. Waddell lost his fortune and soon after died. Mrs. Waddell was a woman of great courage and considerable business faculty, and when she returned from her retirement re-deemed a part of her husband's fortune by a lucky transaction in real estate. She was thus enabled to receive many of her old friends in something of the old style. She was born about seventy-two years ago.

Found in a Drift.

GAINVILLE, Tex., June 12.—Near Lion, I. T., thirty miles from here on the Red river, the dead bodies of a man, woman and babe were found in a drift, they having been drowned in the recent overflow. William Lynn, residing on Hickory creek, was drowned while trying to ford that stream.

The rise in the Red river was unprecedented. At Warren's and Sivr's bends, twenty miles northwest, the destruction was widespread. In these two bends there were 16,000 acres of corn, cotton and small grain cultivated by about fifty families. All these crops were destroyed, most of the houses swept away and a large number of cattle, hogs and chickens were drowned. At Yellow Bank's ferry Mr. Burdons was drowned while trying to reach shore in an old ferry boat.

Jumps from a Train.

MONTICELLO, Minn., June 12.—Herbert Simmons, who with Charles Bailey robbed a Northern Pacific train of \$20,000 last August, jumped from a train going at full speed south of here. He was being brought from St. Cloud to Fargo for trial. He struck in a bank of sand and was apparently not hurt, as he got up at once and ran into the woods. Simmons' home is in Wheeling, W. Va., and he is one of the most notorious criminals in the country.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Burden Bearer," and his text Psalm lv. 22: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

David was here taking his own medicine. If a man had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advised you and me to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden-bearing. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day in all the year when the text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text does not fit the occasion: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

Oh, my friend, what we want is a practical religion. The religion the people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I have a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that one morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, Thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a long while. You know I am a flour merchant; if you want to be offended I should like to send you a barrel of flour." My friend cast his burden on the Lord and He sustained him. In the straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where which ever way a captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be here this morning, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

First—There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harrowed and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculties who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy when to sell, when to trust, and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men, until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are ploughed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandeliers against chandeliers, imported articles against imported articles. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never such splendor of show window, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart. You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling for others. To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their household, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poor-house.

Ah, my friend, do you say that God does not care about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgage is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard stick down to the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes and you find your property going, just take this book and put it down by your ledger and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of Him who sticketh closer than a brother.

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them days and nights until he was nearly frenzied. It occurred

by these books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make things come out right! Help me today; help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft; He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at mast-head; He sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arms ache; He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pennies she gets for making garments; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of the sympathetic God: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Second—There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against artillery and sharp criticism.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gift of virtue is always followed by grime and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Fot this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

Now, if you have come across ill-treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was he not harrassed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did he not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

Third—There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in those chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and plasters and their cornials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time, but how you have had to war against physical ailments. The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatism and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear rons with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous! "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His were the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than anodyne, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah!

These are the heaviest burdens that come out. If we lose our property, our national industry, perhaps we may back the estranged fortune of our good name, perhaps we may lose of morals we may again have a nation for integrity; but what will back the dear departed? What will these empty cradles and what will of childish toys that never come again. Alas me for the orphan and the silence in the hall, never echo again to those happy steps. Alas for the cry of the orphan and orphanage. What better in the wilderness, what better dead, what long black shadows of grief, what hands tremulous with weeping, what hands trembling with reavement, what instruments shut now because there are no to play on them! Is there to be such souls? Ay, let the into the harbor of my text!

Then there are many who are burdened with sin. Ah, we all are in the appointed way that lifted. We need no bible to the whole race is ruined. What tacle it would be if we could the mask of human defilement, a drum that would bring up the army of the world's transgression, deception, the fraud and the murder and the crime of centuries! Ay, if I could trumpet of resurrection in the best men in this audience the dead sinner of the past should up we could not endure the grim and dire, has put its never relax unless it is under of Him who came to destroy of the devil!

Oh, to leave a mountain of soul! Is there no way to have moved? Oh, yes, "Cast upon the Lord." The Saviour to take the consequences of. And I know he is in earnest. I know it? By the streaming and the streaming hands of "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden and I will rest." Why will prodigal swines harks when the robe ring and the father's welcome? Why go wandering over the gehara desert of your sin when invited to the gardens of God, of life and the fountains of water? Why be homeless less forever when you may be sons and daughters of the Almighty?

To fumigate a room best shovel and drop sugar upon the doors and windows open.

Way of the World.

Five-year old Edith went to night with a good-by kiss for was to go away early next morning on a long business trip. The mamma said: "We must part while he is gone." So Edith won't off run the truck and asked Edith. "Yes," replied "what would we do if papa were killed?" "We'd cry, that's the little maiden, and then we'd married again and have another."

A Young Man's Position.

Father—Who is that going to comes here so much to see me? Mother—His name is Spunk. Father—In business? Mother—Really I do not know. Father—Don't you know what position is? Mother—I have not learned. Little Tobby—I know. It through the keyhole.

Ground Ice in Swift River.

Mr. Carson, in a foreign port describes a peculiar kind of ground found in rivers in the Jura region clear cold nights crystal form at bottom, and rise in groups to the face. They consist of small lamellae of ice held by mutual attraction, but not adherent to each other. They offer no resistance to the oars, but may sometimes cause inconvenience; thus, they accumulate on a dam, they may cause a point out that all circumstances favorable to radiation from a stream, which is rarely, if ever, as not to transmit the heat where the motion is sluggish, for surface ice to form, and for at the bottom to be covered with ment.

At the sluices, near Niagara, according to M. Cunoy, ground ice about the iron work largely consists of sluces, and is got rid of by the upper part of the structure with fire. M. Cunoy has produced an ice experimentally, by cooling to zero C., and plunging it in cold thus illustrating the part played piles of bridges.

Mr. John Hland, a chess player, passed to revolutionize the game making the board nine squares and adding besides a pawn piece, to be called the "premier," meaning the combined qualities of king and knight.