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MANY A ONE.

Yuh think that yuh ain't got a friend anywheres?
There's many an' many a one.
Yuh think that there's nawthin' er nobody care?
There's many an' many a one.
Ye none on yo weepers ain't half looked around,
Oas I ain't no doubt of yer hed, ye'd er found
We won't say how many, who'd prove firm an' sound;
There's many an' many a one.
Yuh think that all honest well wishers is few?
There's many an' many a one.
Yuh think that there's never a prayer said fer you?
There's many an' many a one.
Yuh think a good deal, but yuh don't understand
That hearts is a-breakin' all over the land
Fer jes' sich a feller with jes' sich a brand;
There's many an' many a one.
Yuh hain't seen the hands that hev beckoned an' led;
There's many an' many a one.
Ye've steered cos ye can't see no turpikes ahead;
There's many an' many a one.
Ye needn't be stoppin' ter scope er ter cry;
But take a step forward, er jes' make a try,
And helpers and honest men won't see ye die;
There's many an' many a one.
—Boston Globe.

THE BARGAIN OF THE SEASON.

Tommy Oke's aunt was a woman of strong mind who lived alone in a flat and wrote for the papers. She knew the world like a book. Many a time she helped that ill-starred youth out of a scrape with her sound common sense, and laughed at his love affairs when they went wrong, until he had to laugh, too, and make the best of it. His heart had been broken and put together over and over again until it was a most beautiful mosaic, and when he was at college his taste for fun led him into difficulty after difficulty, from which it took all Aunt Eleanor's cleverness to extricate him. But she had never yet failed him in an emergency, and it was only natural that after the drop came in P. G. & K., catching half the bulls in the street napping, Tommy among them, he should turn to her for advice. He knew better than to look to her for money—that she never had any to spare. He was quite bowled out this time, for his nature led him always to extremes, and when he bought stocks he believed so firmly that they were going steadily up that he took all he could get. Being steeped to the eyebrows in P. G. & K., there was nothing for it but to assign assets, beside that worthless stuff, nil.

Aunt Eleanor saw at a glance that something dreadful had happened when she opened her door in answer to the twitter of the electric bell, but she was used to it. For a good-looking young man, he was a sad sight, all the color out of his blue eyes, unshaven, and wearing a last year's necktie, which showed his state of mind as nothing else could.

"I'm just having dinner," said she, without wasting time in greetings. "Come in. You haven't dined?"

"Dined? No!" groaned Tommy, following in her wake into the dining-room, for which two and black Dinah were a tight fit. "I don't know that I shall ever dine again."

But he grew brighter in spite of himself at the sight of the cosy round table and the smell of the roast duck that had just been put on it. Aunt Eleanor took a queer squatty decanter of Burgundy from the closet—it wore a silver label like an order.

"Cheer up, boy, cheer up! My best Cloc Vougeot ought not to be wasted on a nevy, but in your present doleful dumps it won't be too good for you. Dinah, another plate for Mr. Tommy."

Dinah had already laid the plate, grinning from ear to ear, for Tommy, blonde as an angel, had long been one of her secret idols. It is pleasant to be liked even by an old darky round as a rubber ball, and the deep tone of blue his feelings were slipped, without his realizing it, into the next shade lighter.

"Well, who is it now?" asked the



DINING WITH AUNT ELEANOR.

lady of the house by and by, when the duck and the fried potatoes and the string beans were well under way, and a glass of the mellow wine had warmed the cockles of his heart. She had a large ruddy face, crowned by masses of crinkly gray hair and a voice rich in good fellowship and comfort. "Another faithless Kitty?"

"Women?" signed the unhappy one, with scorn. "No, I've outlived that sort of thing. They're not worth an

emotion, the whole lot of them. This is a knockout of another kind. You see— Well, Aunt Nell, the long and short of it is that I've lost every cent I have in the world."

