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LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS.

Little maid-o'-dreams, with your
Eerie eyes so clear and pure
Gazing, where we vain would see
Into her futurity—
Tell us what you there behold,
In your visions manifold!
What is on beyond our sight,
Bidding till the morrow's light,
Fairer than we see to-day,
As our dull eyes only may?

Little maid-o'-dreams, with face
Like as in some woodland place
Lifts a lily, chaste and white,
From the shadow to the light—
Tell us, by your subtler glance,
What strange sorcery enchants
You as now—here, yet afar
As the realms of moon and star—
Have you magic lamp and ring,
And genii for vassaling?

Little maid-o'-dreams, confess
You're divine and nothing less—
For with mortal palms, we fear,
Yet must get you, dreaming here—
Yearning, too, to lift the tips
Of your fingers to our lips;
Fearful still you may rebel,
High and heavenly oracle!
Thus, though all unmeet our kiss,
Pardon this!—and this!—and this!

Little maid-o'-dreams, we call
Trace and favor, knowing all!
All your magic is, in truth,
Pure foresight and faith of youth—
You're a child, yet even so
You're a sage in embryo—
Precisest poet—artist—great
As your dreams anticipate—
Trusting God and man you do
Just as heaven inspires you to.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A DESPERATE UNDERTAKING.

The bell sounded for the last time. Engineer Mattern kissed his wife, leaped to his engine and with a shrill whistle the train slowly began to move. The village that it was leaving consisted of a few straggling houses, the homes of the railroad men, and the road itself was used principally for the transportation of cattle and freight, for but a few travelers passed through this wild region.

The distance to Delmane, to which place they were bound, was a matter of about twenty-five miles, and Mattern arrived there in three hours, in spite of the darkness and disagreeable weather. In the early evening a strong wind had arisen, and till midnight a perfect hurricane raged. As soon as the train arrived at Delmane the bells gave the signal which told the employees all along the line that they could seek their rest, as there were no night trains running on that road.

Mattern rested for a little while and then looked after the work he had been given to do, which occupied him until about 11 o'clock. Leaving the engine standing with a low fire, as he was to return to the village in six hours, he gave the fireman permission to go to the engine house and get a little sleep. He himself concluded to seek a restaurant that, he had seen, was still lighted up, where, perhaps, he would find congenial company. As he was free the next day he could sleep then as long as he pleased.

When he came to the station platform he met the trainmaster's assistant, Mr. Roy, who said to him: "You have arrived in time; I was going to send someone to hunt you up; there is a telegram here for you." "A telegram for me?" asked Mattern, looking surprised.

"Yes; just come into the waiting-room." In a moment Mattern held the dispatch in his trembling hands. "Special! The trainmaster at Delmane will please inform Engineer Mattern that his child is seriously ill with diphtheria. Dr. Loden is absent on a journey, and other help not to be had. Ask Mattern to bring a physician from Delmane with him when he returns early in the morning."

"My child—my poor little Charlie!" groaned the father. "There is nothing you can do but wait and hope for the best," said Mr. Roy philosophically. "Lie down and try to sleep for a few hours. I shall have to lock up and leave you. Good-night. I hope everything will turn out all right." And with that he went away.

Out in the darkness stood Mattern; the storm raged, and the rain beat in his face. Half-past 11! Was his boy living yet? Would medical help be of any avail the next morning? Full well did he know the dangerous character of the illness against which science has not yet found a remedy. Only by quick and prompt attention can danger be averted.

After a few moments of deep thought he suddenly turned and fairly ran to the house of Dr. Sardo and rang the bell. The Doctor appeared at an open window above and asked the name of the caller. "Engineer Mattern," was the answer. "My child has diphtheria and is in great danger."

Dr. Sardo threw the door key out of the window, saying: "Open the door and come up; in the meantime I will dress myself." Mattern fell around in the darkness for the keyhole, and a few moments later stood before the Doctor, a young man, who was comparatively new in the profession.

condition, so that I can take the necessary remedies with me; in diphtheria cases one must use all possible dispatch. You live here in town?" "No, Doctor," answered Mattern, and with hurried breath he told his story. "You say that the train does not return till the morning?" said the Doctor, rather impatiently. "Why, then, did you call me at this time of night? What do you expect me to do in the meantime?"

"Come with me, Doctor!" cried Mattern, great beads of perspiration starting out on his forehead. "You can save my child if you only will. Out at the station stands my locomotive under steam; if you will come with me I will take you to my home in an hour's time, and my boy will be saved."

"Are you mad? Now, at the dead of night, when everyone is asleep, without signals or information of any kind at the stations to be passed, you intend to run your locomotive for twenty-five miles! Why, man, at the first intermediate station we should jump the track because the switches would be turned wrong."

