

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

The steadiest butter in the market is the goat.

Kentucky was visited by a water spout the other day. But how did they discover what it was?

Diamond Match jumped fourteen points the other day. It isn't every day that such a bonanza can be struck.

The match trust is now having troubles of her own, though no one seems to be able to throw much light upon the subject.

Eighteen Chicago cashiers have been held up and robbed with the last few weeks; the police have succeeded in arresting one man for kissing his wife on the street.

Annie Selner, a New York armless woman, has been arrested for having stolen a purse with her teeth. It's no use, boys, the new woman is bound to win, hands down.

A Maryland man has lived to be eight-five years of age on frogs and oysters. A lot of other people would like to do that, but they can't find money enough to pay for the frogs and oysters.

Anarchist Turner has come from England, as he says, "to take up the thread dropped at the Haymarket in 1888." If he examines that thread carefully he probably will discover a slip noose in one end of it.

A St. Louis man, out of work, tried to commit suicide by running his head against a buzz saw. He lost half a pint of brains, but is recovering and will soon be out of the hospital. He is now eminently fitted to earn his living as a juror.

Official figures show that Paris consumes daily for food an average of sixty-three horses and one donkey, and one mule every ten days. There is a growing demand for horse meat in Europe, and that a considerable quantity is secretly marketed in the United States is a fact pretty well established.

A wealthy Iowan with nine motherless boys in his nursery at home has just added to his establishment by adoption nine fatherless girls and their mother, his brother's widow. The second aggregation was formally obtained at Ellis Island, where it had arrived from Europe. This conspicuous act of philanthropy, it is reported, is to be followed by another ceremony, which will give a mother to all the boys and a father to all the girls, and thus perfect the union of these two remarkable households.

A Chicago paper informs its readers that from the mysterious depths of Cut-Off Lake, Nebraska, a voracious fisher recently pulled a member of the finny tribe resembling the catfish about the head and back and equipped with four legs, the ends of which are fitted out with claw-like appendages resembling human hands. It is further learned from the same valuable source of information that in the Missouri River is an island known to Nebraska tars as Corey Island, where a new species of mice has recently been discovered. The animals have a coat of golden brown and white, with pink legs and black eyes. Whether or not the mice are born with gold fillings in their teeth or the fish supplied with a pouch in the region of its gills for the accommodation of a manure set the public is not informed.

An incident in Chicago seems especially preordained as a rebuke and a reply to the attack on the use of bicycles by women, recently made by the Women's Rescue League. The details as given by a contemporary reveal little Jack Callahan playing mumble-peg, oblivious of the following admonition from his mother: "If you don't come here this blessed minute I'll tan your jacket so you won't forget it for a week." When this had been repeated with variations several times the irate parent approached nearer to the scene with a trunk strap, little Jack took to his wheel, the irate parent took to a wheel of her own, and the chase was on. The subsequent proceedings should be a blow to the crusade of the Rescue League. The reverberations of the trunk strap and little Jack that followed the conclusion of that chase show how necessary to that woman in her hour of need was her trusty wheel. With a wheel in the back yard mumble-peg and similar corruptions of youth can have no terrors for such a mother, and yet this solace would be denied her by the Rescue League. Perhaps if all the truth were known it would be found some secret organization of small boys is behind this league crusade, and that little Jack is one of the ringleaders.

Now that the czar's coronation is over, it is becoming quite evident that his empire is by no means at peace. In St. Petersburg (says the Independent) some twenty thousand hands have left work, dissatisfied with their low rate of wages and the long hours, and the movement is extending to the central and southern provinces as well. In Moscow and a number of other large manufacturing towns a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction has lately been manifested, and it is feared that the workmen there will follow the St. Petersburg example. But what makes the movement of such importance is the fact that in the evidence it gives of the revolutionary movement in

Russia is in no sense dead. In St. Petersburg the police have discovered this, and have resorted to extremely drastic measures to crush it. In Moscow, Lodz, Brinsak and other large industrial centers, the workmen have been incited by the agents of the Nihilist party. Hectographed sheets of an inflammatory nature are secretly circulating among them. The frightful catastrophe on the Holodinsky field is alluded to in these writings as a proof of the incapacity of the officials and of their carelessness when the lives of only the common people are at stake. If the government does not succeed in crushing the growing movement there will ensue terrible outbreaks of violence.

