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THE FAMILY STORY

A SINGULAR GUEST.

HENRY APPS of Hexton completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hasleigh court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps, "saves time."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the lugger," quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the gurl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jigged!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and wiped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I'm jigged! If they 'ave'n't been and left the key in it for me."

"I might 'ave sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd a-knowed."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr. Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy dress dance, on her return from the continent, after her term of widowhood.

"I'll just see, first of all," he said, "that the coast is clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He stooped with his Jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bless my 'art!" cried Mr. Apps. "Why, how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward.

She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "Do you know that I recognized you at once in spite of the costume?"

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can walk," remarked Mr. Apps, with restored self-possession.

"I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?"

"Say in an hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go upstairs again alone, change my toes and do all I want to."

"And can't you stay longer?"

She gave the card to the maid and ordered it to be dispatched at once.

"I've got a busy night before me," urged Mr. Apps, excitedly.

He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it might give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction that Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"You were always an active man, captain."

"Always a-doing something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing it's another."

He shook his head reflectively. "I often wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said, as they walked downstairs, "but I couldn't help sending you a card, seeing how friendly we were on the Peshawar. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red Sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do not?" said Mr. Apps, with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget 'em?"

"And then the journey from Brindisi, you know; and the funny little German—you remember him?"

"He was a knoekout, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo, and—"

"It was great," agreed Mr. Apps, "great."

The large ballroom was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew toward the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room, and a broad-shouldered gondolier shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the—excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the gondolier. "I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Henry Apps. "Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours,

Captain Norman," remarked the gondolier. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daintily real before."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Mr. Apps with sudden aggressiveness. "Wot's the odds to you wot I like to wear? You needn't think you are—"

"Captain Norman," interrupted the young hostess laughingly, "you mustn't overdo the part. Look here. I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting east end talk. I like it. Do you think we can manage to do so?"

"Rather," said Mr. Apps.

"And it is a capital make-up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar?"

"Fancy that, now," said Mr. Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in proper, striteforward way."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst, with her fan on her arm as she walked across the room, "you have got the east end accent capitally."

"Tain't so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the gondolier.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said, in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely anyone."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps. "You must let me show you around a bit, Captain Norman," said the gondolier, with determined gentility. "Can you come around to my club one night this week?"

"Whaffor?" demanded Mr. Apps suspiciously.

"Why, to dine. Say, Thursday."

"Evens knows where I shall be on Thursday," said Mr. Apps. "I don't."

"You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a lot of good people, and to any friend of Lady Staplehurst—"

"Oh, come off the roof," said Mr. Apps, with much discontent. "Wot's the use of talking?"

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the gondolier delightedly. "How much more interesting it would be if everyone would only talk to me in their character."

Lady Staplehurst arose with something of haste in her manner and spoke to Henry VIII.

"What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?" asked the gondolier.

"Find out," said Mr. Apps.

"Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I am afraid." The gondolier was resolved to be agreeable to Lady Staplehurst's friend. "I always dodge the army nights in the house. I suppose you know several of the service members?"

"I know as many of them as I want to know," said Mr. Apps, evasively. "A man in my position in life 'as to be a bit careful who he mixes up with."

The hostess returned from Henry VIII.

"I can make nothing out of this man," whispered the gondolier to her, as he arose. "I think he's silly."

"If you knew his qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that." She resumed her seat by the side of Henry Apps.

"Well, blow me!" said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the cockney's accent; "blow me if this ain't a fair take, I mean like dah, she laughed. "It's of no use, Captain Norman, I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, "that's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard—"

She pointed in the direction of the gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly. "And is that a Jimmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is indeed realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of hidea," said Mr. Apps. "Lookee 'ere. You put this in and—"

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanation that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the gondolier gazing at him.

"E don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you up to, miss?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh" (with relief). "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the gondolier resume his ordinary expression Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couples promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"It's the rummiest show you was ever in," Enry," said Mr. Apps; "you're 'wying 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be gied to get upstairs agen. You want them diamonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, Enry."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploit, gazing abstractedly at his boots, regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps again?" exclaimed the man.

"Yus," said the burglar, discontentedly. "Yus, it's Apps again, Mr. Walker. And verry glad you are to see him, I've no daht."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker, cheerfully, as he conducted him toward the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the gondolier confidently to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real—"

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."—London Tit-Bits.

What Franklin Accomplished.