"Indeed, Doctor, there is no danger, believe me. At all of the stations the switches will be turned for the train that is to leave first in the morning, and as that is mine, you need have no fear about coming with me."

"But the crossings are not closed, and as no one expects a train at this time, we might be the cause of a great deal of harm to passing teams."

"No, no, I know every inch of the ground, and shall exercise the greatest care when we come to the crossings. And, besides, who would be out in weather like this?"

"But what you propose doing is against all rules and regulations; you will lose your position, besides being responsible for all that may happen."

"What do I care for that if I could only save my child? You can do for me if you only will. On my knees I beg of you to come with me! Oh, have pity on me!"

The Doctor yielded. Like some wild spirit of the night the solitary engine sped through the stormy darkness. Mattern had not awakened his fireman for the reason that he did not wish to create any unnecessary excitement in the engine house. When the Doctor had taken his place Mattern threw a can of oil on the fire in order to put the engine in flicker motion, and they were soon flying along at a fearful speed, which was only lessened as they passed the first station, which they did without accident, as the switches were turned in the right direction.

The Doctor sat down in a corner and tried to finish his broken nap, and Mattern divided his attention between keeping up the fire and regulating the speed of the engine. Had Dr. Sardo any idea of the danger he was in he would not have thought of going to sleep.

The last station was passed in safety. There were only seven miles more to make and they would be at their destination.

While bending down to his work Mattern suddenly felt the engine give a jerk. A terrible cry followed. Mattern sprang up and looked about him. By the light of the engine he could see that they had just passed a railroad crossing. The next moment they were again flying along in the darkness and storm.

"What was there?" asked the Doctor, who had been roused out of his sleep.

"Oh, nothing—very likely a stone or other substance, that became fast between the rails," answered Mattern, with choking breath. "In a few minutes we shall be there."

He slackened the speed of the engine, but he did it mechanically, as if in a dream. That fearful cry almost made his heart stand still. He could well imagine what had happened. Some cart or wagon must have been crossing at the time his engine came tearing along in the darkness like some spirit of evil, and no doubt he was the cause of a terrible calamity; if not, what was the meaning of that sudden jerk, followed by a heartrending cry? There was the station. Mattern could only see dimly through the darkness but knew the shape of the building too well to be mistaken. He stopped the engine and took the path to his home, followed by the Doctor.

Through the window on the second floor he could see a light shining. Very likely it was there his child was lying, wrestling with death; and to save this child he had perhaps killed and wounded—how many others?

He groaned aloud. Slowly he dragged his weary feet up the stairs. His wife opened the door at his knock.

His boy was still living. Mattern saw his ashen face and heard his rattling breath. In his ears sounded again the awful cry that he had heard a short time before. His nerves that for hours he had kept under control, gave way, now that he had reached his destination, and he fell to the floor insensible.

It was late the next morning when the engineer regained consciousness, although he could not collect his thoughts very clearly; a racking headache prevented this. His limbs seemed immovable and heavy as lead. In the room in which he found himself, and which he recognized as their living-room, a deathlike stillness reigned. He tried to

lift his head, but in vain; he fell back on the pillow with a groan. His wife heard him and came in, but with a face pale with weeping.

"Ruth!" he whispered. "Oh, my dear husband, how thankful I am to see you conscious again!" she cried.

"How is the boy? Is he still alive?" "Oh, yes, thank God! Had you come an hour later it would have been too late, but the Doctor thinks he is past all danger now. He has just been called to look after some people who were hurt at the railroad crossing. A man is said to be killed and two women and one child badly injured. Try to sleep a little now, dear husband; that will be your best medicine. I will call you when the Doctor returns."

She kissed him and went into the next room where the child was sleeping.

One person dead, three badly hurt, perhaps fatally, and through his fault! He had had no intention of doing this; all he thought of was the saving of his child; but had he a right to undertake such a fearful responsibility when he knew what terrible consequences might follow?

He rose in despair; he could not endure to be still; the air of the room almost choked him. In his ears still sounded that fearful death cry. With trembling limbs he made his way into the bedroom. Both wife and child were sleeping. He looked at them silently and bitter tears streamed down his cheeks. What would become of those he loved so dearly?

Slowly he went down the stairs; he could not meet the eyes of his dear ones, and without a word he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time; the fresh air seemed to do him good.

The town clock struck 7—it was early yet. Mechanically he turned his steps toward the engine house; he wanted to look after his engine, as was his daily custom. He arrived at the shed; his engine was there—no doubt brought there by some of his coworkers. He looked at it sorrowfully, and as of old began to examine it. It struck him that something might have been broken during the ride.

