

# THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

So far as the metric system is concerned, let it weight.

Field Marshal Yamagata evidently has made quite a name for himself.

It would be a mighty mean trick to extend a warm welcome to Nansen, anyway.

You can't go to Europe for a song these days.—Atlanta Constitution. Just our luck! We can't sing.

Somebody makes the suggestion that the other European potentates turn in and give the sultan a benefit.

A New York paper says that the Belasco-Fairbank verdict was a compromise. It is an easy matter to guess who was compromised.

A New York paper says that "Nellie Bly purposes going to Cuba." This isn't fair. Why frighten Weyler by such threats?

A third marriage has just taken place among the under-graduates of Michigan University. Who says co-education is a failure?

A New York paper's headline, "Turkey Shows Its Teeth," is rather startling, to say the least. How in the world could any turkey do that?

A young woman in Pasadena, Cal., claims to be able to understand magazine poetry perfectly. Strange what hallucinations some lunatics have!

Editor Labouchere, of Truth, wants to know the meaning of the American term "poppycock." Life is too short to explain it; study the speeches in Congress.

They have quit signing the pledge in Brooklyn because the animals induced by strong drink are not nearly so bad as those in the public water supply.

Weyler's forces defeat Maceo and Gomez two or three times a day, but neither Gomez nor Maceo ever finds it out until the New York papers are received a week or two afterward.

A physician claims that prunes are a specific for nervousness. As a rule, however, we believe boarders would prefer to be full of nervousness occasionally than to be full of prunes all the while.

The late Alexandre Dumas ordered in his will that all his unpublished manuscripts should be destroyed, including two completed comedies. It seems hard until one recalls Froide on Cartley and many similar literary outrages.

The Turkish idea that there is no good Armenian except a dead Armenian is not likely to be changed by any promise the Sultan can make. A Turkish government in Europe is an absurdity, and no diplomatic ingenuity the powers can devise will alter the fact.

Nearly all the young English princes and princesses ride the wheel, and the Queen herself will invest in an electric carriage to add enjoyment to her outings. Perhaps when it comes to scorching the young folks will do well to keep up with their royal grandmother.

A Boston girl was asked whether she believed in thought transference. "Oh, I am far beyond that," she replied, sweetly. "I am already in the sphere of intense vibrations." All of which suggests that she ought to have been the object of more intense vibrations from the maternal slipper years ago.

When a Russian rear admiral says the disposition of the guns of the new Massachusetts as regards the securing of range is the best he has seen on any ship, it does not mean that there's a plenty of our new navy such as it is, but that it's very good what there is of it.

The appointment of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee and grandson of the famous Gen. Lee of the Revolutionary War, to be consul general at Havana appeals in a certain sense to the soldierly element in this country. It will make recruiting in the South easy in case of trouble with Spain.

Hazing has probably become a relic of barbarism as far as West Point and Annapolis are concerned, for the Secretary of War has just approved the heavy sentence of one year's imprisonment imposed by a court martial on Cadet Rand, guilty of extreme cruelty to two "plebes." This is to warn young men taught at these military schools at the expense of the government that fun is not the object for which these expensive schools are maintained.

An ingenious device for testing the purity of the air in workshops and other crowded places is on exhibition at Zurich. A closed vessel filled with a chemical solution, sensitive to carbonic acid gas, sends out a drop through a glass siphon every two minutes; the drop soaks through a cord hanging vertically from the end of the siphon. If the air is very bad the drop changes its natural color, red, to white at once, at the upper end of the cord. It keeps

its color along the cord in proportion to the purity of the air, not changing it at all if the air is perfectly pure. A graduated scale fixed to the cord marks the degree of impurity.

It appears that the single State of Georgia now has more manufactories than the whole South had in 1860. This is an illustration of the remarkable change that has been taking place in Southern industries during the past thirty years. That section is no longer giving all of its attention to agriculture, but is reaching out for additional means of prosperity, in imitation of the North.

The experience of Miss Lizzie Graffmeyer, of Pittsburg, should serve as an added warning to all other young women to beware of matrimonial bureaus. Miss Graffmeyer became entangled in a correspondence with one of these institutions and in the course of time obtained a husband by paying \$25. Her newly acquired and enterprising "lord and master" borrowed \$25 of her before she even had time to fix his name in her memory, and has not appeared since. Miss Graffmeyer is fortunate in getting rid of him so soon and with so small a loss, but other confiding women may find this form of matrimonial experiment more costly in every way.

