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## THE SKATERS.

The moon her evening fire has kindled bright,  
And scores of skaters glide upon the face  
Of water masked, and silvery pathways trace  
Along the floor of health and pure delight.  
The songs of lads and lassies glad the night,  
Whose aching temple echoes in far space  
Each shout of victory, in merry race,  
And pleasure gives young hearts fresh wings of flight.



The steel shoes ring on the enameled lake;  
Their music leads my thoughts to long ago.  
When warm and rosy tints of joy would break  
Upon and cheer the heart 'neath sorrow's snow;  
Yet now there follows in hope's welcome wake  
The swift swing of memory's afterglow.  
—Boston Journal.

## The Bells of Folly



MIRANDA ran into the meadow, laughing. The grassy slope sheaved down into the valley, where the wood lay black and still. Daffodils nodded and cowslips bowed as she passed upon her way. A lark got up and rose singing to heaven. She sped out of the meadow and into the sunlight, and the sound of her young laughter floated down the valley; echoes joined it there, and the little ravine gurgled with merriment. Miranda stopped, with her chin in the air, and listened. Was it all the echo of her own delight, or was it something more? The peal of her mockery died into the somber copse, and out of it, fresh and clear, a voice trilled merrily on its upward way. Miranda stood and waited.

He came up the bank of wild flowers, his face bright with the love of life and laughter, and at the sight of her he paused. The two faced each other for a while in silence, and then a smile ran round Miranda's lips, and the young man's eyes sparkled with merriment.

"I took your laughter for a signal," said he, making his beaming salutations; "but I reckoned little upon so charming an assignation."

"It was but a signal to the spring, sir," says she, with a dainty bow.

"Nay," he replied; "I make no such distinctions between the seasons. I laugh the whole year through; it is the manner of the wise. You will perceive my jocund humor, fair mistress. Believe me, it's not the whim of an hour contrived by the gullies of a spring morning, but a very settled disposition of the mind. I am broad based upon gaiety."

"Ah! to be gay!" cried Miranda; "to be gay is to live!"

"Life is at our feet," said the merry youth. "I take an infinite pleasure in its complexities. Believe me, nothing should matter, save the twinkling of an eye or the dimpling of a cheek."

"You are right," said Miranda, smiling. "How can one have enough of laughter?"

"We are of one mind," he answered pleasantly. "Let us get into our corner and be merry together."

"Why not?" said Miranda. "Why not?"

"There are 10,000 pleasures in this silly world," he went on, "and, for myself, I have not yet exhausted the tenth part of them. Count my years, then, and make three score and ten the dividend, and what remains? Pack them into the hours ever so neatly, and you will not exhaust the store. And that is why I am a spendthrift of pleasures. I eke out my delights. I would burn twenty in a straw hat out of sheer caprice and toss a dozen to the ducks upon the lake for pity."

"Yes, yes," agreed Miranda.

"Time," he continued with fine scorn, "time has discovered us a conspiracy of ages to enthrone this melancholy. But we are no traitors to our rightful being, you and I, and we will clap a crown upon the head of Laughter, and lay the usurper by the heels in his proper dungeon."

"He were better there," replied Miranda thoughtfully.

"What a fool!" murmured Miranda dreamily.

"Should one lose a friend, a fig for friendship!" quoth he. "Does one cast a lover, a snip for a hundred lovers! What has been remains, and what is shall be."

Miranda said nothing.

"Subtract love from life," said the young man, "and love remains. I would have the world know that love is a pleasant cipher, an amiable and entertaining mood, and that life is left when love is lost. There is no love. It were more truly writ in the plural and spelled with a small letter."

Miranda turned upon him swiftly. "Fie! fie!" she cried, and the light flashed in her eyes. "I know nothing of this love, but I dare swear there be things that matter. Take these from life and what will rest over? Is there not sorrow, and is there not pain? I know nothing of these—I am too young to the world. But there they stand, sir, impertuning at our doors with outstretched arms, and one has only to lift the latch to let them in. You would deny the very pulse of human nature when you ignore these evils. You would forswear the very weakness which has composed for you your sentiments."

In the excitement of her retort Miranda's face flushed and grew bright. Wide-eyed, the young man stared at her and forgot to laugh, and when she had done his head dropped and he sighed.

"Ah," she said, "you sigh. You yourself have felt and suffered. You have belied yourself! You sigh. There are facts in life even for sighs."

"'Tis true," he answered, softly, "yet I sighed for pleasure."

"What pleasure?" she asked, curiously.

"Or it may be hope," he added.

He looked at her, and his gaze was mild and wistful. She regarded him in perplexity, and then a wild blush took her in the cheek and throat.

