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OLD, YET EVER NEW.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON "THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL."

Thousands Turned Away from the Academy of Music in New York—A Huge Building Filled to Overflowing—Plain Gospel Talk.

The Fountain of Life.
Several thousand persons were turned away Sunday afternoon from the doors of the Academy of Music after the huge building had been filled to overflowing, the crowds having begun to assemble fully two hours before the time fixed for opening the service. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "The Glorious Gospel," the text chosen being, "According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust" I. Timothy 1, 11).

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pictures and cups and curious ware like those of 1800 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so any one who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "the glorious gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy.

There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zoroaster's Zend-Avesta, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta last September. The old gospel is 30 feet under, and the new has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of Bible statement and of childlike faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity because they have tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about pious inspiration, and the divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal destiny that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the 4-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful he now is in heaven, and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and, with her somewhat faded cheek against the rosy cheek of the little one, consecrates him for time and eternity to him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s, and the L. L. D.'s, and the F. R. S.'s when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying, "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

The Gospel Light.
There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good night kiss he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table, and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah, my friends, the Bible wants no apologetics. The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies," but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies or by other means," but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace." The theological dude unravels upon the plush of the expatiated carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evolved and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth, get us out of the London fog of higher criticism!

The night is dark, and the way is rough, and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that lantern to show ourselves and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material and which is the better light, kerosene, lamp oil or candle, and while we discuss it we stand all around the lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of the gospel—how many high soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy and to the crystalline wharves of the heavenly city, where the immortal are

waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks when they might have been flying seraphs.

A False Idea.
Here also come, covering up the old gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crime save the world, and from Portland, Me., across to San Francisco and back again to New Orleans and Savannah many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means, but unless it be also gospel reform it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. We had a Democratic boss, and now it is to be a Republican boss, but the quarrel is, Who shall be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that Satan evangelizes perdition.

Here comes another class of people who in pulpit and outside of it cover up the gospel with the theory that it makes no real difference what you believe or how you act—you are bound for heaven anyway. There they sit, side by side, in heaven—Garfield, and Guiteau, who shot him; Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated him; Washington, and Thomas Paine, who slandered him; Nana Sahib and the missionaries whom he clubbed to death at Cawnpore; Herod, and the children whom he massacred; Paul, and Nero, who beheaded him. As a result of the promulgation of such a mongrel and conglomerate heaven, there are millions of people in Christendom who expect to go straight to heaven from their sermons, when among the loudest thunders that break over the basaltic island to which St. John was exiled was the one in which God announced that "the abominable and the murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." I correct what I said when I declared the gospel was buried fifty feet deep. Had the glorious gospel been given full opportunity I think before this the world would have had no need of pulpit or sermon or prayer or church, but thanksgiving and hosannas would have resounded in the temple, to which the mountains would have been pillars, and the blue skies the dome, and the rivers the baptistry, and all nations the worshippers in the auditorium of the outspread world. But so far from that, as I remarked in the opening sentence of this sermon, the greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. And let me say to the hundreds and thousands of educated and splendid young men about to enter the gospel ministry from the theological seminaries of all denominations, on this and the other side of the seas, that there is no drawing power like the glorious gospel. "His bath God lifted up to draw all men unto him." Get your souls charged and uncharged with this gospel, and you will have large audiences and will not have to announce, in order to assemble such audiences, a Sunday night sacred concert, with a brief address by the pastor, or the presence of "Black Patti," or creole minstrels, or some new exposure of Tammany, or a sermon accompanied by a magic lantern or stereopticon views.

Glorious Good News.
The glorious gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic ocean when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches, and over our dry goods counters, and in our factories, and over our thrashing machines, and behind our plows, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice and a dismal look on our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys" Christ began his sermon on the mount—blessed the poor, blessed the mourner, blessed the merciful, blessed the hungry, blessed the meek, blessed the pure, blessed the peacemakers, blessed the persecuted, blessed the reviled, blessed, blessed, blessed, happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a lifetime all the angels of God their conditors and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle-aged as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged as they may have the sympathy of him of whom St. John wrote, "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying as they may have ministering spirits to escort them, and opening gates to receive them, and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them, and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

The Text Is Right.
Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant being that ever trod the earth or ascended the heavens to you and me to come and be made happy and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cupbearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, "There was paid off our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless one of this gospel—Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think

of this gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound," Cooper, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony. Solomon, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Esau, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of him, O man, O woman of the blood bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "the glorious gospel."

And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this, and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health, so Christ, the divine physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment, and that prescription, and that hardship, and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draft. Under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health, "all things working together for good." Glorious gospel!

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever and ever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned and on to wider halls precious stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dried and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture, birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing, walls pictured with triumphal procession, rooms that were called "alcoves of light" and "hall of victory," marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night, alabaster and mother of pearl and lacquer work.

Standing before it, the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture. But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that, and, though an abandoned castle while Christ was there, achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look out on the King's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendship, and the banquet hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table, and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb, and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon that scene is never clouded, and there is the kiss of those reunited after long separation. More never will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the clapping of that acclamation, and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened.

