

HARRISON PRESS-JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI. HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1904. NO. 38

LOCAL NEWS OF THE TOWN

The Crawford dentist is Dr. Spindlo.
Hay for sale. Inquire of Alex Lowry.
Henry Rose was up from Hewitt last Monday.

A fresh barrel of pure apple cider at Lowry's.
Robert Porter returned to Wyoming Monday.
Gold has been discovered at Sunrise Wyoming.

Sheriff Lowry made a business trip to Crawford this week.
Earnest Lyon and wife were up from the lower 33 yesterday.
Mr. Henry Warnke came in on the west bound train Monday from Ft. Collins Colorado.

Oscar Hanson, who has been working in the telegraph office at Casper, is at home again.

Baltimore has had a most disastrous fire, even more loss of property than the fire of Chicago.

February has been pretty snug winter weather so far, with the exceptions of one or two days.

W. L. Hoyt was down from his ranch near Vantassel Monday, and remembered us with a years subscription.

We learn that a cyclone passed thru the valley near Montrose, destroying Christ Wasserburger's house, and demolishing Jake Wasserburger's kitchen.

TO CURE COULD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bro. O'Quinn tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. K. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Say No! For pity sake don't lose any more sleep about my mustache. Two nights is enough.

Co. Clerk Pontius has been troubled with the neuralgia in his teeth for the past week. He says it may all be in the mind but he is strongly of the opinion that this is in his teeth.

If you want a suit of clothes, or a good hat or shoes or boots don't waste your money buying anywhere else but go to GERLAH'S store and get the best goods for the least money.

J. E. G. Hunter was up from his ranch near Adella last Tuesday. He made us a pleasant call while in town and informed us that our old friend, J. G. Morris, is at St. Barbara, California at present.

Last—a horse collar, between F. C. Meyer's place and Bodarc. Please leave at the Journal office, or at Meyer's black smith shop and obliged.

I will hold services at the Bodarc church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock February 14th, 1904 everybody cordially invited to attend.

During the year 1903 I priced my breaking wagon to as many as five different persons. What we want to know is the one that got it. Please let me know.
V. A. HESTER.

There will be a ball given at the hall Feb. 22 in honor of Washington's birth day. Come everybody and have a good time and enjoy yourselves. Good music as usual.
R. C. DUNN, Manager.

H. T. Zerbe, of Sioux County, arrived in Crawford Friday evening from Emerson, Iowa, bringing by freight from that place two fine stallions—one 8-year-old bay Shire weighing 2,000 pounds, and one 3-year-old black Percheron, weighing 1,600 pounds.
Crawford Bulletin.

BASKET SOCIAL.
February 12.
The Tenth Grade will give a short musical entertainment followed by a basket supper. The object is to raise funds to pay the expenses of the commencement May 20. Deputy State Superintendent McBrien will be with us to make the Graduation address. His coming will necessarily entail a small expense. This with other incidental expenses, the Tenth Grade hope to raise by their own effort. We earnestly ask all persons to help us in this our first Graduation effort.

HERE AND THERE

NOTICE.
All acts owing the old firm of Marteller Bros., and not settled satisfactory by March 1st, will be placed in collectors hands, and will make costs and trouble.
Respectfully
J. E. MARTELLER.

NOTICE.
All parties indebted to Chas Newman by note, or otherwise will find all bills, and notes at the Commercial Bank for collection. Please call and settle all open accounts by note, bankable or cash in hand and save costs.
CHAS NEWMAN

Miss Susie Tipper, formerly primary teacher in the Harrison school, who is now in the primary work in the Gordon school, we are glad to say is giving excellent satisfaction as a teacher, and while deeply interested in her pupils there she has not forgotten her last year's pupils in Harrison.

Strayed from our ranch fifteen miles east of Lusk: One yearling bull with red white face, branded C on left jaw; One yearling steer with red white face, branded connected M on left side. A reasonable reward will be paid for information leading to their whereabouts.
WINDER BROK. Lusk, Wyoming.