"Pooh! pooh!" she cried, and turned off, plucking at the hawthorn bush. The white may smell rank, but strange and soothing; the petals shivered and fell. Miranda's heart beat on, wondering. Something clapped at its doors again and again. Would she open? What was this impatient visitor that pleaded so for entrance? She had so little knowledge; she was but newly arrived upon the world. Her emotions were still strangers to her; she was a pilgrim still among her new sensations. Ought she to open? Nay, to stay so and wonder was purely pleasantest. One day she would throw wide the door and look.

But now it was sweet to feel that hand upon the knocker, that clutching at the latch, and the trembling within in feigned insecurity. She turned and faced him. Straightway the clamor ceased, and in her heart was silence. She looked him coldly in the face.

"You smile for love?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said he, "and for the thought of you."

"Oh, you take me too lightly," she broke out. "You do not guess what a solemn thing this love may be. You flutter into a thousand follies on the scantest reflection. You will dance, and you will play, and you will jangle through your holiday world without a thought for anything but plumes and fligs and whirligigs of laughter. The most sonorous of sacred sorrows may sound in your ears and wake no echo but a gape within your heart. And you would put me upon that dead plane of ribald merriment with yourself? I will laugh with you. Yes; I will go beg of you for jests in my jocund seasons. I am willing to shriek over your whimsicalities at my own pleasure. In my serene unthinking moments I will be content to exchange humors with you, and to vow life were void and dull were not such as you at my back. But when I've opened my chamber and fastened the door upon myself, my soul and I shall be alone together, and I will weep, and pity, and repent, and ache out my heart with sorrows in which you can have no lot. I am young, but I have an inkling of what the world may mean."

"The world," said he, "means happiness."

"The world," she retorted, "means tears, and bitter wringing of the hands. Have I not heard of death, and have I not seen pain? You think me gay, yet how long shall I keep this gaiety in my heart? I go round upon the wheel. It turns and changes. What shall befall to-morrow that I shall not weep to-day? You would pluck me with no greater consideration than you would pick a flower from its stalk wherewith to deck your coat. Should it wither or fall adust, another will serve until the coming of the wine. Look you, you will sigh and weep for love, and your sighs will be smiles, and your tears will be laughter. Forthright your heart is singing like a lark. Yours! yours! the shallowest of paltry passions."

"I would do much for you," said he.

"Give me your dimples," cried Miranda, "and so to the churchyard with a wry face?"

"Even that," he answered, nodding.

"Bah!" said she, "you will not contain your face lugubriously for five minutes by the clock. Though you shall remember to be sober for two sentences, at the third you will be whistling, and the fourth will find you holding your sides."

"He moved a step toward her."

"And if I should die for you?" he asked, pleadingly.

Miranda gasped. She contemplated his face with uncertainty. His eyes shone with the dew of tears; his hands trembled. It was the corner of his mouth betrayed him. Miranda burst into laughter.

"You!" she cried. "You! Why, you would forget my coffin as it passed, and the color of my face ere my back was upon you. See here," she said. "I will give you to the hedge for misery; but I swear you will take the lane as jauntily as an hour since. Get you gone, my merry man, and come again to dispute with me in an idle humor. Fie! fie! to think on you and death in the same company!"

He sighed and turned away.

"You have the smallest heart of any maid I know," he said, shaking his head.

"The better for my laughter," laughed Miranda.

He moved across the meadow, his head hanging, his eyes downcast, his stick dragging among the daisies. Miranda stared after him, her lips parted in amusement. He climbed the stile, and, stopping on the topmost step, turned to her again.

"I have at least one solace," he called across the meadow. "I shall forget your fickle face by night."

Miranda's laughter touched the skies and ceased. Her face fell thoughtfully; she sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

## BILLIONS OF DAMASK BUDS.

Vast Numbers Gathered Every Year to Make Attar of Roses.

Since the emancipation of the Balkan provinces the manufacture of attar of roses has become a great industry in Bulgaria, and has been taken up on a large scale in Germany, says London Public Opinion. We have all been accustomed to connect the fabrication of attar of roses with Persia and Syria, and even now India and Constantinople furnish probably the largest markets for it; but, although the art of making it was discovered in Persia, the manufacture has nearly or quite died out and the center of the business is now the country about Kazanlik, on the south slope of the Balkans, close to the Shipka, or Wild Rose Pass, famous in the history of the Russo-Turkish war. The rose-growing belt is situated at an average altitude of 1,000 feet above the sea, and extends to a length of about seventy miles, with an average breadth of ten miles. On this ground are produced annually from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 rose blossoms.

