

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1894.

NUMBER 5.

—THE— COMMERCIAL BANK.

(ESTABLISHED 1888.)

Harrison, Nebraska.

A. B. SHAW, President.

C. F. COFFIN, Vice-President.

D. H. GRISWOLD, Cashier.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$50 000.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

CORRESPONDENTS:

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, New York.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK, Omaha.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Chicago.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

DRAFTS SOLD ON ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.

THE PIONEER Pharmacy,

J. E. PHINNEY, Proprietor.

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Paints,

Oils and Varnishes.

ARTIST MATERIAL

DRUGS

School Supplies.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
Day or Night.

SIMMONS & SMILEY,

Harrison, Nebraska.

Real Estate Agents.

Have a number of bargains in
choice land in Sioux county.

Parties desiring to buy or sell real
estate should not fail to
call on them.

School Lands

leased, taxes paid for
non-residents; farms rented, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS SOLICITED.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GREAT PREACHER'S MESSAGE FROM THE ANTIPODES.

How Zaccheus Was Converted and Made a Member of the Conscience Fund of the Treasury Department—Transformation of a Family—The Mother's Prayer.

The Tax Collector.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now preparing to leave Australia for India on his round the world tour, selected as the subject for last Sunday's sermon through the press "The Tax Collector's Conversion," the text being taken from Luke vi. 9. "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus was a politician and a tax-gatherer. He had an honest calling, but the opportunity for "stealings" was so large the temptation was too much for him. The Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man upright in an insignificant position has made shipwreck in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jericho this Zaccheus belonged to what might be called the "ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure, if by no other way perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Notwithstanding his bad reputation, there were streaks of good about him, as there are about almost every man. Gold is found in quartz, and sometimes in a very small percentage.

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see Him. Here He comes, the Lord of glory, on foot, dust covered and road weary, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age when He is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man and could not see over the people's head, while standing on the ground, so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on and trying to gain His attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree and says, "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

Christ and the Politician.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The king of Heaven and earth sits down, and as He looks around on the place and the family He pronounces the benediction of the text, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked the color of His eyes, the length of His hair, the contour of His features, the height of His stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so many people in this day get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about His divinity, about God's sovereignty and the eternal decrees. They speculate and criticize and hang onto the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You cannot go to Heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem. Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts.

How many spend their time in critical and religious speculation! They take the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley, pull out the anther, scatter the corolla and say, "Is that the beautiful flower of religion that you are talking about?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to Heaven is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to Heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that, as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of Heaven in simplicity.

A Statesman's Example.

William Pennington was one of the wisest men of this country—a Governor of his own state and afterward speaker of the House of Representatives. Yes, when God called him to be a Christian, he went in and sat down among some children who were applying for church membership, and he said to his pastor, "Talk to me just as you do to these children for I know nothing about it." There is no need of bothering ourselves about mysteries when there are so many things that are plain. Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the theological seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing he turned upon me, somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't." We tear our hands on the spines of the cactus instead of feasting our eyes on its tropical bloom. A great many of people now sit, swinging themselves on the sycamore tree of their pride, and I cry to you: "Zac-

cheus, come down! Come down out of your pride, out of your inquisitiveness, out of your speculation. You cannot ride into the gate of Heaven with coach and four, postillion ahead and lackey behind. Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Zaccheus, come down, come down!

Restitution a Necessity.

I notice that this taxgatherer accompanied his surrender to Christ with the restoration of property that did not belong to him. He says, "If I have taxed any man for \$10,000 when he had only \$5,000 worth of property and put in my own pocket the tax for the last \$5,000, I will restore to him fourfold. If I took from him \$10, I will give him \$40. If I took from him \$40, I will give him \$160.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to Washington during the past few years as "conscience money." I suppose that money was sent by men who wanted to be Christians, but found they could not until they made restitution. There is no merit in our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. Suppose you have not money enough to pay your debts, and for the sake of defrauding your creditors you put your property in your wife's name. You might cry until the day of judgment for pardon, but you would not get it without first making restitution. In times of prosperity it is right, against a rainy day, to assign property to your wife, but it is time of penitency and for the sake of defrauding your creditors, you make such assignment, you become a culprit before God, and you may as well stop praying until you have made restitution. Or suppose one man loans another money on bond or mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for several years, but as soon as the mortgage is given commences foreclosure the sheriff mounts the auction block, and the property is struck down at half price, and the mortgagee buys it in. The mortgagee started to get the property at half price and is a thief and a robber. Until he makes restitution there is no mercy for him.

You say, "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society and consent to it." Zaccheus was wise when he disgorged his unrighteous gains, and it was his first step in the right direction.

Christ in the Home.

