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## CASABIRANKA.

The girl sat on the baseball stand—  
All but her beau had fled,  
And he, poor chap, could not demand  
Relief from what she said.  
"Why does the pitcher throw it so?"  
She murmured in dismay.  
"Such actions violent, you know,  
His awkward moves display.  
Why does he so expectorate  
Upon the snow white ball?  
Was he not taught until too late  
That that's not nice at all?  
Why does that fellow don a cage  
And let his voice resound  
In cries of 'Strike!' awakin' rage  
In those upon the ground?  
Why do the runners always fall  
And slide upon their face,  
Or else—they do not care at all—  
Upon some other place?  
Why do the people murmur 'Rank?'  
He has no rank, 'tis plain.  
Why does that player, lean and lank,  
Seem in such awful pain?  
Why does the catcher wear that pad  
Close to his bosom breast?  
And why has not the other had  
His clothes cut like the rest?  
Why does that player swing the wood  
In such a reckless way?  
And question, as no good man should,  
What those behind him say?  
Why do the men such colors wear?"  
But here she turned her head,  
And then at last became aware  
Her escort had dropped dead.  
—Nebraska State Journal.

## THE KODAK'S EYE.

"It was just six years ago that I took my first walking tour with my kodak—dare say you remember. I had passed through Pinley one glorious June morning, and on the outskirts I came across one of the prettiest cottages I ever saw in my life. Gables, you know, and a porch framed in honeysuckle; and running up the hill behind the house, an old-fashioned garden—such a garden!  
"A little boy was swinging on the gate. Thompson went on; 'pretty little chap about 6, I should think. He was lashing the gate with a great bunch of whitethorn, and chirruping to his steed as he swung back and forth. He looked across the road at me and laughed. 'If you'll keep quite still while I count six, I'll give you a bright new shilling,' I said. He eyed me critically. I set the focus and sighted the child in the fender of my kodak. I saw that the hillside garden and the honeysuckle porch would come into the scope of the picture. But I wished the child hadn't grown so perpetually grave. 'What you got in the box?' he said. 'I'll show you in a minute, if you keep quiet,' I answered. Just as I put my finger to the button a cuckoo in the copse began to call. The child lifted his curly head and listened rapturously. 'It's my bird,' he said, but just before he spoke I had pressed the kodak button. Someone shouted 'Billy!' from the cottage, and the child scrambled down from the gate. 'Here's your shilling,' I said. He turned back, thrust his small hand through the white fence for his prize and scampered off with it.  
"I had only a short holiday that year, and on my way home, going from Thorpe to Frenon, I took a wrong turning, and found myself near Pinley again. I didn't really care, for I had made my forty-eight exposures, and wasn't looking for anything new. It was furiously hot the morning I saw the picture cottage for the second time. I came on it from behind the hill at the back, and saw that the place was in reality a small farm. 'I dare say they'd give me a glass of milk,' I thought, and by way of making a short cut I climbed a wall and dropped on the other side. But I came down on a wabbling stone lying in a ditch, lost my balance, turned my ankle, and lay cursing diabolically for some minutes. Then I limped up to the house. There was no one about, and yet it wore an inhabited air. I knocked at a side door and leaned heavily against the luteal. No one came. I limped around to the front. My little friend wasn't hanging over the gate this time. I went into the porch and knocked again. The door was opened—a woman of about 35, looking very ill, I thought, stood there waiting to know my errand.  
"Can I get some one here to go for a fly? I've sprained my ankle, and—"  
"There's nobody here," she said, and shook her head unsympathetically. I had a horrible fear that she was going to shut the door in my face.  
"Can you let me have a glass of milk?" I said. I wanted nothing in the world so much as an excuse to sit down.  
"Yes, I suppose so," she said, indifferently. "Come this way."  
I followed her into the kitchen. She gave me a chair and went out. I sat nursing the injured ankle until she came back with the milk.  
"I passed here about ten days ago," I said, on my way to Frenon.  
"Did you?" said the woman in a stupid way. She turned to the window and sat down on a low stool by a market basket. I saw she had been shelling peas when I knocked.  
"I noticed your garden particularly. I haven't seen a finer one this year."  
"No, it ain't bad," she replied, dropping the fat peas into the pail at her side. They pattered down like hailstones.  
"How far shall I have to walk before I can get a trap?" I said.  
"Nothing this side of Tarver's, I should think."  
"How far is that?"

