

# HARRISON PRESS - JOURNAL.

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## HARRISON HAPPENINGS

Dr. Seymour at Crawford Oct. 8th.

Fred Doan was down from Wyoming this week.

Edwin Guthrie left last Monday night for Kearney, Neb., where he will attend school this winter.

Geo. Turner shipped two car loads of cattle last Monday.

Read the man who watched the fly trap in another column.

Clarence Hollingsworth came down from his ranch Tuesday evening.

Rev. Youngman went to Chadron Tuesday evening to attend Conference.

Sunday school at 10 o'clock; everybody invited. W. H. DAVIS, Supt.

Just received: A new consignment of men and boys clothing at GERLAUCH'S.

Judge Kintaid the Republican candidate for Congressman was in town yesterday.

Marcus Valdez and Henry Moravak returned to Old Women creek, Wyo. last week.

J. J. and H. H. Wasserburger each shipped a car of horses to Wisconsin last Tuesday.

More and better goods for the same money at Gerlach's store than any other place. Try them. 10-11

J. H. Withersdorfer decorated his harness shop this week, by putting a new floor in and ceiling it.

For a bad taste in the mouth take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all Druggists.

Ed Hollingsworth moved his family in town last week, so his children will get the benefit of school this winter.

Miss Elizabeth Harris, came in on the west bound train from Lincoln, Wednesday. She expects to teach school in District No. 25.

I am now prepared to weave carpets 18 cts. for fat and miss and 12 cts. for striped. Warp furnished at cost. Mrs. J. A. TRAYER. 36-11

If you want a man in Ladies and child dress shoes go to GERLAUCH'S where you can buy them cheaper than in any eastern city. They now have a large assortment.

Geo. A. Phipps editor of the Chadronian and formerly editor of this paper was married last Wednesday to Miss Bess E. Burleigh of Ainsworth, Neb. The Press Journal extends best wishes.

**County Maps.**  
The PRESS-JOURNAL has printed a limited number of maps on Manila card board which can be secured for 10c each. They will also be given as a premium to new subscribers.

The injection of Dr. Rex's Blackleg Vaccine (in pill form) means the preservation of health in cattle, and renders them exempt from the ravaging effects of that dread and infectious disease. Read his advertisement in this paper.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Grewell took the east bound train for the south-east part of Iowa, for a visit with friends, and will also visit Oklahoma before coming back, no doubt Charlie will get lonesome ranching it alone but the good looking girls are not all gone yet Charlie.

**A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.**

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford county, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville Messenger, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold by J. E. Phinney.

### A CARD.

The undersigned desires to announce that he has disposed of his business at Harrison, to Mr. Charles Newman, and to express his thankful appreciation of patronage that has enabled him to create from a small beginning one of the best business enterprises in Northwest Nebraska. Mr. Newman will continue the business at the old stand and his policy will be the same as that which has made it successful in the past, and I request for him the same liberal patronage that has been accorded to myself.

G. W. HESTER.

A Smithville man according to the Liberty Advance visited a physician in company with his wife. The doctor inserted the thermometer in her mouth. After it had been there two or three minutes, the man, who was not accustomed to such prolonged bursts of silence on the part of his wife, pulled out his watch and inquired: "Now, what will you take for that thing?"—Exchange.

V. J. Marsteller came in on the train last Saturday night, and Alex. Lowry and D. M. Sutton came in Monday evening from their trip to the Lost Cabin mine. Mr. Marsteller says there is gold there, but as it is so far from a railroad they will have to wait further developments to see whether it will pay or not. We was in hopes they would bring back a wagon box full of nuggets and souvenirs but perhaps we will get them later on.

### A Communication.

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at night. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief, until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. BUCKMAN, Bogard, Mo. This remedy is for sale by J. E. Phinney.

**Exchanges.**—The wife of a West Virginia minister has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was Robins, her second Sparrow, and the present one Quayles. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quayles in the family. One grand father was Swan and another was a Jay, but he's dead and is now a bird of paradise. They live on Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary Islands, and the fellow who wrote this is a live bird, an interested relative of the family.

### WATER CURE FOR CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Take two cups of hot water half an hour before each meal and just before going to bed, also a drink of water, hot or cold, about two hours after each meal. Take lots of outdoor exercise—walk, ride, drive. Make a regular habit of this and in many cases chronic constipation may be cured without the use of any medicine. When a purgative is required take something mild and gentle like Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all Druggists.