A hypnotist at Atlanta, Ga., has been ordered by a judge to pay for a hat which was destroyed by the hypnotist's subject. A young man had been placed under the hypnotist's suggestive power and at one stage of the proceeding was made to think he was a monkey, and acting up to the part with somewhat too much realism, he grabbed a hat from a man in the audience and bit a piece out of it. The hypnotist refused to pay for the injured property, but the court decreed that this young man, while temporarily in a monkey state, was not responsible for the damage he caused and that the hypnotist was. Most people who place themselves under the influence of hypnotists make "monkeys" of themselves and in many cases the damage cannot be repaired so easily as in the Georgia case.

Du Maurier's end seems tragic, viewed in the light of his long struggle against poverty, crowned at last with success the pecuniary fruits of which he has not lived to enjoy. But how often does success come to men surrounded with all the conditions needed to make it enjoyable? Who that has ever read it forgets Disraeli's pathetic plaint, after he was made Earl of Beaconsfield, that the glittering distinction came only after the dear one who had been the sharer of his hopes and fears, and whose delight with it would have made him value it, had passed away? There is, however, a more philosophic view than that from which the contemplation of Du Maurier's career brings only sighs. Human life is a school for the development of character, and he who has achieved great things has by the effort of achievement realized the greatest good which they could confer.

Whatever Gail Hamilton did she did with all her heart and mind, and this, no doubt, was the secret of the success of her long career of activity and usefulness. A woman of warm sympathies and intense earnestness, she had the unusual trait among women of writing in a thoroughly masculine style and fighting for her convictions with the dash, vigor and heat which one naturally expects from the other sex. Her work covered a wide range and included everything, from literature and essay-making to active controversy. She fought in her usual dashing style for her sex and she waged unceasing battle for the liberty of Mrs. Maybrick, whom the British courts confined in prison. She could not only write a trenchant article as argumentative as a lawyer's address, but she could back it up by aggressive fighting in the open world of affairs. Perhaps the work by which she will be best remembered, however, is that in which she championed the cause of James G. Blaine when he was under fire. As a member of the Blaine household and his sister-in-law she held him in an esteem which was almost idolatry. As her biography shows, her faith in him amounted to reverent regard and when Gail Hamilton's heart was so deeply interested in a cause her strong, clear head could be relied upon to fight for it. Her remarkable and able championship of James G. Blaine will be remembered first whenever her name is mentioned and her long and earnest life-work is recalled.

**What a Billion Means.**  
The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would take a person to count 1,000,000,000 recently appeared in an issue of an English periodical: What is a billion? The reply is very simple. In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You will count 100 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour; 288,000 a day, or 106,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so and was counting still. Had such a thing been possible, he would not yet have finished the task of counting a billion! To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 542 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping. Then he would need 18,028 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 46 minutes in which to complete the task.—St. Louis Republic.

# 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.

**Grant at Appomattox.**  
When I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently I was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house and found Gen. Lee, we greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview. What Gen. Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man with much dignity with an impressive face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come or felt sad over the result and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation, but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which there was the least excuse. I did not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who opposed us.

Gen. Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events it was entirely a different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant general, I must have contrasted very strongly with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army, and I told him as a matter of course, I remembered him perfectly; but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about 16 years difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of my meeting. After the conversation had run on in this way for some time, Gen. Lee called my attention to the object of my meeting and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.—From his Second Volume of Memoirs.

**Reported at Last.**  
Ready wit is sometimes worth more than long and careful thought. Mr. Du Bignon was a young and rising man who had been sent to represent Georgia at a national convention of lawyers that met in the West some years ago. He was to reply at a banquet to the toast, "The Young Manhood of the South." His speech had been carefully prepared. "Gentlemen of the Bar," he began, "I—"

But at this moment every eye wandered toward the door, and the toastmaster sprang to his feet with the welcoming cry, "General Sherman!" "Sherman! Sherman!" was echoed all down the table, and the assembly rose to greet the great soldier. It was long before the tumult subsided, but when it did, something else went with it. Mr. Du Bignon's speech. He rose slowly to his feet, and stood silent. The silence was appalling.

At last he began, "Gentlemen, I am confounded! The advent of so noted a warrior as Gen. Sherman has made me forget every word of my speech"—here the men all looked anxious and interested—"but I think you can scarcely wonder at my confusion. Georgians are so used to having Gen. Sherman follow them that it is enough to paralyze any one of them to be asked to follow the general."

