

# THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

"On what do Chicago business men lunch?" asks a New York paper. Most of them lunch on stools.

Knowledge is said to be power; and it is power in the same sense that wood is fuel. Wood on fire is fuel. Knowledge on fire is power.

Now, if England doesn't fight, it will be due to abject cowardice; the new American rams and torpedo boats are to be painted green.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfect the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.

True freedom consists with the observance of law. Adam was as free in paradise as in the wilds to which he was banished for his transgression.

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly; he who aspires to nothing, and learns nothing is not worthy of living.

The Duke of Veragua says: "The United States should remember what she owes to Spain." After this gentle hint we hope Tom Palmer will turn over that relief fund of \$1,000.

King Menelik has asked Italy for 40,000,000 liras. If Humbert isn't too patriotic about the pronunciation we presume he can pick that number of campaign liras over here almost any time.

A European letter says that Dr. Carl Peters, the African explorer, who is to be tried for crimes committed in the dark continent, is very bowlegged. It seems, then, that he is crooked from the ground up.

A South Dakota divorcee explained to the court that on the eve of her marriage she held her prospective husband under a pump to sober him up sufficiently to permit the ceremony to be performed. Afterward, she added, she had often regretted that she didn't submerge him into a watering trough and anchor him there head foremost over night. Women often lack thoroughness in their work.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp an idea of this magnitude let the reader fully realize that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface, that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and, further, that if the number of 12,000,000,000 represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 400 or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

The friends of Oscar Wilde are preparing a petition to the Home Secretary, praying for his release at the end of eighteen months' imprisonment. The prisoner has been visited in jail by his wife, and it is said that a complete reconciliation has taken place. When his term is completed he will accompany Mrs. Wilde and his children to the Continent, where he will permanently reside. During the last few months, in the time allowed by prison regulations for recreation, he has been reading the works of St. Augustine and Walter Pater. To a gentleman, who recently visited him, he said: "I have erred throughout my life in leaving out all consideration of the moral element." He is said to be affected in mental vigor by the incarceration, though not in physical health. If his release is secured, he will have no difficulty in earning an adequate income by his pen, though probably under an assumed name or anonymously.

Cuba may be congratulated upon the fact that it is not threatened with a presidential campaign, but it is not otherwise open to felicitations. Ravaged by war, burdened with a debt which will curse its people for a quarter of a century, the island suffers in addition to all its other woes an epidemic of yellow fever, the worst ever known. The disease recurs regularly as the wet season begins, but this year it is working unprecedented ravages. The death rate is said to exceed 30 per cent. of all those seized. The military forces along the trocha are decimated by the plague. Several general officers are among the victims. In the Havana hospital the number of wounded and sick soldiers is over 2,000. It is not wonderful that military operations should be suspended and that officers should seek a furlough from this campaign against an unseen and remorseless enemy. The Cuban ally, yellow jack, has come to the rescue with a vengeance. His death roll will be larger than any the machetes and rifles of Maceo's men can place to their credit.

It makes a difference whether it is your bull that goes my ox, or my bull that is expending his surplus energy and disposition to fight on your ox. France makes a formal protest against our retaliatory action in putting an

embargo on French cattle. A telegram from Havre lately announced that our consul had refused to permit a shipment of five French cattle to the United States. This rigid enforcement of the prohibition of importation of meat cattle and their hides from countries infected with cattle disease, including France, Germany, and Switzerland, which is provided for in the old tariff act of 1894, but not invoked until some months ago, when a proclamation on the subject was issued, is directly due to the aggressive policy of countries like France and Germany in endeavoring on one pretext or another to exclude American cattle and meats. Repeated representations and warnings have been made to both countries through the State Department, but to no purpose.