Worth the Ransom.
Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a strait-jacket; that it put you on the limits; that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no. It is to be castelated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet, and John among the evangelists, and Paul among the apostles, and Wyclif among the martyrs, and Bourdillon among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He died our death. He assumed our resurrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever! Surging in his ear be all the anathemas! Facing him be all the thrones!

Alexander Dumas says he has outlived the taste for most things that money can procure. The chief pleasure of his life now is meditation, which he indulges by taking long walks in the forest of Marly. M. Dumas is now a white-haired old man, but his old vigor is vigorous. He lives with his invalid wife at his country place near Marly on the \$100,000 or so realized by the sale of his collection of pictures.

WOMAN AND HER FACE

THE HOLY HORROR WITH WHICH SOME REGARD COSMETICS.

How a Little Harmless Trickery May Be Made to Add Greatly to Feminine Attractiveness—Powder and Massage—Styles for the Hair.

Gotham Gossip.
New York correspondence.

REAT is the number of women who consider the use of "anything on the face" as one of the sign posts along the downward path. At the thought of using cosmetics, brush or pencil to supply nature's lacks, these women stand aghast. But

those women whose positions in society bring them into the center of the social fray think otherwise, and they excuse their indulgence by asserting that a woman's first duty is to look attractive, no matter what her physical drawbacks may be. Some go much further and claim the right to enhance their good looks by any means at hand. It is not the purpose of this description to urge either the cause or the abolition of cosmetics, but merely to point out how the skilled manipulator utilizes its trickery. Women follow pretty closely the laws laid down by Dame Fashion for their attire, but as to face and hair, every woman takes the course she deems most becoming to herself. For instance, a lot is said these days about the central parting, and the "Miss Prim" style for the hair. Still, the girl with an irreg-



A FACE MADE TO SEEM LONGER.

ular, vivacious face may draw her hair down over her ears if she thinks it becoming, but discard all other concessions to the Prim fashion, do her locks in all sorts of frivolous little pericles in the back and round it softly from her forehead in the front. Such a coiffure is seen beside the initial picture and is in the best taste for its wearer, though not in line with the trying smoothness that is demanded from slavish followers of fashion's laws.

So far the steps of progress have been of even length, but the next one is a stride at which many will falter. But the knowing ones take it and claim that it is but right, if the eyebrows give out of a sudden at the outer corner, or their arch be interrupted, to finish out what nature intended by shadowing in what is needed with a bit of burnt match. This is very different from vulgarly tracing a heavy black mark over the arch of the brows, they will tell you; the one is necessary and therefore excusable for the footlights, the other is as legitimate for all other times as wearing a best gown or putting on a bow of becoming ribbon. And this argument is very effective. The owner of brows that are perfect is



AT HER BEST WITH HAIR TOUNELED.

not moved by it, naturally enough, but the other sort thinks it a telling one. Returning again to the point where women are much inclined to make each her own fashions—that is, the hair—it will be found that the style now is to either draw the locks smoothly up very high or to have it in a low knot, parted

severely in front and combed down over the ears. But the wise woman whose hair line at the back of the neck is not pretty, and whose hair best disposes itself in soft knots at the back of the head, will combine both fashions. What is more, though she may take advantage of the downward side sweep of the hair over the ear tips, she will wear a little bang, if her forehead need it, and if the face need length, she will raise the hair softly back of the bang. The result of this independence of treatment can be judged from the first picture of full size. It will be seen that to make the face seem longer, a small aigrette is put atop the last mentioned soft puff.

By the third illustration still another type of face that tempts its owner to improving devices is presented. It is the often seen creamy skinned woman, with deep red kinky hair and reddish-brown eyes. If she has any idea of



MASSAGE NEEDED TO PREVENT.

what is becoming to herself, she will not be bidding to let her hair tousle as it will about her forehead, for the closer it comes to the eyes, the more their red-brown color is set off. What a goose she would be to take her hair off her forehead or to interfere with its vital crinkle by either an effort to brush it glossy, or to curl it in soft rings. So much, doubtless, will be granted by anyone, in case her skin is a creamy white without color. If it be marred by an all over floridness, the believer in improvers will declare it to be her downright duty to cream her face thoroughly, wiping it dry and applying a dull brunette powder, one that has a deep ivory tone, neither white nor pink. Sometimes a powder largely made of sulphur is not only a becoming color, but is also excellent for the skin. This woman's lips must be red, so she will rub just the least bit of cochineal powder, the merest dust of it, into a thin paste with cold cream, and put this on each lip right in the center, rubbing it in dry before it reaches the corners. It must not show anywhere when it is done, but the lips must have a deep, rosy color. This woman wants no shadowy look about her eyes. She will let the powder rest on the lids, rubbing it from the lashes with a damp finger.

There is yet another thing; why should the pale woman with brown hair allow her cheeks to grow hollow and



COSMETICS NEED NOT APPLY.

her eyes to wrinkle just because she has that sort of skin? Massage will prevent it. Rub softly about the corners of the eyes and under them. The droop about the lids of the fourth picture face is charming, but why take the crow's-feet that come early with that sort of droop? Hair like this, if of dull brown, must be brushed glossy and curled in big soft rings that will gather shadows, no matter what the fashion. These eyes will look well shadowed and sometimes a very dark ivory powder reddened just the least bit, will give a tone to the skin that nature left out.