There was a pause for an instant over the young man's audacity, and then the room rang with appreciative applause of his ready wit. Mr. Du Bignon was encouraged to remark that he would tell a story about the young manhood of the South, the very young manhood, including some personal impressions in connection with Gen. Sherman.

"I was only a little shaver," he said, "staying at home taking care of my mother and a younger brother. All the men had gone to the war. Early one morning the cry started, 'Sherman is coming!' It increased from a frightened whisper to a shout. The old negroes who were at home left the field and gathered in their cabins. People stood irresolute in the street, not knowing what to do, or even to refrain from doing anything. Even the chickens and cows seemed to understand that portentous cry that was filling the air—'Sherman is coming!'"

"And later on he came. Soldiers and horses began to fill the little town, the houses of the people were entered, and fear was the prevailing sensation. 'Insisted that my Rochester pony and my brother's pet rooster must be saved. My mother equally insisted

that I should stay in the house, for if not the soldiers would carry me away. I was put into a room from a window of which I saw one of the soldiers go under our house and catch the rooster and wring its neck. I was certain my pony would go next. So I jumped out of the window, ran to the soldier, and doubling up my fist, cried: 'You old Yankee, you, if you take that pony I'll report you to Gen. Sherman!'"

He stopped for an instant, and then continued courteously, "General, he did take my pony, and this is my first opportunity to report to you." He stopped and sat down. His speech had won the day. As he took his seat men cheered him for his cleverness, and Gen. Sherman, jumping up, said, "Will some one present me to the young rebel?"

**The Shooting of Stonewall Jackson.**  
After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his staff to reconnoiter in front of the line he had gained. It was his idea to stretch completely around in the rear of Hooker and cut him off from the river.

The night was dark and Jackson came upon the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and as he returned in the darkness, his own soldiers began firing at their commander, of course mistaking his party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand and wrist, and in the upper arm at the same time. His horse turned, and the general lost his hold of the bridle-rein; his cap was brushed from his head by the branches; he reeled, and was caught in the arms of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dismount, his wound was examined, and a litter was brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again, and a murderous fire came down upon the party through the woods and the darkness. One of the litter-bearers stumbled and fell, and the others were frightened; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail. Jackson attempted to rise, but his aid-de-camp held him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then the wounded general was helped to rise, and walked a few steps in the forest; but he became faint, and was laid again in his litter. Once he rolled to the ground, when an assistant was shot, and the litter fell. Just then Gen. Pender, one of his subordinates passed; he stopped and said:

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, General. I fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much broken." But Jackson looked up a once, and exclaimed: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne some distance to the nearest house, and examined by the surgeon; and after midnight his arm was amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant had been wounded, he was greatly distressed, for the relations between them were almost tender. "Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I have lost my right arm."—St. Nicholas.

**Adventure of an Artist.**  
An adventure of a war artist is told in this style: When this train left Martinsburg, Frank Leslie's special war artist with Sheridan in the valley, then on his way to the front, accompanied it, as a matter of safety, it being very heavily guarded. As the hour of noon approached, this worthy artist, disdaining the humble fare of the poor soldier (hard tack and bacon), and longing for the dainty food which he knew could be procured at the farm house of one David Stewart, in the hollow on the pike between Bunker Hill and Buckles-town, proposed to a lieutenant and three of four cavalrymen that they leave the train and push ahead so as to make sure of some of Mrs. Stewart's famous pies before the train came up.

While our knight of the pencil and brush stood on the porch bargaining with the good lady for a pumpkin pie, he cast his eyes down the hollow to the east and saw several horsemen leaning forward on their horses and scolding along a little lane which led directly to the pike. One glance he gave at the gray uniforms; then hastily dropping his pie, he called the attention of the lieutenant to the swiftly approaching riders. In an instant red-straps vaulted the fence and sprang into the saddle, the others following, and up the pike the whole party sped, in the direction of the escort, who were not yet in sight. Our artist being poorly mounted, brought up the rear, but a friendly stone fence between him and the graybacks served as a shield and preserver.

