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His works and name shall ever live
Till chaos rules the earth;
Let every patriot hail the day
That celebrates his birth.



"Please, Dan'pa, will you tell me," asked a small but thoughtful youth.
"Why is a little hatchet called a symbol of the truth?"
"Why, don't you know?" said grandpa. Little Bobby shook his head.
"I truly don't," he answered. "Then you ought to tell me," grandpa said.

"All ready," he continued, taking Bobby on his knee.
"It's going to be a story, and you're wide awake, I see.
Once on a time a little boy of just about your age
Received a little hatchet from his father for a gift."

"Oh, what a funny present," thought Bobby. That boy had chopped his fingers off and bloodied all his clothes; I don't see how his father could then give him a hatchet. Why didn't that boy's mamma take the hatchet right away?"
"Perhaps she didn't know it," grandpa laughed; "at any rate
Next morning bright and early rose that little boy alone,
To try his little hatchet; in his father's garden he
Displayed his skill by cutting down a favorite cherry tree."

"A cherry tree?" cried Bobby. "Weren't any woods around?
Why, cherries are the goodliest things to eat I ever found;
I don't see how that little fellow wasn't smart a bit, like me—
Say, Dan'pa! Do you think I'd kill a lovely cherry tree?"

"Of course you wouldn't, Bobby; you're too fond of things to eat;
But, just for fun, suppose you did, and then had chance to meet
Your father in the garden, and he sternly asked you who
Cut down his favorite cherry tree. Now, tell me what you'd do."

"Well, Dan'pa! let me think. If I cut down his cherry tree
And papa came and caught me with the hatchet, wouldn't he
Know certain sure I did it? If I told a story, why
He'd whip me twice as hard, you know, for telling him a lie."

"But if I looked real sorry and I didn't skip, and said,
'Dear pop! forgive poor Bobby, who cut down your tree,' instead
Of getting any whipping wouldn't papa say, 'My son!
Because you didn't tell a lie, no whipping will be done?'"

"Ahem!" said Grandpa, started by the wisdom of the tot.
"That's just the thing that happened in the story. Now you trot
Away to bed, and say your prayers before you close your eyes.
And dream about the whippings bad boys got for telling lies."
—Detroit Free Press.

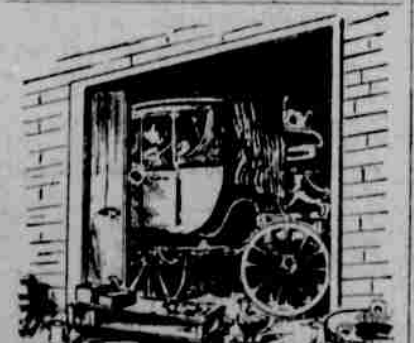
Washington's Greatest Glory.
The transcendent glory of Washington as a soldier is that when the war was ended he surrendered his victorious and stain-

less sword to the civil authority. For eight long years he had carried that great trust without salary or pecuniary compensation of any kind, never but once seeing his beloved Mount Vernon. A pliant army, smarting under grievances, would have made him king or dictator. He crushed the very suggestion with indignant rebuke. Cromwell and Napoleon, after successful revolutions, had held on to power. There is hardly another case in history where, under like circumstances, power has been voluntarily surrendered. Washington set for all successful generals, in all ages after him, a noble and immortal example, when he sought out that weak and migratory congress at Annapolis and in such dignified and manly words as these closed his impressive speech of resignation:
"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

It Is Now a Roost for Chickens in an Old Barn in New York.
Washington's coach, in which the father of his country rode to his inauguration and which should be treasured as a precious relic, is now rusting away in an old stable in New York, serving as a roost for chickens and a catch-all for discarded things usually thrown into garbage. A few years ago this coach was purchased for \$6,500, but to-day it is virtually neglected.

With what delight, says the New York Press in commenting on this, would the French take this graceful relic and array



WASHINGTON'S MISUSED COACH.

it in the Musée de Cluny beside the Napoleon carriages guarded so reverently! None would esteem it better as a public possession than the Swiss or Tyroleans, who have his portrait and that of Abraham Lincoln in honored places on the walls of their homes. His appeal is as strong as that of the other who "made way for liberty"—brave Arnold Winkelried. And wouldn't the Italians like to wheel it into the great armory at Turin? It would look interesting beside the stuffs of the horse that carried the hero of Marengo, and the picturesque accoutrements of Garibaldi. Here in New York it is falling away with neglect.