From the law to the work bench, the new woman has made good claim to the ability to successfully enter all trades and professions. Her faculty as a breadwinner is no longer open to question. But it would appear that her talent for affairs stops short here, that the brain power completely spends itself upon acquiring. For it is a deplorable fact that when it comes to husbanding her resources, wise judgment is for the most part conspicuous by its absence; and a snug little bank account seems to be the very last thing on earth that especially appeals to her. Tradition and education long ago instilled into the minds of men that what they achieve and acquire must be well on its way before they are 50. The ball set rolling in early manhood may continue to bring them in an ever-increasing income; but the average man scarcely expects to embark in any great and successful enterprises after that period. With women the winning time is even shorter for they often do not begin until late in life—after the hope of a settled establishment has died out—and already at 50 the average woman is conscious of a certain loosening of the grasp, a lack of spring and elasticity and a generally lowered vitality. Then comes along the younger woman, abreast with the times, with fresh outlook, clean grip, new ideas, and all the experience of the older one is naught against it. Yet from the typewriter at \$10 a week to the singer at ten times ten, from the maid in the kitchen to the popular actress, women wage-earners in America seem to live in absolute forgetfulness of such conditions, and are smitten to the soul with the mania for spending.

The news of the death of Charles Dickens, Jr., awakens once more one's keen sympathy for the uncomfortable positions thrust upon the sons of famous men. As a rule the divine fire has all been used up in the composition of the illustrious sire and the portion of the son is apt to be meager. The calcium light which, turned on the former, brought out grand outlines and well-proportioned contours, brings out in the latter all the commonplaceness and inadequacy which a humble, unnoticed lot might have concealed. So Charles Dickens the younger was forever thwarted in the enjoyment of the simple lot of a simple human being of very moderate attainments by the shade of his father. For the sake of the latter Baroness Burrell-Coutts took him up and started him in various business enterprises for which he was not at all adapted, and at which he made so many several failures. His father bequeathed him his magazine, Household Words, which he conscientiously edited to insignificance. He was moreover afflicted with an unsuccessful likeness to his father which further hampered and haunted him by making it impossible for himself or any one else to forget his origin. Had he been an unknown bank clerk there would have been nothing incongruous in his life and surroundings and final end. He would have filled his inconspicuous lot with inconspicuous completeness and harmony. The son of a genius can never collect the debt the world owes his father. There ought to be some provision by which, if so minded, he could go off and change his name and identity and strike out for himself. If he does not want to forego entirely the adventitious glory of a celebrated name he might enjoy it once a week, or once a month, when the world could accumulate its gratitude and pour it out for him for a brief space, and then let him return to oblivion and individualism.

The Police System of Cities.
The modern system of policing cities was a growth rather than an organization. On the continent of Europe and in most cities of Great Britain the householders of the various wards or political divisions of a city were held responsible for the maintenance of order, and were sometimes fined or otherwise punished for not repressing riotous demonstration. In all cities aged men, unable to do other work, were employed as night watchmen, their principal duties being to call the hour and the state of the weather and look out for fires. In London, A. D. 1223, before the general introduction of clocks, a system of night-watchmen was put in operation, each man being provided with a halberd, a bell and a lantern, this being the first formal institution of the system, which continued in operation until 1820, when a regular force of able-bodied constabulary was put on duty in London. The system was devised by Sir Robert Peel and first put in operation in Ireland, where the police were nicknamed "Peelers." Before that date the watch had little to do with suppressing disorders, these being put down by troops of the garrison. "Beating the watch," a favorite amusement of young bloods of the last two or three centuries, was a piece of cowardly cruelty, since, from his age and infirmity, the poor old watchman could offer little resistance.

It is a mighty plow farmer who does not work on Sunday during harvest.



Cattle Plague in Africa.
A terrible pestilence is raging in Africa, not only among domestic cattle, but among certain species of wild cattle, and it attacks also the buffalo, giraffe, wart-hog, eland and several other species of antelope. Captain Lugard, writing from Gaberones, in Bechuanaland, says that near villages, hundreds, even thousands of carcasses lie about. Between Gaberones and Bulawayo there are reported to be four thousand wagons stranded because their oxen are dead.