**America's Need of Cavalry.**  
Discussing the possibilities of a war with England, and the strength of the United States militia or national guard, some of our newspapers lately boasted that an army of a hundred thousand men could be thrown into Canada within a few weeks. How many of these men would be mounted on horseback? It is a very pertinent inquiry, for it requires from three to six months' training to make a cavalryman, and some of the States which furnish large contingents to the national guard have not a single troop of horses. If there is any lesson that the failure of the Confederacy can teach us, it is this: that an invasion of Canada—and I do not mean that such a thing is in the least probable or desirable—made without sufficient cavalry would be as a barren of permanent results as it would be if made with an army of crossbowmen.—"Why the Confederacy Failed," by Duncan Rose, in the Century.

A London thief holds the record for meanness. He stole the purse of a doctor who was trying to aid a man that had been run over by a heavy cart and lay dying in the street.

# GOOD ROADS



It is an aged farmer-man:  
He standeth at his door  
And gazeth out where there has been  
A road in days of yore.  
But, ah! y'winter rains have come  
Likewise y' winter snow,  
And the road is turned to a sea of mud  
Above and eke below.  
There is mud to the east and mud to the west,  
And mud is everywhere;  
The hens they perch on top of the fence,  
And the cat is in despair.

Sad is the heart of the farmer-man,  
And wondrous wroth is he,  
And these words, in a savage undertone,  
He uttereth angrily.  
"Tain't because I can't haul my wood,  
I gress the stuff'll keep,  
But I can't drive up to town-meetin' now,  
The mud's so thunders' deep,  
And, as selectman of this town,  
I oughter be there, too,  
To vote agin that highway bill,  
They're tryin' to put through."

It's the bounden duty of every man  
To vote agin that movement;  
This town hain't got no cash to waste  
In this here road improvement.  
—Joe Lincoln.

**Contractors and Country Roads.**  
Street contractors used to slight their work in the most important streets in Philadelphia, but, thanks to the newspapers and the Citizens' Municipal Association, this sort of thing has grown unprofitable. A complaint to the City Controller that could be shown to be well founded was apt to result in a refusal to countersign the warrant for the defective work, and as street contractors work for pay, they have learned that it is best to keep in sight of contract specifications in repaving principal streets.

But while the combined watchfulness of officials and private citizens has compelled contractors to do reasonably fair work in the most prominent public streets, no amount of watchfulness will change the nature of the average Philadelphia contractor. He will slight his work if he thinks nobody is looking, and he neglects the country roads because he thinks defective work on the suburban roads and lanes won't be seen or reported by anybody. He wants to increase his profits by shirking his work somewhere, and just at present the country roads seem to afford him the only chance of shirking without getting caught at it.

Fortunately, the Citizens' Municipal Association, through its agents, takes a look at the country roads occasionally, too, and it has recently filed protests against the present condition of some of these roads with the Director of Public Works and City Controller which they are likely to cause derelict contractors some trouble. Weed-grown ditches and roadbeds lower in the center than at the sides constitute a combination that fails to fill contract requirements to maintain good roads, and it begins to look as though the contractors might yet be compelled to be as honest in the unfrequented country lanes as in the chief thoroughfares of the city. More power to the Citizens' Municipal Association.—Philadelphia Times.

**A Navy to Be Proud of.**  
Ex-President Harrison in writing of "This Country of Ours" in the Ladies' Home Journal, reviews our navy department, and tells of the reconstruction of our new navy. "We had no great ship-yards, and no shipbuilders with the capital, the skilled labor and the experience to fit them to enter this new field," he writes. "John Roach, however, had the courage to believe that he could create a competent shop and build the new vessels. He put everything at risk and should have had better treatment from the government than he received. He was fairly entitled to some of the profits that have since accrued to those who have walked in the path he blazed. We have now, both on the Atlantic and Pacific, ship-yards and builders capable of constructing any ship and of putting into her any machinery of the first efficiency. We have great steel plants, costing millions of money and capable of making armor plates of the highest resisting power, and steel gun forgings of the finest quality. These great ship-yards and steel plants are convincing proofs that the supremacy we once had in wooden ship-building may be attained—if it has not already been attained—in steel ships. Practically all of this work has been done within ten years, and the Secretaries of the Navy who have presided over and directed it; the constructors and ordinance officers of the navy who have furnished the plans and designs, and the steel-makers and ship-builders who have executed these plans are entitled to the highest praise. We have always had a navy personnel to be proud of, and we now have a navy to be proud of—not a finished navy, but one on the way. A new battle-ship is a new argu-

ment for international arbitration—for you must have noticed that peremptory demands for a fixed amount of damages are usually made upon nations that have no battle-ships nor torpedo boats. It is not our plan, I am sure, to match the great navies of Europe. We may safely keep our register of vessels well within theirs; but we do not intend again to leave the sea."