"Oho! You were caught in the P. G. & K., then? I wondered if you wouldn't be in it—it was so like you. Well, you've gone under. How are you coming up again—that's the question. I suppose you want me to find a way out for you, eh?"

"I did hope you might have a chance for me to turn an honest penny," confessed the pauper. "I've done with stocks from this moment. Do you know of an opening for a nice young man—big pay and little work?"

"Yes, I do," was the unexpected reply, "exactly the thing. I had it in mind to send for you to-morrow, and you have turned up in the very nick of time."

Tommy looked up incredulously. There was a twinkle in her eye, but her mouth was perfectly serious.

"I went this afternoon to a sewing circle on Beacon street—no, not Kitty's, sir, another generation entirely. The talk turned upon matrimony."

Tommy gave a little start.

"Out of the fifteen girls there nine declared that they had never had an offer, nor the prospect of an offer. Two of the others simpered and said nothing. I knew well enough that they had never interested any man. The other four, friends of yours, owned up frankly to plenty of chances, but they were pretty sure that a good many of them were attracted by their fortunes."

"What has this to do with me?" asked the young man. A blush mounted to the roots of his hair, why he could not have said, but it annoyed him excessively.

"Wait until you hear all. The nine girls who never had a beau agreed that they were ready and willing to buy a husband, especially as it seemed to be the fashion nowadays, and I proposed to find a victim who would put himself up to go to the highest bidder. You were in my mind, Tommy, dear, it is needless to say, for a better opportunity to make you fortune could not have been found. I described you so cleverly that the enthusiasm ran high, and, though I said your consent must of course be asked first, I had several private offers for your hand and heart immediately. Now, what do you say? Shall we go on with this speculation?"

Tommy could hardly believe his own ears. This sounded like a story in the five-cent magazines, but apparently his aunt was in earnest. If it were a joke he would see it through to the end, for his sense of the ridiculous waked, and stirred briskly within him.

"Who are the girls? Do I know them?"

"That's telling!" said Aunt Eleanor, merrily. "One of them has offered to settle \$50,000 upon you—that's the best yet. Will you accept that?"

"Is she pretty?"

"No; short and dumpy; but she has a handsome fortune in her own right, and a lovely disposition. Say the word and I'll write her to come and dine and meet you. After all, it is nothing more than a marriage de convenience, except that with no parents poor Mary must manage the thing for herself."

As a matter of fact, Tommy had no objection to marrying money—it had been one of his aims to fall in love only with young women of large bank accounts, and after a long talk with his aunt he agreed to carry out her scheme if possible, and departed, having made an appointment for the next night but one. Miss Eleanor sat by the fire for a long time after he went, in a brown study, wondering if this adventure which she had taken up in a spirit of social science could not, after all, be carried successfully through to the end. She knew what Tommy did not, that her rich bachelor brother had provided for him handsomely in his will, and felt that now or never was the time for him to be plucked from the dangers of a bachelor life, spent principally in club-don, and to be settled in a home of his own. There was something wonderfully attractive about little Mary Vincent, too, over and above her fortune, and the sharp eyes under the gray hair of the woman of the world had softened as they detected a gentle willfulness underlying her taking up of the jest.

"Why shouldn't it be?" she said to herself, and sighed.

"If some one had done as much for me I should not have been a lonely old woman to-day, and I might have made a capital wife for a man who loves creature comforts"—looking round her tiny salon, which had a distinct charm and originality, and thinking of the well-ordered dinner which had sent away the downcast Tommy in a much more cheerful mood.

Next morning Mary Vincent, who lived with a chaperon in a handsome big house of her own on the hill, was surprised by an early call from Miss Eleanor for whom, by the way, she had an intense admiration. Her small brown face was bright with welcome as she hastened down to the morning room where the visitor had been ushered, and once again the elder woman, conscious of a strong attraction toward the younger, breathed a little prayer in bottom of her heart for the success of her daring plan.

"Well, Mary," she began, brusquely, going at once to the point, as was her custom, "were you in earnest yesterday at the sewing circle? I was, and they

young man is ready to take up with your offer."