If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.



FROM the Mowrie house one saw a stretch of rugged, wooded country, with a slender looking railroad bridge spanning the gorge between two hills. The tops of the high pine trees, which grew down in the valley below the cliffs, reached nearly to the rails of the bridge, and it was a thrilling sight to see the trains crawl along in the air over the tree-tops, twist about like a serpent, and then thunder down the slope on the left side of the ridge.

But the passing trains had another interest for the young Mowries besides this picturesque one. Now and then a passenger threw a newspaper out of the window, and to Alvera and little lame Hiram such a "find" was always acceptable.

Since her mother's death the household duties and the care of Hiram had devolved on Alvera, preventing her from taking advantage of the short school term. Mr. Mowrie was employed on one of the river boats, and his trips often compelled him to remain away from home for three or four weeks at a time.

The Mowries did not own a farm. Their place was a scrubby half-acre on the top of the cliff, and their house a mere hut of unhewn logs with two little loft chambers above the single downstairs room.

To the newspapers thrown from the passing trains Alvera and Hiram were much indebted for what they knew of the world below the cliffs, and the village of Cresswell, about four miles distant. How they enjoyed the stories that occasionally fell into their hands! When these were of the "continued" kind they would amuse themselves imagining the conclusions.

At present the story that interested them most was one about a lame boy, who had seemed to be in a fair way of getting well when the story broke off in the latest number of the paper.

"Say, Viry," Hiram would sometimes ask with a wistful look on his face, "do you s'pose that lame boy ever got well?"

"Yes, I thought it was working round that way, Hiram," Alvera would answer hopefully.

Hiram's lameness was the result of a fall over the rocks at the railroad bridge, and the village doctor had pronounced it incurable. The knee was bent at an angle, and the boy could move about only on crutches.

One summer afternoon, as the sound of the locomotive's whistle echoed in the distance, Alvera came into the house with a single page of a newspaper in her hand. It had evidently held some one's luncheon, but Alvera brushed away the crumbs carefully and smoothed out the wrinkles.

"I guess, Hiram," she said in her motherly way, glancing over the precious bit of paper, "you'll find two or three whole pieces here, and some advertisements."

The boy took the bit of newspaper from his sister's hand, and was soon quietly absorbing its contents. Meanwhile, Alvera labored over a garment that she was trying to cut and fashion without any pattern. She was a tall, strong-looking girl of 17, straight as an arrow, and pretty in spite of her ill-fitting clothes. Presently Hiram broke out with a cry of delight:

"O, Viry! Hurrah!"
"What is it, Hiram?" asked Alvera eagerly, dropping her scissors with a rattling noise. "It isn't the continuation of that story about the lame boy, is it?"

"It's better than that, Viry! Just look! Here's a piece about a real doctor that cured a real boy! O, Viry, if I could only get well!"

With a great hope stirring in her heart, Alvera took the page and proceeded to read the article that Hiram had pointed out. It was entitled "A Triumph of Modern Surgery," and it detailed how a certain Dr. Delmore had performed successfully a difficult and dangerous operation on a lame child.

"Why, this is the best thing I ever heard of, Hiram," she said delightedly, when she had finished reading. "I'm going right away to Mrs. Capner to ask her about this Dr. Delmore. I guess Mrs. Capner'll know."

And she put away her sewing hastily, and set forth without delay. The Capner house was situated on the other side of the woods, about half way between the Mowrie house and Cresswell. Alvera had great respect for Mrs. Capner and for her opinions. When she was in perplexity about anything it was always to Mrs. Capner that she went.

She found her neighbor seated on the back porch, and she at once opened up the subject of her errand. Mrs. Capner was not a little surprised. She supposed that the girl had come to borrow something, for now and then Alvera asked for the loan of an "easy pattern," or for the weekly paper that Mrs. Capner subscribed for.

"Have I ever heard of Dr. Delmore?" the woman repeated. "Why, he's that high-toned doctor from the city that the Baineses got to set their Jack's arm when it was broken so bad! But sit down, Alvera, and make yourself at home."