Last week Charles Newman sold or traded his entire business to Charles H. Umft for his stock and ranch. Mr Umft will continue the business at the same old stand and will carry a full stock in his line. We regret to see Mr Newman go out of business as he has made many friends and has the entire confidence of all, but we wish him success in his caring and looking after his stock and ranch.

MARRIED.
George Gilmore and Miss Milla Cheney were married on last Tuesday. Judge J. H. Wilhelm's officiating. Mr. Gilmore is one of Sioux county's young men and has made a comfortable home for himself and bride. We are not acquainted with the bride, but we can safely say that she has made no mistake in her choice in a husband. The PRESS-JOURNAL wishes this young couple a long and happy life.

Mr. Charles H. Umft has moved his family into his new home, which was formerly occupied by C. H. Newman, and on Monday last he took charge of his business. Mr. Umft, or Chas as he is usually called, has many friends, and we feel sure that his business venture will meet with success, for he has the qualifications that fit a man to do business with the public. We wish him success and introduce to the public as one worthy of their patronage.

The Loafer.
We all like visitors and are seldom so busy but what we spare and enjoy a few minutes in visiting and discussing things in a general way, but when it comes to a loafer we draw the line, and say his room is better than his company.

The loafer has nothing to do, or don't do anything, therefore he imagines that other people are like himself.
The print shop is a busy place, but never too busy for visiting friends—and for such our latch string always hangs on the outside; but for the man or boy that has nothing to do but to loaf we kindly ask you to pass on.

OVER IN WYOMING.

Still the fine weather continues.
Mr. Umft children went to Lusk on last Tuesday to have an offending molar extracted.

Roy Boyles, Tom Eldridge and Earnest Deuel visited with Roy and Tom Zimmerman Sunday.

Mr. Hamlin pulled his pump on last Friday and expects to pull it again tomorrow.

Footie went to Lusk on Saturday to prove up on his homestead; H. J. Church and J. A. Deuel went with him as his witnesses.

Pulling pumps seems to be the order of the day at present; Andy Christian pulled his pump Monday and E. Foote also pulled his pump and had the misfortune to drop four points of pipe into the well and has been fishing for it all day Monday but without success.
Hill Shatto had the misfortune of having a valuable young horse cut quite bad with barbed wire.
With extreme cold weather in the east and lots of snow and sudden change to rain and flood and a change to cold freezing weather again makes us believe that we sure live in a banana belt.

Dr. Spindlo the Crawford dentist.

We learned while in Gordon last week that the W. C. T. U. ladies of that place were circulating a subscription paper that they might meet the deficit in the school fund. The saloon men lay great stress on this one thing, that saloons make plenty of school money. The ladies in this move are in the right direction, and what we want is more such people, and all that believe in educating their children with honest money should contribute freely to this kind of a way of meeting a deficiency and thereby take away all the excuse they have for a saloon. Will the ladies of other towns pattern after the ladies of Gordon? We hope that they may.

Last Friday evening a number of young people were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas Newman to a nut party, and a good many were present; but there were lots of nuts left after all had what they wanted. It is seldom we have nut parties in this part of the state but when we are at one we take advantage of them and do our best toward getting rid of the nuts. After we got through eating nuts we played games until the hands on the clock pointed straight up, then we departed for home wondering when the next such party would be. Mr. and Mrs. Newman moved away from here Monday, but their will long be remembered by the folks who attended the nut party, and we anxiously await the next one.

Carey Items.

Butchering is the order of the day.
There you folks who have been prophesying no winter, how does 24° below zero strike you? We told you so.
Dr. Richards was called to see Mrs. Fellers last Wednesday. She was quite sick but is better at this writing.

Hartley and Charles Sexton, with families expect to move soon to Morrill, Neb., where they are interested in a mail contract.
One of Fred Beamans houses at the sawmill burned last Tuesday. The house was occupied by Ben Fellers and family. They lost nearly all of their furniture and clothing.

Co. Treasurer Lux's family expect to move to Harrison where the children will have better school advantages. Charley Stewart has rented their farm.

Hunter Happenings.
News is a scarce article in these parts and the city is very quiet.
Mr. J. R. Hunter is visiting at home, some have heard.
Loran Lewis came home from Sawdust Saturday.