Lord Jeffrey wrote of the American inventor and philosopher, "He never lost sight of common sense." Philip G. Hubert, Jr., in a sketch of Franklin in his recent book, "Inventors," says: "Nothing in nature failed to interest him," and a catalogue of his achievements, showing his activity and resource, is conclusive proof of the truth of both statements.

Franklin inspired and established the Junto, the pleasantest and most useful American club of which we have knowledge.

He founded the Philadelphia library, parent of a thousand libraries, which marked the beginning of an intellectual movement of endless good to the whole country.

He first turned to great account the engine of advertising, indispensable in all modern business.

He published "Poor Richard," a record of homely wisdom, in such shape that hundreds of thousands of readers were made better and stronger by it.

He created the postoffice system of America, and was the first champion of a reformed spelling.

He invented the Franklin stove, which economized fuel, and he suggested valuable improvements in ventilation and the building of chimneys.

He robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of some of its power to destroy.

He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization in America of the friends of science.

He suggested the use of mineral manures, introduced the basket willow, promoted the early culture of silk, and pointed out the advantages of white clothing in summer.

He measured the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and discovered that northeast storms may begin in the southwest.

He pointed out the advantage of building ships in water-tight compartments, taking the hint from the Chinese, and first urged the use of oil as a means of quieting dangerous seas.

Besides these great achievements, accomplished largely as recreation from his life-work as economist and statesman, Benjamin Franklin helped the whole race of inventors by a remark that has been of incalculable value and comfort to theorists and dreamers the world over. When some one spoke contemptuously of Montgolfier's balloon experiments, and asked of what use they were, the great American replied in words now historic, "Of what use is a new-born babe?"

Ink Stains.

It is said that when ink is spilled upon a carpet or anything made of woolen the spot should immediately be covered with common salt. When this has absorbed all the ink it will, carefully take it off with an old knife or spoon and apply more salt. Keep doing this until the ink is all taken up.

Cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of common salt is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stem should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

The "Bloody Angle."

I had been anxious to participate in the scenes occurring at the "angle," and now got permission to go there and look after some new movements which had been ordered. Lee made five assaults, in all, that day, in a series of desperate and even reckless attempts to retake his main line of earthworks; but each time his men were hurled back defeated, and he had to content himself in the end with throwing up a new line farther in his rear.

The battle near the "angle" was probably the most desperate engagement in the history of modern warfare, and presented features which were absolutely appalling. It was chiefly a savage hand-to-hand fight across the breastworks. Rank after rank was riddled by shot and shell and bayonet thrusts, and finally sank, a mass of torn and mutilated corpses; then fresh troops rushed madly forward to replace the dead, and so the murderous work went on. Guns were run up close to the parapet, and double charges of canister played their part in the bloody work. The fence-rails and logs in the breastworks were shattered into splinters, and trees over a foot and a half in diameter were cut completely in two by the incessant musketry fire. A section of the trunk of a stout oak-tree thus severed was afterward sent to Washington, where it is still on exhibition at the National Museum. We had not only shot down an army but also a forest.

The opposing flags were in places thrust against each other, and muskets were fired with muzzle against muzzle. Skulls were crushed with clubbed muskets, and men stabbed to death with swords and bayonets thrust between the logs in the parapet which separated the combatants. Wild cheers, savage yells, and frantic shrieks rose above the sighing of the wind and the patter of the rain, and formed a demoniac accompaniment to the booming of the guns, as they hurled their missiles of death into the contending ranks. Even the darkness of night and the pitiless storm failed to stop the fierce contest, and the deadly strife did not cease till after midnight. Our troops had been under fire for twenty hours, but they still held the position which they had so dearly purchased. My duties carried me again to the spot the next day, and the appalling sight presented was harrowing in the extreme. Our own killed were scattered over a large space near the "angle," while in front of the captured breastworks the enemy's dead, vastly more numerous than our own, were piled upon each other, in some places four layers deep, exhibiting every ghastly phase of mutilation. Below the mass of fast-decaying corpses, the convulsive twitching of limbs and the writhing of bodies showed that there were wounded men still alive and struggling to extricate themselves from their horrid entombment. Every relief possible was afforded, but in too many cases it came too late. The place was well named the "Bloody Angle."