### DEMOCRATIC REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

The Democratic electors of the counties comprising the Fifty-third representative district of Nebraska are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held in Alliance, Nebraska, on the 27th day of September, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative for said district.

The various counties comprising the district are entitled to representation as follows:

Box Butte	5	Sheridan	6
Dawes	6	Sioux	3

S. M. SMYSER, Chairman

### STOCK REPORT.

South Omaha, Neb., September 9, 1902.  
Two days of this week bring large receipts of both cattle and sheep. Cattle have been fairly steady on all desirable kinds and as usual the common stuff has been hard to dispose of. The strong demand for feeders and killers continues.  
Corded best 6.00 to 6.00, best stockers and killers 5.00 to 5.50, choice feeders 4.50 to 5.00, fair 4.00 to 4.50, common steers 3.50 to 4.00, choice cows and heifers 4.00 to 4.40, butcher stuff 3.00 to 4.00, canner and cutters 1.50 to 2.50, yearlings 4.00 to 5.00, good stock heifers 3.00 to 3.25.

Monday brought largest receipts of sheep in history of yards, 23,500. Prices have declined 10 to 20 cts. Yearling 3.25, wethers 3.00 to 3.00, ewes 2.25 to 3.50, lambs 4.00 to 5.00. The lower range of prices for feeders.  
NYS & BURNHAM CO.

### ANDREWS.

Entertainment Given by District 30 September 19th.

An entertainment will be given by the Andrews' school at the school-house Friday evening, Sept. 19th. Everybody come and bring somebody else. Teachers of other schools especially invited to bring their pupils, but everybody invited and made welcome.

### PROGRAMME

Greeting Song By School  
Words of welcome "Lillian Harris  
Song "Jack and Joe" "School  
Recitation "The Lovers Sacrifice"  
By Pearl Jones.  
Song, Selected  
By Clara Christensen  
Dialogue "The Morning Call"  
By Mrs. S. E. Jones and Lillian E. Harris

Recitation By Thomas Jones  
Hand Drill  
By Clara Christensen and Pearl Jones

Dialogue "The Sick Doll"  
By Eva Peacor, Thomas Jones,  
and Mabel Christensen

Motion Song By School  
Recitation "Kiss Her and Tell Her so"  
By Mrs. S. E. Jones

Dialogue "The Wax Figure Show"  
By Carl Madsen, Julia Madsen, Thomas Jones, Eva Peacor, Mabel Christensen, and Christina Jensen.

Song "The Moonlight Sail" By School  
Dialogue "Pearla Jones's Dream"  
By Pearl Jones, Birdie Jones, Mabel Christensen, Julia Madsen, Alsel Madsen and Thomas Jones

Recitation Selected  
Song "

Recitation "Wider Budd"  
By Mrs. S. E. Jones

Dialogue "The Released"  
By Clara Christensen, Mabel Christensen, Carl Madsen, Eva Peacor, Julia Madsen, and Thomas Jones

Recitation By Pansy Jones  
Recitation "Mama's Little Boy"  
By Lillian E. Harris

Remarks "The Public Entertainment and its Advantages"—By Supt. J. B. Burke  
Songs, Selected

### LETTER FROM MRS. RICE.

Hatchless, Colorado, Sept. 2, 1902.

The Press-Journal Editor has kindly asked me to send an occasional word from this far-away country. It seems to me that now the journey is over there can not be much to write about, but when I remember how eagerly I look for the Bulletin, Carey, and Central City items, I cannot refuse to send my little also.

The weather here is certainly beautiful, far out of doors life; not so hot as when we first came, for the last three weeks the thermometer has been from 80 to 84 most of the days at about 2 P. M. In the month it has rained enough to really make things wet about twice—various other little sprinkles but hardly enough to drive us in the house. Every one is busy now gathering. I expect to begin to sorrow to pack fruit at Mr. Duke's one mile from home and Mr. Rice will also do something at it if he keeps well. Roy has been working there for about three weeks making fruit boxes at 1/4 ct. a piece; he could average about \$1 a day when there was work. He began school in Hatchless yesterday, he will have about 3 miles to go, but a good school when he gets there.

Mr. Duke's orchard the nearest big one is a wonderful sight to me. He picked last year 5000 boxes of Elberta peaches from 250 trees. It is wonderful how full the trees are hanging and how large and fine the peaches are; of the surplus one can have an abundance for eating, drying, and canning, just for carrying them away. I have plums, cherries, apricots, black raspberries, pears, and peaches canned and expect to put up many more peaches of the latest varieties which are finer than the earlier.