Tommy Jones was on the sick list Monday, also Eva Proctor—both missed school Monday.
Miss Hanson went home Friday evening, coming back Monday morning to her school work.
Several neighbors met at Mr. Rice's Sunday evening to sing. More would have been there only it was so cold. A pleasant evening was spent by those present. It was nice to have hymns and music when we are so far from church. Let this good work continue.

Robert Lewis came up from Crawford Saturday and took dinner with old friends on Post Hill, East Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. Hughes visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deister Sunday.
Mr. McIntosh, of Harrison was on our streets Sunday.

The Lewis boys took a bunch of cattle to the place at Crawford Monday.
Our pretty plants that we coaxed back to life and beauty after the early freeze took a bad cold Saturday night, which resulted in death to nearly every one. We shed some tears over them but to no purpose—they are gone and we will try again.

Miss Eva Proctor is the proud possessor of an organ. Won't we have music now? Mr. Proctor plays the violin, with Eva at the organ—there will be fine music soon. We think here is nothing much nicer than music and songs in the home.
Guess we will have to say a few words about our trip over to Sawdust. We left East Andrews about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. The wind was pretty cold until we got in sight of Harrison, then it went down. Mr. Jones took us down their new road which saves nearly three miles of travel but was lovely. When we got to the trees one place he had to chain the wheels the hill was so steep, but we got down safely. When nearly at the foot of the steep hill we had a drop of nearly two feet straight down of rock. We did not remember the road until we were nearly to the Knori place, then dear old familiar trees and other landmarks reminded us of when we used to live in the canyon—we think they are lovely both summer and winter. (We

would like to live in them but must forego the pleasures for the benefit of our children who must be kept in school.) When we arrived at Sawdust everyone was glad to see us—Cheerful fires and lights awaited us. Supper was soon over and every one being tired were all soon asleep, but five o'clock soon came and the alarm clock called "get up." Everyone was soon up and at work—breakfast was over and the men already for work by daylight. It was not long until the whistle blew which let us know they were ready to saw. As soon as the house work was done our hostess, self and all the little folks went to watch them saw; it remind-d us of old days to see the shining saw take off nice smooth boards before me. Wasn't there many minutes until we were told to chop wood for the engine—Of course we had to mind and the sticks of wood flew pretty lively for a moment and had cut enough then and so we went over near the saw then the sawyer told us to tend the lever of the saw. We were a little afraid of it but he said it would not hurt us, so we did as he told us and pushed on the lever and soon a nice board left the log, then we pulled back on the lever and sent the log carrier so far back it nearly left the track, but a push soon brought it to the saw again. We soon learned it and liked sawing better than chopping wood. Of course we had to throw a few pegs over the belt and turn on the water; before we knew it was dinner time, so we left for the house. Just as dinner was nearly ready the wind came,—my but it blew things right and left. It came so dark we thought we would have to light the lamp, but it soon got lighter. The day quickly passed away and evening found everyone tired but happy; it also brought Mr. and Mrs. Bert Archer and children of South Hunter.—They stayed over night. Tuesday morning our hostess and self took the team and went over to Mr. Hart's after some vegetables and had a very pleasant visit there—then we hurried home, and in a short time Mr. and Mrs. Franz Lewis of Lawrence, this place came. We were glad to welcome them to Sawdust. As soon as Mrs. Lewis got warm we all went to watch them saw. This being the first time Mrs. Lewis ever saw a saw mill at work it was quite a sight to her. We could not stay long as it was dinner time again, but after the dinner work was done, we were there again and she tried her hand at sawing and did a good job. The day passed all too soon. They had to go home to their work. It was Mrs. Lewis' birthday and she was celebrating it so it was enjoyable for all, and we hope for many more "Oh dear," we wish we could write all we think about our visit but are getting a little bit afraid of the waste basket, so will not say much more. We had to come home Wednesday as we proposed the little folks at home we would, so they stopped the mill at 4:15 and Mr. Jones brought us to Harrison where we took the train for home and he went back to Sawdust. Had a most pleasant visit: Penia was at the train glad to see us, but they did so well keeping house they would not have cared if we had stayed longer. They certainly did fine for it being the first time they ever stayed at home more than a day.

