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WATERLOO.

The Final Courges in the Momentous Battle.

Before the combined armies of Wenington and Blucher the French could not stand, but, in spite of inferior nummers, and the manifest signs of defeat, General Bonaparte might have conducted an orderly retreat. The case was different with Napoleon, the Emperor, ister happens to dream some night even though he were now a Liberator: to retreat would have been merely a postponement of the day of reckoning Against this army Napoleon despatched takes 1,000 francs to announce the what was left of that force which was the peculiar product of his life and genius, the old and middle guard. Most of its members were the children of peasants, and had been born in anterevolution days. Neither intelligent in appearance nor graceful in bearing. they nevertheless had the look of perfeet fighting-machines. Their huge bearskin caps and long mustaches did not diminish the flerceness of their aspeet. They had been selected for size, doellity, and strength; they had been well paid, well fed, and well drilled; they had, therefore, no lies but those to their emperor, no homes but their barracks, and no enthusiasm but their passion for imperial France, They would have followed no leader unless he were distinguished in their system for that honor, and, as they came in proud confidence up the Charlerol road, their emperor passed them in review, Like every other division, they had been told that the distant roar was from Gronelly's guns; when informed that all was ready for the finishing stroke, that there was to be a general advance along the whole line, and that no man was to be denied his share in certain victory, even the sick, it is said. rose up, and burried into the ranks The air seemed rent with their boarse cheers as their columns swung in measured tread diagonally across the northern spur of the cross-line elevation which cut the surface of the valley.

Wellington, informed of the French

movement, as it is thought, by a de-

serter, Issued hurried orders to the cen-

ter, ordered Maltland's brigade to where the charge must be met, and posted himself, with Napier's battery. somewhat to its right. While yet his words of warning were scarcely uttered, the head of the French column appeared. The English batteries belched forth a welcome, but, although Key's horse, the fifth that day, was shot, the men he led suffered little, and, with him on foot at their side, they came steadily onward. The British guards were lying behind the hill-crest, and the French could discern no foe-only a few mounted officers, of whom Wellington was one. Astonished and incredulous, the assailants pressed steadily on until within twenty yards of the English line. "Up. guards! make ready!" rang out the Duke's wellknown call. The British jumped, and fired; about 300 of Ney's gallant soldiers fell But there was no confusion: on both sides valley succeeded volley and this lasted until the British charged. Then, and then only, the French withdrew Simultaneously Donzelot had fallen upon Alten's division; but he was leading a forlorn hope, and making no impression. As Ney fell back, a body of French cuirassiers advanced upon the English batteries. Their success was partial, and behind them a second column of the guard was formed. Again the assault was renewed; but the second attempt fared worse than the first. To the right of Maltland, Adam's brigade, with the Fifty-second Regiment, had taken stand; wheeling now, these poured a deadly flank fire into the advancing French, while the others poured in a devastating hall of bullets from the front. The front ranks of the French replied with spirit, but when the British had completed their manoeuver. Colborne gave the order, his men cheered In response, and the countercharge began. "Vive l'Empereur!" came the responsive cheer from the thinning ranks of the amailants, and still they came on. But in the awful crash they reeled confusion followed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the rout began, Two battallons of the old guard, under Cambronne, retreated in fair order to the center of the valley, where they made their last gallant stand against the overwhelming numbers of Halkett's German brigade. They fought until bin 150 survived. From all sides the despairing cry of "Sauve qui peut!" rang on their ears. To the final summons of surrender the leader assented, and they filed in dejection to the rear. This occurrence has passed into tradition as an epic event; what Cambronne might well have said, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," was not uttered but it epitomizes their character and in the phrase they and their leader have found immortality. Century.

Causes a Great Deal of Trouble.

