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TALKS ON THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER WITH WORK,

The Mariners at Pirst Relied on Their Ours, but in Their Extremity Called on God, and So Must All the Sorrowful and

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round the world tour selected as the subject of last Sunday's sermon through the press, "The Oarsmen Defeated," the text chosen being Jonah 1, 13, 14, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord." Navigation in the Mediterranean Sea

always was perlious, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haut it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side the ves-el. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast,

"From the Presence of the Lord."

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh to p cach about the destruction of that city. Jonan disobeyed That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to sca e sailors. I have seen them when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf. an the small boats by the side of the vessel had been rushed as small as kinding wood, whisting as though no hing had hap ened, but the Bible eays that these mariners of whom I speak were trightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a scal had become a blinding, deafen-ing swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the W, want more importunate praying wind can get at the water, and the Waywant more importunate praying water can get at the wind, you do not for children such as the ather indulged water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship no larger than the palm of my hand. That niece of canvas was all that was left o the largest sail of the ship Greece that went into the storm 200 miles of Newloundland Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonan the latter was taken away, and some such storm as this that Jonah the lather was taken away, and was caught.

throw him overboard. Sailors are a children! He rowed hard to bring ble without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blaces on where is your son to night? He has either side the vessel. Oh, how they wandered off perhaps to the end of the earth. It seems as if he cannot laid back into the oars. But rowing get far enough away from your Chrison the sea 's very different from rowing upon a river, and as the veisel hoists the oars skip the wale and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles, it is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crushes the last mast and sion of impending shipwreck, or as my text has it, 'The men rowed hard to bring it to land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Salvation from the Storm. This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very sub ect, and I got a letter from Hous ton Tex., the writer saving that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia saying that the reading of that ermon in Australia had brought several rouls to Christ And then I thought, "Why not take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now through another phase of the same subject bring salvation to the people who shall hear and Men and women who know how to pray lay hold of the Lord God Al-mighty and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon in the midst of his argument and say, "Now I will tell you a fable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring onah shore were discomited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have teen obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the una-valling e orts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the e.ort which we are making to bring son s to the shore of afety and set their feet on the rock of ages. You have a father or mother or husband or wife or ago. John Howard took hold of one

prepared to meet God." And there may have been an sof sickness in your

one about ine great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends of God. They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point that they were 20 years ago. You this you have got them almost to the show when you are sweet back again. shore when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, so! I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed, the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship into safety to the port. I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of resulting before our families are praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah, it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the household on the other side of the line. Two vessels part on the ocean of sternity one going to the right and the other to the left, farther apart and farther apart until the signals cease to be recognized, and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever. I have to tell you that the unavail-ing efforts of the Mediterranean oars-

men have a counterpart in the efforts some o. us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The itterary and the social influences seem to be against their sporttal interests. to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into Heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are to sing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest. Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some ar-ent saying to-night. "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the ours until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and have pulled for their eternal rescae, but I can't get them to Christ." through the solemnity the six sons fled

There are parents who are almost dis ouraged about their children. get far enough away from your Christian counser. What does he are about the farrows that come to your brow; about the quik whitening of the hair; about the fact that your bak begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much it he heard you were dead. The black edged letter that brought the ti ings he would put sweeps the carsmen from their places that brought the ti ings he would put and tumbles ever, thing in the could in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him a hore? I throw you one our on which I believe you can bring him into barbor. It's the glorious promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh. broken hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else, now make an appeal for the help and omnipoten e of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering perhaps on Thanksgiving day, perhaps next Christmas - the prodigal may be home, and if you crew's on his place at the table I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the mus cin the house, ' because the dead is arive again, and because Perhaps your the lost is found. prayers lave been answered already. The vessel may be oming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that son may be pacing the deck of the ship anxious for the time to come when and ask for forgitoness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but i would just like to look through the window when you have all got to-gether again and are seated at the banquet.

Though parents may in convenant be And have their Heaven in view. They are not happy till they see Their children happy too. Again I remark that the anavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the elort which ago. John Howard took hold of one tian. The e have been times when you have been in agony about their another, and lobe another our, and they all pulled until they fell back dead from exhaustion. A minister of Christ whose wife was dying without any ho e in esus waiked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said. "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not the chains are not broken, and still the desputisms are not demo ished and the despotisms are not demodshed, and still the world is unsaved. What then Put down the oars and make no effort? be a latar sickness, and how closely you is a latar sickness.

TALMAGE'S SERMON. ties flash before your vision. And it to the land, but they could not, then you went and talked to the sick wherefore they cried onto the Lord." wherefore they cried onto the Lord."

It is Not in Human Strength. Again the unavailing effort of these Mediterranean oursmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying orow his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder seemingly no harbor into which to sait. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must

There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe alt I say in regard to a future wold. They believe that religion is the first, the last the in inite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forw ru with all earnestness, and they lie bak until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward Heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go towork. You might as well take a frail skiff, put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the countries. then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and expect to work your way up through the light-ning of the foam into calm Lake Erie, as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into hope and par-don and placedity of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord de-liver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay nold of divine mercy you are as sale from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in

Heaven.
I wish I could put before my unpar-No human arm was ever strong enough to unlook the door of Heaven. No foot ever was mighty enough to break the shackte of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row h mself into God a harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The aw is against Ten thousand corrating inif en es are against vo. Relpless and endone. For schelpless a satior on a plank, R.d-At autt. For so help-less a traveler girded by twenty miles of prairie on fire. Prove it, you say, one; following.

i wil prove it John vi, at "Ao On the leader madly rushed to a man can come to me, except the point within thirty ards of us, then, Father which hath sent me draw with a woil's cunning, turned sud-

Selvation is of Grace.