Under a system of treaties which were exacted from Japan by the civilized nations when its ports were forcibly opened to commerce duties upon all forms of imported merchandise are limited to 5 per cent. ad valorem, and this has prevailed for more than a quarter of a century, although Japan has continually complained of the injustice. The government has for years contended for the right to regulate her own revenues, fix her own tariff and manage her own custom houses and ports, and the United States has repeatedly expressed its willingness to concede those rights. But Great Britain has stubbornly declined until last year, when new treaties were negotiated with our government and with France, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and other countries, in which important concessions were made. These treaties are nearly uniform and recognize Japan as a civilized nation. On and after July 17, 1899, Japan may regulate her own tariff and exercise jurisdiction over all persons residing within her territory. She agrees that all her ports and cities and towns shall be open to foreign commerce, and that foreigners may come and go and enjoy the same treatment as citizens of Japan so long as they obey the laws and regulations of the country. It will be difficult, however, for the United States to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Japan for the reason that the "favored-nation" clause appears with unusual breadth in all her treaties.

Twenty million dollars sounds like a pretty big sum to expend annually for the satisfaction to be derived from chewing gum; yet Dr. Cyrus W. Edson, who has studied the subject profoundly, does not consider this an over-estimate. There are at least five immense chewing gum factories, a dozen of moderate size, and innumerable insignificant firms in the United States. One company alone sells \$5,000,000 worth every year—including, of course, the quantity exported. This is as much money as the United States furnishes one year for the support of her home and foreign missions. As a nation of churches, we are still further humiliated to learn that we expend \$8,000,000 a year more to purchase gum than we give for the maintenance of clergy of all denominations. The entire revenue received by the Government from taxing fermented liquors only exceeds the chewing gum limit by a paltry \$3,000,000, while the cost of the chewing gum craze is greater by \$9,000,000 than the entire expense of running the prisons, courts, hospitals, police force, etc., of the city of New York. The habit is increasing at such a rate that Americans bid fair to become a race of enormous facial development. Chewing gum will be a national characteristic, as baseball is the national game, and clever slang is our native speech. Twenty-five per cent. of the 70,000,000 people in the United States are already addicted to the habit. And not only do an ever-increasing multitude chew, but they chew openly, in defiance, on the public highways, at places of amusements, and at the clubs.

Explaining it. "Say, Mame," said Maud, as she bit off a tiny piece of chewing gum. "I've been improving my mind again." "Go 'way! You haven't!" "Yes, I have. I have been reading all about the convention. It's perfectly fascinating, too." "Can you understand it?" "Most of it. I used to think a convention was stupid, but it isn't a bit. It's just like a gymnasium or riding a goat at an initiation, or something of that kind, you know." "How do they do?" "Why, they bring out a plank."

"And it's very wide; and the candidates try to straddle it, and other people try to keep them from doing so; and the side that wins gets the nomination. I don't know what it means, but that's the way it's done, for I saw it in the paper."—Washington Star.

Paper Pillows. According to Good Housekeeping, the latest health fad is paper pillows. The paper is torn into tiny pieces and put into a pillow sack of light ticking or drilling. The pillows are said to be much better than feather ones, and certainly very cooling in hot weather. On account of the disagreeable odor of printer's ink, newspapers are not nice to use, but brown or white paper, old envelopes and letters are the best. The finer the paper is torn or cut the lighter it makes the pillow.

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?" "Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time." "Very clever." "Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."—Harper's Weekly.

"Do you have many friends in school, Tom?" "No'm." "Why is it so very odd, but it?" "No'm. You see, the boys I lick hates me and the boys that licks me hate!"—Chicago Record.

## TO A JILT.

When first we corresponded, you wrote "Sir," and I wrote "Madam"; but that was when you knew no me, Nor I knew you, from Adam.

You signed yourself "Most faithfully," I thought it inexpedient To answer you more warmly than, And ended "Your obedient."

But soon you found you knew my aunt's Half-brother's German sister, And so we struck the golden mean, With "Dear," and "Miss," and "Mr."

One day I wrote in terms that seemed To you too billet-doux-ly; You straightway took me down a peg By signing "Sir, yours truly."

Next day, you feigned compunction and Used phrases almost fervent, I paid you back, and wrote "Your most Obedient, humble servant."

"Yours always" once I tried; but you Proved more unkind than clever, By riding roughshod o'er my heart With "Pard-n-me, yours never."

This outrage tore my soul, and drove Me almost from my senses, My answer was typewritten by My girl amanuensis.