The way being clear, Christ walked into the house of Zaccheus. He becomes a different man; his wife a different woman; the children are different. Oh, it makes a great change in any house when Christ comes into it! How many beautiful homes are represented among you! There are pictures on the wall, there is music in the drawing-room, and luxuries in the wardrobe, and a full supply in the pantry. Even if you were half asleep there is one word with which I could wake you, and that word is "home." There are also houses of suffering represented in which there are neither pictures, nor wardrobe, nor adornment—only one room, and a plain cot, or a bunk in a corner. Yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your voice nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it and call it home. Though the world may scoff at us and pursue us and all the day we be tossed about, at eventide we sail into the harbor of home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trudging about, bearing burdens that will nigh crush us, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy chair in which we may sit, and a serenity of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home. The English soldiers, sitting on the walls around Sevastopol, one night heard a company of musicians playing "Home, Sweet Home," and it is said the whole army broke out in sobs and wailing, so great was their homesickness. God pity the poor, miserable wretch who has no home!

The Christian Mother.

Now, suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel His presence. Religion almost always begins at e. e. It is easier for women to become Christians than for men. They do not fight so against God. If women tempted man originally away from holiness, now she tempts him back. She may not make any fuss about it, but somehow every- body in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face lights up sometimes with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her nor asks her why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the days when, years ago, they stood at the marriage altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her brow a wreath sweeter than the orange blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children and of the good place they all hope to see at last. And then she kisses them good night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—a something that shall hold on to the boy after he has become a man 40 or 50 years of age, for there is something in a good, loving, Christian mother's kiss that 50 years cannot wipe off the cheek.

The Father Overcome.

Now the husband is distressed and annoyed and almost vexed. If she would only speak to him, he would "blow her up." He does not like to say anything about it, but he knows that she has a hope that he has not, and a peace that he has not. He knows that, dying as he now is, he cannot go to the same place. He cannot stand it any longer.

Some Sunday night as they sit in church-side by side the floods of his soul break forth. He wants to pray, but does not know how. He hides his face, lest some of his worldly friends see him, but God's spirit arouses him, melts him, overwhelms him. And they go home—husband and wife in silence, until they get to their room when he cries out, "Oh, pray for me." And they kneel down. They cannot speak. The words will not come. But God does not want any words. He looks down and answers sob and groan and outgushing tenderness. That night they do not sleep any for talking of all the years wasted and of that Saviour who ceased not to call. Before morning they have laid their plans for a new life. Morning comes. Father and mother descend from the bedroom. The children do not know what is the matter. They never saw father with a Bible in his hand before. He says, "Come, children, I want you all to sit down while we read and pray." The children look at each other and are almost disposed to laugh, but they see their parents are in deep earnest. It is a short chapter that the father reads. He is a good reader at other times, but now he does not get on much. He sees so much to linger on. His voice trembles. Everything is so strange new to him. They kneel—that is, the father and mother do, but the children come down one by one. They do not know that they must. It is sometime before they all get down. The sentences are broken. The phrases are a little ungrammatical. The prayer begins abruptly and ends abruptly, but as far as I can understand what they mean, it is about this: "O Saviour, help us. We do not know how to pray. Teach us. We cannot live any longer in the way we have been living. We start to-day for Heaven. Help us to take these children along with us. Forgive us for all the past. Strengthen us for all the future. And when the journey is over take us from its load, the spirit flies. The little babe is that we lost. Amen." It ended very abruptly, but the angels came out and leaned so far over to listen that they would have fallen off the battlements for a stroke of their wings, and cried: "Hark, hark! Behold, he prays!"

That night there is a rap at the bedroom door. "Who is there?" cries the father. "It is the oldest child. 'What is the matter? Are you sick?' No! I want to be saved." Only a little while, and all three children are brought into the kingdom of God. And there is great joy in the house. Years pass on. The telegraph goes click, click! What is the news saying over the country? "Come home, Father is dying!" The children all gather. Some come in the last train. Some, too late for the train, take a carriage across the country. They stand around the dying bed of the father. The oldest son unholds the mother and says, "Don't cry, mother. I will take care of you." The parting blessing is given. No long admonition, for he has, through years, been saying to his children all he had to say to them. It is a plain "good-by," and the remark, "I know you will all be kind to your mother," and all is over.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Takes up from its load, the spirit flies,
While Heaven and Earth combine to say,
How bless'd the righteous when he dies.

A whole family saved forever! If the deluge come, they are all in the ark—father, mother, sons, daughter. Together on earth, together in Heaven. What makes it so? Explain it, Zaccheus one day took Jesus home with him. That is all. Salvation came to that house.

What sound is it I hear to-night? It is Jesus knocking at the door of your house.

Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before.
If you looked out of your window and saw me going up your front steps, you would not wait, but go yourself to open the door. Will you keep Jesus standing on the outside, His locks wet with the dews of the night? This day is salvation come to try house. The great want of your house is not a new carpet or costlier pictures or richer furniture—it is Jesus.