"'Bout half a mile. I almost groaned aloud. I couldn't walk it. Somebody must be found who would go and treat with Tarver for me.  
"I saw a little boy swinging on the gate when I passed some days ago—"  
"The woman turned her head so sharply in my direction that I stopped short. It was only an instant's interruption. The face was averted again and the peas began to hail against the tin.  
"Isn't he here now?" I asked.  
"The woman shook her head. It was very warm. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. She lifted her arm and passed the sleeve of her printed gown over her face. I set the empty glass on the table at my elbow, and took out my purse. I noticed the woman's quick hands were idle again, and her head bent down. 'She is very ill,' I thought. 'She can't go to Tarver's, but—'  
"I'll be glad to pay somebody half a crown who will get me a fly," I said aloud. "Do you know of—"  
"She had lifted her head and looked at me.  
"Was it you who gave him the shilling?"  
"Gave who?"  
"Billy, my boy. You said you saw him swingin' on the gate. Was it you gave him a new shillin'?"  
"Oh, I believe I did," I said.  
"The sunburnt face worked and dropped on her folded arms.  
"What happened," I said, after a pause.  
She sat up and stared vacantly through the window.  
"I usen't to let him go outside the gate to talk to people passin', she said. 'I called him in when I heard voices that day. He showed me the shilling.' She broke off and wiped her eyes on the back of her hand.  
"Yes?" I said.  
"I didn't like him takin' money from strangers; I scolded him, an' he— he cried.' Her own eyes were full of tears. 'I tried to make him say what the shilling was for,' she went on. 'He said, 'Notlin'.' 'Then you begged it,' I says, 'an' you're a disgrace,' and he cried more an' said he hadn't—"  
"But that was quite true," I interrupted.  
"Oh, I didn't know that. I didn't know that," the woman moaned. 'I said I'd give him a beatin' if he didn't tell me why the strange gentleman gave him the shillin'. I might 'a done it, too, but he stopped cryin' all of a sudden, an' said: 'Why, of course, mammy, I know why he did it—it was because my cuckoo sang for him, an' I kep' quiet so he could hear.' I knew that was just Billy's nonsense, but I didn't beat him—oh, I'm glad I didn't beat him."  
"I waited till she found her voice again," Thompson said, after a pause, as an excuse for the sudden failure of his own.  
"The woman explained," he went on, "that Billy had climbed up the laburnum tree that same afternoon. 'He lost his hold,' she said, an' the doctor says he must 'a fell on his head—he died that night."  
"I muttered something stupid about sympathy. She went on shelling the peas. Looking vaguely around I caught sight of a child's photograph in a frame on the opposite wall.  
"Is that a picture of your boy?" I asked.  
"No, no," said the woman; that's my sister's child, and he ain't dead, neither! We never had a picture of Billy. That seems to make it worse somehow. I tell my husband I believe I could bear it better if I had a picture of him."  
"Why, I took a picture of him!" In my excitement I started up, and wrenched my unhappy ankle. I sank back faint from pain.  
"You took a picture of my Billy?" She was standing beside me when I opened my eyes.  
"Yes—er—or the house. He was at the gate, you know."  
"Thank God," the woman said, shaking her clinched hands pitifully. "Thank God! Thank God!"  
"But it may not come out right," I said, cursing myself for having raised hopes that my kodak might not justify. "You see, it isn't developed. I can't tell how."  
"Oh, you must make it come out right, sir. Where is it? The hard, sunburnt face was quivering.  
"It's here, in this," I motioned toward the kodak at my side. She knelt down before it with clasped hands, like a penitent before a shrine. "You'll show it to me, sir—just for a minute."  
"I can't just now—it isn't developed."  
"But just let me see if it's my Billy. Oh, please, sir! If you know, if you know—"  
"I'll let you have it as soon as it's ready," I said. "It would be spoiled if I took it out now."  
"I'd be very careful," said the woman. She got up eagerly, and instinctively wiped her rough hands on her apron.  
"No, it's the light, you see, that would spoil it. It must be kept in the dark," I tried to explain, but she evidently wasn't listening. She kept looking down at the kodak with superstitious awe.  
"Someone passed the window. She looked up. 'They've got back!' she cried, breathlessly, and ran to the door in the scullery. She was talking ex-