Wind and Walking.
The Falkland Islands, and other regions in the South Temperate Zone, are remarkable for the high and violent winds that blow across them. A recent visitor to the Falklands has noted the fact that the inhabitants of those islands, in consequence of being habitually compelled to brace themselves against the wind in walking, have acquired a peculiar gait, so remarkable that a native Falklander can be readily distinguished by his manner of walking. On account of their gait they are called "kelpers."

Edison's New Light.
One of the results of Mr. Edison's experiments with the invisible X-rays discovered by Professor Roentgen is the production of a new kind of lamp. Like the ordinary incandescent electric lamp it consists of a glass bulb exhausted of air. This bulb is coated on the inside with a substance which fluoresces brilliantly at the touch of the X-rays. By means of wires sealed in the ends of the bulb, and furnished with proper terminals inside, an electric current is sent through, and X-rays are thus produced within a fluorescent shell. When the current flows the lamp shines with a mild, pleasing light, and without perceptible heat.

Horseless Carriages.
The recent horseless carriage race from New York City to the Ardsley Country Club on the Hudson is regarded by those interested as having proved that such self-driven vehicles are well adapted for use in cities. There was a French carriage entered in the contest, but the prize was carried off by an American carriage. The Scientific American says that the manner in which the horseless carriages dodged back and forth in front of and around cable-cars and wagons "demonstrated beyond argument that the horseless carriage is much more capable of control than the ordinary horse and carriage."

Camphor Becoming Scarcer.
Most of the world's supply of camphor comes from Japan and Formosa. Of late years the demand has begun to exceed the supply, and the question has arisen how the latter can be maintained. One of the reasons why camphor is becoming scarcer and dearer is said to be that it is extensively used in the manufacture of celluloid. At present camphor is mainly produced from the so-called camphor-tree, which attains a gigantic size in Japan, one specimen recently measured being 115 feet tall, and having a trunk over 14 1/2 feet in diameter. The tree is common in China, but as yet the production of camphor in that country is very limited. The camphor-tree is a member of the laurel family, and is related in genus to the cinnamon-tree. It is said that camphor can be produced from other species of trees. In Borneo a very aromatic camphor is obtained from the natural deposits of gum on the trunks of a species of tree indigenous to that island and Sumatra. Borneo camphor is rare and very costly.

A Terrific "ea-Ficht."
The Prince of Monaco has recently announced his intention to send his yacht on an expedition of discovery among the haunts of the sperm-whale. This leads Mr. Frank T. Bullen to relate in Nature some of his experiences with whales, and he tells a story of a fight of sea-monsters in the Strait of Malacca which reads like a romance. The fight occurred in a smooth sea on a moonlight night, and Mr. Bullen watched it from the deck of a ship with the aid of a night-glass. His attention was first attracted by a commotion in the water, which he supposed might be caused by a volcanic disturbance of the sea-bed. Examination with the glass showed a very large sperm-whale engaged in deadly conflict with a monster squid, or devil-fish, whose tentacles encircled the whale's body. "The livid whiteness of those writhing arms which enlaced the cachalot (whale) like a nest of mighty serpents stood out in bold relief against the black, boulder-like head of the aggressor." The aggressor was the whale, squids being a favorite prey of sperm-whales. "Presently the whale raised itself half out of water and we plainly saw the awful-looking head of the gigantic mollusk. At our distance, something under a mile, it appeared about the size of one of our largest oil-casks, which held 330 gallons. Like the rest of the squid visible it was of a peculiar dead white, and in it gleamed two eyes of inky blackness about a foot in diameter. To describe the wonderful contortions of those two monsters is far beyond my powers. All around the combatants were other smaller whales or immense sharks who were evidently assisting

in the destruction of the squid, and getting a full share of the feast. Mr. Bullen says the encircling tentacles gradually slipped off the whale's body, and the fight ended in an evident triumph for the whale.

THE FATAL SHEARS.

What They Did in a Way of "Getting Even."

There was a hard look in John Warwick's eyes, but it was also a look of triumph. He bent over his desk and worked steadily for an hour without saying a word to any of his associates. Finally, one of the boys asked him what had happened.