The number of varieties cultivated is very small. Ninety per cent of all the blossoms are taken from a bushy variety of the rosa Damascena, or damask rose, known to our gardeners mainly as the ancestor from which the infinite variety of hybrid perpetual roses derive a large part of their blood. Of the remaining 10 per cent, a part are gathered from the white musk rose, which is frequently planted as a hedge around the fields of pink Damascena, while the rest are furnished by a darker variety of Damascena. Other sorts of roses have been tried, but some yield no attar at all, and others give an essence having the perfume of violets or pineapples, or hyacinth, rather than of roses.

An American Custom.

Of course, if you walk on Chestnut street and take notice as you go along—all people should have observing eyes—you will see men stopping to compare their watches with the chronometers in the jewellers' windows. And if you have traveled abroad I venture to say you never saw a foreigner so comparing the time of his watch.

The fact is this is a custom peculiarly American. We place more value on time here—our minutes are precious—we are so busy, so eager in the race for wealth—time is indeed money with us.

A friend of mine who goes abroad every season was chatting about this matter to me and said:

"Do you know that the Americans buy the most expensive watches? Last July I was talking to one of the most celebrated watchmakers in all Europe on this very subject, and I was surprised to hear him say that his best watches—the most expensive make, repeaters and the like—were mostly sold in the American market. He said, too, that foreigners do not care for such correct time as the Americans. If their watches are a few minutes too fast or too slow it does not concern them."

"I was myself impressed with the truth of these remarks by the watchmaker, when, a few days afterward, I was in a railroad station in Paris and saw two public clocks four minutes apart! Another time I set my watch by one public clock in London, and the next day found by another public clock in the same city, only a dozen blocks away, that my watch was six minutes slow by that clock! Yes; you may be sure that the Americans are the only nation who care for the exact time."—Philadelphia Call.

The hen is a cheerful biped. She will sit unruffled on a china egg for three successive weeks and then come out into the barnyard and serenely inform the farmer he needs a hair cut.—Adams Freeman.

"Does your uncle remember you in making his will?" Charlie.—"He must have, for there is no mention of my name in it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.



EVERYBODY loves a lover, I suppose, but I confess my inability to become enthusiastic over the Gould-Castellane wedding. For, while Miss Anna Gould had a perfect right to marry whomsoever she chose, it does seem to the dispassionate on-looker that she might have chosen more appropriately, or, at least, more patriotically than she did.

If hers had been an exceptional case, of American money searching out foreign nobility and titles, the common people of this country might well be disposed to throw up their hats in honor of the conquest, hoping that the engrafting of American stock upon the pulsant line of nobles in the Old World might give to a portion of Europe some of that energy, alertness and enterprise which characterize our own division of the earth.

But the union of money here with titles abroad has become of frequent and exasperating occurrence. The Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Churchill and a hundred other American women have within recent years carried their wealth to the titular market and sailed away to an unknown and problematical life in strange lands. They certainly have the courage of their ambitions, but, after all, it seems to a majority of people very like swapping a birthright for a mess of pottage.

And it rarely results in happiness. That's the worst of it. American women are born free and reared in an atmosphere of personal liberty which they cannot find elsewhere. Moreover, they have a very practical, straightforward idea of the mutual duties and rights of

been in the habit of wearing, and even in the mere color they are distinctly less charming than the snowy linen which the ladies of the old school claimed to be the first requisite of a gentleman's wardrobe. But then that saying originated before the days of the gentlemanly girl.

The young woman whose daring ceases before she reaches pajamas, but who has longings for something else than frills and furbelows, compromises on a shapeless sacque-like concern patterned after a man's night-shirt. She tries to delude herself into the belief that the straight collar is "neater" than the old-time ruffle opening over a V. She tries to think that she prefers platts down the front of her garments to jabots, and that tiny studs fastening her night dress are more to her mind than ribbon bows. Perhaps she succeeds. But she will surely never succeed in bringing an impartial world around to her way of thinking.

## A Piece of Good Advice.

A dear, pretty old lady once said to me, when I, with sublime uncharitableness which youth considers divine humor, had been ridiculing someone's personal appearance. "My dear, never quiz people for what they can't help; that's their Creator's affair, not yours. Be as down on them as you like for what they can help, but always draw the line there; and make it a rule through life." We can't shape our noses as we can our lives, and really, I think, considering the mess that some of us make of the latter, it is, perhaps, just as well. We can't model our cheeks as we can



married life which are not always realized in a society somewhat gilded, but morally run down at the heels. It would be unreasonable to say that high society in Paris, London, Berlin or Vienna is any worse than that of New York, Chicago or St. Louis; but the conditions are certainly different in a respect which does not tend to render happy the life of an American-born young woman who becomes a part of it. Hence the conclusion is irresistibly to the writer that the woman of this country who best consults her own interests will keep her wealth and love and treasures on this side of the Atlantic.

Lingerie of the Tailor-Made Girl.