actly about Billy's picture when she came back with two men. It was her husband and her younger brother, home from market. We soon arranged that after dinner, when the horse was rested, I should be driven to Frenon by my host, Peter Shall, and that meanwhile I should go upstairs and lie down and let Mrs. Shall put cold water bandages on my foot. The pain had become excruciating.  
"A very comfortable room it was that they put me in, and when Mrs. Shall said my foot was badly inflamed and that I had better stay where I was for a few days I wasn't at all unwilling.  
"Will you show me the picture tonight?" she said, the moment the plan was decided on.  
"A light broke in upon me. 'Unfortunately, I haven't any developer with me. I should have to send for one.' "You can buy anything at Frenon," she said. 'Shall will go for you.' "Oh, I should have to send to London."  
"Shall will go for you," she repeated.  
"As to that, the Eastman Company would send it. But I have everything at home, and when I get back—"  
"Oh, if you please, sir, don't wait. Shall will take a telegram if you'll write it. I—I you'll think me very strange, but— she leaned over the foot of the bed and lowered her voice—"the truth is, I think I'll go clear out of my mind if I go like this. It's all about Billy, sir. You won't speak about it to Shall, but I seem to be forgetting how Billy looks. I can't go to sleep o' nights for tryin' to make a picture of him in my mind, and it's gettin' harder an' harder. He's soon been gone twelve days, last night I couldn't seem to remember anything but his hair. You see, I must be goin' out of my mind. But if I had a picture! Oh, sir, let Shall take a telegram an' get the—the—whatever it is."  
"She left the foot of the bed and came to the side. I looked up at the poor face and didn't hesitate long. 'Get me some paper and a pencil,' I said.  
"Shall was dispatched with the 'telegram,' and the next afternoon a packet came from the Eastman Company.  
"My foot was very painful. Mrs. Shall begged me not to stand on it.  
"I'll get you everything you want," she said.  
"Well, where is the kodak? I looked about as I undid Eastman's package.  
"Oh, it's in my room," she said, looking a little guilty, and she hurried on: "I hope it hasn't been tampered with," I observed, when she came back again.  
"No, indeed," she said; but she flushed under my glance. 'It's only been settin' on my chest of drawers, where I could see it plain.'  
"But I mistrusted her. I dare say I showed it, too, for she hesitated an instant, and said, slowly, in a blundering kind of way: 'You can't think, sir, what a comfort it was for me to lie and look at it. I kep' thinking my Billy's in there. Maybe he's looking out now, through that little round window! Shall said no, and told me how it was; but, anyhow, it don't matter so much now if I do get mazed, and can't remember—his picture's safe in that little box. Seems queer, too. I've had such a lot of pictures of Billy in my head, an' I can't keep one clear; an' that little eye in the box never forgets him—never forgets him—like his own mother does.' Thompson cleared his throat.  
"I asked her if she had a lamp with a red shade. 'Yes, sir,' she said, and started for the door.  
"And bring in a couple of shallow dishes, pudding or vegetable dishes," I said, and a pair of scissors.  
"I examined the kodak, but couldn't detect anything amiss. Still, I was full of foreboding. The presentation that something had happened to the particular picture I wanted became almost a conviction.  
"At my direction the wooden shutters were closed and a pair of blankets and an elderdown quilt were put over the window. The small, red-shaded lamp gave out a dim glow. On a table by my side were the dishes and the bath of developer.  
"Now, you can go, Mrs. Shall," I said. "I'll call you when I'm ready."  
"Go, sir?"  
"Yes, I won't be very long."  
"Oh, you mustn't send me away, sir," she said. "Let me stay an' I'll help you. I can't go away an' wait!" She began to sob.  
"I wished to the Lord I was out of it. But I thought, if the picture turns out right, after all! Well, I began to feel more hopeful.  
"The light was put behind the bed, and I opened the kodak, and took out the roll of film.  
"Where is it?" said the woman in a whisper, peering forward in the dark.  
"I think it's the third on this reel," I said. "Give me the scissors."  
She fumbled about on the table. "Here!" she said. The word was hoarse, and spoken with difficulty. The sound of her voice made me nervous. What an idiot I had been not to send her out! "I unrolled the film and cut through the punctured lines. 'Where is the picture?' said the voice across the table. I was conscious she was peering into the empty kodak case.  
"I hope it's coming," I said, miserably, my presentiment coming back.  
"Where?"  
"On this piece of paper," I mechan-