There are not many nations in Europ rich enough to treat themselves to a traitor like Captain Dreyfus, who is assuredly the dearest object in that line that has ever existed. We might, perhaps, have four heroes for the same price. The government machine, with its usual genius, has so skillfully arranged matters that & costs us \$12,000 a year to maintain in a distant lalet a man who has been degraded public-ly for treasen. If he lives only twenty years, which would not be extraordinary, he will have cost his countrymen, reckoning in the interest, a little more than \$400,000. Never did any man who saved his country cost as

much as that. It is also the first time on record that any human being inspires a great enough interest for people to spend 14,000 francs a year merely to learn the condition of his health. If a minthat Dreyfus has escaped that costs 1,500 francs in telegrams the next morning. If Dreyfus catches cold it event to the proper authorities, while if a German or English vessel is sighted sailing past the He au Diable we have to pay 2,000 francs.

Besides this the keepers and watchmen on the island are subjected to the most cruel discipline. One has gone mad on account of the weight of responsibility, two men have been devoured by sharks in going from the island where the governor lives to the He au Diable to find out how Captain and-Dreyfus had slept at night, and pale, nervous, restless beings are seen walking about anxiously, with a frightened look, startled and driven out of their wits at the slightest sound, having hardly time to eat and sleep; they never take their eyes off a very tranquil person, who walks his hundred of life; accordingly. Ney was selected paces after breakfast, smoking his pipe, with his hands behind his back. They are people with a clear conscience, who watch a man who has committed a crime.-Paris Figaro.

Mental Epidemics Past and Present.

In looking back to the medieval ages, we find them to be times in which abnormal social phenomena were displayed on a grand scale-times teeming with mobs, riots, revolts; with blind movements of vast human masses: with terrible epidemies that ravaged Europe from end to end. They were ages peculiar for the strange, striking fact that whole cities, extensive prov-inces, great countries, were stricken by one disease. Men went mad in packs, by the thousands. An obscure individual in some remote country place had fits of hysteries, and soon all Europe was wriggling and struggling in convulsions of hysterical insanity. The dark ages were strange, peculiar so, at least, do they appear to us, who consider onserselves vastly superior to the poor, ignopant medieval peasants, burgher, knight, with their superstltious, religious fervor, and recurrent epidemic insanities. I am afraid, however, that a similar fate may overtake us. May not a future historian look back to our own times with dismay. and perhaps with horror? He will represent our age as dark and cruel-an age of the blind, senseless Napoleonic wars, of great commercial panies, industrial crises, Black Fridays, Coxey armies and mobs and crazes of all sorts and descriptions.-Century

Dismal Swamp Canal,

An engineering work which may have considerable effect on constwise freights is the reconstruction of the Dismal Swamp canal, which is designed to afford a waterway between the north and south sea coasts, avoiding the dangers of Hatteras. This canal is a historic one, having been begun in 1787 and constructed in ten years. largely by slave labor, to the depth of four feet and a width of thirty-two feet. It extends from Elizabeth City. near Norfolk, Va., to the headwaters of the Pasquotank river, a distance of twenty-two miles, there connecting with navigable streams which reach the ocean south of Hatteras. In its early years it paid dividends of 60 per cent. per annum, and a share of its stock was reckoned to be worth one hearty male slave. The present contract calls for a uniform depth of ten feet and a width of sixty feet, and the venture is backed by \$900,000 of Baltimore capital. The work is to be commenced by Dec. 31, 1897.

Not Good at Arithmetic.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, an English poet, in a volume of reminiscences entitled "My Confidences," tells a curious story of Dean Stanley, an illustration of the dean's difficulties with numbers. Mr. Locker-Lampson, who was a connection of Dean Stanley's by marriage, once told him how the composer Halle's cook had bought a lottery ticket with the number twenty-three.

"I had a dream, sir," said the cook. that made me buy that number. I dreamed the number seven. I dreamed it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I bought that in a few feet of the surface and the number.

When Mr. Locker-Lampson and concluded this story, the Jean did not laugh, as he was expected to instead of a laugh a wistful look was observed on his face, as if he would like to know where the joke lay.