Once more you grew "Affectionate," And I replied "Sincerely"; You peeked your pride, and signed Your next one "Alice" merely.

And then I gave myself away With "Angel," "Sweetheart," "God-dess," And little dreamed the heart was false That beat beneath your bodice.

But when at last I sign myself "Your destined caro sposo," You calmly wrote and say you never Er led me to suppose so.

I ask you what did "Alice" mean? Why, when I called you Venus A month ago, you did not say That there was naught between us?

Yes, e'en the worm will turn, and free His limbs from silken fetters, I sign myself "et cetera," P. S.—Hereafter your letters, —Chambers' Journal.

## "AFTER THE TWILIGHT—DARKNESS."

On board Eastern Express just out from San Francisco, Aug. 27. My Dear Mabel: This is a queer place to write from—a shaky, jolty railway car, but I am determined to-day that you shall be deflected no longer. It is really the first time I have been allowed to write at all since I was ill, but for several days they would ask me, each morning, if I had any word to send papa. Poor papa, away off in Russia, having such a splendid time—and now they have cabled him to come home! I can't think why they should have done it, because I am almost well again, and it isn't too late even yet to stop him at London.

I spoke to Uncle John about it this morning, and he only said, "Never mind, my dear; he will be ready to come now, I think; besides, I need him here." What in the world he can need him for is more than I can see, for he and papa have hardly spoken to each other in twenty years.

And, Mabel, just fancy Uncle John—stiff old Uncle John—calling me "my dear!" Why, I think the world must be coming to an end. Oh! that sound of the sea; how I loathe it! Night and day, for nine weeks, it has been in my ears, and now I am flying from it up into the mountains as fast as this train can run.

Uncle John said I was not strong enough to take the trip alone, and insisted on accompanying me, and I never saw anyone more attentive. He introduced a Dr. Farnsworth, of Philadelphia, to me just as we started off, and it seems that he is to be our traveling companion. But uncle has been so kind. I think my widow's cap has appeared to him, for during all my sickness he visited me every day and brought quantities of doctors to see me.

This Dr. Farnsworth is very gentlemanly, but a little too observing at times, I think. For instance, as we passed a little lake this morning and stopped close to the beach the noise of the ripples upon the sand brought back that dreadful sound of the sea, and then a boat glided suddenly by, which put me into almost a terror. I suppose I showed it, for uncle instantly crossed me, and put his arm around me, as if to reassure me, while the doctor watched me with the eye of a hawk, and then wrote something in a little notebook—a professional act, no doubt, but not an over-polite one.

It seems as though they could not do enough for me and I am never left alone. On one pretext or another, uncle or the doctor is always with me, and once, when we stopped for luncheon and they both left the car, the Pullman conductor came and seated himself opposite me for a chat which lasted until the others returned. He was not in the least familiar, even refusing, in a most polite way, to raise the windows— which I had been unable to do, because of some peculiar fastening upon them—saying the dust would "make it unbearable." I wish uncle hadn't taken this stationer for me, one seems so much freer in the outer car. Janet, my maid—uncle engaged her during my illness—is with me, and I can hardly drive her out of my sight.

We are to wait at a pretty, retired little village near the summit of the mountains until papa returns. He will meet us there and go home with us.

I wish you could see the traveling dress I have on. It is dark brown and with such queer figures on it—like little boats about two inches long, with a raised pattern running in bars across it. At first I hated the sight of the

little boats, but I am getting used to them now.

Uncle could not see how the figures resembled boats, but I cut one out of my sleeve and made him look closely at it. He put his hand to his eyes a moment as he took it—to conceal a laugh, I suppose—and then I remembered that I had torn off a part of the skirt the day before to show Janet, and this probably is why he went to her at once. But not to please Janet, nor uncle either, will I change this dress—brown becomes me so. You should see how gracefully the boats sail up and down my arms. My two boys were in a little boat. My How glassy green the water looked as it poured over. . . .