ically laid down the third exposure and returned the reel to the case.  
"The woman came nearer.  
"Please, sir, turn it over," she said.  
"What?" I asked.  
"The paper."  
"This, do you mean? I picked up the scrap of film.  
"It isn't there! It isn't there! The woman staggered back in the darkness.  
"Wait," I said. "We can't be certain for a few minutes. Don't go out. The door mustn't be opened. But I was almost glad that she was prepared now for the worst. I was as certain as if I had seen it that Billy's picture would be a failure.  
"Mrs. Shall was crying hoarsely in the corner. What a fool I'd been to say anything about that snap-shot! I poured the developer into a dish and submerged the film. I washed the liquid back and forth.  
"Please bring the light nearer," I said, presently. Mrs. Shall got up and set the lamp on the edge of the table. I held up the film.  
"That one's turned dark," said the woman, hopefully. I knocked down the scissors with my elbow. She came round, fumbled on the floor and picked them up. I returned the film to the bath, with a sense of infinite thankfulness and relief. Billy's picture was coming up all right! As I washed the stuff back and forth I could see his white-thorn whip coming out black and distinct, and above it—  
"Mrs. Shall had laid down the scissors and was looking over my shoulder.  
"That one's something like this house," she said, dreadingly.  
"Look here!" I cried, holding the dish nearer the lamp. "What do you see there in front?"  
"She leaned over the table and stared into the dish.  
"Yes, I see a fence and a shrubbery, an' a gate, an' a wide collar, an' a face, an'—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord—it's my Billy swingin' on the gate!"  
Thompson broke off at this point in his story and began to walk up and down the room.  
"They send me a hamper full of flowers every year, on the anniversary of the day I saw Billy swingin' on the gate. I haven't seen them since one day in that same year, when I went to take Mrs. Shall an enlarged photograph of my snap-shot. It came out splendidly! Thompson said, with professional pride. "Best child's photo I ever saw; the pretty background, the bunch of whitethorn hanging over the gate, the uplifted face, intent calling—'Just as if he heard his mother callin' him,' said Mrs. Shall.  
"No; it was the angels," said the woman, very low.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## The Marriageable Age.