We welcome the new Editor of the Sun—Thank him for his good wishes to the Press Journal, and regret to lose Mr. Wright's, but wish them success wherever they may go. We worked for the Sun two very pleasant years and it is through no fault of mine or Mr. Wright's that Andrews Sunshine is no more. He was a very pleasant Editor to work for, appreciative of work sent him and kind to us always.

U No.

A SERMON IN THE BACKWOODS.
The preacher was apparently about fifty years of age, large, muscular and well proportioned. On entering the pulpit he took off his coat and hung it on a nail behind him, then opened his collar and wristbands, and wiped the perspiration from his face neck and hands. He was clad in striped cotton homespun and his shirt was of the same material. He had traveled several miles that morning and seemed almost overcome by the heat. But the brethren sang a couple of hymns while he was fanning and cooling off, and when he rose he looked comfortable and good natured. He had preached there once or twice before but to most of the audience he was a stranger. Hence he thought it necessary to announce himself which he did as "Old Club Ax Davis from Scriben County, a half hard and half Soft Shell Baptist."

"I have given myself that name," said he, "because I believe the Lord elected me from eternity, to go ahead in the backwoods and grub out a path and blaze the way for other men to follow. After the thicket of it is cut away, a good, warm Methodist brotner will come along and take my trail and make things a little smoother and a good deal noisier. After all the underbrush is cleaned out,

and the owls and wolves are sheered back and rattlesnakes is killed off, a Presbyteian brotner in black broadcloth and white cravat will come along and cry for decency and order. And they'll both do good in their sphere. I don't despise a larnt man, even when he don't dress and think as I do. You couldn't pay me enough to wear broadcloth, summer nor winter and you couldn't pay Presbyteian brotner enough to go without it in dog days. "God didn't make us all alike, my brethern; but every man has his own sphere. When God has a place to fill he makes a man and puts him in it. When he wanted General Jackson, he made him; set him to fightin' Injans and the English; when he wanted George Whitefield he made him for to blow the gospel trumpet as no other man ever blowed it; and when he wanted Old Club Ax Davis, he made him and set him to grubbing in the backwoods."

"But my shell isn't so hard but I can see good plants in ev'rybody; and so for the Presbyterians, they are a long way ahead of us Baptists and Methodists in some things. They raise their children better than any people on the face of the earth. Only a few days ago a Methodist class-leader said to me: 'Brother Club Ax I was born a Methodist, I was raised a Methodist and by the grace of God I hope to die a Methodist, but thank God I've got a Presbyteian wife to raise my children.' And I believe my brethern if the Lord should open the way for me to marry again, I'd try my best to find a Presbyteian woman, and run my chances of breakin' her in to the saving doctrines of feet washin' and immersion afterwards."

Just at this point he was interrupted by two spotted hounds that had been continually running up and down the pulpit stairs. One of them jumped up on the seat and began to growl his content, in which was something he had brought home for lunch-son. He turned slowly around and took the dog by the ears and tail and threw the dog out of the window behind him as easy as if it had been a kitten. The other animal took warning and got out as rapidly as possible, though not without howling and yelling as if it had been half killed. He then turned to the audience and said, smilingly: "St. Paul exhorted the brethren to be 'ware of dogs.' I wonder what he would do if he were in my place this mornin'; It appears like I am compassed about with dogs, as David says he was."

He had scarcely commenced preaching again before there was a terrible squealing and kicking among the nules and horses that were tied to trees close by. He put his head out of the window and said: "No harm done, my brethern, 'ere a creature' with a sidesaddle on has broke loose. Will some brotner head the animal? for no sister can walk home this hot day."