The results of the battle are best summed up in the report which the general-in-chief sent to Washington. At 6:30 p. m., May 12, he wrote to Halleck as follows: "The eighth day of battle closes leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers, and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even that of a company, while we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's), one brigade (Dole's), and one regiment entire of the enemy." The Confederates had suffered greatly in general officers. Two had been killed, four severely wounded, and two captured. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was less than seven thousand; that of the enemy between nine and ten thousand as nearly as could be ascertained.—"Campaigning with Grant," by General Horace Porter, in the Century.

An Historic Cannon.

The cannon which fired the last shot in the last battle of the war is a gun worth knowing something about. Hence, the sale of the 8-inch columbiad, "Lady Slocomb," which is advertised in the Mobile Register, arouses the interest of old soldiers and soldiers' sons.

"This last engagement," said an old soldier, "took place at Spanish Fort. This engagement, of course, was not a regular battle, and is not, perhaps, recorded in history as such, but it was, nevertheless, a fierce conflict.

"Gen. Forrest had sent to Spanish Fort during the last days of the war a sufficient force of men to guard the place, and among the number was the Fifth Battalion of the Washington Artillery, Capt. Cutbert Slocomb in command.

"The Lady Slocomb was brought

there, and there fired its last shots when Wilson's raiders stormed the place and took it. There the Lady Slocomb, for a few hours before the old fort was surrendered, belched forth fire and scattered death, but to no avail, as the enemy numbered several times as much as the garrison.

"After the surrender of the fort some of the members of Capt. Slocomb's command one night rolled the Lady Slocomb off the earthen embankment into a lagoon, or old slush hole, and buried it, giving as their reason that they did not want the gun to fall into the hands of the enemy.

"It was afterward dug up and carried to Mobile, where it was purchased by Henry Badger, a prominent Confederate of that place, who had served through the war and knew of the excellence of the Lady Slocomb."

The gun was named after the wife of Capt. Cutbert Slocomb, who went out in 1862 in charge of the Fifth Battalion of the Washington Artillery. The gun at the battle of Shiloh spat out its first smoke, and spread its desolation in the ranks of the enemy.

Through all the memorable struggles of the Army of the Tennessee it went, and everywhere it gained well-deserved renown. It was prettily mounted, and was at that time, as it probably is now, a handsome gun.

Now the old relic is to be sold. The estate of Henry Badger is being wound up, and the gun, along with other relics of the Confederacy, is to fall into the hands of others.

Years ago several efforts were made by the Washington Artillery to buy the gun, and they will in all probability be heard from at the sale.

The Confederacy's Material Resources.

As to material resources, there is no region under the sun more blessed in natural resources for waging war than the territory formed by the eleven seceding States. Within their own borders was to be found everything necessary for arming, equipping, feeding, and clothing their armies. The history of the industrial development of the South during the war has never yet been written. It is even more wonderful than that of its armies in the field, and is the most striking proof of that versatility and ingenuity which are peculiar to the American people. Before the war it was purely an agricultural people; there were no shipyards, dockyards, factories or machine shops to speak of. Within a few months after hostilities began these farmers and planters were building ironclads, marine boilers and engines, and torpedoes and torpedo boats, and founding cannon and shells, and manufacturing muskets and rifles. When Sumter was fired upon there was not a powder factory in all the land. Soon almost every village had its piles of refuse for making saltpeter, and before the war ended the factories in Georgia and North Carolina could have supplied all the armies in the field with gunpowder. Cotton factories had also been built, and were all at work making cloth for the soldiers; and there was plenty of food in the South, though the soldiers failed to get their share of it, for corn had taken the place of cotton in the fields, and there was an abundance of cattle and hogs. In the last year of the war Sherman's army marched through the South, not starving, like Lee's men in the trenches before Petersburg, but living upon the fat of the land. No; there was no lack of men and warlike resources in the South; the causes of failure must be looked for elsewhere.—"Why the Confederacy Failed," by Duncan Rose, in the Century.

Grant Saluted by the Enemy.

As soon as communication had been opened with our base of supplies, Gen. Grant manifested an eagerness to acquaint himself minutely with the position of the enemy, with a view to taking the offensive. One morning he started toward our right, with several staff officers, to make a personal examination of that portion of the line. When he came in sight of Chattanooga creek, which separated our pickets from those of the enemy, he directed those who had accompanied him to halt and remain out of sight while he advanced alone, which he supposed he could do without attracting much attention.