"Then, suddenly, for he was very quick," says the narrator, 'bis face brightened and he said, but not with out a shadow of dejection: 'Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose three times seven are not twenty-three!" "

Bingo-How is the new cook doing? Mrs. Bingo Splendidly. Why, she has only been here three days, and she can already ride my wheel quite nicely.-New York Herald.

the medicine a woman thinks he needs, she feels that he is as good as landed. kiss her at all.

SELFISHNESS OF ONE MAN.

After All Her Planning She Failed A pair of very chubby legs, to Get a New Wrap.

"Where is that lovely wrap you were selecting when I saw you the other day?" asked the young woman in Marie Antoinette hat.

"Oh, don't speak of it," grouned the young woman in the brown turban, "It

makes me ill to think of it." "What on earth is the matter with it? "Didn't it fit, after all? Or-"

"It fitted so well that I might have known something would happen so I couldn't get it. Oh, dear, I know I shall be perfectly healthy this year, too. I always am when I have to wear an old wrap; nothing will give me even a Those hands—those little, busy hands cold in my head. Just let me get a lovely new one, though, and-"

"The mere leaving of the front gate open is enough to give you pneumonia. Yes, I know just how it is myself, But you said that you had a plan by which you could get that darling jacket,

"Teach my husband a lesson at the same time! I know, but somehow it And blessings on those little feet, failed to work, and it wasn't my fault in the least, either. It was this way: And blessings on the little brain Henry makes such a fuss over my bills

"Already? What will be be after you have been married twenty years?" "I shan't mind it, then, dear, . It is only while you are becoming accustomed to a thing that it hurts. Well, to get even with him, I make a great outery over his carelessness where his own garments are concerned. Now, last winter I got a new wrap and he a new overcoat. When the warm weather came I got a lot of moth balls and put my wrap carefully away, not that I meant to tion to my carefulness. He just left there," his coat hanging in the closet, and I was so angry with him just then that Ted and winked to himself. I wouldn't remind him of it. I saw that I could point a moral this fall, so yourselfhe'd be ashamed to refuse me a new

old one." "Oh! I begin to see,"

knew that was only talk."

rot, earliest learned, and --- "

ried a good deal, but he was firm, so rock. I knew I'd have to play my trump card. "Says I, Betsy, I've come to ask you Next day I went and selected the jacket to marry me,' and she looked round I wanted. That evening I said: 'Don't sorter seared like, and I says, 'You'm you want your overcoat, dear? He said a sittin on the love rock, Betsy, and it's he believed he would go up and get it. here as I've follered you, for you're the you hear it?" and oh, Laura, the moths had made a only gal what I wants; I've set my perfect wreck of it!"

"Serves him right. He-" "Yes, b-but it didn't s-serve me you're on the love rock." cause I cried, and had secceeded in getting the money I had asked for, and now-now it will all have to go for a new overcont for himself! Oh, did you hear of anything so selfish?"-Chicago Times-Herald.

Getting Even with Him.

It is always gratifying to one's sense of justice to see the tables turned upon a would-be swindler. Mrs. J. G. Jebb tells the story of a young Englishman who was travelling in Mexico One Don Manuel represented to him the immense value of a certain silver mine. with which circumstances compelled him to part. But his friend should see and judge for himself!

The two men were accordingly low ered a short distance into the shaft and the Englishman was so pleased with the appearance of the ore that he gave his check for half the purchase price. Later he felt moved to explore his investment farther, and going alone to the mine, hired an Indian in the vicinity to lower the cage. He speedily discovered that the mine was full of water!

Putting into immediate action a , ian of reprisal, he sought Don Manuel and expressed his desire to visit the shaft equal to asking her to marry him, old again, to which the Mexican reluctantty yielded. The Indian was again bired to lower the cage. Don Manuel, at the Englishman's instance, giving the re-pulling his watch out. "Good morning. quisife instructions. The Englishman I've an idea that this would be rather then politely motioned the older man a nice spot for a picnic-not half bad. to be seated.

Hardly had he done so, when the Indian, in obedience to a gesture from his disappeared around the cliffs, and then secret patron, began turning the windlass. In vain Don Manuel entreated She was a shrewd old woman and gave and threatened, till his voice arose faintly from far below.