Suddenly he heard a loud laugh. One of the workmen, whose duty it was to take out the ashes and start the fire, had come up behind him and now said, jokingly:

"I suppose you want to see your roast?" "Roast?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

The other man laughed more than ever. "It must have been a pretty good bump. I only wonder that the engine didn't jump the track. The front wheels were full of hair. I cleaned the whole thing and dragged the carcass away. The ashbox was full of bones; it was a pity, on account of the beautiful antlers."

So saying, the workman brought out of an old shed where the firewood was kept a number of the broken pieces of a deer's antlers.

"There, you see, the poor fellow fared badly; he did not expect to be disturbed in his roamings at night time by the appearance of a locomotive. He was just about to pass the crossing, and, frightened by the light at the front of the engine, stood still, and so you ran him down. In such cases a deer sometimes acts more stupidly than a sheep or a calf."

Mattern leaned against one of the wheels of his engine to steady himself. So the cry he had heard had been the cry of a dying stag! But, nevertheless, there had been an accident, where someone was killed and others wounded. Was he awake or only in a feverish dream?

"Engineer Keel was not as lucky as you. This morning in talking out the early train, he was unfortunate enough to run against a farmer's cart, although it was not his fault. The man who was driving seemed to be in a hurry, and had taken the responsibility of opening the gates, so as to cross before the coming train, when he was caught by the engine. The accident might have been much worse, but Keel quickly slackened speed when he saw the open gates; as it is, one woman had a foot broken, another an arm; the farmer and one child were only slightly stunned, and the horses escaped without injury, although they were flung far into a ditch; the wagon, of course, is all broken to pieces. Mr. Mattern—what ails you? Let me go!"

The man had cause to be alarmed, for, like one bereft of his senses, Mattern had suddenly thrown his arms around him and kissed his coal-blackened face, crying and laughing at the same time.

Mattern, on account of going against all instructions, was taken before an examining committee and fined one month's wages, but otherwise was not punished, as it became well known why he had done such a desperate act. As for Dr. Sardo, no blame was attached to him; on the contrary, his humane deed brought him considerable practice.

Neither of the men is alive now, but the remembrance of this stormy night will long remain with those who are still living to tell of its events.—London Tit-Bits.



WOMAN AT HOME

CRAZED BY HAIR BLEACH.

THE danger of using peroxide of hydrogen for bleaching the hair has again been demonstrated, in the case of Dell De Forest, a well known actress of New York, who has just been placed in an asylum on Long Island. Miss De Forest is scarce 26 years of age. She was for a long time one of the belles of Newark, N. J. When 18 years old she took it into her willful mind to bleach her hair, and the entreaties of her mother and sister were of no avail. Copious washes of ammonia were followed by the use of the peroxide, and soon her brown locks became changed to the golden tint. Just at that time she made the acquaintance of a vaudeville actor. She was a graceful dancer, and was finally

women became pharmacists. Of late years, however, there has been a profound change in the industry. Partly to prevent competition—or, rather, to restrict it—partly to raise the professional standard and partly to protect the public, colleges of pharmacy have been started in various places in the country and laws passed requiring all candidates to pass examinations almost as strict and difficult as those laid down for physicians and lawyers. The new system has cut down the number of candidates, both male and female. In Massachusetts not more than a score of women have passed the examination in the past fifteen years. In New York the number is said to be nearly fifty, and in the various States of the Union the entire total is below 500. Many marry and leave the calling; a few have retired, and a few have continued their studies and have become physicians or chemists. At the present time the total number of women who practice pharmacy either as proprietors, clerks or apprentices is estimated to be about 1,500.

The Woman's Watch.

Fashionable watches are very small; the ordinary size is about an inch in diameter. They are carved with decorations, either incrustated with diamonds or covered with colored enamels. If there is a fob or pin it is decorated to match. There are also plain gold cases perfectly smooth. The old Geneva patterns of engraved concentric lines seem to have disappeared.

There is an awkwardness in placing a watch on one side of the bodice it looks foolishly like a society decoration, and if it is worn on a long chain dangling from the neck the chain is too conspicuous, because it is out of harmony with the dress. Both these fashions are seen, the last one preferable. The chain in vogue is of five links, inter-



DELL DE FORREST

Induced to appear with him on the stage in the whirlwind dance, which has since made her famous. They traveled about the country together under the name of the De Forrests, and Dell, notwithstanding the entreaties of her partner, continued to apply the powerful bleaching solution to her hair. She

LATE DESIGNS IN GOWNS.



grew irritable, accusing her dancing partner of plotting against her life, and occasionally refused to perform her dance on the ground that enemies were in the audience, waiting a chance to kill her. Her condition becoming worse she was taken home and, having been declared insane, was taken to an asylum.