In many ways the girls of 18 are more fit to marry than they were in our grandmother's time, and yet observation tells us without question that the age at which girls marry now is advanced by several years beyond that of one hundred years ago.  
The early marriages of the past have been of no benefit to the present race, and we are showing wisdom in our generation in setting the clock of time back a few years.  
For one thing only are early marriages desirable, and even this result does not always accrue by any means. We mean the possibility of the couple growing more closely together in tastes and fancies if these are matured after marriage.  
It is not considered desirable that the woman should be the elder of the parties to the contract. But even this objection is being lessened as years go by, for the woman of 40 now is no older than the woman of 25 was fifty years ago. Nevertheless it is well that there should be the advantage of age upon the husband's side. If a man does not marry until after he is 35 it is better that there should be a decided disparity of age between them, as he will be so set in his ways that the wife will be obliged to yield deference to his wishes at every point. A woman who is also set in her ways will not be likely to do this. When there is a very great disparity in the ages, as is seen quite frequently, the wonder is that the young girls can be party to such contracts, though it is very wise for the man when he at 60 marries a girl of 20. A woman of suitable age wouldn't put up with his almost certain crankiness.—Philadelphia Call.

## They Did Not Believe It.

A Prussian officer in the conquered province of Alsace one day visited a chapel in the outskirts of a town. Among the offerings of the devout peasantry he perceived a silver mouse, which so excited his curiosity that he asked an explanation of one of the natives.  
"The story is," said the Alsatian, "that an entire quarter of the town was infested with an army of mice which were a veritable plague. At last a devout lady caused a silver mouse to be made, and offered it to the Virgin. Shortly afterward every mouse disappeared."  
The officer burst out laughing.  
"What!" said he, rudely, "is it possible the people of this country are so stupid as to believe such things?"  
"Oh, no!" quietly replied the Alsatian; "for if we did, we should long ago have offered the Virgin a silver Prussia."

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

#### Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

If ever the Sultan does get a good, hard American jolt he will lose some of his sublime portliness.

The praise and blame which hang on the lowest boughs, and may be easily plucked, are generally worthless.

The cable informs us that "Izzit Pasha is under arrest in Constantinople." It isn't Izzit, it is? And if it is Izzit, why is it?

In Kentucky a dinner horn was mistaken for Gabriel's final trumpet. There's one horn down there, however, nobody ever makes a mistake about.

Russia supports the French view of the Dougola expedition. That European war cloud will wear itself out chasing over the continent for a place to hover.

Mr. Edison has succeeded in looking into the human heart perfectly with the naked eye, it is said. Mr. Edison may get himself disliked if he is not careful.

If Nicaragua really wants her little revolution advertised she would better wait until Spain has done with Cuba and until the United States Congress has shut up and gone home.

An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, replied: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of Billy in our hearts."

The Ohio man who proposes to inflict a fine upon wearers of big theater hats is on the wrong track. No mere prospect of being fined \$10,000 is going to deter a matinee girl who has a new piece of headgear to show off.

He who is always changing from object to object finishes nothing, and his life at last resembles a heap of detached stones, which, if he had but kept to one plan, might have been built into a stately and commodious abode.

John L. Sullivan says the pugilists should organize and demand their rights. As the pugilists' rights are to bed, board, and clothes at a certain State institution, it is evident the Hon. John L. is tired of trying to earn his living outside.

It was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

We come to those who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man.

A sound philosopher once said: "He that thinks innocent pastime foolish has either to grow wiser, or is past the ability to do so; and I have always counted it an impudent fiction that playfulness is inconsistent with greatness. Many men and women have died of dignity."

The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose which grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading kindness of the heart.

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the skeptic, in a vain attempt to be wise beyond what is permitted to a man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises and would fain instruct.

If Cuba is willing to pay Spain \$100,000,000 for her freedom Spain would do well to close with the offer. Spain needs the money; the present war is very expensive, and if Spain should succeed, after the expenditure of much treasure and many lives, it will be a very long time before she can make \$100,000,000 out of her island colony. Long before that time arrives it is probable another and more costly insurrection would break out in Cuba.

Woman's true strength lies in her quietness. The noisy, blustering, arrogant, self-asserting of the sex made the air hot with their voices, and trouble the world with their superabundant activities. But this is not real strength—it is more generally just a sham and a show, which breaks down under the

pressure of personal and private trial; while the true power of those who, as wives, influence the present, and, as mothers, mold the future, lies hidden from the public, all the more valuable because of its reserve.