A rush of hot crimson ran across the girl's cheeks.

"Why, Miss Eleanor!" she stammered, "how could you? I thought it was all a joke. What can he have thought of me?"

"Thought? He was very well pleased. I can tell you, miss. Now, seriously, Mary, I do know a young man who ought to be married, and has everything but money. He will have that, too, some time, but he knows nothing about it now. He is a nephew of my own, and I can't think of any better fate for him than to get such a wife as you. Your tastes are for the same things, and you would be excellent companions, which, if you have read 'Virginibus Puerisque,' you must be convinced is a better foundation for marriage than what they call love. Bah! I don't believe in it myself. But if you see much of Tommy, you will adore him. I do, and my heart is a paving stone."

Mary had time to regain her composure, and laughter lurked in the corner of her mouth.

"But perhaps he might not adore me, Miss Eleanor. If you mean Tommy Oke, I am pretty sure of it. He has never even looked at me twice, though we have dined at the same table many times over."

"Ah, but that is because he does not know you! I want you to dine with me to-morrow evening, and I promise you he will be polite enough. If you really mean you will give \$50,000, he is yours, and has agreed to it. Don't you look to see your bargain?"

The morning was wasted in argument, and ended by Mary, who was no match for her antagonist, agreeing to



PREPARING TO MEET HIS PURCHASER.

present herself at the Welkinside at 7 o'clock promptly, arrayed in a certain gown on which Miss Eleanor insisted. The poor girl was half-frightened at committing herself so far, and dared not say a word to her chaperon, who disapproved of Miss Eleanor and her Bohemian ways, though she could not forbid her the house, considering the position of her family, and would have gone into violent hysterics at the notion of buying a husband.

All day long visions of Tommy's melancholy, handsome face fitted through Mary's thoughts, and she could not help a little thrill of pleasure at the idea of having him for her own, even by such unusual and not altogether gratifying means, while he, poor fellow, after an expensive breakfast at the club, sat in the window looking out on the common and wondering whimsically how the affair would turn out, and if he ought not to paint on collar in large letters: "Sold!" He tried to recall Mary Vincent, for Aunt Eleanor had not been able to keep her name from him; but she was only a vague and shadowy memory. He remembered having heard her spoken of as "a nice little thing with a pot of money."

Yet that was all, and it was with a shamefacedness quite new to him that he tied his white necktie on the eventful evening, gazing at himself mournfully in the glass, wondering how Kitty and Polly and Dolly and all the other charmers could have resisted such attractions as he had to offer.

Miss Eleanor's pretty apartment was en fête, and never had little Mary a more becoming background than its eastern hangings, cushions, photographs, bibelots and artfully shaded lamps afforded as she entered in her long white gown. A rich color trembled in her cheeks and brightened her eyes, which were large and dark, and Tommy rising to meet her had a sudden encouraging hope that Aunt Eleanor's plan might not turn out so badly after all. That brilliant hostess, dazling in red brocade, managed to turn enough of her attention from the fourth guest, a distinguished poet from Canada, to drive away the shadow of embarrassment that hung over the two young people, who were presently both surprised to find themselves chattering away easily and agreeably over a dinner which many a millionaire would have rejoiced to set on his table. Dinah was a gem among cooks, and her mistress a gourmand of careful cultivation.

The evening was a famous success, and buyer and seller, between whom the great transaction was never remotely hinted at, were each conscious of a certain satisfaction, not to be acknowledged even to themselves. Tommy put Miss Vincent into her brougham at 11 o'clock with the refrain of her song, "Si vous n'avez rien a me dire," ringing in his mind, with a reminder of her engagement to go with him and his aunt to see the Burne-Jones photographs

next day, and he ran upstairs again in a lightness of spirit remarkable in a man completely ruined to rejoice with Miss Eleanor that the evening had gone so well.