"Oh, it's only a little domestic flare-up," he said, "but I guess it will turn out all right."
Upon being pressed to relate the nature of the trouble, Warwick said: "My wife got a pair of bloomers last week, intending to go out to-day for a 50-mile ride. Now, I have always declared that I would not permit my wife to be seen in public with a rig of that kind upon her person, and I proceeded early this morning to show that I was a man of my word. I got hold of those bloomers and locked them in my trunk. Here," he concluded, defiantly slapping his hip pocket, "is the key."

Every man in the office congratulated Warwick upon the stand he had taken. His employer, a crusty old fellow who seldom spoke to the young men in the service, came around and told him, in an undertone, that his salary would be raised at once, as it was evident that he was a person of sterling worth.

When the day's work was ended John Warwick went home with a light heart. The announcement of his prosperity, he reckoned, would patch up friendly relations with his wife, and visions of future happiness flitted before him.

But, alas, the door was locked, and the place seemed to be deserted. He sat down upon the porch and waited for an hour, but the woman he loved did not return. Then he thought he would put on his old overalls and dig around in his little garden. He felt that he needed exercise.

The key to the kitchen door was under the mat, and he was soon rummaging the clothes closet in search of his overalls. They could not be found. At last he entered his wife's sewing room, and there, upon the floor, lay the southern extremities of the suit that had in days gone by served him so well and faithfully. They had been cut off at the knees.

John Warwick buried his face in his hands and wept in wild despair.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Identified in Advance.

Notwithstanding she was not a dame of high degree, she was a woman of character, and there was a peculiar aggressiveness in the freckle on her nose which made the police officers on duty at the station house step around lively when she called on a matter of business.

"I understand," she said to the sergeant, "that there's the body of a man waiting to be identified here."

"It is at the morgue, ma'am," responded the sergeant, but with more suavity than is common.

"Well, my husband hasn't been at home for three days, and I thought it might be him. Can you tell me what he looks like?"

"Yes; but you could get a good deal more satisfaction by going to the morgue yourself, ma'am."
"I suppose I could," she sighed as if she felt sure she would not identify the remains as those of her husband. "Was he killed?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," exclaimed the sergeant. "He died suddenly. The patrolman saw him fall on the street."

"Died sudden, did he?" she asked with interest.

"Yes, ma'am."
Her tone indicated that she thought the police were to blame in some way. "Well," she said, "there's no use in my going to the morgue if that's the case. It ain't my husband. He never done anything sudden in his life. He's the slowest man on earth. Good-bye," and she walked out of the station house as if she were sorry about something.

The Army Rifle in Hunting.

Something for sportsmen to consider seriously, if they intend to get one of the new 30-caliber army rifles is the great penetration of the bullets. One of the bullets would kill a man through a 4-inch spruce tree, or a cow a mile and more away. No ordinary tree can be depended on to stop one of these bullets, and it might easily travel half a mile through dense woods and hit a man far out of sight with deadly effect. "Field and Stream" says that the next Legislature of our great game States should pass a law prohibiting the use of a jacketed bullet, because of the danger to human beings. Another argument it offers in favor of such a law will have great influence on the men who do not wish to wound without killing the game.

"This class of bullets is useless for large game unless soft-pointed," it says "as it rarely kills instantly, but allows the game to die from internal hemorrhage, and in terrible agony out of reach." When such a rifle is used for big game a bullet that mushroomed should be employed. The mushrooming bullet will kill anything, as it goes clear through an elk, moose or deer and the force of the impact would knock a running grizzly down.—New York Sun.

Outline of Beauty.

Just a blossom or two, with some green leaves, will lighten the table wonderfully. Teach the children to bring in clover blooms and blue grass, with the graceful seed heads, if you have no finer flowers. It will teach them to see beauty in small things, and to make the most of their surroundings.—Washington Star.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle-Thrilling Incidents.

Wanderings of "The Rebel."
The story of "The Rebel" in its wanderings over the South is one of interest. Survivors of the Army of Tennessee especially remembered the little sheet that found its way to the camps daily and inspired the boys with renewed energy and hope for the cause they deemed the right. Like the loved and inspiring "Dixie," "The Rebel" fired the Southern heart by its very name.