We have the material partly hauled for a house and the foundation mostly ready, but shall postpone house building for a time to work in the peach harvest. Everyone says it will be a long time yet before cold weather.

Perhaps in another month I can tell you more about fruit picking.

### In Wyoming.

Leonard Christian returned home from Omaha last Friday.

Lewis Sutton, a former resident of our neighborhood, is now working in Omaha.

Andrew Christian is expected home, from his Iowa visit, sometime this week.

Howard Shatto and Mr. Porter are going with Mr. Fress's threshing machine.

Miss Oral White, who taught the East school last spring, is now teaching an eight month term of school near Inez, this county.

The first threshing of the season was done last week, when Mr. Fress threshed for Bert Hamlin's and Mr. Church. Hamlin's oats averaged thirty three bushels per acre.

At this writing there are yet a few fields of oats to cut. One piece in particular will not be ripe for two weeks yet, and if we don't have a snow or hard freeze will make good yield.

James W. Christian, a few days ago, killed a large hawk of the Swainson species, with a stone. The bird was flying when he threw and the stone struck it on one wing breaking it and bringing the bird to the ground.

Andrew Christian's cattle were on the market Wednesday morning of last week, he had 41 steers which topped the market. They averaged 1200 lbs and sold at 5.40 or 6.40 per head. An Iowa feeder bought them and they were shipped to Tama county the same day.

It must have been a great pleasure to the two teachers that listened to Mr. Zimmerman's words last Sunday, to think that he had something to do with the mapping out of his life, and the position that he now is filling; that is the carrying of the Gospel message of peace.

Noted M. A. don't mention potatoes; they are too cheap to talk about, one of your neighbors is responsible in a way, for their downfall. We'll have potatoes to throw to the cows, that is if we are strong enough to throw them, if not we'll roll 'em or drag 'em out with a horse.

We wish to congratulate our old time friend Gene Wabbarer, on his success in passing the examination in telegraphy. He has fully earned a good position and is worthy of any office the economy may clothe him. Here is our tip Gene, so please grape vine us when you get a position.

Prof. Emory Zimmerman of Balse and Mrs. and Mrs. Burke, of the Press-Journal, came out to the Ridge on last Wednesday and stayed overnight with Mrs. A. Christian and family. Mr. Zimmerman was an old time pupil of Mrs. Christian, having gone to school to her when she taught the Balse school several years ago. He also was a pupil of our better three-fourths, when she taught there fourteen years ago. On Sunday he preached to a large and attentive audience, in the hall.

We too, had the pleasure of a rare treat on Wednesday of last week, in the shape of Sioux county apples, whole at the Dunn home near the mouth of the Squaw creek canyon. Tom Dunn took us into the garden where there were a few apple trees, one of which was loaded with the choicest of fruit. They were quite large and very beautiful, being light colored on one side and deep red on the other. With a garden rake Tom knocked a few off and, Eve like, tempted us to eat them. Well, we ate and ate, then filled our pockets, as we had no baskets, and took them home to the young Z's. This was the third time only that we have eaten Sioux county apples. The Dunns have a beautiful home there; besides apples they have Concord grapes, raspberries, currants, and blackberries; also a new bed of hollyhocks which were still in bloom. You see, Mr. Editor, that we too were treated to apples on the same day that Mr. Parker remembered you.

### The Man Who Watched Fly-Trap.

This is a true story; not an accumulation of pseudo facts.

A man had spread out a sheet of flypaper. He noticed that from day to day the number of small black specks increased, each speck telling the story of the fly's tragic end.

One day, out of idle curiosity, he fell to studying the flies as their doom overtook them.

One fly came to the edge of the paper, tasted the treacherous, sticky preparation, then went away for the time being.

Another fly did the same thing, but waded boldly in and was soon caught fast.

Another fly, flying down straight from above, landed in the middle of the flypaper. His pleasant buzz of anticipation soon changed to a loud singing noise that told of helpless rage and fear.

As the flies landed on the paper each acted in a different way.

Some beat their wings frantically for a second or two, only to fall over on their sides very soon and succumb to the sticky poison.

Now and then some fly, with a violent effort of his muscles and of his will, would actually tear himself from the flypaper and escape.