The intimacy grew and was talked about far and wide. The girls at the sewing circle, who had joined in the discussion that day, smelt a rat, and gossip ran wild. Little Mary, growing clever under Aunt Eleanor's tutelage, ordered trunks full of smart new gowns, and bloomed like a rose in June. Glints of gold hitherto unnoticed appeared in her brown locks, and skillfully cut skirts added two or three inches to her height, not to mention the triumph of a New York staymaker, recommended by the same wise counselor, who transformed her figure into a marvel of grace and fashion. She came out all over again, and bid fair to become one of the belles of the season, while the devotion of Mr. Oke, renowned among his fellows as a connoisseur in feminine charms, attracted others, who were presently so pronounced in their attentions that the spirit of his mentor was aroused and she urged him to bring the affair to a point.

Tommy really liked Mary immensely. He had been through so many varieties of love that he hardly knew whether this was the genuine thing or a platonic friendship new to his experience. That she would answer admirably for a wife was certain, and so, nothing loath, he presented himself at her house one afternoon, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, a gardenia in his button-hole. Mary came down in an enchanting tea gown, all white and yellow. He wondered how he even thought her plain, as she bustled herself over the tea things, with the light playing on her softly curled hair, and there was the ring of a real affection in his voice when he opened up the subject of matrimony.

To his surprise, Mary burst into tears.

"Mr. Oke," she said, trying to speak calmly. "I have tried to forget the mortifying beginning of our friendship, and I hoped you had forgotten it, too. You need not take me with my money. Now we are well enough acquainted for me to offer you what you like to use in your business. You know I am my own mistress, and can do what I choose with my fortune. Will you allow me to lend you five, ten, fifteen thousand dollars to help you out of this scrape. Miss Eleanor has told me all about it, and I am only too glad to have it to offer. Only, never, never talk of marriage to me again."

O the wooing o'! Tommy was an old hand at the business, and when he went away an hour later he was surprised and nettled to find that, with all his handshakes, he had not made her yield a jot, though he knew well enough that all the love she had to give to anybody was his. The next day he moped about; golf had no interest, nor a rousing game of billiards, nor the prospect of a stag dinner at the Country Club, and toward dusk he wandered around toward Aunt Eleanor's for counsel and comfort from that oracle. Dinah admitted him, and he advanced into the salon, where he heard voices. The only light was given by the fire, and in front of it on the rug sat Mary, looking into the fire as she talked to his aunt. He felt like a traitor standing half hidden by a portiere to listen to what she said, but he couldn't help it to save his life. To the delicious sympathy of the older woman she was pouring out her soul, and the eavesdropper, contrary to all precedent, heard nothing but good of himself.

"Love him?" Mary's tone was low, but earnest. "Of course I love him, but you spoil it all, dear Miss Eleanor. The dreadful bargain with which we tacitly began will always stand between us and it makes me feel quite wicked whenever I think of it. I want him, but I won't buy him, no, not at any price."

"My dear, don't be a goose. Take him if you can get him. Don't you remember I told you he was coming in for money himself by-and-by?"

"O, he is, is he?" Tommy burst into view, and in a minute had his arm about those two beloved people on the hearth rug. "Then we'll all be happy yet. Ladies, this is your last chance. Walk up and buy; he is going to be knocked down to the highest bidder. How much am I offered for a husband?"

"Five cents!" cried Miss Eleanor, laughing.

"Ten!" cried Mary, laughing, too, and blushing.

"I am offered ten cents for this gem of a husband. Any other bids? No? Going, going, gone to Miss Mary Vincent, and dirt cheap, too!"

And Tommy, sitting down by her side on the hearth rug, held out his hand with mock solemnity. Mary felt in her pocket, and out of her purse she drew a silver dime. "C. O. D.," she whispered, looking up at him with a happy shining in her eyes. "I have bought you and paid for you, and you are mine!"

So Aunt Eleanor's grand plan was carried out. On the day of the wedding, one of the busy-bodies said to that lady: "Is it true that Mary Vincent bought your nephew?"