Then the cage was drawn up to with Englishman demanded of its drenched for several hours, and Fielding might occupant the surrender of his check. Evidently the young man meant business, and without a word. Don Manuel

"Now you can come out. I hope you have not taken a chill?" inquired the Englishman, courteosuly.

"Your honor," said a lawyer in a re ent 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."-Ex-

If we had to wait until a woman lifted her veil in order to kiss her, we THE COMING MAN.

Incased in scarlet hose; pair of little stubby boots, With rather doubtful toes;

A little kilt, a little coat-Cut as a mother can-And lo! before us stand in state The future's "coming man

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars, And search their unknown ways; Perchance the human heart and soul

Will open to their gaze; Perchance their keen and flashing glance Will be a nation's fight-Those eyes that now are wistful bent

On some "hig fellow's "kite. So sticky, small and brown;

Those hands whose only mission see To pull all order down; Who knows what hidden strength may be Hidden in their clasp, Though now 'tis but a taffy stick

In sturdy hold they grasp? Ab blessings on those little bands Whose work is yet undone,

Whose race is yet unrun! That has not yet learned to plan! Whate'er the future holds in store, God bless the "coming man."

Somerville Journal.

TRYING FOR HIMSELF

"That's the rock, sir," said the weather-beaten old tar. Ted Rivers looked up and laughed a

little bitterly. "A nice place to propose to a lady,"

said he. "It seems to me that it would wear it this year, but only to call atten. not be so easy as you think to get her

The old fisherman looked shrewdly at "Well, sir, if you'd like to try for

"I'm not thinking about myself at wrap for taking such good care of the all," burst out Ted, with so much indignation that his companion immediately drew his conclusion.

"Do you? In the first place, I asked "I never thought as you were, sir him for a new jacket, and he said he 'twas only my little bit of a joke. But really couldn't afford one. Of course, I yon's the rock, and the gal as is asked there is had for the asking. It's gospel "Of course it was. 'Can't afford it' to truth, what's more, and it's there as a husband is the 'Pretty Polly' to a par- I got my old woman, which wouldn't so much as look at me until I caught Millie were easily able to ascend, "Oftenest repeated, I know, Well, I her a sittin' on the rim of that there

heart on marryin' you,' says I, 'and where further along the shore."

"Then she looks up as meek as a lamb right, at all! He-he had felt badly be- and she says, 'Yes,' and falls a-cryin as if her heart would break, for Betsy she always did admire that young scamp Pete, but she knew as well as me that she'd got to marry me, because I'd asked on the rock.

"We was so took up with what had the girl, a little doubtfully. happened that we was all but caught by the tide, but we got off in time. The rock's niver quite covered, but 'twould be an ugly place to pass a night, and next to unpossible to be got off; there's nasty breakers in the best weather, and some sharp bits of rock around, so as no boat can get near."

Ted had fixed his eyes on the love rock. He was not listening to the garrulous old man and he certainly did not ballave the superstition about it but all the same he felt inclined to compass the difficulties in the way, and get Millie Lloyd there-it would be as good a place as any he knew for telling the secret which had been his torment for months, and which he now felt was impossible to keep to himself, even if the

telling of it meant the ruin of his hopes He could not endure to see her chatting by the hour with old Fielding, who evidently admired her and was quite villain that he was! And Millie-who could guess what she would do?

"It's time to be going back," said Ted, Old Jack Grice bent nearly double with laughter the moment Ted's figure be went home to tell Betsy the loke It as her opinion that Ted was in love.

Meantime Ted hurrled back to the ho tel in a sort of panic; he felt uneasy suddenly because he had been absent be taking the opportunity! A set of tennis was being played on

the asphalt court: Millie was not there. He went and leaned on the fence that guarded the cliff and gave a sweeping glance from right to left, taking in the long walk from the top of the cliff and the shore below, both visible from this point. Neither Millie nor Fielding was in view. So he went in and looked for them

all in the public sitting rooms. There was not a sign of either. Until the gong summoned all the visitors down to table d'hote he was unable to find her, and then he heard casually that she had been out for a drive with her

It was Ted who proposed a picule and would lose all appetite, and wouldn't Ted who suggested the best spot for

"That's close to the love rock, isn't it?" asked someone.

