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## —THE— COMMERCIAL BANK.

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### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION AND MIR-  
ACLES FOR THE WIDOW.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches Upon the At-  
tributes of Christ—Behold the Man and  
the God—Comfort for Bruised Souls—  
Resurrection Wonders.

He Was an Only Son.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Aus-  
tralia on his round the world tour,  
has selected as the subject for his ser-  
mon through the press this week, "An  
Only Son," the text chosen being Luke  
vii, 12-15: "Now, when he came nigh  
to the gate of the city, behold, there  
was a dead man carried out, the only  
son of his mother, and she was a widow  
and much people of the city was with  
her. And when the Lord saw her He  
had compassion on her and said unto  
her, Weep not. And he came and  
touched the bier, and they that bare  
him stood still. And he said, Young  
man, I say unto thee arise. And he  
that was dead sat up and began to  
speak. And he delivered him to his  
mother."

The text calls us to stand at the gate  
of the city of Nain. The streets are  
a-rush with business and gaiety, and  
the ear is deafened with the hammers  
of mechanism and the wheels of trade.  
Work, with its thousand arms and  
thousand eyes and thousand feet, fills  
all the street, when suddenly the  
crowd parts, and a funeral passes. Be-  
tween the wheels of work and pleasure  
there comes a long procession mourning  
people. Who is it? A trifle says,  
"Oh, it's nothing but a funeral. It may  
have come up from the hospital of the  
city, or the almshouse, or some low  
place of the town," but not so says the  
serious observer.

There are so many evidences of dif-  
ference that we know at the first  
glance some one has been taken away  
greatly beloved, and to our inquiry,  
"Who is this that is carried out with  
so many others of kindness and a gen-  
tleness?" the reply comes, "The only son  
of his mother, and she a widow." Stand  
back and let the procession pass out!  
Hush! all the voices of mirth and  
pleasure. Let every head be un-  
covered! Weep with this passing pro-  
cession, and let it be told through all  
the market places and banners of Nain  
that in Galilee to-day the sepulcher  
has gathered to itself "the only son  
of his mother, and she a widow."

There are two or three things that  
in my mind, at least, he was a young  
man that was being carried out. To  
the aged death becomes beautiful. The  
old man pants and pants along the road  
where once he bounded like the roe.  
From the midst of lame cable ailments  
and sorrows he cries out, "How long,  
O Lord, how long?" Footsore and  
hardly rested on the hot journey, he  
wants to get home. He sits in the  
church and sings with a tremulous  
voice some time he sang forty years  
ago, and once to him the better as-  
semblage of the one hundred and forty  
and four thousand, and the thousands  
of thousands who have passed the  
flood. How sweetly he sleeps the last  
sleep! Push back the white locks  
from the wrinkled temples. They will  
never ache again. Fold the hands  
over the still heart. They will never  
beat again. Close gently the eyes.  
They will never weep again.

A Mother's Bereavement.

But this man that I am speaking of  
was a young man. He was just putting  
on the armor of life, and he was ex-  
citing to think how his sturdy blows  
would ring out above the clangor of  
the battle. I suppose he had a young  
man's hopes, a young man's ambitions,  
and a young man's courage. He said  
"If I live many years, I will feed the  
hungry and clothe the naked. In this  
city of Nain, where there are so many  
bad young men, I will be sober, and  
honest, and pure, and magnanimous,  
and my mother shall never be ashamed  
of me." But all these prospects are  
blasted in one hour. There he passes  
lifeless in the procession. Behold all  
that is left on earth of the high  
hearted young man of the city of Nain.

There is another thing that adds  
very much to this scene, and that is he  
was an only son. However large the  
family flock may be, we never could  
think of sparing one of the lambs.  
Though they may all have their faults,  
they all have their excellences that  
commend them to the parental fondness,  
and if it were peremptorily demanded of  
you to-day that you should yield up one  
of your children out of a very large  
family you would be confounded, and  
you could not make a selection. But  
this was an only son, around whom  
gathered all the parental expectations.  
How much care in his education. How  
much caution in watching his habits.  
He would carry down the name to  
her times. He would have entire  
control of the family property long af-  
ter the parents had gone to their last  
rest. He would stand in society a  
thinker, a worker, a philanthropist, a  
Christian. No, no, it is all ended.  
Behold him there. Breath is gone.  
Life is extinct. The only son of his  
mother.

