The Harrison Press-Journal

G. A. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

Never walk across a bridge ahead of a train. Run.

Thirty cents' worth of ruffles put a $10 rustle in a $2 skirt.

Jealousy is a slow fire that sears the soul and keeps it in an unremitting agony.

What business of the man is it if the women wear half hose or whole hose or holy hose?

The energy wasted in useless kicking would operate all our large factories and still leave a little to spare.

It costs nothing to be polite—and the other fellow knows it as well as you do when you are polite to him.

Love is made in the same old way, but every boy thinks he has hit upon an important improvement.

Bob Burdette compares Moses to Morgan. Moses, it will be remembered, was mixed up in the bulrushes, too.

The little boy who recited the Bible verse "whom the Lord loveth, he chaseth" made a hit with the entire Sunday school.

Lucky is the boy that loves a woman who is old enough to be his mother. The chances are that she will laugh him out of it.

King Peter has just had a birthday. We would strongly advise him to have as many of them as possible at his earliest convenience.

It is said that General Botha will seek election to the British Parliament. We hope he will be elected. Nowhere else will be find his level so rapidly.

Siam wants to borrow $5,000,000. Why doesn't the King of Siam show some enterprise and get one of his twenty or thirty sons to marry an American heiress?

Presently the orator who wants to make a hit will refer to the boys not as the future governors and Presidents but the future farm hands of our glorious country.

Professor Wiley is going to pasture his young men on tobacco for a while and see what effect it has on their constitutions. We foresee their demise at the tender age of 89 or thereabouts.

A new life of Horace Greeley has been published. He was a man who always gave good advice and is now universally respected by a world that refused to adopt any of it when he was living.

Humanitarians would be happier over the abolishment of the cudgel and knout in the Russian penal system if there was not a new provision for beating with birch rods up to 100 blows for "slight offenses and misdemeanors."

The moderate expectations of some mortals are suggested by an advertisement in a London newspaper: "Dutch young lady, speaking English fluently, wants to give lessons in Greek, Latin, French, German, Euclid, algebra, history, in return for pleasant home in English family from middle of June till October."

Thanks to the new immigration law, Prince Victor Nackachidsee and his wife, Russian anarchists, whose expulsion from France was recently decreed, may not come to the United States. The new law excludes all anarchists. As the prince has been expelled at various times from Germany, Spain, Austria, Belgium and Italy, as well as from France, and may not go back to Russia, where he would have to serve out an unexpired sentence of exile in Siberia, he will probably go to England, where anarchists are still allowed to live.

Modern philanthropy seeks to do its work with increasing tact and delicacy. It aims at prevention and healing, but it does not forget to be kind. Out of regard for the feelings of the patients and their friends, the name of the "Insane Pavilion" of Bellevue Hospital, New York City, has been changed to "Psycopathic Ward." The same consideration for a natural sensitiveness appears in the substitution of less depressing names for other city institutions. The "almshouse" is called "Home for the Aged and Infirm," and the "Outdoor Poor Bureau" is now known as the "Bureau for Dependent Adults."

The pure food law enacted during the late session of Congress has gone into effect. The need of it is amusingly shown by the anxious inquiries of importers, both in person and by letter, as to what they shall do about goods already ordered. One man said that he had a consignment in transit which he had hardly been led to believe contained alleged deleterious substances, but inasmuch as it was on the ocean, or in the system, shortly injurious," but which would be under the ban of the pure food law. The Treasury Department has had all such importations that it could on hand held for warehousing until it can rule on them.

[illegible] whether in the [illegible] process, or ob-

gineer, must learn how to swim. Such knowledge is considered as practically part of a soldier's education as the ability to scale a wall. The empire owns many natatoriums, equipped and used for the sole purpose of teaching its recruits how to swim, completely accoutered with clothing, rifle, and ammunition. The emperor does well in making his soldiers swim. In time of war that ability might save a regiment, or even a whole brigade, hours of time on a forced march. Our war department ought to take a leaf out of Germany's book, which on military matters is pretty complete and up to date, and teach American soldiers how to swim. And, by the same token, the States should see to it that swimming is part of the curriculum of its militiamen. For the knowledge of it would be necessary only in times of war, and in times of war the State regiments as well as the regulars will be in the field.