The pickets were within halting distance of one another on opposite banks of the creek. They had established a temporary truce on their own responsibility, and the men of each army were allowed to get water from the same stream without being fired upon by those on the other side. A sentinel of our picket guard recognized Gen. Grant as he approached, and gave the customary cry, "Turn out the guard—commanding general!" The enemy on the opposite side of the creek evidently heard the words, and one of his sentinels cried out, "Turn out the guard—Gen. Grant!" The Confederate guard took up the joke, and promptly formed, facing our line, and presented arms. The general returned the salute by lifting his hat, the guard was then dismissed, and he continued his ride toward our left. We knew that we were engaged in a civil war, but such civility largely exceeded our expectations.—"Campaigning with Grant," by Gen. Horace Porter, in the Century.

BRYAN AS A LECTURER.

Atlanta, (Ga.) Commercial: The Commercial has refrained from giving expression to its view on the propriety of Mr. Bryan entering the lecture field, for the reason that it did not desire to say anything that would tend to make that gentleman's recent visit to Atlanta embarrassing to him.

But it has very positive views on the matter—views which it will now express, that Mr. Bryan has come and gone.

We desire to say, by way of leading up to our criticism, that there can be no objection to Mr. Bryan, as an individual, making a lecture tour of the country, or engaging in any work that is honorable, however much such work may be out of harmony with the dignity of Presidential aspirations.

The point we make is that Mr. Bryan, having recently been honored with the nomination of his party for the highest office within the gift of the American people, is something more than a mere individual, in that he is still humoring the sentiment that would place the democratic standard in his hands in 1900. According to this view Mr. Bryan is still the representative of his party, defeated 'tis true, but none the less a prospective, presidential candidate, supported by a potential sentiment—at least he was such a figure before going on the lecture platform. As his former supporter we were wont to look upon him as the representative of our party.

Mr. Bryan, therefore, had no right to sell the honors conferred upon him by his party to a theatrical management. It was too much like speculating on the tributes of the people—not essentially different from the conduct of the man who takes the bouquets that have been thrown at him by an admiring and sympathetic audience and auctions them off to the highest bidder—for without this newly acquired prestige Mr. Bryan could not have been a drawing card as a lecturer.

Mr. Bryan, the erstwhile citizen and lawyer, would have been justified in following any vocation that he thought would redound to his financial welfare. Mr. Bryan, the defeated representative of a great legislative movement, had no right to bring the dignity of a great office into disrepute or lessen the glory of a growing public issue by becoming the hiring of theatrical speculators. Bryan, the dignified public servant, should never retrograde into Bryan the willing hiring of mercenary speculators. It is an incident in American retrogression that is not at all pleasing to American dignity.

But this is not the only way in which Mr. Bryan has suffered in popular estimate by his late unfortunate step. His lecture is a dead failure. His employers will lose money on even half of the amount which the alleged contract guarantees.

There are 100 better speakers in Georgia than Mr. Bryan, and there are at least this number who possess more originality and potency of thought. His lecture, prepared evidently with great care, is commonplace in the extreme. It is not enriched by a single golden thought, which should at least beautify the silver threads out of which it is woven. It was not even able in its heavy and uninviting prose, and those who heard it were overwhelmed with the gloom of dense disappoinment.

Added to this the people were not fairly treated by the management, who had protected themselves by leasing the opera house, in order to more successfully work their game of extortion and force general admission to wait or pay reserved seat prices. This unreasonable and unlooked for conduct reflected on Mr. Bryan, although he was not directly connected with it or responsible for it, and still further embarrassed his late dignified position before the people.

The whole scheme, from its very inception, has destroyed Mr. Bryan as a public citizen, and his failure to come up to the standard of excellence that had been erected for him by the press of the country, eliminates him from any further connection with the reform movement.

In this case greatness has shrunk to unrecognizable mediocrity, or there never was any original greatness to build upon. Sic transit gloria mundi.

Paris laundresses have hitherto selected the queen of the carnival, but this year the marketwomen, the Dames de la Halle, intended to compete with them. They have just selected unanimously for their candidate a good looking dark haired girl of eighteen.

Lord Ashburnham's manuscripts will not be included in the coming sale of his library, as a single purchaser for them is being sought. They were offered some time ago to the British museum for £800,000, but Mr. Gladstone, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, could only find money enough to buy the English manuscripts.

Stylish skirts are trimmed knee deep, with lines of narrow silk and metal gimp or two-inch bias bands of velveteen in a contrasting color, these bands set about an inch and a half apart.

Five years' penal servitude was the sentence imposed recently on a bicycle thief in England.