I got ahead of Janet a few minutes ago and ran out on to the platform. Oh it was so cool! One of my shoes as I flung it away, nearly struck a man standing by a crossing. Janet laughed and gave me some light slippers to put on. The doctor told me some gay stories. He is very amusing. Uncle has not been with me since he carried me in from the platform.

Little Virgine Hofmann brought me a pink conchshell she is carrying home—"to listen to," she said. She used to be with me so much at the beach, and I like her, but she must not torment me by wanting me to listen to that awful sea sound, so I smashed the shell against the steam-heating pipes, and uncle came bounding in. No one said anything, but Virgine cried, so I gathered the pieces into my lap and carried them in my dress to her seat and threw them upon the car floor. Some of the pieces are very pretty, and she and I played with them quite a while. . . . It frightens me to watch the boats run around on my dress! When they strike that raised pattern they tip so horribly that I can hardly keep from screaming out—and then I push them back where they can sail about with less danger. . . . Did you ever see a boat capsize and hear the wild cry for help, or watch the stiff figures raking the water?—and then those dreadful bubbles above the sweet lips. . . . Some of the boats are too heavily loaded. I always knew it, and so I watch them. . . .

Aug. 31.—Our destination at last! Such a time as we had on leaving the train. Janet insisted on my wearing my gray duster, but it was so silly to put it on at the very end of the journey. I tore it in pieces. She slipped a sort of canvas jacket on me that was tight and hurt my arms whenever I moved them, but uncle got me into a carriage at once, and we were soon at our journey's end.

Sept. 5.—I have a funny room here at Dr. Holden's—strange how many doctors I run against! Uncle has rooms across the street. Although we have been here nearly a week, he has not yet been here to see me. No doubt he thinks he has done his duty in getting me safely here, and possibly has gone back to San Francisco. Janet brings my meals to me, for they all say I am not strong enough to go downstairs yet. I have never seen such dishes—plates, cups and saucers, and even the spoons, of paper! My meat is cut in pieces for me. Not a sign of a knife or fork, not even a glass. . . . Twice Janet has tried to steal my brown dress, but she shall not have it. I push it through one of the windows at night now, and hang it by a fine string to a nail in the sill. It makes me shiver with laughter to see her hunting for it. . . . My room has no door except the one that leads into hers—a queer arrangement—and mine seems so bare. The bed is simply three mattresses, one upon the other, but quite comfortable. Janet has the rest of the furniture in her room.

Whether this lounge—upon which I am sitting for want of a chair—is immensely heavy or is nailed to the floor, I cannot tell—but I miss my table more than anything. Yesterday, you see, I stood up on it a minute to get a look out of these absurdly high, narrow windows—I could not possibly squeeze through them. On the north side is a horizontal slit looking into a narrow hall two stories high and roofed with glass. Well, as I stood there, the table gave way a little and I jumped to the floor, twisted the legs off the crazy thing and flung them into the hall. I laughed till I cried to hear them go crashing through that glass roof. . . . The boats keep darting around my shoulders! How they rock, and how the faces of the children upon them drip, drip. . . . I have sat here all day long, keeping them away from that raised pattern. . . . It is wicked to load them so—and no lifeboats. . . . I shall soon have all these boats torn off my dress. I pick and pick around each one until it falls out then put them on the floor and get down on my hands and knees to blow them along.

I blow very gently that they may not be driven far from shore; then the children can sail right to the pier without being carried out to drip and dry upon the sand. . . .

Papa came yesterday. I have forgotten what day it is. . . . I was blowing the boats about when he came, and was so afraid one would pitch over that I did not get up to speak to him, but crawled along the floor to where he was standing, holding the boat level as I went, and rested it against his shoe. He did not speak nor move, but kept staring at me as if he saw a ghost. My dress was so torn and ragged! . . . "See, papa," I said, "My boat, my bonny boat! My boat, you shall not find none fatter afloat in river or port."

They have cut my hair quite close to my head. If they try to tie my hands again to night, I shall scream, and scream, and scream. . . . And the boats sail on. . . .—San Francisco Argonaut.

The women do not admire a woman who works, but the men do.



