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HOW JOHNNIE KEEPS COOL.

Folks 're talkin' now days 'bout the weather's been hot. 'N a-buntin' round 'n tryin' for to find the coolest spot; But they wear their shoes an' stockin's an' a lot o' sweeterin' clothes. Till the wonder is they're livin' an' not melted, goodness knows!

Just a-look at me a minit, I ain't a-sweatin' none. An' I think the weather's bully; summer's just chock full o' fun. I just wear a shirt an' trousers, that are thin as thin can be. An' you don't git shoes an' stockin's, in the summer time on me.

Only wear just one suspender, an' I wouldn't wear a coat.

If you'd give me all the silver, gold an' greenbacks that's afloat; This straw hat, it ain't a beauty with this big hole in the crown. But it lets the breeze blow on me, an' that helps cool me down.

Then if things git most too bollin' I just skin down to the crick.

An', in just about two minits I am cooled off nice an' slick;

Oh! I tell you if you hanker after comfort you'll do well.

If you take me for a pattern an' do just like me a spell.

—Saturday Globe.

THE MISER.

All Ardley was aware that Fred Barton would be a well-off man only for his brother Max. Max was an invalid bachelor, reputed one of the wealthiest men in that Midland town of 4,000 people.

Eighteen years back the father had died, leaving Fred the fine saddlery business in High street, and Max had all his savings, a couple of thousand pounds, for Max had never been robust. Max was then 32 and Fred 27 and unmarried. Now Max was an unenviable invalid of 50; Fred was 45, and one of the finest men in Ardley, with a blooming, handsome wife, the finest woman of her years in the town, and nine comely children.

The business had not been equal to so large a family, and a wife with a lovely woman's liking for lovely things. The younger man had borrowed money of the elder, and Max had been exacting and exorbitant from motives of revenge—revenge not indeed on Fred himself so much as on his wife and her young children—Nellie's children, who were Fred's children also, who filled his kind-hearted brother's sleep with dreams of ruin and bankruptcy.

All Ardley knew that a few months after old Barton's death sickly Max had proposed to beautiful Nellie Collet; within twelve months she had married his handsome brother. The beautiful Nellie was not held quite blameless in this affair. She had first flirted a little with Fred, and then a good deal with his unhandsome and ailing brother. She had taken presents, a gold bracelet and a diamond cross, from Max. Some went the length of saying he had given her an engagement ring, but it was never seen in public. Any way, though gloomy, taciturn Max did not open his mouth to a word about his disappointment, the townspeople knew he almost died of it. For eight years the brothers never spoke. Then some sort of reconciliation took place. But Max never met Nellie from the day of her marriage, and never exchanged a word with one of his nephews or nieces.

As became a miser, Max was a miser, and lived in a style poor enough to keep Fred covered with perpetual shame. He rented one room in a mean side street. Out of the house he had not gone for years. His landlady, Mrs. Fraser, a carpenter's widow, said he did not spend five shillings a week on food, and always resented a suggestion that he should allow himself any little indulgence in food or drink, or that he should buy the most homely and necessary articles of clothing.

How he had amassed his wealth was well known. Since his disappointment in love he had lived on less than £50 a year. He had speculated and everything he touched turned to gold. It was hard enough to think that a misanthropic curmudgeon like him should make thousands and thousands a year by writing a few letters and sending a check from his wretched room, while fine hearty men in the town were hard set to make a living out of incessant toil from dawn to dark. But that Max should squeeze money out of his heavily handicapped, simple, genial brother was shameful, monstrous, inhuman and merited a visible curse on him on earth, to say nothing of what it deserved hereafter!

When misfortune did strike one of the brothers it was not on the bachelor, miser and miser. It fell, but on Fred, whose affairs were in a desperate condition, and on whom depended a wife and nine little ones.

One morning in June Fred was talking to a customer in a degout at his open door. The horse became restive, and Fred caught hold of the animal's head. The brute plunged, reared, broke away from Fred and bolted, knocking down the unfortunate saddler with the shaft and fracturing his skull with the wheel.

At first the doctors said he must die, but he lived on in spite of what they said, in spite of what they did, and in spite of what they made him swallow. Yet, if he defeated them by living, the

result was almost worse than if their prophecy had been fulfilled. Fred Barton's intellect was desperately injured. He could do nothing at all. He was perfectly quiet, but beyond eating and drinking he was like one dead. When spoken to he made no answer, took no notice. It was only in his sleep he uttered a sound, and then never more than one word, a name, and not the name of wife or child. Two or three times in the night Mrs. Barton would hear her husband groan "Max! Max! Max!" as though imploring mercy or indulgence from his hard, extortionate, rich brother.