Of course the woman with smooth, round cheeks and the coloring of youth ought to be spanked if she resorts to these devices. Let her lean her demure cheek on her hand, droop her pretty lids and simply not know there is such a thing as powder in the world. She is sure to be lovely, whether she is dressed in the latest way or not; indeed, she is the lovelier for being a bit old fashioned. As she appears in the final sketch, the little fringe at the forehead gives a suggestion of youth that is almost infantile.

Copyright, 1895.
Fox River, Ill., was called by the Indians Annemosing, "Place of the Young Fozes."

MILLIONS IN DIAMONDS.

Enormous Increase in the Product Since the Discoveries in Africa.

The discovery and working of the great South African mines have enormously increased the production of diamonds. During the last quarter century ten tons of these gems, selling for \$300,000,000 uncut and for \$800,000,000 after cutting, have been added to the world's wealth. This quantity of stones is twice as great as the sum total of all that were known to exist before, the value represented being in the most concentrated possible form. A single corporation controls more than nine-tenths of the entire world's output of diamonds, owning practically the whole of the mines in South Africa. Thus it is enabled to regulate and maintain prices, restricting the production so that the supply may not exceed the demand. Up to date it has placed upon the market about 2,500,000 carats. During the last year it dug and sold \$18,000,000 worth of diamonds. During 1893 diamonds to the value of about \$15,000,000 were imported into this country. Since 1868 \$175,000,000 worth of these gems have been brought into the United States.

The cutting of diamonds is carried on in the United States by fifteen firms, employing 150 cutters, cleavers and polishers. The American public demands a much higher quality of cutting than is required by European markets. At the same time, less is paid for the work here than abroad, \$2 being considered fair wages per diem. The pioneer cutter on this side of the water was Henry D. Morse, of Boston. In 1809 he cut the famous Dewey diamond—the biggest gem of the kind ever found in this country—which was dug out of a clay bank near Richmond, weighing twenty-five carats in the rough. In his shop was invented the first diamond-cutting machine, which made it possible to do the work faster and with more precision. It has not been adopted abroad to any extent as yet. Amsterdam, the greatest center of diamond-cutting, has seventy-two factories engaged in that industry. The largest employs 1,000 hands. Next in importance is Antwerp. London ranks third. In the world there are 6,500 cutters of diamonds and 8,000 dealers. The latter carry in stock \$350,000,000 worth of stones, representing probably one-third of all the diamonds possessed by human beings to-day.—New York News.

She Spoke Too Soon.

In front of Trinity Church a stylishly dressed young woman stepped from the sidewalk directly in front of a team of heavy horses attached to a well-loaded truck. She was endeavoring to catch the eye of a cable car gripman, and did not see the rapidly moving truck bearing down upon her. Passers-by expected to see her ground to the earth, but one of two fashionably appearing young fellows with slightly dusky profligities rushed to the curb and, lifting the woman by the arms, quickly swung her around and landed her out of danger on the sidewalk.

She, all unconscious of her dangerous predicament, turned on the young man sharply with an indignant, "How dare you, sir," and looked as if she was contemplating an assault on him with her parasol.

The young fellow looked surprised, and then, taking off his hat, bowed and, with an "Excuse me, madam," passed on with his friend.

She turned toward the street again, and for the first time observed the truck which now stood in her path. The driver of this calmly remarked: "That dude saved your life, lady; why don't you scratch his eyes out?"

The woman, for the first time realizing her narrow escape, hurried after the rapidly disappearing youths, who had nearly reached Rector street by that time. Touching her rescuer's arm, she quickly apologized for her rudeness and thanked him for his timely act.

"Don't mention it, please, the pleasure is entirely mine, I assure you," was the response. Two hats were doffed, and the blushing woman was left on the sidewalk with a humiliating sense of her previous rudeness.

"Beastly queer things these girls are, Harvey," said one to the other as they disappeared in the arcade leading to the L. station.—Commercial Advertiser.

Malaria in Italy.

A malarial map of Italy has just been issued by the Government Bureau of Statistics, based on the deaths during the years 1890-'92, and showing the intensity of the disease by modifications of color. In three years there were 50,000 deaths from malarial causes, or 54 in 100,000. The worst districts, where the mortality is as high as 8 in 1,000, are in Southwestern Sardinia, Southeastern Sicily, the Pontine marshes, the district at the head of the Gulf of Taranto, and the southeastern slope, from the Ionian Sea of Gargano south to the Promontory of Gargano. Districts where malaria prevails, but not so intensely as to be fatal, are the lower reaches of the Po, Grosseto in Tuscany, the mouth of the Tiber, and the district near Salerno and the temples of Paestum. In Rome itself malaria has sensibly declined; the deaths in 1881 were 650, in 1892 only 120. The general mortality from this cause in Italy has remained pretty constant; the average is 15 or 16 per 100,000.