Alvera sat down on the edge of the chair that Mrs. Capner had placed for her. Her cheeks were red from running, and her eyes were brilliant and eager as she continued:

"Mrs. Capner, does Dr. Delmore charge high? You see, I was thinking of getting him to look at Hiram's leg."

"Good gracious, Alvera Mowrie!" cried Mrs. Capner, "you don't know what you are saying! Dr. Delmore!—why, you might as well make a tea party and invite Queen Victoria! All the money you could get for your place on the cliff wouldn't begin to pay Dr. Delmore's bill!"

Alvera felt a sudden sinking in her heart. The color left her cheeks as she gazed into her neighbor's eyes in a puzzled, helpless way. Meanwhile the woman thought that the girl either did not believe her, or that she was too stupid and ignorant to understand.

"Why," she went on, trying to make things plainer, "Dr. Delmore charged Mr. Baines \$1,000 for the setting of Jack's arm! Of course he had to come a long distance, and it was a very hard case. The village doctor said the arm would have to be amputated; you know, it was broken in three places, you know. But they say it's as well as the other one now."



ALVERA AND THE DOCTOR'S RUNAWAY HORSE.

"I'd be willing to live on bread and water all my life if Hiram could only be cured," sighed Alvera, sorrowfully.

Mrs. Capner was not a little touched. "I only wish I knew how to help you. But \$1,000! That's almost a fortune! And I believe Dr. Delmore would not even look at Hiram's leg for less. Why, he travels around with a man-servant all rigged out in brass buttons like a soldier. You'd better not bother about such a swell doctor, girl. Anyhow, Hiram's leg has had its crookedness for two years and more, and I doubt whether even Dr. Delmore could cure him."

Alvera rose to go home. "Thank you for telling me the truth, Mrs. Capner," she said. "Good-by."

"How shall I tell poor little Hiram this?" she moaned to herself, as she tramped through the woods.

The sun was sinking behind a mountain peak when she reached home. Hiram was sitting on the doorstep.

"Hurrah, Viry!" he called out joyfully, when he caught sight of his sister. "Am I going to walk like other boys?" He held up his crutch, laughing as she came near. "Is it good-by to this, Viry?"

Alvera could not look at the glad little face. She did not speak until she had taken a seat beside her brother on the doorstep. Then she said, very gravely:

"Look here, Hiram. Once you said you wanted to be well so that you could do brave things. Perhaps it's ordered that you'll have to be brave in another way—brave to bear instead of brave to do."

Hiram understood. His sharp little features grew pale in the twilight; but not a complaint, not a cry, not even a sigh escaped his lips.

Alvera and Hiram did not talk any more about Dr. Delmore, but the girl did not cease to think of him. While her busy fingers plucked the wild

blackberries that grew in the woods and the thickets, her brain was busy with devices for reaching the great man. Sometimes one might have seen her computing a "sum" that was not in the arithmetic with a stumpy lead pencil on the margin of a newspaper. She never finished this sum quite to her satisfaction, but she often looked up from her work with a hopeful expression, saying something like this:

"If he'd only wait, I guess I could get the whole thousand paid up in about forty years."

One afternoon when Alvera was picking berries a few rods from the far end of the railroad bridge, on the brow of the hill opposite to their house, she heard the sharp clatter of horse-hoofs on the stony road leading past the bridge.

The sound became more and more distinct, until presently the girl caught sight of a runaway horse dragging a carriage. Evidently the rider had been thrown from his seat, and the occupant of the vehicle was powerless to help himself.

Alvera had had some experience with horses, for she often drove Mrs. Capner to and from Cresswell, and sometimes she assisted Mr. Capner with his farm work. Besides, she was fearless. In a moment she had taken off her big sunbonnet, and was letting out the "drawstring." She stood on the embankment side of the road as the horse came down the grade. A plan had occurred to her, one that she had heard of.

"It's the only thing to be done," she thought, as a few seconds later, she sprang as close as she dared to the flying horse, and deftly threw the bonnet over his head.

The "blind" acted as Alvera thought it would. The frightened horse leaped to the other side of the road and tried to shake off the unexpected obstruction to his vision.

Alvera had just grasped the bridle when the door of the carriage opened, and a well-dressed man came out and hurried to her relief.

