

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

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NO. 22.

Our Motto--"NO QUESTION IS EVER SETTLED UNTIL IT IS SETTLED RIGHT."--Hon. William J. Bryan.

The Sioux County Journal.

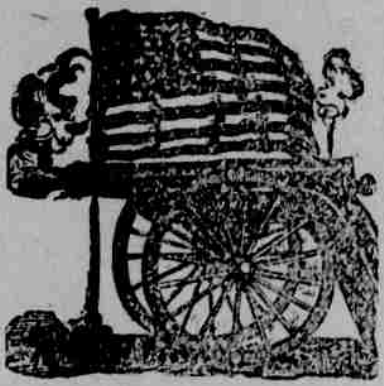
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF SIOUX COUNTY.

Geo. D. Cannon, - - - Editor.

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READ THE

JOURNAL

This Week.

MERRY XMAS.

Ex-senator Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, died in New York city on the 15th inst.

Samuel Gompers president of the Federation of Labor for the past six years was re-elected at Kansas City yesterday.

The Federation of Labor order, in session at Kansas City last week, almost unanimously declared against expansion of territory by the United States government.

Col. W. J. Bryan, has accepted an invitation to speak in Washington city, on the occasion of the birthday of George Washington, the father of our country. Other speakers who will be present and participate in the speaking exercises are: ex-governor Altgeld of Illinois, ex-governor Stone of Missouri, senator Daniels of Virginia, and others.

"Please stop my paper a times if so hard and I can't pay for it. Hittell I can do to buy terbacker for myself and boys, besides the old woman has to have her snuff. I will pay you what I owe you nextfall when I sell my hogs, if they dont die wid colera. P. S.--We have got another baby at ourhouse--Come a week ago last Thursday nite. Wright something about it and we me two or three papers and we'll set em off for you."--Ex.

An exchange says that a wagon maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke. Yes, and a blind carpenter on the same day reached for a plain and saw; and a half deaf farmer went out with his dog and heard; and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of pike and smelt and a forty ton elephant inserted his trunk in a great and blue and a dog walked off with his coat and pants, and just last night we noticed a dead bug liseing to the bed tick.

The full dress of a Philippine bride is said to be a garter and a chew of gum. The groom is generally attired in a pair Prince Albert spurs and a red necktie. Its only a matter of taste after all. An old gentleman who had spent the summer in New York, was asked how he liked the looks of the society ladies. He replied: "First rate, I went to a society ball and saw one half of 'em and then went down to the sea shore and saw the other half." Our new subject, the Philippine belle, seems to be one look ahead.--Ex.

At a recent business convention Ex. Governor Francis of Missouri, who is in a position to know whereof he speaks paid tribute to the local newspaper as follows:

"Each year the local paper gives from \$500 to \$5,000 in free lines to the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other 10 men, and in all fairness with men he ought to be supported--not because you like him or admire his writings, but because the local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant edited or crowded with thought, but financially it is of more benefit to the community than the teacher or preacher. Understand me. I do not mean mentally or morally, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find most of the local papers on the right side. Today the editors of the home papers do the most for the least money of any people on the face of the earth."--Ex.

The Editor of the Rocky Mountain Celt won the prize of \$1,000 offered by a syndicate of western editors for the appeal poem to newspaper subscribers to come around and pay up. Here it is:

Lives of poor men oft remind us,
Honest men won't have a chance.
The more we work the grows behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.
On our pants, once new and glossy,
Now are stripes of different hue,
All because subscribers linger
And won't pay up what is due.
Then let us all be up and doing,
Send your mite however small,
Or when the snow of winter strikes us
We shall have no pants at all.

READ THIS.

A Child's Simplicity.

NO SANTA CLAUS THERE.

Two pennies dropped on the ledge of the brass-barred window. The postal clerk looked up. He was out of sorts. Two holidays in succession had been too much for him. A little golden head appeared just topping the ledge.

"Well?" snapped the clerk.
He had just opened his window in the postoffice yesterday morning and eight hours of the hardest kind of work were in sight. The little girl who had been first in the line, hesitated a moment. Then she plucked up courage.