Not many weeks ago a strike involving several allied crafts took place in Newark, under the direction of the Masons' Union. It bade fair to spread to other trades, and cause great loss and much ill feeling. Some one proposed arbitration, and it was finally agreed that the union and the masters unions should each prepare a list of names from which the arbitrators should be selected. When it was found that one man was on both lists it was voted to make him sole arbitrator. He accepted, went into the case exhaustively, rendered a decision that covered the minutest detail, both sides heartily accepted it, and the strike was ended at once. This arbitrator on whom masters and men relied for "absolute justice, so far as human judgment could define,"—the phrase is quoted from the letter of thanks signed by both parties to the controversy,—is the pastor of one of the largest churches in the city. Probably there are still in Newark, as there are elsewhere, persons who would like to make us think that "working men are done with the church." For the benefit of people who hesitate to believe, we record this cheering incident.

College authorities and others interested in education have recently been discussing ways and means of interesting the students in the practical affairs of life. The young man in college who takes an interest in politics is the exception rather than the rule, and those who do study public questions devote more attention to their theoretical than to their practical side. One way to turn the attention of the young men toward politics was recently suggested by Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, and more recently ambassador to Germany. He said that at the anniversary exercises of St. Andrew's University in Scotland a few weeks ago he sat beside Andrew Carnegie, and spoke of the great things waiting to be done in the United States. "Name some of them," said Mr. Carnegie. The thing most needing to be done, in Mr. White's opinion is the education of young men for public service, just as they are educated to be lawyers or physicians or electrical engineers. He would have professorships and scholarships bearing directly upon public affairs established in about twenty-five universities. The subjects to be studied would be comparative legislation, comparative administration, international law, the history of civilization and the history of the United States. By means of scholarships and professorships in these branches of study—for which Mr. White thinks twelve or fourteen million dollars would be needed—the country would soon have a group of young men capable of assisting in reforming many public abuses, and qualified to do effective service in the routine administration of government. A few of the larger colleges have already made a start in the direction done. The desire to do public service must be fostered, and still more important, the ability to serve the public must be developed by such courses of study as Mr. White has proposed.

Marie Cahill's Humor.

The quality which Miss Cahill possesses is the same as that which lifted Lotta, Miss Vokes and Miss Irwin far above the level of their contemporaries. It is the power of making friends across the footlights, of addressing herself individually to each and every auditor. There is a genuine humor behind it, the ability to make people laugh without the aid of grotesque make-up or violent physical exertion. Miss Cahill makes her points quietly—a little too quietly some think—and conveys the impression of a reserve force of entertaining qualities that she can draw on at will. But more important than all is this rare gift of making her own distinctive personality felt even by those in the very last row of the gallery.—Everybody's Magazine.

Her Envy Was Natural.

"Why do you dislike that Bickerford girl so thoroughly?"

"Well, it's because her hair is curly."

"So is yours."

"But her's curls naturally."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sanatorium Without Windows.

The sanatorium for consumptives at Frankfort-on-the-Main has windows that consist merely of openings, without glass, so that the patients are exposed to air currents day and night all the year round.

Shorter Route Through Canada.

From Liverpool to Yokohama by the trans-Canadian route will be but 8,[illegible] miles. By New York and San Francisco it is 1[illegible],000 miles.

GOOD Short Stories

In attacking Mr. Chamberlain in a speech before the Primitive Methodist Conference the other day at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, the Rev. A. T. Guttery, of Newcastle, defined the present policy of the British government as a "reign of blood, beer and Birmingham."

It is related that once when Punch printed a cartoon representing an imaginary conversation between James McNeil Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Wilde wired Whistler: "Ridiculous; when you and I are together we never talk about anything except ourselves." "You forget," replied Whistler in a return telegram, "when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

Henry Labouchere says that the speeches of Lord Rosebery always remind him of the description given by Prince Bismarck of a certain Prussian statesman: "At the first he would have an opinion, then he weakened it by self-contradiction, then again an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing remained. He was a clever speaker, but not inclined to action; indeed, he resembled an india-rubber ball, which hops, and hops, and hops, but more feebly every time, until it at last comes to a full stop."