"Thank you very much," he said in a grateful, pleasant voice. "You did a very brave thing, and doubtless saved me from an accident."

"I was afraid the horse would reach the bridge and plunge through," said Alvera as she stood beside the panting animal and stroked its neck. "I guess you may trust me to mind him if you want to hunt up the driver."

"Thank you again," said the man.

with a little cry of delight, and the doctor never forgot the look of gratitude with which she regarded him.

The coachman came down the road presently and resumed charge of the horse and carriage. The doctor was on his way to Cresswell to visit one of his patients. On his return he called at the Mowrie house and saw Hiram. He did not say that the injured leg could be straightened; but he told Alvera to write to her father for permission to have her brother taken to a hospital in the city for treatment.

This Alvera did. Mr. Mowrie's approval came in the next mail, and in a few days Hiram, accompanied by Dr. Delmore, made the journey to the city. One day Alvera, who was alone in the little house on the cliff, received from her brother the following letter:

My Dear Brave Viry:
Dr. Delmore says I am going to get well; and he says, too, that some society is going to give you a gold medal. It has been in the newspapers that you stopped a runaway horse with a sunbonnet. I have the piece cut out and put away. It is a splendid piece. It calls you a heroine, and that is what you are, Viry.
HIRAM.

A Suggestive Response.

Unconscious harmony between sermon and response was too much for the Rev. Simon J. McPherson yesterday morning. He preached on "Hell" in the Second Presbyterian Church, but found the response selected by the innocent organist was altogether too appropriate. The hymn was changed, but not before the air had been played, to an accompaniment of a broad grin on the face of every one present. Dr. McPherson does not consult with the organist, A. F. McCarrell, as to the sermon he intends to preach on Sundays. Mr. McCarrell does not worry the pastor about the hymns he selects for the worshippers to sing. Both trust each other implicitly, but in future Dr. McPherson will look over the list of hymns before he goes into the pulpit. Dr. McPherson preached on "Hell," and pictured in burning words the terrors, awaiting the unrepentant wicked in the next world. His sermon made a deep impression on the congregation. At the conclusion of the discourse the pastor usually announces the hymn to be sung as a response. The organist had not known the subject of the sermon when he selected the response, and thought no more about it after he had compiled his list of hymns.

The pastor fumbled with the list, coughed, and looked a trifle embarrassed. The organist began to play the air pianissimo, and a broad grin spread over every face. Dr. McPherson looked appealingly upward to the organist, and then turned over the leaves of the hymnbook with desperate eagerness. Mr. McCarrell left his pipes and hurried down to the pastor.

"We must change that response," whispered the pastor.

"Why?" asked the organist, innocently.
"I have been preaching on 'Hell,'" said Dr. McPherson, "and the response you have chosen is 'What Must It Be to Be There?' We cannot have that." Even the solemn organist grinned as he climbed to the organ and started up "Art Thou Weary?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Uses of Fruit.

I have eaten apples all my life, but never learned how to make the best use of them till last winter, writes a correspondent to American Gardening. Now we eat apples half an hour before breakfast and dinner instead of afterward.

The action of the acid is then admissible in aiding digestion, while if eaten after meals the apple is likely to prove a burden.

We follow the same line in using grapes, pears, cherries and berries. If disturbed by a headache or dyspepsia in summer, I climb a cherry-tree and eat all I can reach and relish.

In order to have cherries all summer, I cover a dozen trees with mosquito-netting to keep off the birds.

Currents and gooseberries I find very wholesome eaten raw from the bushes before going to the dining-table. Nature has prepared a large amount of food already cooked, exactly fitted for all demands of the human system.

I am by no means a vegetarian or a fruitarian, but I am convinced that we have not yet measured the value of fruit as a diet, with milk, eggs and vegetables.

Japanese Women.

Everybody smokes in Japan. The pipes hold a little wad of fine cut tobacco as big as a pea. It is fired, and the smoker takes a long whiff, blowing the smoke in a cloud from the mouth and nose. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and lets him finish the whiff.

Horseshoes of Paper.

It is said that the horses of German cavalry regiments are to be entirely shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

It is always the man of whom nobody expects such a thing, who drops everything and runs.