"Please, mister," she began, "I want a stamp for this to send it to my little brother."
In her hands she held up a package done up in brown paper and roughly tied with a bit of coarse twine. It was almost falling apart in her tiny hands. She held it out to the clerk, who took it with the same grace that he had taken thousands of packages during the holidays.

He looked at the address to see whether it was foreign or domestic. Then he looked at the child. There was a queer look in his eye that had not been there before. Postoffice clerks see many strange packages and any quantity of them addressed to "Santa Claus." But this one was not for Santa Claus. It read:

ROBBIE McNAUGHTON,
LEAVES.

For a moment the clerk hesitated. The little one took it for a refusal to accept the parcel because she had not paid enough for the postage. Quickly the tiny hands fumbled at a little purse where two more pennies were in keeping. These were on the window ledge in a moment with the other two.

"There's more pennies, sir," said the little one. Please take it now. I haven't any more pennies."
"Why, my child," said the clerk, who had babies of his own at home, "I---"
"Oh, please," broke in the little one, "it's for my little brother in heaven. He died last week and perhaps he is so strange in heaven that God has forgotten to give him any Christmas present. And he'd be so disappointed."

Tears were in the clerk's eyes by this time--he was thinking of the little flaxen haired one of his own at home. Tears were in the child's eyes too, and the little lip was quivering.

"Oh, sir, it's all right," she insisted. "This is my very own to give away. Santa Claus brought it to me on Christmas. My papa don't know and my mama doesn't know. They cried on Christmas 'cause Robbie had gone to live with the angels. But I want to send something to Robbie all myself."

The little one was crying now. Her sobs came hard and fast. Her poor little heart was on the point of breaking.

"Robbie went away to God last week," she sobbed, "and little Esis has no one left to play with!"
The clerk blew his nose very hard and then he explained that the mail did not go where her little brother was so happy with the angels. It wasn't because she didn't have enough pennies to pay for it, it was because the steam cars couldn't go there. He was as tender as he could be, and one woman in black who had come on the line that was kept standing there because of the little ones pleading began to weep.

So the clerk handed the package back to the child and she turned away with tears of bitter disappointment in her eyes.
"Robbie will have no Christmas!" she sobbed.

Just then the cover came off her precious package. It held a little white lamb tied with a pink ribbon.

"Gimme ten twos," chirped a voice, and the clerk turned back to the routine of his work.
World.
The republican party leaders and the gold standard press of the country, since election are telling the people that the silver issue is dead, but there is no denunciation of silver sentiment by the great leaders of the democratic party and they declare unequivocally that the party has taken no backward step since before election and never will.

A LESSON FOR EVERY BODY.

A Christmas Poem.

By CATHERINE L. STEVENSON.
From the steeples chimed the glad bells
And the lights flashed through the night,
Through the blinding sleet and snow wreaths
Shedding floods of glory-light;
And all hearts were filled with gladness,
As the bells pealed forth their strains,
Songs and laughter, praise and anthems,
Filled the earth; 'twas Christmas time.

All hearts, did we say? Look closer;
See the wan face, grief-filled eyes,
Of a woman, hurrying past you,
Clothed so thinly--hear the cries
Of the babe she clasps so closely;
While, with tiny hand clutch tight
In the worn shawl's tattered fringes,
And with sweet face all alight

With the wander of the Christmas,
By her side a little child.
Fierce the wind-gusts, wild the tempest--
Oh, the night with storm was wild!
"Mamma! Mamma!" sobbed a faint voice,
"Mamma! the tree, tan't walk no more;
Let's do in an' hear de singin',
Dess it's warm inside dat door!"

The mother enters the church--the
babe in the warmth falls asleep, but the
little girl, inspired by the glorious music,
listens almost breathless as the good
pastor tells of Jesus. Suddenly she
starts up, says to her mother--

"An' he lubs us, lubs us, mamma,
"Oo an' me. I dess I'll do
Tell him dat we ain't dot no-flin
I eat to our house, don't 'oo know!"
And before she started mother
Could the childish purpose stay,
Up the broad aisle pattered Mamma--
No one thought to say her nay.