The young woman of the period wears pajamas. They are of silk or fine flannel, as her taste and her purse may direct. Sometimes they are of solid

our waists, and that is decidedly a pity; for so long as men admire small waists so long shall we dutifully seek to attain them, by fair means or foul. I suppose we can make our faces innocent or wicked; and that is unfortunate, for the innocent often like to wear wicked masks, and the wicked often contrive angel faces. Ah, well!"

It's Just Like a Woman.

To try independence, succeed in it, but prefer it not.

To faint at mice and spank tigers with a broomstick.

To value a baby above the world; or a pug above a baby.

To scold about little troubles and be brave about big ones.

They keep nine commandments more easily than the tenth.

To toll life-long for social position, or throw it away for love in an instant.

To look at the most undeserving of men through the kindly spectacles of pity.

To overestimate their own beauty far less than they underestimate their own goodness.

To retain, despite many bitter experiences, the trust of a good heart in human nature.

For Fair Womankind.

Mrs. Henry Auerbach, of Minneapolis, has fallen heir to 50,000 francs.

In newest imported gowns the puff to the sleeves begin below the shoulder.



Onion Soup for the Grip.

A woman who has been suffering with a serious case of pure grip writes that she has found the greatest relief from onion soup. A natural craving suggested it, and she found it a most nourishing and soothing food throughout the duration of the disease. "I have practically lived on it," she writes, "and here is my excellent receipt for it in case some housekeeper has not one: Four to six onions, cut fine; fry in butter, do not allow them to brown. Two quarts of cold water, a bunch of parsley. Boil till soft—about two hours. Strain, and add one quart of milk, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, dissolved in two of cold water. Cook ten minutes, and just before serving add three ounces of butter. White stock may be used instead of butter, in which case it should be cooked another hour."

## Cleaning Pots and Pans.

A woman naturally hates to clean up a bread or cake bowl after the dough has got hard. They should be cleaned as soon as used, but if necessary to leave them for a time run the tray or bowl full of cold water and let it stand so. When you get ready to clean the dough will be in the bottom of the utensil as a general thing, and you will only have to rinse and dry it. The same is true of kettles and skillets. If you keep an oyster shell with a thick smooth edge at hand you can clean the roughness out of anything in half a moment, but if you don't want to do it just then you will find that an iron pot in which potatoes have been boiled, or a skillet in which meat or gravy has simmered to a crust, will be easy enough to clean, after standing an hour or two filled with cold water.

Beefsteak Stewed Without Water.

Take three or four pounds of rump steak, cut about an inch thick. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan large enough to hold the steak, and let the butter melt without burning. Remove the fat from the steak, wash quickly in cold water and put it into the pan. As soon as it is thoroughly heated through season with a salt spoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of salt. Cover the pan close and set back where it will simmer, not boil. When perfectly tender, which will be in an hour and a half or two hours, remove the steak to a hot platter, and add half a teaspoonful of tomato or two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup to the gravy in the pan. Let it boil up and pour over the steak.

## Baked Indian Pudding.

For small family should be baked in deep, covered earthen pot; use a bean pot; bake slowly for five or six hours; three pints sweet milk; set in tin dish over kettle of boiling water; when milk is scalding hot sift in nine slightly rounded tablespoonfuls of sifted Indian meal, stirring constantly that it does not lump; have ready in earthen pot one quart sweet apples peeled, cored and quartered, one and one-half cups molasses pour over same, one cup chopped suet; pour hot milk and meal into pot and stir all together; now add one pint cold milk and do not stir again; put to bake immediately; one cup stoned raisins may be added if desired; the apple may be omitted; please follow directions exactly.

Odds and Ends.

Plunge your knife into hot water before attempting to cut warm bread or cake.

Don't have "dark holes" about the house. Clean them out and let the sunshine in.

It is said that a pinch of salt placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly is a certain cure for sick headache.

Sprinkle salt over the coal in your bin in liberal quantities; it will make it burn more evenly and prevent "clinkers."

If you cannot procure dampened sawdust for use in sweeping use bits of dampened paper sprinkled over the floor. Tea leaves stain and salt makes the carpet sticky.

A cloth dipped in grease and then in salt is the best scourer for all sorts of dirty and greasy dishes in the kitchen. Do not wash them, but employ this method instead.

A liniment that is very highly recommended is made from one quart of elder vinegar, half pint turpentine, four beaten eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of salt, well mixed together.

Mrs. Rorer is an earnest advocate of whole wheat flour. She says bread made from this flour not only contains 78 per cent more nourishment than white bread but it is nature's own remedy for dyspepsia and kindred ailments, brought on by excess of starch in white flour bread. Apoplexy and Bright's disease can be traced in many cases to an excessive use of starchy food.

HER PAJAMAS AND NIGHTROBE.

colors, but more often of striped material. They are very different from the voluminous white confection she has