"Perfectly," replied his aunt, calmly. "I saw the money paid down with my own eyes!"—Boston Herald.

A man sentenced to be hanged is above suspicion.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Proper Treatment of a Good Farm Team—Kindness and Careful Training Necessary—Farmers Should Keep Account of Their Operations.

A Farm Team.

When a satisfactory team is once found it must be kept. This is a point on which farmers generally are exceedingly careless. They declare that anything they have is for sale, says H. P. Miller, in the Country Gentleman. They will sell one or both of their team at a reasonable offer. Then, train your team. The real value of a team can be increased many times by proper training. When a man reflects that he is to work a team for ten, fifteen or twenty years, he will awaken to the importance of having them trained. Few farmers think of teaching their horses more than to start and stop at the word, and many a slap or jerk of the lines is required for these. From the methods, or rather lack of method, I notice prevail among farmers in handling their teams, I am convinced that the first thing necessary for better training of farm teams is to train the trainers.

A horse learns by repetition. So there must be system in his training. Have one word, and only one, for each command. If not obeyed at first, repeat in a commanding tone, but not in a threatening one. Never get a horse afraid of you. It is not necessary in order that he obey. Indeed, he is not nearly so apt if he stands in fear of you. He will not give consideration to what you say—will rather be on guard to escape your chastisements. Kindness and firmness are of supreme importance.

Farm Accounts.

Straighten up the old accounts and collect up what is outstanding, so that you will know for certainty your real worth. This should be done early in the year. Few farmers keep a systematic account of their receipts and expenditures. This should be done at the close of every day—a plain twenty-five-cent blank book will answer. On one side enter all the cash received, and on the other side what you pay out, and at the end of the month count up each column, and you can tell to a cent your profit or loss for the month. Pay as you go is the best and safest plan, and if you cannot do that, come as near to it as you can. In paying an account, take a receipt for the amount you pay; paste the receipted bills in an old blank book—they are valuable—and are also important to refer to in after years. Tax, insurance, feed and store bills, should be carefully kept; especially is this important when the money is paid direct, and not by check. All bills over \$10 should be paid by check, as the check is a receipt in itself. In paying mortgage interest, take a receipt and have it endorsed on back of mortgage; it will save trouble hereafter. Many men are very careful in paying out small sums of money, but in transactions involving \$100 and more, become very careless. Be on the safe side and look out for wife, family and home.

Hints on Churning.

The cream should never remain on the milk more than twenty-four hours, and if you use ice I would always skim at twelve hours. The cream should be thoroughly stirred three times a day until churned, and always churned as soon as ripe. One advantage of the water-sealed plan of setting milk, stated by the Orange County Farmer, is that the milk can be kept near the well, in a very inexpensive dairyhouse. A good roof and a cement floor, with latticed sides, and grapevines on the south and west, is all that is needed. Mine is on a level with a north porch, and the well is in the center, so that we pump directly into the tank. There is no carrying milk down and up stairs, and the dairy-room is always cool to churn in in the morning.

The next important step is churning. The cream should be ripe—not sour—and a thermometer should be used to regulate the temperature, which will range from 58 degrees in hot weather to 64 to 66 degrees in cold. The intelligent dairy woman—or man—will soon learn what is best. The cream should come in from thirty-five to forty-five minutes, with good grain and consistency. To make the best butter, a churn should be used without dash or paddle.

Crimson Clover.

A reader wants to know what I think of crimson clover for honey, hay, etc. It is known as the best honey yielder among the clovers, on account of its early blooming. The honey is very fine, not quite so white as white clover, says John Pedely Jr., in Rural Life. It is among the best soil renovators in the world, and will succeed where red clover will not. It is considered best to sow it early enough in the fall to make a good growth to carry it through the winter, instead of in the spring. If left to ripen it will roset itself. The best time to cut for hay or turn under is when part of the heads are brown. If sown so early that there is danger of blooming, pasture it. It will endure

as much cold as red, or, perhaps, more, and make over twice the growth in the same time. It was first introduced in Virginia about fifteen years ago, but has not been largely grown in this country for more than four or five years. Like all other plants, it does best on good land, although I think it will do a great deal better than red clover on poor soil. It is good for hay and will yield from one to three tons to the acre, and is valuable for seed, which it produces in large quantities; also, is a good thing to get started in the pasture, but its greatest value aside from honey is in its ability to store up plant food, and at the same time send down deep feeding roots to the soil and bring to the surface elements of fertility which otherwise would be lost.