An Only Son.

There was one other thing that  
added to the pathos of this scene, and  
that was his mother was a widow. The  
main hope of a home had been broken,  
and now he was come up to be the  
staff. The chief light of the house-  
hold had been extinguished, and this  
was the only light left. I suppose she  
often said, looking at him, "There are  
only two of us." Oh, it is a grand  
thing to see a young man step out in  
life and say to his mother, "Don't be  
downhearted. I will, as far as possi-  
ble, take father's place, and as long as  
I live you shall never want anything."  
It is not always that way. Sometimes  
the young people get tired of the old  
people. They say they are queer, that  
they have so many ailments, and they  
sometimes wish them out of the way.

A young man and his wife sat at the  
table, their little son on the floor play-  
ing beneath the table. The old father  
was very old, and his hand shook, so  
they said, "You shall no more sit with  
us at the table." And so they gave  
him a place in the corner, where day  
by day he ate out of an earthen bowl  
—everything put into that bowl. One  
day his hand trembled so much he  
dropped it, and it broke, and the son,  
seated at the elegant table in midfloor,  
said to his wife, "Now, we'll get  
father a wooden bowl, and that he  
can't break." So a wooden bowl was  
obtained, and every day the old grand-  
father ate out of that, sitting in the  
corner. One day, while the elegant  
young man and his wife were seated  
at their table, with chased silver and  
all the luxuries, and their little son  
set upon the floor, they saw the old  
father, and they said, "My son,  
what are you doing there with that  
knife?" "Oh," said he, "I'm mak-  
ing a trough for my father and mother  
to eat out of when they get old."

But this young man of the text was  
not of that character. He did not  
belong to that school. I can tell it  
from the way they mourned over him.  
He was to be the companion of his  
mother. He was to be his mother's  
protector. He would return some of  
the kindnesses he had received in the  
days of childhood and boyhood.  
Aye, he would with his strong hand  
uphold that form already enfeebled  
with age. Will he do it? No, in one  
hour all that promise of his manly  
manhood is gone. There is a world  
of anguish in that one short phrase,  
"The only son of his mother, and she  
a widow."

Now, my friends, it was upon this  
scene that Christ broke. He came in  
without any introduction. He stepped  
forward to make—the one to the  
mourning mother, the other to the  
dead. He cried out to the morning  
star, "Weep not," and then to the  
one who bore the burden of the body,  
"Young man, I say unto thee arise!  
And he that was dead sat up."

Christ the Man.

I learn two or three things from this  
subject, and first that Christ was a  
man. You see how that sorrow played  
upon all the chords of His heart. I  
think we forget this often. Christ  
was a man more certainly than you  
are, for He was a perfect man. He  
sat in the ship's hammock and  
saw the sunset, and He was in a  
boat on Genesee. In a city hurt  
and mangled and one and slier. His  
body, in every emotion and affection  
of His heart, in every action and  
decision of His mind. He was a man.

He looked upon the sea just as  
a boy looks upon the water. He went  
into Mary's house, and as you go into  
a cottage. He breathed hard when  
He was tired, just as you do when you  
are exhausted. He fell after sleeping  
out a night in the storm, just like you  
do when you have been exposed to a  
tempest. It was just as humiliating  
for Him to beg bread as it would be for  
you to become a pauper. He felt just  
as much insulted by being sold for 30  
pieces of silver as you would if you  
were sold for the price of a dog. From  
the crown of the head to the sole of  
the foot He was a man. When the  
thorns were twisted for His brow, they  
hurt Him just as much as they hurt  
your brow; if they were twisted for His  
back, He took on Him the nature of  
Abraham. "Ecce homo."—behold the  
man!

Christ the God.