Quiet being restored, he continued: "Well, my brethern, I will now try to say what I allowed to about the Presbyterians. As I said before, they raise their children a heap better than we do. They behave better in church, and keep Sunday better, and read the Bible, and learn the Catechism better than ours do. I declare, my brethern, their children are larnt that Westminster Catechism by the time they can begin to talk plain.
It ain't three weeks since I was out a cattle huntin'—for two of my yearlin's had strayed off,—and I stopped in at old Brother Harkey's, on Mud creek, and took dinner. He's a deacon in the Presbyteian Church over there. Well, as true as I stand here, my brethern, sister Harkey had her little gal a-standin' right before her, with toes just even with the crack of the floor, and her hands was a hangin' down by her side, and her mouth turned up like a chicken when it drinks, and she was a pullin' this question to her out of that Catechism:—
"What are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?"
"Now, the question it was enough to break the child down. But when she had to be in and say that question all over (for that's the way it was in the book) and then hitch the answer to it, and watch all put together made this the benefit which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and a rectification, are assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end.—I thought the child was the greatest wonder I'd ever seen in my life. She tok it right, too, without balkin' or mis-sin' the first word. And she spoke so sweet, and looked so like a little angel, th' t before I know'd it the tears was a runnin' down my cheeks as big as buckshot. I've seen the day when I could have matted and split a thousand rails quicker and easier than I could larnt that thing and said it off like she did."
"Now, my brethern, that child didn't understand or know the meaning of one word of that. It put me up to all I knowed to take it in myself. But just let that Presbyteian young un grow up, and every word of that catechism will come back to her, and her character will stiffen up under her, and she'll have the backbone of the matter in her for life.
"Now, I can't put things into my children that way. Nothin' don't stave, somehow. It's like drivin' nails into a rotten leg."
This last remark I never forgot. For years afterwards, as I would stand at the blackboard trying to fix rules and principles in the mind of a dull pupil, this remark would come back to me with the peculiar pertinency

J. H. LACY.

We have our building completed now and have a new supply of goods, and will sell them right.

DEALER IN—

Lumber, lath, sash, doors, lime, cement, and building material of all kinds—Hardware—Farm machinery, Harness, Saddles, and Range goods, Flour, Feed, and Grain. Paint, Oils & etc.

I am agent for the Woodmense wind-mill. Have a supply of pump fittings on hand. Come in and get my prices whether you buy or not.

J. E. PHINNEY, Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE: ANDREWS BLOCK.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, OPPOSITE DEPOT.



EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS, AND ALL TREATED WITH COURTESY. Board By Day or Week. W. B. WRIGHT, Prop.

"I tell you, my brethern," he continued, "if our children had a little more Catechism and the Presbyteian children a little less, it would be better for lotsa.
"Then we don't pray in our families like they do. I know their prayers are mighty long and they pray all over creation; but after all, it's the right way."
"Now, my father and mother was good Baptists and raised their children to be honest and industrious; but I never heard one of them pray in my life, and I was 'most a grown man before I ever prayed a prayer myself, and it was on this way."
"There was to be a big meetin' over in Elbert county and I knowed a pretty gal over there that I wanted to go and see. So I borrowed a little Jersey waggin, which was a stylish thing in them days and went over to her house and stayed all night and engaged her to ride to meetin' with me the next day, which was Sunday.

"We went and had a glorious time,—and I may as well say right here that she was afterwards my wife,—but a comin' home I met with a powerful accident that I never got over to this day. As I was a comin' down a steep hill some part of the gearin' gave way and let me and the waggin on my creator's heels; and bein' young and skerry, and not much used to wheels she wiggled and kicked and tore from one side of the road to the other till I was pitched head foremost as much as ten foot into a deep gully and it's a miracle of mercy that my neck was not broke on the spot.
"Exceptin' to be killed every mornin', I thought I ought to ask the Lord for mercy; but as I had never prayed in my life I couldn't think of the first thing to say but the blessin' my father used to ask before eatin' when we had company and which was this: 'Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive'."
"Now my brethern do you s'pose any Presbyteian raised boy was ever put to such a strain as that for a prayer? No. He would have prayed for himself and gone off after the Jews and heathen whilst I was a huntin' up and a gittin' off that blessin'!" Forward.

Hereditary Musician.
Prof. Henry Appy, violinist, who died at Rochester, N. Y., recently, age seventy-eight, was the son of the leader of the orchestra in the chapel of William of Orange.

Largest Photograph.
The largest photographic picture in existence is being exhibited in Berlin. It is about 40 feet by 8 feet, and represents a view of the Bay of Naples.