Others could not get away, but made a heroic struggle. They walked across the paper, dragging their heavy legs and sticky wings, climbing up on the bodies of the other flies in search of some means of escape.

The man watched the flies, their different kinds of efforts, their different ways of dying, the long struggles of some, the quick submission of others. It was a gruesome but interesting spectacle.

What interested him most was the stupidity of the flies, and the fact that not one of them seemed to learn anything from the fate of scores of others stretched dead on the sticky surface.

"It is evident," said the man, "that these flies have absolutely no capacity for thinking or for estimating consequences.

"Each fly as he approaches the paper must see that there are scores of flies lying dead on it. Each of these flies, as he goes back and forth near this deathtrap must see the other flies struggling, see their useless efforts, hear their terrified buzzing—yet each fly in his turn runs the risk, and tempted by the sweet, sticky substance, goes to death in his turn.

"I suppose that each foolish fly thinks that he will escape the fate of the others. Each one imagines that he can alight on the paper and get off again. Perhaps each has noticed the occasional fly that gets on the flypaper and does escape safely.

"What fools these flies are. What a fool each one of them is not to say to himself that what has ruined so many flies will surely ruin him. Why do they not get out of this room, if they can, or at least keep as far away from the flypaper as possible?"

Having thus mused philosophically the man put on his hat and went out, leaving the flies and their foolishness to take care of themselves.

The man turned to the right, then turned to the left, then went through a doorway, and then he was on the flypaper that catches human beings.

He was in a drinking saloon and he had a glass of whiskey in front of him.

At this point we will study this man in the saloon as he studied the flies on the flypaper in his bedroom. What happens to the man in the saloon?

Exactly that which happened to the flies on the flypaper.

One man goes near the edge of the whiskey habit, takes a little and goes away like the fly first mentioned, who approached the edge of the flypaper.

This human fly who takes a little and goes away is almost sure to come back again in time.

Other men who approach the whiskey flypaper take a little and promptly wade right in to their doom.

The human victims that alight on the whiskey flypaper have as many ways of struggling, as many ways of dying, as many ways of suffering and as few chances of escaping as the ignorant flies that alight on the sticky flypaper in the hot kitchen.

Of human flies on the whiskey flypaper, some struggle feebly for a while against the habit that has caught them, and soon succumb.

Others last for a long while. Only the ends of their feet touch the flypaper. They keep their bodies erect, and for the time being feel quite proud of themselves and call themselves "moderate drinkers."

But their feet are on the flypaper, and with one out of ten of them it is only a question of time when the body and mind will sink to the level of the feet, and that will be the end of the struggle.

An occasional human being escapes from the whiskey flypaper and goes away to tell others that "whiskey never hurt him."

This human fly does the most harm. He sends others to whiskey, and sooner or later he is pretty sure to go back there himself.

When you go into a restaurant or any other place where flypaper is spread out, take a look at the struggling, suffering insects dying slowly and horribly in the sticky mass that falsely attracted them.

You will wonder at the stupidity of each fly as it alights regardless of the fate of others.  
Don't duplicate that fly's stupidity in your own life.  
Remember that what has ruined others may ruin you. Keep away from the saloon and from the whiskey bottle. Take a walk through the Potter's Field some day—any man at the morgue can tell you how to get there—and you will find the fruits of the whiskey bottle, quiet and peaceful at least in their final rest on the surface of the flypaper that caught them.—New York Journal and American, from Commoner.

Read the Press Journal.

### Professional Cards.

**M. J. O'Connell, - - Co. Attorney.**  
Will Practice in All Courts.  
Special Attention Given to Land Office Business.  
Collections and all business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.  
HARRISON - NEBRASKA.

**J. E. PHINNEY, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
All calls given prompt attention  
Office in Drug Store.  
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FOR SALE—160 acres of land joining the village of Harrison; for further particulars inquire at this office. 40

A little girl had been looking at some pictures of angels and she turned to her mamma and asked "Mamma, why are there no men in heaven?" "But there are men in heaven," replied the mother.

"Then why is it," asked the child, "that we never see any pictures of angels with whiskers or mustache?" "True but there are men in heaven," was the reply, "only they get in by a close shave."—Rushville Standard.

General P. H. Barry fusion candidate for congress from the 6th District was in Harrison last Friday looking up his political friends which we are glad to say are in very good shape in Sioux county. Mr. Barry is a very pleasant gentleman and is surely deserving of all the honors that his people might bestow upon him.