"The love rock?" said Ted with the

utmost innocence. "What's that?" With the impatience of young folk. weather permitting or not. A storm with the others," had been predicted, but the objections of the elders were talked down with many arguments as unanswerable as as best we can alone, Miss Lloyd." they were illogical.

"It's not at all the weather for picnies," growled Mr. Fielding, following

ed to be talking together. "We don't mind the weather," said Millie. Her face was radiant, and she bear it, and she sank down with a entered into the plans with all her short sob. heart. Ted saw her smile and stepped back aghast.

"I should much prefer a quiet day not stay here alone," on the shore," said Mr. Fielding in a lower tone.

Millie glanced at Ted, and then she slipped away. Somehow she now felt made a bandage with his handkerchief, out of heart with the pienic. As for sonked it in a pool and bandaged the Ted, there was nothing he would have liked better than to take Mr. Fielding

by the throat and throttle him. The next morning broke bright and sunny. A brisk wind that afterward became boisterous was blowing from the sea. With baskets of provisions and long sticks. which they called their alpenstocks-the party started for the love rock.

They took their lunch in the shelter of the cliffs. The tide was out, and the love rock stood up gaunt and jagged in full view. They intended to explore it that afternoon.

The tide had turned before the party reached the rock, and now the wind was so strong that a few less daring spirits turned back. Ted kept close to Millie, who refused to give up the object of the picnic, though Mr. Fielding think you can ever forgive me?" advised and almost commanded her to

desist. The rest were too intent upon the difficulties of their way to notice that Ted and Millie had struggled round to the other side and the return party were already well on their way home. Clouds were gathering in the horizon. and every moment the wind was rising. Ted was right in thinking that the further side was more sheltered; in fact, so well sheltered was it that he and though it was much steeper here!

Half way up they stopped, and as how flerce the wind was now.

"How the wind is blowing," said Millie. "And what is that boom? Don't

"I expect it's the breakers some

"It makes me nervous. Are you cer-

"If we don't," answered Ted, "we shall all have a rather interesting adventure. At least ten of us are on this rock. The sea never covers it."

"It would be rather good fun," said

When she was rested they started once more on the ascent. Ted did not my missus." want to get to the top. He had not yet told her his secret, and he was determined to speak before they left. But a fellow does not like to shout

that sort of thing at the top of his voice. Moment by moment he put off the sentence and, as so often happens. he lost his opportunity, and they reached the top before he had said the words Millie had to cower down because she could not stand against the wind.

and it was all he could do to keep his footing. His hat blew off and was car ried he knew not where in a moment Millie's distress amused him until she lost her hat too when his distress amused her

"How splendidly stupid we are!" cried Millie, laughing gayly. "Can't you see the others, Mr. Rivers?"

"No, they're not up yet." Ted shaded his eyes with his hand. It seemed to be raining in gusts, for he was quite wet. "There's a shower coming on," he shouted, "we must find shelter,

He found a nook for her and they crouched down just as a furious shower of rain drove down upon them. Ted got wet, for there was room to shelter only one.

When the shower was over he went to look for the rest again, entreating Millie not to follow, as the rock was so slippery it was hardly safe for her. But she insisted on following, and the result was that she slipped and fell. with a cry of anguish.

"No, no, it's nothing," panted Millie, and it serves me right." But when she tried to stand she

found it impossible, and then she looked up at Ted in terror. "How am I to get down this wretch

ed rock?" she asked, on the verge of

age somebow," he answered, reassuringly, and in his distress about her he drawn him here. "I wonder why they aren't here

now?" he added. He stood upon a bowlder and looked shoreward, and then he gasted. Putting his hands to his mouth h

uttered a loud and plercing call, and then he whistled shrilly, but the noise of the wind was lounder than his voice and the see gulls' shricking drowned his whistle.