The Pullman Company has made a demand on F. P. Woolston, a prominent Christian Endeavorer of Denver, for $200 damages to the sleeper in which he recently made his bridal trip. It seems that the car was captured by Woolston's friends and decorated in a unique manner. Men's and women's shoes and old horseshoes and banners and things were nailed to the windows of the Pullman sleeper, inside and out. Nails were driven into the car with as much abandon as if it had been a picket fence. When the sleeper got back to Denver from Ogden it is said that it looked as if it had been the target for a Gatling gun. It was taken out of service and put in the shops, and now the Pullman Company is trying to make Woolston pay for the repairs.

While in Canada Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors General and their wives. It is related that at a garrison ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was not fit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests, I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

MUCH VIRTUE IN AN ONION.

Efficacy of the Pungent Vegetable Manifested in Various Ways.

The idea of an onion cure may not strike the fancy of the esthetic; however, the experience of those who have tried it is that it works wonders in restoring an old-racked system to its normal state again. There are three kinds of doses in the onion cure, or three onion cures, as you may choose to put it. One is a diet on onions. The other is onion plasters. And the third is onion syrup.

It is claimed by those who believe in the onion cure that a bad cold can be broken up if the patient will stay indoors and feed on a liberal diet of onions. It need not be an exclusive diet, but a liberal one. For instance, an onion cure breakfast includes a poached egg on toast, three tablespoonfuls of friend onions and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with finely chopped raw onions, seasoned with salt and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For supper the onions may be fried as for breakfast and eaten with a chop and a baked potato.

The strange efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy and Spain, who eat them every day to improve the quality of their voices and keep them smooth. Onion plasters are prescribed to break up hard coughs. They are made of fried onions placed between two pieces of old muslin. The plaster is kept quite hot until the patient is snugly in bed, when it is placed on the chest, to stay over night. Onion syrup is a dose that can be bought of any druggist, and is claimed by some to be unequaled as a cure for a cold in the chest.

All this is probably quite true. For to be done up with onions, both inside and out, would be enough certainly to chase out any self-respecting cold.—Table Talk.

LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS.

Tragic Fate of a Piratical Crew That Put an End to Piracy.

As late as the year 1825 the waters adjacent to Porto Rico were infested by a bloodthirsty band of pirates led by a Spaniard named Confrecinas. It was the proud boast of the buccaneer chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year mentioned Captain John Drake Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was placed in command of the sloop of war Grampus, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The Grampus cruised for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan a man who had swum ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confrecinas reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Inferno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confrecinas knew the Grampus well, so to make sure of his prey Captain Sloat placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner and sailed forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, bore down on the disguised vessel with the black flag and skull and cross-bones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Sloat and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly fire into the brig. Confrecinas rallied his men and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew with the buccaneer chief were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, court-martialed the next day and shot. Confrecinas was the last to die. When they attempted to bind his eyes he threw the men aside, ridiculed the priest and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I have slain hundreds with my own hands and I know how to die. Fire!" He fell pierced by many bullets, the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccaneers of that region.—Harper's Weekly.

THEY DWELL IN CAVERNS.

Residents of Normandy Dig Their Houses in the Cliffs.

We have often heard of the cliff dwellers and are accustomed to think of them as a prehistoric race, the remains of whose few scattered dwellings are a matter of curiosity to tourists and a prize to antiquarians. Few people know that at the present day there are whole communities in France whose only habitations are hollowed in the rocky hillsides and whose entire business life is carried on in caves.

We had seen in Normandy isolated instances of people living in habitations half house and half cave. But they were in faraway towns and villages and only the very poorest class of people lived in them. Our first real cave city came as a great surprise, for we had just left Tours, one of the most highly civilized cities in France. We were riding on the road to Vouvray when suddenly, at the turn near Rochecorbon, this first town of cliff dwellers burst upon us.

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock, strata upon strata, bearing upon its summit a most peculiar tower, supposed to have been a watch tower in ages gone by. Its foundations hung over the rock upon which they were built and it seemed as though it would crash down at any moment upon the village beneath.

Scattered over the face of the cliff, door and windows, narrow stairways and little belvideres could be seen, habitation upon habitation, in most picturesque disorder. Walls along the high road hid the immediate foreground and we looked in vain for an opening by which we could have a nearer view of this strange community. At last we found an open gate and, peeping through, were greeted by a dear little old woman, whose wrinkled, smiling face was surmounted by a snowy white cap. Her doorway was a bower of flowers, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums and deep June roses. By its side was an old well and a little outhouse for her weed and gardening tools. Her cheery "bon jour" was an invitation to enter and we gladly accepted her cordiality. We followed her across the little yard and were soon seated in her one and only room.—Scribner's Magazine.