**Chinese Mail Service.**  
The mails in China are different from the postal arrangements of any other country in the world. In China the mail service is not in the hands of the Government, but is left to private persons to establish postal connection, how and wherever they please. Anybody may open a store and hang out a sign advertising that he is ready to accept letters to be forwarded to certain places or countries.

The result of this arrangement is that in populous towns there are a great number of persons accepting letters to be forwarded to all parts of the country; at Shanghai, for instance, there are not less than thirty-five hundred stores competing with each other and carrying on a war to the knife as far as rates are concerned.

This system, although having great faults, has some good qualities. There are several parties accepting letters in one certain town. The Chinese merchant who writes letters two or three times will patronize several of the concerns, and asks his correspondent to inform him which he got quickest. Having experimented for a while, he will select the firm giving the best service, but he always has the choice of several mailing agencies for his correspondence.

**To Evict a Dead Body.**  
Mrs. H. Lewis, of 58 Second avenue, has begun legal proceedings to evict the tenant of her prospective grave in Cypress Hills cemetery, who, she says, is wrongfully in possession of it. The tenant is unable to file an answer to Mrs. Lewis' suit, but his relatives are making a vigorous fight against the woman.

Mrs. Lewis' late husband bought a lot in the cemetery about four years ago, containing just space enough for two graves. One he intended to occupy himself and the other was for his wife. Shortly after that he died and entered upon possession of his own share of the plot. It has been the custom of Mrs. Lewis and her son to visit the husband and father's grave at short intervals.

Their last visit was on Labor Day, and then they discovered a newly made grave in Mrs. Lewis' half of the plot, and at one end of it a stone bearing the inscription "Salmon Solomon." Mrs. Lewis immediately retained counsel, who served notice on the managers of the cemetery that Mr. Solomon's body must be removed at once. An investigation was made and it was found that Mr. Solomon had been buried by mistake in Mrs. Lewis' grave instead of the adjoining one, which belongs to the Congregation Chevre Marqueta, of which he was a member. The congregation, however, refuses to disinter Mr. Solomon's body, as to do so would be a violation of the Jewish law. The cemetery authorities have offered Mrs. Lewis any other grave she may select, but she insists on resting beside her husband, and her counsel have served notice on the managers of the cemetery that unless the grave is vacated within thirty days a suit for the eviction of its occupants will be begun.—New York Herald.

**How "Uncle Sam" Got His Name.**  
The nickname, "Uncle Sam," as applied to the United States government, is said to have originated as follows: Samuel Wilson, commonly called "Uncle Sam," was a government inspector of beef and pork at Troy, N. Y., about 1812. A contractor, Elbert Anderson, purchased a quantity of provisions, and the barrels were marked "E. A." Anderson's initials, and "U. S." for United States. The latter initials were not familiar to Wilson's workmen, who inquired what they meant. A facetious fellow answered, "I don't know, unless they mean 'Uncle Sam.'" A vast amount of property afterward passed through Wilson's hands marked in the same manner, and he was often joked upon the extent of his possessions. The joke spread through all the departments of the government, and before long the United States was popularly referred to as "Uncle Sam."—October Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Change in Sleeves.**  
The woman who is dressed up to date now must either discard her wardrobe or have all her dresses altered in shape and trimmings, so that those who knew them before will know them no more. To be sure there is plenty of material in last season's gown to make mamma a new one, and out of each sleeve will come a frock for the little ones. The passing of the sleeve seems anything but lovely to us now, but a few months hence the woman with beautifully molded arms will glance with satisfaction at her skin tight sleeves and wonder how she could ever have been willing to hide those lovely lines under bushels of baggy cloth.—Boston Advertiser.

**Remarkable Argument.**  
"Your honor," said a lawyer in a recent trial in England, "the argument of my learned friend is lighter than vanity. It is air; it is smoke. From top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And, therefore, your honor, it falls to the ground by its own weight."—New York Tribune.

**Slow Pay.**  
"The wages of sin is death," quoted the preacher.  
"If that is the case," remarked Mr. Grumps, sotto voce, "there is a great delay in paying off some people I know."—New York Herald.