But I must also draw from this subject  
that He was a God. Suppose that a  
man should attempt to break up a  
funeral obsequy. He would be seized  
by the law, he would be imprisoned. If  
he were not actually slain by the mob  
before the officers could secure him,  
if Christ had been a mere mortal, He  
would have a right to come in upon  
such a procession? Would He have  
succeeded in His interruption? He  
was more than a man, for when He  
cried out, "I say unto thee arise!" that  
was dead sat up." What excitement  
there must have been there-  
abouts. The body had lain prostrate.  
It had been mourned over with agoniz-  
ing tears, and yet now it begins to move  
in the shroud, and to be dashed with  
life, and at the command of Christ He  
rises up and looks into the faces of the  
astonished spectators.

Oh, this was the work of a God! I  
hear it in His voice. I see it in the  
flash of His eye. I behold in the  
snapping of death's shackles. I see it  
in the face of the rising slumberer. I  
hear it in the outcry of all those who  
were spectators of the scene. If, when  
I see my Lord Jesus Christ mourning  
with the bereaved, I put my hands on  
His shoulders and say, "My brother,  
now that I hear Him proclaim an ev-  
erlasting deliverance I look up into His  
face and say with Thomas, 'My Lord  
and my God.' Do you not think He  
was a God? A great many people do  
not believe that, and they compromise  
the matter, or they think they  
compromise it. They say He was a  
very good man, but He was not a God.  
That is impossible. He was either a  
God or a wretch, and I will prove it.  
If a man professes to be the Son of  
God, what is He? He is a liar, an  
impostor, a hypocrite. That is your  
unanimous verdict. Now, Christ pro-  
fessed to be a God. He said over and  
over again He was a God, took the at-  
tributes of a God and assumed the  
works and offices of a God. Dare you  
now say He was not? He was a God,  
or He was a wretch. Choose ye.

He Was Divine.

Do you think I cannot prove by this  
Bible that He was a God? If you do  
not believe this Bible, of course there  
is no need of my talking to you. There  
is no common data from which to start.  
Suppose you do believe it? Then I  
can demonstrate that He was divine. I  
can prove He was Creator, John 1, 3,  
"All things were made by Him, and  
without Him was not anything made  
that was made." He was eternal,  
Revelation xii, 13, "I am Alpha and  
Omega, the beginning and the end,  
the first and the last." I can prove that  
He was omnipotent, Hebrews 1, 10,  
"The heavens are the work of thine

hands." I can prove He was omni-  
scient, John 11, 25, "He knew what  
was in man." Oh, yes, he is a God. He  
is the sea. He upheaved the crys-  
talline walls along which the Israelites  
marched. He planted the mountains.  
He raises up governments and casts  
down thrones and marches across na-  
tions and across worlds and across the  
universe, eternal, omnipotent, unin-  
jured, and unshaken. That hand that  
was nailed to the cross holds the stars  
in a leash of love. That hand that  
dropped on the bosom in fainting and  
death shall make the world quake at  
its nod. The voice that groined in  
the instant shall swear before the  
trembling world that time shall be no  
longer. Oh, do not insult the common  
sense of the race by telling us that this  
person was only a man, in whose pres-  
ence the paralytic arm was thrust out  
well, and the deaf ears crouched, and the  
limbs dropped their scaves, and the  
tempests folded their wings, and the  
boy's satchel of a few loaves made a  
banquet for 5,000, and the sad pro-  
cession of my text broke up in con-  
gratulation and hosanna!

Christ in Time of Trouble.

Again, I learn from this subject that  
Christ was a sympathizer. Mark you,  
this was a city of Nain. In the coun-  
try when the bell tolls, they know all  
about it for five miles around, and they  
know what was the matter with the  
man, how old he was, and what were  
his last experiences. They know with  
what temporal prospects he has left  
his family. There is no haste, there  
is no indifference in the observance.  
There is nothing done as a mere mat-  
ter of business. Even the children  
come out to the procession, and  
look sympathetically, and the trees  
shadows seem to deepen and the  
birds weep sympathetically as the pro-  
cession goes by. But mark you, this  
that I am speaking of was a city of  
Nain, in great cities the cart jostles  
the hearse, and there are wifely and  
gladness and indifference as the weep-  
ing procession goes by. In this city of  
Nain it was a common thing to have  
trouble and bereavement and death.  
Christ saw it every day there. Per-  
haps that very hour there were  
others being carried out, but this fre-  
quency of trouble did not harden  
Christ's heart at all. He stepped right  
out, and He saw this mourner, and He  
had compassion on her, and He said,  
"Weep not."