The love which every child brings with it is in itself the strongest indication of the needs of the child. Love is like sunshine; without it there can be no harmonious growth or development. As well expect a fruit tree to bear delicious fruit in a cellar as expect a child to grow up into symmetrical manhood or womanhood without love. As invariably we appropriate the sunniest nook in the garden to the nursery, so must the warmest and sunniest apartments of the heart be given to the little ones. Nurtured in an atmosphere of love, their various powers expand in unconscionable but incomparable beauty.

After seventy-three years of life Thomas Hughes is dead at Rugby, England. Wherever the English language is spoken and wherever English-speaking boys have grown up into natural heartiness of thought and action the news will be received with regret. Thomas Hughes occupied a unique place in the world of letters. The son of an English writer and artist, he sprung into a reputation from his one great piece of fiction entitled "Tom Brown's School-days." That book was written in 1857 and it brought the author fame. He never rivaled the one great attempt. His knowledge of boy character and his sympathy with all that concerns boy life are so true that honest boyhood has stamped the work as classic and enduring. He need not have written more. Thomas Hughes was an Englishman who loved England, and as author, social economist and barrister he has left his imprint upon the times. He was a friend of the laboring classes and his representation in Parliament for three terms between 1865 and 1874 endeared him to the masses. He was a reformer of practical bent, a believer in co-operation and a sympathetic friend to organized labor. The British colony at Rugby, Tenn., was placed under the superintendency of Mr. Hughes in 1860, English capital being largely invested in the enterprise. The venture proved successful, but a large element of the population is now American. Whatever the lack of finished style in his books, the human sympathy of Thomas Hughes shines out of them. There was something of Carlyle in his vigorous manliness, softened by the innate tenderness which conceived the boy character of Arthur and which in "Tom Brown at Oxford" paid such beautiful tribute to the memory of Dr. Arnold. So long as Rugby shall stand upon the map of England the name of Thomas Hughes will be associated with it and with the boy creatures of his own wholesome fancy.

Diamonds Are Plentiful.  
Are the diamond mines of the world inexhaustible, or will the time come when diamond diggers shall have discovered the last of nature's store of carbon in its allotrope form? Certain scientists argue that nature does not transform decomposed matter into diamonds rapidly enough to keep pace with the miners. There is a corporation in London which believes these statistics. Most of the diamonds to-day are mined in South Africa. The Englishmen who work the South African fields practically have a monopoly. With the pooling of their interests competition has stopped. Barney Barnato is reputed to have effected the consolidation; at any rate it exists. The output of the mines is distributed to the world by way of the London corporation. The diamonds are shipped in the rough from the Kaffir seaports.  
Diamond merchants everywhere know that but a part of the annual output reaches the trade. Where is the other part? The answer to that question is in the vaults of the London company; for stored there are stones in the rough of incalculable value. Millions on millions of pounds are represented by the contents of those four massive steel walls. Not a stone more is put on the market than can be sold at the standard price set by the company. The rest of the output is stored away to await the end of the diamond supply or a larger demand. The company is capitalized at \$4,000,000, and pays handsome dividends each year despite the reserve tied up in the vaults. Last year it was estimated that one-fourth of the output of the mines was stored away. If the contents of the vaults were put on the market at present diamonds would be a drug on the market.—New York World.

Sea Trout for Vermont.  
An experiment will be made in Vermont this year with 5,000 sea trout eggs, which came from Scotland. The attempt to hatch the eggs of this fish has never before been made in the United States. An effort will be made by a New York fish culturist and the small fish will be placed in the pure water of an inland lake near Rutland, where they can be closely watched.

John Potts—Are you the medium who advertises to unite the separated? Medium (proudly)—I never fail. John Potts—I wish you would connect me with the \$100 I got separated from last night.—Life.