"What is 14?" asked Millie, taking fright. "Why are you calling?"

"It's no good, I'm afraid," he answered: "they've given it up, and it isn't likely they'll trouble about us. the picnic was fixed for the next day. Most likely they think we went home

> "That means -" exclaimed Millie. "That we must manage to get down

Millie grew pale, but she set her lips resolutely and said she was ready. With Ted's help she managed to stand, the group of enthusiasts, and looking but a shoot of pain brought an involunsourly on Ted and Millie, who happen- tary cry from her lips and when she attempted to take a step forward, though he supported her, she could not

> "I must go for help," said Ted. "What! And leave me! Oh, I dare

"Now you must let me be your doctor," he said taking her foot in his hand and cutting the shoe laces. He

injured ankle capitally. "Thank you very much." she said;

"that is so nice." The tide advanced steadily and now it had completely surrounded them. A curious thrill of joy ran through him. He glanced back to where Millie sat bearing her pain patiently. She motioned him to come to her.

"What do you see?" she asked. "We are surrounded and will have

to stay here until the next ebb. Old Grice told me that no boat could approach in the finest weather, and now there's a high sea running."

"Are we safe?" she asked, looking at him in terror.

"Perfectly. But it will be cold and wet and you are suffering." "Not much," she replied, bravely,

"and it is all my stupidity. Do you Ted was not able to answer, except

with a look that brought a rush of color to her pale cheeks. They sat in silence for a long time, listening to the roar of the breakers. A solitary figured appeared on the shore,

but neither of them saw it. It was an old man who stood looking toward the rock through a pocket telescope. Then he shut it up and chuckled. "Blamed If I don't believe they're there. I'll go and tell missus to make

some soup for 'em, the young leddy'll maybe feel a bit chilly, and doubtless he'll come off that air rock feelin' inthey sat in a nook to rest they heard clined to reward everybody all round, and me in particlor." In order to be before anyone else

Jack returned to the shore and got ready his boat, and several ropes. Then he sat down and smoked, keeping a lookout for any of the hotel folk who might be coming. When he saw men tain that we shall get off all right be- running panic-stricken toward him he pocketed his pipe and pretended to be desperately busy with his boat.

"They're as safe as if they was in their own beds" cried the old man. "but I'm a-goin' to get 'em off at the risk of my life. I'm an old man and ain't of much account. If I get drowned all I ask is as someone'll look after

Millie's foot was better-it had not been much strained after all, and the perfect rest she had given it made it a very slight matter. With help she was able to descend the rock, old Jack eagerly guiding by the easiest way.

When they got down he received a tip so large that he had not the alightest doubt that the virtue of the rock had been proved once more; and, indeed, not one of the party who had come to welcome the adventurers was deceived by Ted and Millie's innocent manner, and Mr. Fielding took his departure the next day, which no one regretted.-Household Words.

A Merciless Test. "What a dreadful cold you have!"

evelsimed one Capitol Hill girl. "It is rather severe," replied the other. "But I don't mind it. I caught

it in a good cause." "Did you have to go out in the rain after a doctor?" "No. It was a selfish experiment;

but it is assisting me in a matther so important that I don't mind it." What is it helping you to do?" "Decide a question on which my future bappiness depends."

"Goodness me!" "Yes. Father said that as soon as the weather got cool enough to have the furnace going Herbert would be gin coming to the house three or four times a week instead of only once. He said that he didn't think there was any heat in Herbert's hall bedroom and that he came here because it is a nice warm place to sit. So last night when he called I had the heat turned off from the parlor. I got very chilly, but I stood it better than Herbert did. for I knew what to expect, and dressed accordingly. I told him that we didn't expect to have that room heated all winter, because we used it so little. actually forgot the object that had it was a dreadful ordeal, but I shall not regret it, for it will silence my doubts forever. If Herbert comes back now I will know that he really and truly loves me."-Washington

> Asian Bricks. The best bricks in the world are

made by the tribes of Central Asia. Alcohol fills even a modest man with a bosstful spirit.