Riley's Confession.

James Whitcomb Riley is thus quoted in the Lamp: "I have been catching the next train for so many years that I have had but little time to devote to the social side of life, and am, in consequence, a confirmed novice in all the gentler graces. Only a few evenings since, somewhere, I pronounced 'don't you' with the 'ch' sound to it, and—well, you must imagine, for I can't describe, the overwhelming, suffocating sense of my humiliation when my attention was drawn to it. And horror on horror's head! the same evening I was detected in the act of pronouncing program just as the word is spelled!"

Making a Ball.

In making a league baseball a rubber marble an inch in diameter is covered with coarse yarn. Then a winding machine gives it a layer of four-ply blue yarn, after which it is soaked in cement solution and dried. This process is repeated until the exact size is gained, the last two layers being finer yarn. The horsehide cover is sewed on by hand and the ball is then ironed. It must weigh just five ounces and measure exactly nine inches in circumference.

Soda water is probably so-called because there isn't a bit of soda in it.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

At the recent Confederate reunion in New Orleans the hearts of the old soldiers were saddened by the statement of their comrade, Gen. John B. Gordon, that his health was failing and that he was about to wind up his career.

The most wonderful part of it all is that he has survived until this day. It is almost miraculous that he should have passed through such an ordeal during the war between the States and come out with his life. In Scribner's Magazine Gen. Gordon has an article on "Antietam and Chancellorsville," in which he recalls the notable fact that in the former battle he was wounded no less than five times.

Gen. Gordon's troops had the most advanced position on that part of the field where they were stationed, and there was no supporting line behind them. He soon saw that almost desperate attempt would be made by the Federals to break the line at that point, and it was to be through sheer force. It was Gen. Gordon's business to prevent this, and so he gave orders that his men were not to fire until he should give the signal. The Federals came forward with unloaded guns, their purpose being to charge with bayonets and through their superior numbers break through. In spite of the impatience of his men, Gen. Gordon waited until "they should see the whites of their enemies' eyes." When the Federals were almost upon him he ordered his men to fire, and their rifles flamed and roared in the face of the Yankees like a blinding blaze of lightning, accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. It was impossible for any body of men to withstand this fire, and the Federals withdrew, but only to renew the attack again and again, in the same way, and thus the battle waged furiously until sundown.

During this engagement Gen. Gordon was shot five different times, twice through the leg, once through the arm, once through the shoulder, and finally through the face. In spite of four wounds, from all of which he was suffering and bleeding, he held his position at the front, giving his commands and rallying his men. At the last shot, however, he fell forward and lay unconscious with his face in his cap, and he thinks that he would have been smothered by the blood from this last wound "but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle shot a hole through my cap, as if to let the blood out." He was borne to the rear in an unconscious condition and the surgeon despaired of his life. But Gen. Gordon declared that he would not die, and a little later, when his devoted wife arrived, he greeted her in an affectionate, jocular way and assured her that he would get well. Thanks to her faithful watching and nursing he did get well, and was, by and by, after seven months, restored to his command.

It is no wonder that Gordan's men said and believed that he had a "charmed life." It is inconceivable that a man should have been shot five times during a single engagement and survived the shock; it is equally remarkable that a man who suffered so terribly from the enemies' bullets should have preserved his life and lived to a good old age.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Substitute a Cigar Sign.

During a recent social campfire, held at the big round table in the quartermaster's corner of a comrade's canteen by several Grand Army survivors, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, the major was called upon to contribute his share of the heroic and humorous reminiscence.

"Well, boys," replied he, "you ought to know by this time that I can draw a small pension much easier than I can tell a funny story, and I can just now recall but one, and in that you'll be apt to find more truth than tickle.

"At the time of the first draft I was stationed in Buffalo as recruiting officer for my regiment, and the price of substitutes to fill allotted quotas often reached a bigger figure in greenbacks than a common soldier could earn in a couple of years. So universal and overwhelming was the patriotic desire to be huskily represented by somebody else in defending old glory that even Indians were accepted for that purpose. Buffalo, too, was the biggest recruiting station in the whole country, and as such a golden field for a small army of bounty brokers, among whom one 'Cy Phillips was conspicuous.