The Rebel first saw the light Aug. 1, 1862, in Chattanooga. It was a four-column folio, published by Franc M. Paul. Thousands of copies were sent to Bragg's army at Tullahoma, Tenn., and often the supply was inadequate to the demand, owing to the fact that the publisher's press, a drum cylinder, could not print them fast enough. Often the press was kept going all day to supply the demand from the army sutlers.

So popular did the Rebel become in a few weeks that the publisher in October, 1862, engaged the young but versatile and rising journalist, Henry Watterson, to edit the paper. Mr. Paul brought to the assistance of Mr. Watterson Mr. Albert Roberts, a vigorous writer and trained journalist of Nashville. He was a humorous writer, using the nom de plume of "John Happly."

Watterson and Roberts kept the Rebel at white heat, and the paper grew in importance and size, after the publication began.

Well does the writer, who gives this account in the Boston Herald, remember the eagerness of the army for the highly prized papers. The boys in camp could not rest until its arrival every morning on the train from Chattanooga.

When General Bragg began his retrograde movement in the spring of '63 to Chattanooga, the Rebel was supplied to the army with much difficulty. When the army arrived there the paper was in still greater demand.

In the summer of that year, however, it became evident that the Federals were coming to Chattanooga for the purpose of capturing that important point. And then it was the Rebel began its meanderings over the South.

The paper was removed to Marietta, Ga., Messrs. Watterson and Roberts staying in Chattanooga for a few days after the plant had been shipped. The shelling of Chattanooga in that month soon convinced the editors that they, too, must go if they would avoid capture by the Federal army, and they left to join the paper.

Editor-in-Chief Watterson had been sharply criticizing General Bragg while the paper was in Chattanooga. One evening he visited a gentleman's house in that town, and it happened that General Bragg was also a visitor. The two gentlemen had never met, and while waiting for the host to appear, after being ushered into the parlor by a servant, Watterson and Bragg began a casual conversation, which soon turned upon the war. Although he knew he was in the presence of an officer of high rank, Watterson little suspected it was the commander-in-chief of the army. He indulged in some criticisms of General Bragg as he had been doing in the Rebel. The general listened for a while in almost speechless wonder, but controlled himself till his fiery critic had abused him for some minutes, when he arose, and, addressing Mr. Watterson, asked: "Do you know who I am, sir?"

The editor replied that he had not that honor.

"My name is Bragg, sir," said the now fully aroused commander.

Of course, Watterson was somewhat taken aback, but in his most courtly and chivalrous manner assured General Bragg that he had not meant to be offensive, but that his criticisms were made in good faith and from motives of sincere desire to promote the welfare of the Confederacy. But apologies were not asked nor given.

General Bragg, however, never forgot nor forgave his critic. After the battle of Chickamauga, while the paper was at Marietta, Watterson continued his attacks on General Bragg who informed the publisher of the Rebel that unless the irate editor were discharged the paper could not come into his lines. Mr. Watterson then realized that he must seek other friends, for he was not the man to retract a word nor to be dictated to. As editor-in-chief he would write his sentiment, so he became one of the staff of Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk. After serving a short time in that capacity Watterson resigned and became editor of one of the papers published in Atlanta.

After an uneventful existence in Griffin for a while, the approach of the Federal army to Atlanta in July of that year warned the publisher that he must move on if he would keep the Rebel afloat and save his scalp, so it was taken to Selma, Ala., that fall.

Here it was that the eventual paper came to an untimely end with the Confederacy it had so long and faithfully upheld. It was in the latter part of April, 1865, that Selma was taken by General Wilson. The Federals knew of the existence of the Rebel, and one of the first things they did to appease their wrath was to fire its office, which was in a building beside the river and built partly over it. The Yankees printed a small sheet, in which they announced their victory over the "reba," and probably the general orders from headquarters, announcing the surrender of the armies of the Southern Confederacy. They then threw the ma-

terials in the river and burned all the files they could find.

Stole a Steamer.

There is now before Congress a bill appropriating \$20,000 to be paid to Robert Smalls, a negro politician of Charleston, S. C. The money is to be paid for the performance of one of the most daring feats of the Civil War.