Now, I have to tell you, oh bruised  
souls, and there are many everywhere  
—have you ever looked over any great  
and noble and how many shades  
of sorrow there are? I come to all  
such and say, "Christ meets you, and  
He has compassion on you, and He says,  
"Weep not." Perhaps with some it  
is a financial trouble. "Oh," you say,  
"Is such a silly thing for a man to  
cry over a few dollars?"

Suppose you had a large fortune, and  
all inuries brought to your table, and  
your wardrobe was full, and your home  
was beautiful by music and sculpture,  
and painting, and thronged by the ele-  
gant and educated, and then some  
rough misfortune should strike you in  
the face and trample over your treasures  
and taunt your children for their faded  
dress, and send you into the commer-  
cial circles an underling where once  
you waved a scepter of gold. Do you  
think you would cry then? I think you  
would. But Christ comes and meets  
all such to-day. He sees all the straits  
in which you have been thrust. He  
observes the sneer of that man who  
once was proud to walk in your shadow  
and glad to get your help. He sees  
the protef note, the uncancelled  
judgment, the foreclosed mortgage, the  
heartbreaking exasperation, and he  
says, "Weep not. I own the cattle on  
a thousand hills. I will never let you  
starve. From my hand the fowls of  
Heaven peck all their food. And will  
I let you starve? Never—no, my  
child, never."

Master of the Grave.

Perhaps it may be a living home  
trouble that you cannot speak about  
to your best friend. It may be some do-  
mestic unhappiness. It may be an evil  
suspicion. It may be the disgrace fol-  
lowing in the foot steps of a son that is  
wayward, or a companion who is cruel,  
or a father that will not do right, and  
for years there may have been a vul-  
ture striking its beak into the vitals of  
your soul, and you sit there to-day feel-  
ing it is worse than death. It is, it is  
worse than death. And yet there is  
relief. Though the night may be the  
blackest, though the voices of hell may  
tell you to curse to-day and die, look up  
and hear the voice that accosted the  
woman of the text as it says, "Weep  
not."

Earth has no sorrow  
That heaven cannot cure.

I learn again from all this that Christ  
is the master of the grave. Just out-  
side the gate of the city Death and  
Christ measured races, and when the  
young man rose death dropped. Now  
we are sure of our resurrection. Oh,  
what a scene it was when that young  
man came back! The mother never  
expected to hear him speak again.  
How the tears started and how her  
heart throbbled as she said, "Oh, my  
son, my son, my son." And that scene  
is going to be repeated. It is going to  
be repeated 10,000 times. These broken  
family circles have got to come to-  
gether. These extinguished house-  
hold lights have got to be relit. There  
will be a stir in the family lot  
in the cemetery, and there will be a  
rush into life at the command, "Young  
man, I say unto thee arise." As the  
child shakes off the dust of the tomb  
and comes forth fresh and fair and  
beautiful, and you throw your arms  
around it and press it to your heart,  
angel to angel will repeat the  
story of your pain. "He delivered  
him to his mother." Did you not  
notice that passage in the text as I  
read it? "He delivered him to his  
mother." Oh, ye troubled souls! Oh,  
ye who have lived to see every pro-  
spect blasted, peed, scattered, con-  
sumed! Wait a little. The seed time  
of tears will become the wheat harvest.  
In a clime cut of no wintry blast, under  
a sky paled by no hurtling tempest,  
and amid redeemed ones that weep  
not that part not, that is not, friend  
will come to friend, and kindred will

join kindred, and the long procession  
that marches the avenues of gold will  
lift up their palms as again and again  
it is announced that the same one who  
came to the relief of this woman of the  
text came to the relief of many a ma-  
ternal heart and repeated the wonders  
of resurrection, and "delivered him to  
his mother." Oh, that will be the har-  
vest of the world. That will be the  
coronation of princes. That will be  
the Sabbath of eternity.

THRIVING ON PERSECUTION.

The Gypsies of Hungary Still Maintain  
Their Ancient Customs Unchanged.