For months no change took place in the stricken man. Day to day his affairs drifted from bad to worse, until



THE BRUTE PLUNGED AND KNOCKED DOWN THE SADDLER.

creditors were pressing on all sides, and the unhappy wife saw nothing for it but bankruptcy, a lunatic asylum for her husband and the poorhouse for herself and her children. Night after night as she lay awake trying to think what shape ruin would take she heard her husband call upon his brother in these tones of entreaty for mercy.

Max had not yet taken steps to turn them all into the street; but this inactivity was the hush before the storm. Acceptances or something were not due yet; Max was waiting until everything for their destruction was in legal form. So great was the pressure on her that she told herself a thousand times she herself was going mad.

One day in September the doctors declared they could do nothing further for their patient. If he were taken to London and placed in the hands of specialists an operation might bring light and strength back to his poor mind again.

It was the first word of hope, and Nellie nearly went crazy for joy. She wept, and laughed, and hugged her children to her heart, and wept and laughed again. Then she fainted, and lay insensible for an hour. She recovered consciousness and felt calmer than for years. She would take her Fred to London, the operation would be successful, and she would return to Ardley with her Fred as well as ever; and in some way or other business would come right—everything in the world would come right if Fred would only be well again.

She lay awake all that night. It was not until she got to bed that she realized the need of a little ready money for this journey to town. It would be expensive and she had not a sovereign in the world, and their credit was all gone now.

Twice in that wakeful night she heard her sleeping husband call for mercy to "Max! Max! Max!"

The first time the cry filled her with chilling fears. Perhaps Max would take action before she could leave with the patient or before Fred's recovery after the operation, and they should all be homeless after all. The second time she heard her husband's voice a new thought took possession of her. She had not met her old lover since her marriage. Suppose she went to him and began by representing that he would make more money out of Fred sound in mind than by Fred out of reason. If that did not work upon Max she would throw herself at his feet and beg of him for the sake of the love he once bore her to succor her in her worst need; beg of him to have mercy upon her blameless children, if he would not show it to herself. Ask him to lend



"OH, MAX! I DID NOT THINK TO FIND YOU LIKE THIS."

her money which would restore afflicted Fred to reason and his family. When Max saw her huddle, in tears at his feet, perhaps pity would strike his heart.

Next morning, after breakfast, Nellie dressed herself with more care than for months. She told no one where she was going, and went by a roundabout, unlikely route. When the door of the mean, two-story house was opened, Mrs. Fraser took up a message that Mrs. Barton wished to see the invalid, and brought word that Mr. Barton was not yet up (he had been very poorly,

indeed), but would be glad if Mrs. Barton would step up-stairs.

In the full splendor of her matronly beauty, shedding light and warmth round her, she entered the mean, starved room. She saw a poor, wasted, waxen-faced wreck of a man on the bed, and all feeling but of pity for him fled from her, and with a woman's inextinguishable impulse toward suffering, she held out both her hands, crying: "Oh, Max! I did not think to find you like this."

He held out two transparent, white, trembling hands to her, and smiled—a smile that broke her heart to see—a smile of sweet resignation.

"Thank you for coming, Nellie. Sit down, dear."

This was altogether too much for her. She covered her face with her hands, and sank sobbing on a chair.

He waited until her sobbing ceased, and then said:

"Whatever happened long ago, dear, may have been, and for a great while, I have no doubt, was for the best. I have had no angry thought for many years. I, of course, heard all that has happened—heard it with the greatest grief, as I was in every way powerless. The landlady told me what the doctor said yesterday. My only sorrow is that I am still powerless. If I could do anything to help poor Fred or you I would, but since the dreadful accident I could not be of any use to him or you, dear."

It was inexpressibly painful to hear him call her "dear," and yet that one word from his lips now had some exquisite beauty and pathos, which she would not miss for all the world.

"I knew from Fred he never told you how business matters were between him and me. It was my wish he should not. I have heard of the foolish notion people have that I am very rich, and that I lent money at usury to poor Fred. As to being rich, I never had more than 80 pounds a year from the money my father left me. I never spent more than half that. When Fred came to me first I had saved a few hundred pounds. I gave him them. Since then I gave him all I had saved, and fifteen hundred of the capital, dear. I wish it was thousands. There are only five hundred left, but I could not get that under six months' notice. I gave notice when the accident happened, but there is yet a long time to wait—a longer time, most likely, than my time here. But I have made up my mind, and dear Nellie, Fred shall have that five hundred, of course!"