## Congress Should Act.

The St. Joseph, Mo., News says that if Congress would turn its attention to country roads instead of streams and make these great appropriations for their building, it would answer the purpose of the politicians better because every district could call for help in roads, while not every one can find a stream that even by Congressional courtesy can be called navigable. The appropriation, if made for country roads, would do some good to others beside those employed, whereas, the money spent on harbors and rivers, in nine cases out of ten, are of no other benefit, it being consumed in pulling out snags and dredging bars on streams that are not navigable by any craft larger than a row boat.

## Value of Good Roads.

An exchange says: "Do you know a good road sermon when you hear it? If you do, here is one in a nutshell. On the poorest of earth roads, not muddy, but sandy, a horse can drag twice as much as he can carry on his back; on a fair road, three and a half times as much; on a good macadamized road, nine times as much; on a smooth plank road, twenty-five times as much; on a stone trackway, thirty-five times as much; and on metal rails, fifty-four times as much. Those who use roads can therefore make money by improving the roads rather than buying new horses every year."

Yes, and further, if you have sandy roads you may possibly get one new settler per year; if you have fair roads two; good smooth stone or shell, fifty or more! One little city in this State has recently completed miles of beautiful roads about the city, and the number of ten thousand-dollar homes going up in that town this year is amazing. Good roads work all around, and for the benefit of all.—News, St. Augustine, Fla.

## Good Roads and Patriotism.

It has been suggested, apropos of the ceremonies of Flag Day, that the L. A. W. should be required to salute the flag. The league will never prove itself wanting in respect to the flag, but it is quite fair to ask that in return the flag shall have some significance in particular for the wheelman.

The roads of the United States are almost as great a source of wonder to European travelers as our municipal politics, and their mire is about as deep. Patriotism is a plant which grows best in emergencies. For the common humdrum of every-day life it needs cultivation. The wheelman is a power in our midst, if he realized it sufficiently to exert his power. He is asked to bear certain burdens, and show certain tokens of respect not exacted from his fellows. In return it is not asking too much when he insists that the United States ought to furnish at least as good roads as those constructed by Caesar's legions 2,000 years ago. The wheelman pays a tax on his wheel, and gets next to nothing in return. He does more than his share in providing good roads, and works out a tax during the course of the year quite as effectively as the farmer who "secures" his plow in spring by plowing up the middle of the road, and then reporting to the commissioner that he has "worked out his road tax." Nearly every day in the year the wheelman dismounts and removes wires, cans and debris from the road. Sometimes he does more than this, and no one is more careful to do all that is possible to aid in keeping the roads, bridges, etc., in good repair.—News, Denver, Col.

## Tweaking the Tsar's Wig.

Paul, the eccentric Tsar of Russia, assassinated in 1801, was very particular as to his dress, and considered trifling matters as of supreme importance. This peculiarity was once taken advantage of by an officer of the guards, Major Vaksel, to win a bet. The major, the wildest joker in the army, wagered several hundred rubles that he would "tweak" the tail of the emperor's wig on parade. Says Temple Bar: The very next day the emperor happened to be present at early parade, and as destiny ruled it, took a position for a moment immediately in front of the daring major. Breathless with excitement and terror, Vaksel's companions beheld that rash officer's right hand steal slowly from his side, rise to the level of the tsar's neck, and give the wig's hanging tail a most decided tweak.

In an instant the emperor's face, pale with fury, was turned upon Vaksel's countenance, which, however, only reflected an expression of childlike innocence, mingled with the most deferential astonishment.

"Who dared to do that?" asked the enraged tsar, his eyes giving flashing evidence that his most dangerous mood was upon him. "I did, your majesty," said Vaksel, who, however his heart may have fluttered, managed to preserve outwardly an unrumpled calm, together with an expression of innocent surprise. "It was crooked, your majesty," he added, in a confidential undertone. "I straightened it for fear the younger officers should see."

Paul's countenance cleared at once. He stared fixedly, however, at Vaksel's

innocent-looking face for some seconds. Vaksel admitted afterward that this was the trying moment, but he had said to himself, "If I waver, I'm lost!" Then the tsar spoke, and spoke so that all might hear.