A Handsome Cushion.

In many households there is very little to spend on an elaborately embroidered pillow cover. But it is possible to



EASILY MADE, BUT EFFECTIVE.

make one in a short time that will be very effective and decorative. To do this take a square of denim of a rich red shade and outline in heavy black flosselle in one corner three conventional flowers. In the opposite corner outline one flower and darn the petals of them all with black flosselle, working the centers in buttonhole stitch to form a honeycomb effect, as shown. Then, with Japanese gold thread, couch around all the petals outside of the black outlining. A very rich oriental effect will be the result. Edge the cushion with a hemmed ruffle of the denim five inches wide.

New Field for Women.

The first woman to enter the profession of pharmacy in our country was Mrs. Jane Loring, of Boston, in 1800. She was a grand-aunt of the famous Congressman. Under the old system there was no State supervision of the profession, and anyone could take it up who desired without any legal impediments. Under this system over 1,200

perspers with pearls. Better than either of these is the fob chain or chate-line clasp, and it is the only method that taste can justify for a watch worn out in sight.—New York Advertiser.

Remarkable Wheelwoman.

Tillie Anderson is perhaps possessed of more endurance and speed—qualifications that go to make up the successful long-distance cyclist—than any wheelwoman in America. She is a native born American of Swedish descent and is 23 years old. Almost since her first year on a wheel she has been known as a scorching of such ability that even the hardest men riders have never been anxious to test her speed and stamina a second time on the road. In the recent six-day eighteen-hour race at the Second Regiment Armory, Chicago, she broke no less than fourteen world's records for women, winding up the week by riding 344 1-8 miles in the stipulated time. Better still is her record in the Tattersall's race. She not only won, but created a series of new records for a twelve-lap track for all distances up to 350 1/2 miles, which distance she accomplished in eighteen



TILLIE ANDERSON.

hours, or a trifle less than a twenty-mile gait from start to finish. Miss Kathryn Kidder delights in the regulation French doll, and has one always near at hand to fondle in her leisure moments.



HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Tips on Cake Making.

Successful cake making depends on about twenty things: Proper materials. A correct recipe. Following directions explicitly. Accurate weights and measurements. Compounding the ingredients in their proper order.

Having everything in readiness before commencing to mix the ingredients.

Regulating the temperature of the oven according to the kind of cake made.

Having all the ingredients at the right temperature.

Not suspending the mixing until the cake is ready for the oven.

Beating much or little, according to the kind of cake, and always in one direction.

Whipping the whites of the egg to a coarse, moderately stiff froth rather than a fine, stiff one.

Sifting the baking powder and flour together two or three times.

Folding the flour in carefully instead of by strong circular strokes.

Placing in the oven as soon as the baking powder is added.

Greasing the tin with sweet lard rather than butter and sifting a little dry flour over.

Opening and shutting the oven door very gently during the process of baking.

Not turning while in the oven if it can be avoided.

Keeping fruit over night in a warm room, dredging it thoroughly with flour, and stirring it in lightly the last time.

Lining tins for loaf cake with oiled paper.

Making the paper or paste lining of a tin for fruit cake or a large loaf cake an inch higher at the sides to support a paper cover and prevent its baking too hard.

In baking loaf cake remember that unless you place a piece of paper over for protection at first, a top crust will be formed at once that prevents rising. When cake is well raised remove the paper for browning on top.

To Clean Windows.

Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window; when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia. Do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth. Do not use linen, as it makes the glass luty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. This can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

How to Cook Codfish.

A new and most excellent dish of codfish, invented or discovered by Miss Bedford, of the New York School of Cookery, is prepared in the following way. As I have not the exact formula, I can only give it to you as it came to me: Take a good-sized piece of the fish, freshen and soften it by soaking in cold water and take out the bones. Parboil the fish in milk and season it with white pepper and a dash of paprika. Take from the milk, break into flakes and put into a saucepan with the juice of one onion and a large piece of butter, and heat until a light brown at the edges. Add to the fish a cupful of the meats of boiled walnuts, thicken the flour in which it was boiled slightly and brown in the oven.

Philadelphia Broil.

Take twenty-five large oysters, drain them and place on a baking board. Season them with salt and cayenne. Put one cup of liquor on to boil; as soon as it boils skim it and add one tablespoonful of butter, with salt and cayenne to taste. Grease an oyster broiler and broil them over a clear fire until brown on one side, then turn and brown the other. Now throw them into the hot liquor. Serve immediately on a plate of buttered toast.

Hints.

Clothes will be whitened by putting a teaspoonful of borax in the rinsing water.

To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, and then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour, let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soap-suds and rinse in cold water.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so that it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.