In conclusion, I think it will pay you to try a small patch. Seed can be got from any seed firm.

Winter Shrubbery.

The most useful shrubbery for winter includes the red-barked dogwood, the barberry, the mahonia, the high bush cranberry and euonymus in variety, says The Independent. The barberry I can never say enough for. Besides its useful fruit for jellies, the berries hang on all winter without losing color. About the roadsides and fields of Maine the American and European varieties are both found in great abundance. In our New York open woods and wild fields the vulgaris from Europe has become so common as to be considered a native. Planted about outdoors, and on any soil, it grows into bushes ten feet high and ten feet in diameter. The amount of fruit is enormous. The high-bush cranberry, or viburnum, is another of our largest bushes, and cannot be planted too freely. It is beautiful in flower; and the berries, for a long time yellow, and later a beautiful crimson, are charming for at least three months. The red-barked dog-wood should stand in wet swales, although it does very well on dry knolls. It is bright and warming to look at, especially if allowed to straggle freely over barren spots. It is one of the best bushes we have to grow about cesspools to take up miasma rapidly into vegetation. I would trust it sooner than the eucalyptus.

Bee Notes.

Every farmer should keep bees. The expense in the first introduction is small, says the Bee Journal, and honey is a most valuable product and usually brings a good price. The grass around the apiary should be mown frequently, to prevent dampness and destroy the lurking places of insects and vermin. It bees once find themselves crowded, nothing will prevent them from swarming. Therefore, give them a good supply of empty comb at the beginning of the season, and keep them at work. Start an apiary with from four to six swarms the first season; the expense will thus be small, and with the experience gained a larger apiary may be conducted the next year with good prospect of success. The apiary should be well sheltered from strong winds, either naturally or by building a wall or high fence. And it should face the east, south or southeast, so as to get the sun during the day. It is said that a bee's sting, when compared with the point of a fine needle under a powerful microscope, is hardly discernible. The point of the needle appears to be about an inch in diameter.

Oyster Shells for Hens.

The New York Experimental Station has found that the feeding of oyster shells during the laying season, where they can be cheaply obtained, is recommended. One pound will contain lime enough for the shells of about seven dozen eggs. Limestone in fine form will probably as well supply the deficiency of lime existing in most foods; but the use of a sharper grit with it may be of some advantage. Long, sharp pieces of dry bone or glass, as some suggest, should be avoided. The size of particles of grit for hens had better be larger than a kernel of wheat and smaller than a kernel of corn. An unlimited supply of pounded glass was accompanied with no bad results when the food and other grit available to the fowls contained an abundance of lime; but when the food was deficient in lime and no other grit was attainable hens ate an injuriously large amount of glass.

Preventing Mites in Cheese.

Prof. Segeleke, of the Danish State Agricultural Councillors, gives the following method for preventing mites in cheese:

The ceilings, walls, floor and shelving of the curdling-room are whitewashed several times until the mites are destroyed. The cheese is first placed in a brine bath for twenty-four hours, and then in the curdling-room for fourteen days, during which time it is wiped off daily. After fourteen days it is thoroughly scraped and washed in lime-water, placed on shelves and kept clean; if a layer of slimy mould should again appear, the cheese must again be scraped and washed with lime.

When to Sell.

The best time to dispose of any sort of live stock kept regularly on the farm is when you can realize a profit on the same that is reasonable. Don't try to get rich on one deal, or hold onto a thing because some one tells you prices will run up higher in the near future.