Character as an Inheritance.
Up to forty years men work for themselves after that, for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave them? Nothing but dollars! Alas, what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. Your own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so strong as they were, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear as once.

They will soon have to pick out their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once. They will soon have to fight their own battles. Oh, let it not be told on judgment day that you let your family starve without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ! Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you and talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas, if father and mother mislead, the children will. Oh, let Jesus come into your house! Do not bolt the nail door, or the bedroom door, against Him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

Build your altar to-night. Take the family Bible lying on the parlor table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's Prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow, feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or in the next, all is well. In that great, ponderous book of the judgment, where are recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house. Oh, Zaccheus, come down, come down! Jesus is passing by!

IN ANCIENT DAYS.

Millionaires of That Time Different from Those Now Living.

"Every once in a while we see something in the press about the prodigality of rich men," said Buckstone at the Burnet the other night. "Fred Gelbard puts a silver bath-tub in his house, and a great to-do is made about it. One of the Vanderbilts spends \$1,000,000 in furnishing and decorating his mansion, and there are people who profess to be shocked by what they call 'wild extravagance.' The idea conveyed is that large expenditures for personal purposes are peculiar to our age and the product of our civilization. Non-sense! Compared with the most extravagant millionaires of the present day the rich men of old pagan times were 'out of sight.' In this respect they went far ahead of the most free-handed multi-millionaires of this country or Europe at the present time. You know history tells us that for an ordinary banquet, when he expected no guests, Lucullus now and then expended 100,000 drachmas, or 4,000. His table cover was purple and his vessels glittered with jewels. The halls of Hellogabalus were hung with cloth of gold enriched with jewels; his table and plate were of pure gold, his couches were of silver, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth of gold, were stuffed with down found under the wings of partridges. His supper never cost less than 100,000 sesterces. A golden cup, 100,000 sesterces for a golden pail. His banqueting 1000s were strewn with lilies and roses. Apicius, in the time of Trajan, spent 100,000,000 sesterces in debauchery and gluttony, and having only 10,000,000 left, he ended his life with poison, fearing he might die of hunger. Drusus caused a dish to be made of 500 pounds weight of silver. Vitellius had one made of such prodigious size that he was obliged to build a furnace on his pose for it, and at a feast which he gave in honor of this dish it was filled with the livers of the scarrus (fish), the brains of peacocks, the tongues of parrots and the roes of lamprays caught in the Carpathian Sea. The nobles squandered money equally on their banquets, their stables and their dress. Cicero in a comparatively economical age, paid 400 or 500 for his banqueting table. These pagans lived high. We don't know what prodigality is in our time."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Possibilities of Kite-Flying.

Have you ever noticed how difficult it is to estimate the height of a kite above the earth? It is a very hard thing to do indeed. This is on account of the fact that objects floating in the air seem to be farther away than they really are. It may be safely said that eighteen hundred feet is the greatest altitude to which a single kite can soar.

Even to a person not apt to make extravagant estimates, a kite eighteen hundred feet above ground will seem to be fully a half mile above the earth. A careful measurement of the string and its angle would, however, prove the error. Ordinarily a kite will go no higher than the string is paid out. This is because the wind depresses the cord, and causes the kite to really recede when it appears to be rising.

It is, however, easy to arrange several kites in such a manner that they will reach a higher altitude than it is possible to reach with a single kite. In this manner, when three or four, or even a dozen kites have been used, remarkable heights have been reached.

Should you wish to try this experiment, you may do so by attaching only the main one to the end of the string. The others must be attached along the main line, in a manner similar to the arrangement of hooks on a "trot-line," at an average distance of twelve feet apart.

This question of how a kite can ascend has been made the subject of investigation by learned men—the philosopher, Benamin Franklin, being by no means the only scientist who has flown a kite.

Hinkelman, who made experiments at Buda-Pesth, and Ison and Watson, whose investigations were pursued under the direction of the Russian Academy of Sciences, reported curious results. Where single kites could be made to ascend to a height of 1,000 feet, a pair could be made to ascend to a height of from 2,000 to 2,100 feet, and a tandem easily reached the high-water mark of 2,500 feet.

These three experimenters declare their belief that, with proper arrangement of kites, and with a scientific adjustment of both the tail and the string a height of two miles will some day be reached.

Polly's Guilt.

It is not always easy to be generous, try as one may.

"I was mean to Georgy this morning when you gave me the bread and butter," confessed 8-year-old Polly to her mother at bedtime.

"Why, Polly," said Mrs. Jenks, "I thought you were quite generous; didn't you give Georgy the largest piece?"

"Yes'm," sighed Polly, "but I kept the buttered piece myself!"