May 12, 1862, the Confederate steamship Planter, the special dispatch boat of Gen. Ripley, the Confederate commander at Charleston. The officers had all gone ashore, leaving on board a crew of eight men, all negroes. Among them was Robert Smalls, who was virtually the pilot of the boat. For some time previous he had been watching for an opportunity to carry into execution a plan he had conceived to take the Planter to the Federal fleet. This, he saw, was about as good a chance as he would ever have to do so. Consulting with the balance of the crew Smalls found that they were willing to cooperate with him, although two of them afterward concluded to remain behind. The design was hazardous in the extreme. The boat would have to pass beneath the guns of the forts in the harbor. Failure and detection would have been certain death. Fearful was the venture, but it was made. Wood was taken aboard, steam was put on, and with her valuable cargo of guns and ammunition, intended for Fort Ripley, a new fortification just constructed in the harbor, about 2 o'clock in the morning the Planter silently moved off from her dock, steamed up to North Atlantic wharf, where Smalls' wife and children, together with four other women and one other child, and also three men, were waiting to embark. All these were taken on board, and then, at 3:25 a. m., May 13, the Planter started on her perilous adventure, carrying nine men, five women and three children. Passing Fort Johnson, the Planter's whistle blew the usual salute and she proceeded down the bay. Approaching Fort Sumter, Smalls stood in the pilot house leaning out of the window, with his arms folded across his breast, after the manner of the commander of the boat, and his head covered with the huge straw hat which the commander wore on such occasions.

The signal required to be given by all steamers passing out was blown as coolly as if Gen. Ripley was on board, going out on a tour of inspection. Sumter answered by signal, "All right," and the Planter headed toward Morris Island, then occupied by Hatch's artillery, and passed beyond the range of Sumter's guns before anybody suspected anything was wrong. When at last Planter was obviously going toward the Federal fleet off the bar, Sumter signaled toward Morris Island to stop her. But it was too late. As the Planter approached the Federal fleet a white flag was displayed, but this was not at first discovered, and the Federal steamers, supposing the Confederate rams were coming to attack them, stood out to deep water. But the ship Onward, Capt. Nichols, which was not a steamer, remained, opened her ports, and was about to fire into the Planter, when she noticed the flag of truce. As soon as the vessels came within hailing distance of each other, the Planter's errand was explained. Capt. Nichols then boarded her, and Smalls delivered the Planter to him.

Dutchman and Prisoner.

At the breaking out of the war, I enlisted with a Dutch neighbor and we were soon put on picket duty together. The officer of the guard finding the Dutchman utterly ignorant of the ordinary duties of a picket, concluded that he would at least know enough to watch a prisoner. So he placed the Dutchman in charge of a prisoner with instructions to shoot him if he attempted to escape. The name of this Dutchman was Hans, and he was inclined to be of an obliging disposition, although not over bright and having a little too much confidence in human nature. The prisoner was tied with his hands behind him to a tree, and soon was on friendly terms with the Dutchman. He managed in some way to loosen his hands and then asked the Dutchman to do him a favor by taking a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiping his nose. Hans placed his gun against the tree, and proceeded to do as requested, but suddenly the prisoner struck him on the side of the head and knocked him down, seized the gun, and skipped. The Dutchman got up, rubbed his eyes, and said, "Jimmy Christmas, I got dod as an elephant kick."

Then, looking around, he said, "Mine prisoner was gone, my goon was gone, and I guess I petter be back by de camp out."

Hog Eat Dog.

Ed Trick, of Burlington, Vt., who served in Company G, Second Vermont, is the man who played the practical joke on the officers of a New Jersey regiment. The Vermont regiment captured some sheep one night, killed, dressed, and hung them up. During the night the servant of the New Jersey officer stole the sheep, and they feasted. Trick had had a hand in getting and killing those sheep, and, of course, felt ugly. In the Vermont regiment was a large Newfoundland dog. One dark night Trick killed and dressed the dog, and hung it where the sheep was gone, and it was soon found that the Jerseyites had stolen the Newfoundland dog carcass, and enjoyed another feast, pronouncing it the finest mutton they had ever eaten. It did not take long for the news to spread throughout the corps, and whenever that regiment made its appearance on the march or in a fight, or was passing by any other regiment, their fellow-soldiers commenced barking. Trick says it was a case of hog eat dog. He has never forgotten those Jerseyites, and says he never will.