But while I have shown your helplessness I want to put by the side of it the power and the willingae soft hrist to save you. I think it was in 1686 a veisel was bound for lo tugal, but it fie knew that the tem, est was on his unto God. Oh, that father could afford vessel was bound or lo tugal, but it account, and he a ked the sailors to to die for the et rual welfare of his was driven to pleces on an un riendly coast. journey to find relief. After a while the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The capt in said to the crew: "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him your shoulders." on, but the journey was olong the tat-ter awhile the crew fainted from nun-ger and from wear ness and could carry him no longer. Then the father ral fied h salmost was'ed energy and took up his own boy and put him on his shoulder and carried him on mile after mile, until, overcome haseif by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the lather, is at the time seus came to him, also perished, living only long enough to tell the story—sad story indeed. But glory be to Gol that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition and put us on the shoulder of his stren th and by the omnipotence of his gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the op n gateso Heaven. He full grand, on o ditional, uncompromi-ing, illimitable, infinite. Oh, the grace of God. I am overwhelmed when I co e to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders lashed fast to each other that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with t e anchor until all the cabes of the earth are exhausted that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel dy in circuit o eternai ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the graceof of Itisso high. It is o broat. It is so deep. Glory be to God that where man's oar gives out ( od's arm begins. Why will ce carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down steeped teaflowers, which the higher your fears when this moment you classes use, are really more tasty might give up and be saved. Do you not know that everything a ready? The Tr. asure Recovered.

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take swamped by the breakers around you, ery to christ to their you in o smooth. st il waters. On a count of the pe-culiar phase of t.e subjet I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Hermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on toard. But the vessel being sunir, no e ort was made Alter many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyvessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small box and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out what was found afterward to be. examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutini ed the patient the church, and the shool, and the shool, and the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and said.

"There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the unquestion of the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to be, the fields say that the day is begun the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world the hairs on the back of a man's hand to the prayer. "They rowed hard to be, and the shore of the doctor as he the fields say that the day is begun the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world to five adventurers. Oh, ye who by holding it up against the light.—

St. Nicholas.

and bave not been a lie to reach it. I want to tell you to night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure. All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never all and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for adgment, for the long eternity. See two hands o' blood stretched out ward thy soul, a Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

HUNTING A TROOP OF WOLVES.

They Charged Until the Bullets Flew and then Made Off.

On, on they came, each eager to get ahead of the other, and lessening the distance between us and them at a rapid rate. But we stood tirm, with rifles raised and sighted on the two in advance till Ned thought they were near enough. Then, after careful aim, his rifle sang out and the foremost wolf, with a convulsive bound, dashed to one side and fell over on the ice.

I had good aim on the other, and as Ned's shot made the pack slacken their speed I luckily sent a bail through its head and dropped It in its

This reception quite cooled the courage of the nearest woives and they cut their race short and began spreading out around us. Those farther tack slackened speed, which showed their doubt and hesitation. We would have thought the battie won had not the little one, who seemed to be the leader, ome bounding on as fast as ever, passing those ahead one after the other and inspiring them with fresh courage. We knew not what this might lead to and reserved our buckshot for the occasion. It looked serious for a while and we were afraid this second attack would prove harder to repel than the list. We had not much time to consult on the matter, but we decided that Ned at the proper moment was to make sure of the little one, and immediately after I was to send my charge into the foremost

denly to one side, says a St. Ni holas writer. To s brought the others to a halt and refleved us of any fear we had, for we saw that their attack was mere bluster. But if they were ready for a parley we were not. We sent our buckshot into the thickest The captain had his son with of the crowd and knocked the little generous hearted race. and they rether to the land, but could not, and solved to make their escape if possition the heart during the beach and started on the long away, either to the woods or back to the deer, and left us masters of the

The Chinese Teatouse.

The restaurant or teahouse in China takes the place of the Western clubroom All the current news and gossip is here circula ed and discussed over their eating or gambling. One of their games of chance, which we have frequently noticed, seems to consist in throwing their tingers at one another, and shouting at the matching of numbers, for which the Chinamen make signs on their fingers, up to the numeral 1d.

The Chinese of all nations seem to live in order to eat, and from this race of epicures has developed a nation of e cellent cooks. Our fare in China outside the Gobi district was far better than in Turkey or Persia, is mighty to save. Though your sin be and, for this reason, we are better long and black, the ery moment you able to endure the incre sed hardbelieve I will proclaim pardon quick, ships. A plate of sli ed meat, stewed with vegetables, and served with a paquant sauce, sliced radishes and onlons with v negar, two leaves of thinese mo-mo or steamed bread. and a not of tea, would usually cost us about a cents apiece.

. verything in China is sliced so that it can be eaten with the chopsti ks. These we at length learned to manipulate with uncient dexterity to pick up a dove's egg-the highest attainment in the chopstick art. The Chinese have rather a sour than a sweet tooth. Sugar is rarely used in anything, and ne er in tea. The

Time of Day in Nepaul.

There are no public schools in Nepaul. The sons of Princes and nobles even our young King, while he is yet nly a boy-are taught at home by the gura, or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna. Benares, or Calcutta, where they learn to speak English and to wear : nglish clothes and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepaul time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set affoat on a tank or

Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty 'gongs" or 'bells' a sailors reckon time aboard ship. The poor Bhootlya shepherds or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the