"I thank you, colonel," he said. If ever a step in rank was gained by the purest of frontiers, it was so acquired on this occasion, and Vaksel left the field, not only promoted to a coveted position in the guards, but richer by many hundred rubles as the result of his wager.

## Some Fearful Moments.

During the late war between China and Japan we heard often of wonderful acts of bravery performed by the Japanese, but tales of Chinese bravery were few and far between. The following story, however, which appears to be told by an eye-witness, is enough to show that the Chinese had at least one officer who was no coward.

The deposed viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and the committee appointed by the government to investigate the reasons of defeat at the battle of Port Arthur, met in the city of Peking on September 28. Among the charges was one of "poor gunnery," brought against Capt. Le Chen Fue, who had commanded the Yen Tse Chang, one of the largest battle-ships that escaped from the action without great damage.

After Li Hung Chang had read the charges in full, the accused captain rose and requested that a dozen shells be brought from his vessel. This was done, and the shells were set in a row before the committee.

Le Chen Fue then stepped forward, and drawing his sword, said: "Can you wonder that we were defeated when our shells were like these?"

As he spoke, and before any one could stop him, he raised his sword and brought it down on the shell in front of him. The shell was split in two and sawdust and red-brick dust flew all about.

Then in rapid succession he struck shell after shell. Nobody moved, we were so surprised and frightened. I remember thinking that if the last one proved a good one there would be none of us left to tell the tale; but no, that was like all the others—a sham.

As he finished, Le Chen Fue laid his sword at the feet of Li Hung Chang, and as soon as that statesman could speak he dismissed the charges.

## Explosion in a Horse's Mouth.

The driver of one of H. B. Seharman's brewery wagons stopped in Mott street this morning to deliver a keg of beer. While he was inside he and the people at the bar were startled by the report as of a pistol in the street. They all ran out to see what had happened. Up and down the street they looked for murder or suicide, or at least some one running. There was nothing of the sort. One of the brewery horses was prancing madly, however, and the driver hurried to seize him. As he grasped the reins he saw, to his amazement that smoke was coming out of the horse's mouth. The tongue also hung out, and was out and bleeding. In the gutter at the horse's feet was the empty shell of a cartridge. It is supposed that the animal, nosing about in the street, had picked up the cartridge, chewed it, and thus set it off. A veterinary surgeon, two or three doors away, was summoned, and he discovered that the bit was broken. The tongue would have to be cut off to save the horse.—New York Post.

## A New Industry.

Restaurants in New York have grown so numerous in the last few years that what may be called a wholesale restaurant has been evolved. In these establishments meat is bought by the carcases and vegetables by the barrel. In this wise the proprietor can sell a great piece of roast beef or a shoulder of mutton, thoroughly cooked, to a small restaurant keeper for less than the latter would pay for the material if purchased at retail. There are three institutions of similar character here. Close on to these people are the three or four men who make a living in buying up the remnants from big dinners, wedding receptions and similar social affairs, as sorting them so as to be presentable and then selling them to cheap restaurants, boarding houses and saloons. This new industry was started only four years ago, but has prospered so well that it has probably come to stay.

## Was Over an "Etc."

In 1654 a Polish nobleman became obnoxious to the laws of the country. He fled to Sweden, whereupon John Casimir, King of Poland, wrote to Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, demanding the extradition of the criminal.

The King of Sweden, on reading the dispatch, noticed that his own name and title were followed by only two etceteras, while the name of the King of Poland was followed by three.

The missing etcetera so enraged the King of Sweden that he at once declared war against Poland. This war was carried on with great bitterness until 1660, when a peace treaty was signed at Oliva, near Panszig.

In article 3 of the treaty it was explicitly laid down that the custom of shortening titles by "etcetera" should still hold good, but that for the future each of the two parties should give the other three etceteras.—Odds and Ends.

## Unprecedented.

She—We were so disappointed, doctor, that you did not call Tuesday evening.

He—I was disappointed, also. The fact is I was suddenly called to visit a patient.

She—Ah! That was it. Nobody could think of any reason for your absence.—New York World.

No woman can make the crust of the pie as good as the Lord makes the fruit filling.