Right up to the flower-wreath pulpit,
Eight up to the kindly face
Looking down in love upon her,
Out she spoke with baby face:
"Please, deesir, 'oo is Deesus,
Or His brudder, 'oo's 'oo send
sumfin' to eat to me an' mamma,
Tause we's dot no over friend?"

"An' my brudder is a baby,
Dee lile Deesus used to be."
Through a rain of kindly tear-drops
She was lifted to the knee
Of the man who talked of Jesus.
"Friends," he said in husky tones,
"Christ has come again in child form--
shall we place Him on His throne?"

"Whoso to the least one gleeth--
Ah, I see you know the rest!"
Small need there to press the message
Small need there to make repeat.
Well-filled purses poured forth treasure,
Tear-filled eyes looked on the child
As she nestled in the strong arms,
Looking out with wonder mild.

"Dat's my mamma 'way bat dar, sir;
Oh she's 'sweyn', let me do;
"Oo tum too, an' tell we's 'oo,
How doed Deesus lubs her so?"
"Oh, my God, my God!" burst wildly
From those lips long sealed to prayer.
"Are you working through my child's heart?
Do you live, and do you care?"

"Is there mercy yet for me, Lord?"
Mamma's hand is on her cheek.
"Don't 'oo kwy, please don't kwy, mamma,
Dees lile here--hear him 'peak."
"Sister" softly said his servant--
But no other word there came,
For the rapt church roof echoed
Loud and clear another name.

"Oh, my daughter! Oh, my daughter!"
And a sweet worn face bent low
O'er that face so scarred with sin's stains--
"Mother love whose depths can know!
Then the peace of God came gently
O'er that hushed and waiting throng,
Till the pastor softly, sweetly
Sang anew the angel's song:--

"Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven"--
How the glorious notes resound!
Angel voices join the chorus,
Strike anew the harp's glad sound:
"Christ is born again at Christmas--
she, once lost to Him, is found."

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

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You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail if you send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in the SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

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tax to the government and costs no one anything, while the national bank note is based on bonds, and interest bearing bonds must first exist as a basis for national bank notes. The second important fact is that national bankers get the national bank notes issued to them by the government at an annual rate of interest of one per cent and they loan this money to the people at from six to twelve per annum. What the bankers want is for the government to farm out to them at one per cent per annum, the privilege of furnishing the money necessary for society. Nor do they stop at such audacious proposition as this for, mind you, the bill now before congress reduces the annual rate of interest to the bankers from one per cent to one-quarter of one per cent per annum.

This same class, the bank ring wanted to get rid of silver for the same reason, viz: That it might have an enlarged field for its money, the national bank notes. And now the bankers are trying to get rid of the greenbacks for the same reason. They want the exclusive privilege of supplying the money of the nation for their special benefit and enormous profit.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks

Annual Almanac and Monthly magazine Word and works, are now known from sea to sea. We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the Almanac for 1899, now ready. It is a splendid printed and illustrated book of 116 pages and the storm forecasts and diagrams and astronomical and scientific matter are superior to anything that has ever been before in a 25 cent book. His monthly journal, Word and Works is one of the best literary home and scientific magazines in the country, besides containing his monthly storm forecasts with explanation. The Subscription price of Word and works is 1.00 per year and a copy of the Hicks Almanac is sent as a premium to every yearly subscriber. Single copies of Word and Works, 10 cents. Price of Almanac alone 25 cents. Send your order to Word and Works Pub. Co., 230 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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Range on the head of Warbonnet creek
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S. W. CALEY.
On left shoulder of cattle and horses.
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P. O., Crawford, Neb.

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The brand represented in this notice and branded any where on left side of horses and
Also the L. L. brand any where on left side of cattle belongs to the undersigned.
J. C. L. RAGLAND,
HARRISON, NEBRASKA.

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We have 207 cattle brandes any where on right side which we expect to put our own brand on soon as possible.
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JERRY & HENRY WILL,
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The brand represented in this notice and branded any where on left side of cattle, and over-lap-out from the right ear.
Also the same brand on left thigh of horses, belongs to the undersigned.
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