"Under these conditions Phillips was approached one day by an individual, with 'hayseed' written all over him, from his flapping straw hat to his tattered cowhide boots, who stated that he had an Indian, as sound as second-growth hickory, whom, for pressing and plausible reasons, he was willing to dispose of for the small sum of $400, cash on the nail.

"'Where is he?' eagerly inquired Phillips, whose cupidity was blindly stimulated by the fact that substitutes were in extraordinary demand, prices 'way up and soaring and competition redhot.

"'I've got him locked up in a barn down on Canal street, an' here's the key,' explained the rural dickerer.

"This apparently innocent and sincere assurance was accepted by Phillips, who paid over the amount demanded and hastened to take possession of his aboriginal gold mine. In opening the barn door he was startled to find himself confronted in the dim light by a huge, ferocious savage, holding a tomahawk in his uplifted hand.

"'Here, now, no nonsense,' cried Phillips, as he fell back. 'I've bought you and paid for you, and neither a dollar nor a drink do you get unless you behave yourself.'

"But the big Indian stolidly and silently retained his threatening attitude; nor could he do otherwise, for as Phillips pulled himself together and his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he discovered that he was the unhappy purchaser of a wooden cigar store chief, and one undoubtedly as sound as warranted."

Would Lee Have Won?

No battle of any war more forcibly than Gettysburg illustrates the truth that officers at a distance from the field cannot, with any wisdom, attempt to control the movements of troops actively engaged, says Gen. John B. Gordon in Scribner's. On the first day neither Gen. Early nor Gen. Ewell could possibly have been fully cognizant of the situation at the time I was ordered to halt.

The whole of that portion of the Union army in my front was in inextricable confusion and in flight. They were necessarily in flight, for my troops were upon the flank and rapidly sweeping down the lines. The firing upon my men had almost ceased. Large bodies of the Union troops were throwing down their arms and surrendering, because in disorganized and confused masses they were wholly powerless either to check the movement or return the fire.

As far down the lines as my eye could reach the Union troops were in retreat. Those at a distance were still resisting, but giving ground, and it was only necessary for me to press forward in order to insure the same results, which invariably follow such flank movements. In less than one-half hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequences.

It is not surprising with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then, but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that Gen. Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg.

It is stated on good authority, that Gen. Lee said, some time before his death, that if Jackson had been there he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, as I did not hear it, but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson, when I was ordered to halt.

A Company of Fiddlers.

During the summer of 1861, our regiment, the Thirteenth Missouri Infantry, was organized at and near St. Joseph, Mo. Company F, an organized company of country boys, marched into camp one warm afternoon. The roll was called, and we believe that in the history of our war that company was exceptional in at least two respects. We have had competition for the honor of being the oldest, the youngest, the first, the tallest, the shortest and the longest in service soldier. We have read disputes about company and regimental organizations, but the honor we claim for this company is that there were seventeen men of one name, Baker, all of one family, all young country lads, and that every one of these Bakers could play the fiddle. They had marched from their home county through some rather unfriendly neighborhoods, and towns notoriously disloyal, with no side arms but violins. Within an hour after their arrival these violins were at work, and during our stay in that camp, and until the louder and shriller music of the rifle and cannon were substituted there was not an hour of the day, between reveille and tattoo, that these fiddles were not going in the hands of the Baker family. We enter Company F, Thirteenth Missouri Infantry for competition. Who can beat their record, in number of one name and one profession? It was fun to hear that orderly call the roll from Baker one to Baker seventeen. Next! —Doc.

Substitutes.

The following advertisements, appeared in the Vicksburg Whig of Aug. 6, 1862:

"Notice.—I will serve as a substitute in the Confederate service for two thousand five hundred dollars, or in the Home Guards for one thousand five hundred dollars. For further information apply to Thomas Allen, Depot Agent at Luck Hill."

"Wanted.—Any one wishing to act as a substitute for a man subject to the Conscript Act will receive the following compensation: A likely negro boy and five hundred dollars. Address B., Whig office."

Proof Positive.

Mrs. Neighbors—I met an old school chum of mine to-day that I hadn't seen for five years.

Mrs. Homer—And of course you were very much surprised?

Mrs. Neighbors—I certainly was. Why, I actually forgot to notice what she had on.