In Hungary there are, according  
to a rough estimate, about 1,000,000  
gypsies, vagabonds who wander about  
the country with their carts and  
horses accompanied by their women  
and children; and though at one  
time persecuted as unbelievers, and  
hunted to death as sorcerers and  
poisoners, the cruel edicts which en-  
joined such treatment were never  
sympathetic in by the Hungarian  
people. The result is, as we learn  
from "The Peoples of the World,"  
that the gypsies have increased, and  
in their own thrifless, squalid fash-  
ion, prospered, despite the hard usage  
they have received at the hands of  
their rulers. Indeed, the Hungarian  
kings have more than once protected  
them as a poor wandering people  
without a country, and whom all the  
world rejected, and granted them  
safe conducts to go wherever seemed  
good to them, with their troops  
of donkeys and horses. Joseph II.  
of Austria tried to settle them as  
agriculturalists, and had built for  
them. But instead of occupying the  
comfortable dwellings themselves,  
they stabled their cattle in them and  
pitched their tents outside. Then,  
to prevent their corn from sprouting,  
they boiled it before sowing; and the  
children were taken from them and  
trained up into habits of work under  
Magyar and German peasants, the  
children were soon escaped and joined  
their parents, without having learned  
anything from their forcible appren-  
ticeship to civilization. It is affirmed  
that a gypsy, who had a truly risen to  
the rank of an officer in the Austrian  
army, disappeared one day, and was  
found six months afterward with a  
band of Zingari encamped on the heath.  
A young Slovak peasant fell in love  
with and married a gypsy girl, but in  
his absence she escaped to the woods,  
and when discovered was jumping  
under the skirts, and feeding on  
hedgehogs, after the fashion of the  
race from whom she had been taken.  
The Duke Lis, charmed with the  
talent for music displayed by a gypsy  
boy, took him to Paris and tried to  
train the little lad. But all in vain.  
The moment he saw his own people  
in Vienna his delight was indecrib-  
able. There was no longer any hope  
of keeping him under the restraint of  
polite life.

Had Cromwell Lived.

Cromwell's unparalleled rise to su-  
preme power and the moral questions  
that strange rise suggests; the question  
whether his religious professions were  
sincere and his intentions in life up-  
right; these have found interesting  
partly because they do not re-  
quire us to travel beyond our insular  
frontiers. But we cannot estimate  
his foreign policy without understand-  
ing, besides English affairs, the posi-  
tion and policy of Mazarin, and Carl  
Gustav, and Philip IV. of Spain. To  
estimate it rightly, we must under-  
stand the war of France and Spain,  
which dragged on from the Peace of  
Westphalia to the Peace of the Pyre-  
nees.

Now this chapter of Continental  
history scarcely comes within that  
part of Continental history which we  
think it necessary to master. And  
yet it is, in those years that Eng-  
land was closely linked with the  
Continent through the strange, ad-  
venturous, and original policy of the  
Lord Protector. It was not for nothing  
that he made England a military  
state. He intended the navy and  
the army, upon which his supreme  
power rested, to execute far-reaching  
plans which he had conceived. He  
had a passionate anti-Spanish feeling,  
and he had a great pan-angelical  
idea, such as might naturally have  
grown up in a mind which united so  
strangely religious exaltation with  
comprehensive statesmanship.

He pushed these schemes far  
enough to leave an indelible mark on  
English history; but if, in stead of dy-  
ing at 60, he had reached the three-  
score years and ten, still more if he  
had antedicated the aged Premier  
who recently has been seen ruling  
England at four-score years, we can  
see how far British policy might have  
been deflected from the line it has  
actually pursued. This is to suppose  
that the military state had struck  
root and had endured ten or twenty  
years longer in England than it  
actually did. In that time, it is easy  
to see, the anti-Spanish passion might  
have carried us far, and the pan-  
angelical idea might have borne  
strange fruit.—Sir J. R. Seeley in  
"The Contemporary Review."

It takes more religion to behave  
well in summer than in winter.

Time is the only thing that will  
help trouble and cranking shoes.

A woman is always looking up  
things which it breaks her heart to  
see.

BECAUSE you only hear "talk" about  
others, don't imagine that you escape.