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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY EVENING TALK TO VETERANS OF THE WAR.

He Preaches to the Thirteenth Regiment—Joshua the Soldier and Hero—The Crossing of the Jordan—The Great Victory—The Burial.

The Great Soldier. In the Brooklyn Embury Memorial Church a large audience assembled Sunday evening to listen to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject, "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being Joshua, 1, 5, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

The "ralliant Thirteenth," as this regiment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered to-night for the worship of God and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the veterans, who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them, when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home and loved ones and started for the field and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States Government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We hail you! We thank you! We bless you, the veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Sheridan and Farragut on one side and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet and Johnston on the other. As in Greek assemblies, when speakers would rouse the audience, they shout "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you to acclamation, I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg." And though the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if European nations should too easily and too quickly forget the Monroe doctrine and set aggressive foot upon this continent, I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and your eye would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

The Hero of the Text. And next I greet the colonel and his staff and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciates something of the value of its armories and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirteenth regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua, the hero of my text. He was a magnificent fighter, but he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text he gets his military equipment, and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, grooves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieftain of eternity promise to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. God fulfilled this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, and the next with a stone wall, and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalions, and the last against the king of terrors, death—five great victories.

"Forward, March!" For the most part when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Palisade, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say, "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among those troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua.

But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped; thirty miles up yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say, "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise and he was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

The Storming of Jericho. But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horns on the seventh day the preparation of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophic." And I suppose there were many wisacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the campment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes. Joshua's streak was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

The Falling Walls. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelite army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry, "Down, Jericho, down, Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under. She falls. Crash go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces, the air is blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says, "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make

such rapid time as those Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back," said a great many Christian people. "Fall back, oh, Church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, oh, Church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of God have never any right to fall back.

Joshua in the Dust. Joshua falls on his face in the chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to shine, and he says: "O Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth." I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us, but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore hast thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says, "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered or seemingly scattered battalion, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than all that ringing and echoing through his soul. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

His Strange Command. But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They sent word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites, with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh," says Joshua, "this is surely a victory!" "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and they will come up some other time and bother us and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palace of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What?" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

## WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

Costs a Pretty Penny to Keep New Style Gowns Clean—Sleeves That Have Changed the Style of Wrappers in Midsummer.

Women's Latest Wear.

Y, but it costs a woman a pretty penny just now to keep clean! The billowy whiteness and myriad soft ruffles of the lawn bodices and gowns now worn can only be properly cleaned at the steam cleaning places. The sleeves of white lawn and lace that are currently stylish must go to the same shop. Gloves must visit the cleanser's every week, white lawn skirts are again in vogue for wear with summery gowns, and that means washing.

Even when recourse is had to dresses of the sort this initial deplet, and in which the material is a blue taffeta that can be worn freely without thought of expensive cleansing, then comes in that dreaded item for stiffening linings. Expense is necessary at every turn, but is warranted if it results in such a tasteful costume as this. A novel garniture appears on the skirt, consisting of two long sash ends of white bengaline embroidered with blue silk that are drawn through straps to cross in front and continue to the back where the bodice closes, forming the belt.



SHOWY STUFF ELABORATELY TRIMMED.

ing the belt. The bodice has a yoke of the embroidered silk and plain epaulettes. It is alike in back and front, the material being taken bias to avoid too many pleats at the waist.

It is a pretty fashion to make the sleeves of a gown soft and flowing whether such material appears in the rest of the dress or not. Frequently the only elaboration of a gown is a pair of wonderfully draped white lawn sleeves, and so we are approaching to the fashion of our grandmothers when a lady's sleeves vastly outnumbered her gowns, and were adjusted to suit the occasion. If this sort of thing keeps up the washwoman's capacity will be overtaxed and the business of cleansing will deserve a place among the fine arts. But as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so a fanciful pair of sleeves doesn't necessarily constitute all the ornamentation of an ornate bodice, which fact is shown plainly enough in the next picture. Here the stuff is showy to start with, being a black and white striped silk, and is set off by a deep white sash yoke, which is embroidered with spangles and edged with a double ruffle of embroidered mousseline de soie and a narrow ruching of



SLEEVES THAT HAVE CHANGED THE STYLE OF WEARS.

satin ribbon that may be either black or white. The sleeves have lace ruffles heading long cuffs. A velours belt ends in large bows in back. A second dress of taffeta, this time in

silver-gray, figured with moss-green, is the artist's next presentation. This costume includes two characteristic features of the current styles—the baggy-fronted waist, and the plain skirt swirling from the belt in faultless folds. These are stiffened, of course, and lined with moss-green silk. The sleeves end at the elbow, and are of the sort that make jackets worse than useless and assure fashionableness to capes. Between them at the front there appears a deep square yoke of silver-gray satin finished with bands of green and gray passementerie. The high stock collar and the belt are made of moss-



NOVEL MANTLE DRAPERY.

green velvet, and the back of the bodice is left plain.

Another type of summer dresses has a skirt of flowered silk, the design matching perfectly. A bodice all soft bagging folds is entirely of insertions of lace, pieced together and draped over white lawn that bags beneath. An indescribable creamy softness of effect is thus produced. A ruffled surplice scarf of silk to match the ground of the silk in the skirt is fitted over the shoulders, crosses at the waist, passes to the back and there ties, rounded spreading ends giving finish to the back. Such a rig carried out with ivory lace over white, and with dull yellow silk, is adorable for a slender young girl with soft dark hair. Mantle drapery resembling in greater or less degree that shown in the fourth picture is also employed on bodices that accompany figured flowered skirts. Here it is above a plain skirt of green glace taffeta that is perfectly right fitting about the hips but that spreads widely toward the bottom. The fitted lining of the blouse waist is draped with spangled white chiffon, and the sleeves are of plain chiffon with a ruffle of the green taffeta at the elbows. The drapery is of the skirt stuff, is alike back and front, and is held in place by bunched silk rosettes.