She took down her hands and looked at him out of round, scared eyes. Her face was pale and wan. "And it is this makes him cry out, 'Max! Max! Max!' so pitiful in his sleep?" she said, in a choking voice.

"He is not in his right mind, dear, and you should not heed what he says. Poor fellow, he often told me it killed him to take the money. But why should he not? What good is money to me, so long as I have enough to go on with to the end?"

"And I," she said, in a voice hoarse with remorse, "thinking you had cheated him with usury, had come to reproach you."

He smiled the sweet, pallid smile again. "If there was any money here I would have sent it to you. But there was none. You are going to London with him. Things must have been very tight with you since the poor fellow was laid up. I can't put my hand on any money, but if you will open that drawer I can give you something for which you will get money. Hand me the little metal box."

She took the key of the drawer from his thin hand, and gave him the metal box. He opened it and shook out the contents on the counterpane.

"Take them, dear," he said. "They are really yours."

She saw shining in the morning light on the bed a gold bracelet, a diamond cross and a ruby ring, which had been hers years ago.

"I have nothing else worth five shillings. They are yours really, you know, and you ought to get 50 pounds for them. Take them and cure Fred with the money, and in three months he will have the 500 whether I live or die."

Ten weeks later, when Fred was back from London cured, but not quite his old self yet, Max had passed away. The whole story had been told, and all the shops along the route closed their doors as the funeral passed, and half the townsfolk followed Max to the grave.—Utica Globe.

Bicycles and Tobacco.

We do not exaggerate in the least. The bike craze has infatuated, enslaved, at the least calculation 500,000 males who were formerly addicted to the smoking habit. If these 500,000 male slaves to the bike craze have weaned themselves to smoking only two cigars less a day—this must be considered a most moderate calculation, as the bikist hardly ever worships less than from four to six hours of the shrine of his wheel—then the consumption of cigars is decreasing at the rate of 1,000,000 per day, and the decrease in our cigar production since the bike craze has set in has actually been 700,000,000 per year.—United States Tobacco Journal.

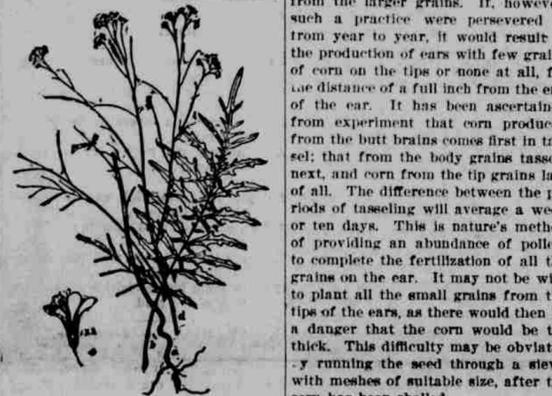
To Dine and Talk Politics.

The new Radical party of England have resolved to dine together once a month.



A New Weed Pest.

Tumbling mustard is a troublesome weed in the Canadian Northwest provinces, and has recently been reported from nine different localities in the United States, mostly on waste lands and city lots. Its record in Canada, and the rapidity with which it has already spread in some places in the United States, necessitate prompt action if its further progress is to be checked. The weed is found throughout the greater part of Europe, northern Africa and western Asia. Temper-



TUMBLING MUSTARD.

ature and moisture have not yet limited its range, and there is every reason to suppose that if left unchecked it will displace the possession of land with daisies, thistles and other foul growth. This pest is a biennial, after germination resembling dandelion or shepherd's purse. A small part of the flowering branch is shown at d. The lower part of the stem bears numerous leaves 3 to 10 inches long and 1 to 3 inches wide, shown at b. The nearly white blossoms, shown at c, appear in small clusters at the ends of branches. Seed is usually introduced in baled hay, poorly cleaned seed, stock cars or sweepings from grain cars. The timothy seed growers of our Western States should be especially active to eradicate this pest in case it appears in their fields. To exterminate, mow the weeds below all flowers, grub out plant and root during August, harrow the land thoroughly at frequent intervals during summer, and seed with soil-forming grasses.—American Agriculturist.

To Prevent Evaporation.

A plank drag behind the cultivator to smooth down ridges and thus keep the soil from rapidly drying is advised by many investigators, says Farm and Home. This is particularly important during a drought when all the moisture in the soil must be retained if possible. Ordinary cultivating between



PLANK DRAG ATTACHMENT.

the rows leaves deep depressions and high ridges, thus exposing double surface to the action of the sun and air. The plank drag smooths down these ridges, while leaving the land light and porous. An Ohio farmer advises rounding the edges of the plank slightly, from end to end, so as not to disturb the earth deeply near the plant rows. Our illustration shows an easy way of attaching to plank.