Tiny rows of lace run up and down and very full are the approved finish



STYLISHLY FULL OF HOLES.

for the daintier skirt waists and fronts, and the former are fastened with great flat rhinestone buttons made after the fashion of cut steel buttons that were in favor not long ago. Such indications prepare the student of fashions to find skirt waists used in elaborate get-ups, and that will be the rule for the coming hot months. An example of this is presented by the final picture costume, which, though including a skirt waist and jacket that reminds of the cut of a year ago, is decorated stylishly with perforated stuff, which so changes the otherwise simple godet skirt as to make a practically new sort of skirt of it. Old blue cloth is the main fabric, and bands of this outline the godets and are perforated to show the white silk underneath. Triangular bits of this trimming show, too, at each side of the plain front. Rovers and collar are similarly ornamented, and the whole is so dressy that a blouse of white chiffon or silk, or a tailor-made vest with linen chemise and suitable tie may be appropriately substituted for the skirt.

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Henry IV., the Great, of France, said that no better book had ever been written than "Caesar's Commentaries," and that the next best was the "Treat of the Ten Thousand."

## A BIRD KITE.

Sparrows Took It for an Enemy and Riddled It.

Tommie Caruthers, the son of a well-known resident of the West End, was until yesterday the proud possessor of a kite which had been the envy of his playmates the whole flying season. Tommie's grandfather brought him the kite from Japan nearly a year ago, and the little fellow has been keeping it carefully housed since then, waiting for an opportunity to mount it. It attracted considerable attention on its first appearance, and has been the delight of the neighborhood ever since. In point of fact, the kite was really a thing of beauty, representing a big brown bird with spread wings of gorgeous hue.

Yesterday while Tommie was flying his kite it struck a plane of air not more than 50 feet up, and went skimming along on it like a real live bird, now and then darting a little to right or left, but bearing straight on till it rested squarely over a neighboring barnyard. Then the fun began. The yard was full of fowls, clucking and scratching and nesting, and when one of the more alert cocks spied the big bird overhead he sent the news of danger circulating round the inclosure to the tune of double-quick.

In a moment the whole lot was in commotion. Roosters crowded, hens cackled and squawked and gathered their broods around them, running hither and thither for safety. The poor things expected every minute to be their last, perhaps, and were not a little astonished when the hovering bird failed to swoop down upon them and scatter death and destruction in their camp.

At this stage of the game, while the chickens were still uncertain as to their ultimate fate, reinforcements arrived in the shape of a bony of English sparrows. The spry little fellows were game from tip to tail, and stood not upon the order of their going either, but lit into the gorgeous Japanese kite like animated ballstones pelting a spread sail. It was fun to see the evident enjoyment those sparrows took in putting that kite to rout. They pecked and dabbled and tore and clawed the poor paper wings, literally riddling the kite before Tommie knew what was happening and could draw it in.

No doubt it was the easiest victory those spunky little sparrows ever won. —Nashville Correspondent Philadelphia Times.

## Doctors in Sweden.

Sweden has doctors, but no doctors' bills. If you have occasion to call a physician, says Mr. Thomas, in his "Sweden and the Swedes," you will find him not only skillful in his profession, but a highly educated and most honorable gentleman. You will also have another proof of the honesty of the Swedes, and their friendly confidence in each other.

Swedish doctors send no bills to their patients. What you shall pay your physician is left entirely to your own choice. The rich pay him liberally, whether they have need of his services or not, if he has been once retained by them. The poor pay him a small sum, and the very poor pay him nothing. Yet he visits the poor as faithfully as the rich.

On the last day of the year you put into an envelope, addressed to your physician, a sum of money which you think not only sufficient to compensate him, but in accordance with your own position in life, and enclosing your card with the money, send the envelope by a servant to your doctor. The servant returns with the card of the doctor in a sealed envelope directed to you. This shows that he has received your money, and no word about the matter ever passes between you.

Should you send him nothing, he will come and prescribe for you all the next year, and as long as you live; and he is too dignified ever to say a word about it.

## He Remembered His Lung.

As knowledge increases, it becomes more and more impossible for any one man to study everything. Those who would master one branch of science, must be contented to remain ignorant of much that it would be pleasant to know. A singular example of absorption in a chosen specialty is furnished by "an eminent Scotch surgeon and professor," of whom an exchange relates an anecdote: The poet Tennyson once consulted him about some affection of the lungs, and some years afterward went to him again on the same errand. On being announced, the poet was nettled to observe that the surgeon not only did not remember his face, but did not even recognize his name. He mentioned his former visit. Still the surgeon failed to recall him.

Then the surgeon put his ear to his patient's chest. "Ah," he said, "I remember you now. I know you by your lung."

He knew nothing about the author of "In Memoriam," but he knew his business, and remembered perfectly the peculiar sound of that alling lung.

## Bark for Fuel.

Bark is a favorite fuel in the northwest. The evergreens of the region consume quickly in the open fireplace and leave nothing but light ashes, but the bark of these same trees, very thick and heavy, burns more slowly and falls into embers that give out a satisfying heat for many hours.