Threshing Damp Grain.

It is quite likely that much grain will be threshed while damp this year, as wet weather in harvest time caused it to be got in before fully dry. In most cases the grain will take less harm in the bundle than out of it, says "American Cultivator." So long as grain was threshed by hand, there was no danger of the work being done while either straw or grain were damp. It made the

CHEYENNE SADDLES.

The Delight of the Cowboy and United States Cavalry.

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian outside the United States cavalry and of the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather or wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, bolsters and stirrup leathers that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when Western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the sheep herder of that era.

When the writer was in Cheyenne recently the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of that kind, and, instead of there being a crowd in front of it, there was no sign of more business than was going on at the druggist's near by, or the stationer's over the way. The goods displayed in the windows were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious, heavy, hand-strapped saddles; there were the huge, cumbersome tapaderos; there were the lariats or ropes; the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outside; and there were mule skinner's and the fanciful spurs; and, in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pined his soul to own. The metal work was all such as a cavalryman once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation."

Englishmen and Germans now buy the fanciest and best trimmings to send abroad to their homes. Hand-strapped saddles cost from \$13 to \$85, but \$35 buys as good a one as a modest man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and with stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cowgirls in the world, or half a dozen women like the Colorado cattle queen or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are Western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they had fond fathers and brothers, and still fonder lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side-saddles, all decked with hand-strapped patterns, and looking as rich as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed of horsegear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.—Denver Field and Farm.

Railroad Yard Terrors.

"It's hard for the ordinary traveler to realize the terrors of the average railroad yard," said an old and experienced trainman at one of the big Jersey City terminals to a New York Sun reporter. "The commuter who scans the yards daily as he is smoothly riding through them naturally enough fails to appreciate the mass of detail in the duties of the men who are employed to switch him safely into the station. Of course, the routine work we do, fraught with responsibility and danger as it is, becomes mechanical enough to us in time, but there is one thing that I never have been able to do with coolness in all the years I have been employed here, and that is to cross this network of tracks at night. The experience of Thomas Bouker, the freight clerk at the Lehigh Valley station in Pennsylvania, is proof that I am not the only hardened railroader afflicted in that way. Bouker was run down by an engine because he got bewildered in the maze of tracks. I don't blame him. Why, it's enough to give a man heart disease to attempt to cross such an aggregation of rails with a lot of headlights moving all around him and scores of bells and whistles ringing in his ears. "Every time that I am compelled to make such a trip—and I only do so now and then when I am compelled to—I get the lay of the land well in my mind and note which engines are moving and which are not; but it is of no use. By the time I'm in the middle of the yard my head is in a whirl, the headlights are dancing all around me, and I slip and dodge around frantically until I get safely on the other side. Usually most of the locomotives are standing still in the train shed, but it's hard to believe it when you are in front of them. Some commuters who work in Jersey City have a trick of walking into the station from the yard to save the trouble of going around by the regular way, but when I can I always warn them of the danger of doing so."

You say you want a position in my company.

Why, man, you don't look well enough. Actor—"That's just it. My doctor says if I will walk thirty miles a day I'll be cured."—Life.

Sooner or later we are all done up by some one younger than we are, and it hurts as much in business as in love.



MOVABLE GARDEN FENCE.

fence that hook on to posts set permanently, each post being in line with a plant row in the garden, so that they will not be in the way of the horse and cultivator. It is but a moment's work to take down, or put up, these end panels, as they can be made of light strips.

The Apiary.

Strong colonies protect themselves against robbers.

Do not let the sun shine directly upon the hives.

Bees hatched in the fall will live through winter until spring.

All excess of drone comb should be removed from the hive.

One advantage in wiring foundations is that it will bear a heavier weight of bees.

When a considerable number of hives are kept, seven feet each way is close enough to place them.

Pure Italian bees, as a rule, are the easiest handled. Not only do they sting less, but they keep their places on the combs better.

Poultry Points.

Give fowls shade.

Give fowls air and exercise.

Give fowls lime, grit and light.

Give fowls fresh earth to scratch.

Give fowls green stuff every day.

Give fowls fresh water twice a day.

Oats should be crushed if fed to little chicks.

See that coops are well oiled or white-washed before the little chicks are put into them.

Do not be deceived with the idea that incubators need no care. The best that can be made require attention.

A sitting of eggs was sent from Nebraska to Hammon, N. J., by mail, registered, at a cost of 30 cents, without an egg broken.

Give the old hen a good dusting with muck before she is taken from the nest with the little chicks. Better do it a day or two before the chicks come.