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Bohemian Ups and Downs. Way up in a garret high. Just a few feet from the sky, Dwell I in Bohemia. What care I for aught below? There have I nor friend nor foel Pity I the struggling throng While I live my life of song Up here in Bohemia.

Tween my teeth my briar-root-Best of friends, since always mute-Rare thing in Bohemia; Upward as the thick smoke curls What care I for simp'ring girls? Love is weak; my pipe is strong; Why for love, then, be the song Sung here in Bohemia?

Oft my little songs fall flat, Hungry? What care I for that, Fasting in Bohemia? Put my only coat in pawn. Live on that and still sing on; Puff my pipe and think I've dined-Barmecidal feasts I find Often in Bohemia.

Haply then my rhymelets take, With a check my fast to break, Feast we in Bohemia. Round the corner of the block, Sign o'erhead a crowing cock, Mug of beer and sandwich fine; What care we how nabobs dine, Feasting in Bohemia?

Friends have I, some three or four-Quite enough, for who has more, In or out Bohemia? With them joy is always young, Grief is but a song that's sung; Live we, laugh we debonair, Skies are bright and winds are fair Always in Bohemia!

-Kate Field's Washington.

A Dream. O, it was but a dream I had While the musician played-And here the sky and here the glad Old ocean kissed the glade, And here the laughing ripples ran And here the roses grew That threw a kiss to ever; That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds Drooped in the breathless breeze, As o'er a field of marigolds Our eyes swam o'er the seas While here the eddies lisped and purled Around the island's rim, And up from out the underworld We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day And midnight-for the moon On silver rounds across the bay Had climbed the skies of June-And here the glowing, glorious king Of day ruled o'er the realm, With stars of midnight glittering About his diadem.

The sea guil reeled on languid wing In circles round the mast: We heard the songs the sirens sing As we went sailing past. And up and down the golden sands A thousand fairy throngs Flung at us from their flashing hands The echoes of their songs. -James Whitcomb Riley.

Her Dotted Veil. Her dotted veil doth emphasize The tender splendor of her eyes; Its criss-cross meshes are a spare, The stoutest heart must needs beware, And safest he who swiftly flies Her dotted veil.

A patch of plaster here and there Did ladies of the court devise, To make complexions still more fair; But now my lady multiplies This fancy, and forsooth must wear Her dotted veil.

And once her veil she pins and ties The winds may madly veer and tear, She steps a maiden debonair, Without a thought, without a care, Twixt her and fair or cloudy skies Her dotted veil.

Yet all's not said, for some declare A mine of untold wealth there lies In this extensive dotted snare; or most the oculist doth prize The thing that spoils my dear's sweet eyes, Her dotted veil. -New York Sun.

That brown-eyed nurse with wavy hair, And voice just like the voice of June. Is false to me she's false, I swear!

Bhe lays her velvet hand on me And smiles and talks so softly sweet, And makes me thrill, and seems to be So pained that I'm not on my feet.

And fickle as the changeful moon.

And then when I'm on fire for her, And strive love's impulse to resist, She thrusts a glass thermometer Into my mouth and feels my wrist.

Then scores she down upon the chart A rising fever; though I'm sure 'Tis wrong that she who steals my heart ould likewise take my temperature!

SHAMGAR'S OXGOAD.

ITS USE AS A WEAPON AGAINST THE PHILISTINES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Enforces the Necessity of Using the Weapon We Have at Hand for All Great Emergencies-But We Must Have God with Us.

Sermon in New York. In his sermon Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed one of the most heroic and picturesque characters in ancient Jewish history, a man who, like many others who achieved a high distinction, came from the stordy rural classes—the agriculturists. The subject of the sermon was "Shamgar's Oxgoad," the text being, "After him was Shamgar, which slow of the Philistines 600 men with an ox-

goad" (Judges iii., 31).

One day while Shaingar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen his command of whoa-haw gee was changed to the shout of battle. Phillstines, niways ready to make trouble, march up with sword and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must or go down under the stroke of the Phillistines. He had an oxgoad a weapon used to urge on the lazy team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one at one end of the oxgoad and the iron scraper at the other, it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with armed Philistines. But God helped the farmer, and leaving the oxen to look after themselves he charged upon the invaders of his homestead.

Some of the commentaries to make it easier for Shamgar suggest that perhaps he led a regiment of farmers into the combat, his oxgoad only one of many oxgoads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than 600 Philistines, with the Lord against them. The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air and plowman's and resper's and thrasher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand, and he swings the oxgoad up and down, and this way and that, now stabbing with the iron prong at one end of it, and now thrusting with the iron scraper heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic, and the supernatural forces come in, and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prestrated or slain left its victim lifeless, until when Shamgar walked over the field he counted 500 dead, 600 dead-all the work done by an iron shovel at the other. The fame of this achievement by this farmer with an awkward weapon of war spread abroad and lionized him until he was hoisted into the highest place of power and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Cincinnatus was not the only man lifted from plow to throne.

A Mighty Weapon. For what reason was this unprecedent-ed and unparallelled victory of a farmer's oxgoad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you, and to teach me, and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come that in the war for God and against sin we ought to put to the best use the weapon we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched, and back caparisoned, and nostrils sniffing the battle afar off, or until he could get war equipment, or could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of. and that is an oxgoad. We are called into the battle for the right, and against wrong, and many of us have not just the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp, thrusting wit. It may not be the battering ram of denunciation. But there is something we can do and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not elequence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers, and brought them back to God, and enthroned them in heaven. You cannot make a persuasive appeal, but you can set an example, and a good example has saved more souls than you could count in a year if you counted all the time. You cannot give \$10,000, but you can give as much as the widow of the gospel, whose two mites, the smallest coins of the Hebrews, were bestowed in such a spirit as to make her more famous than all the contributions that ever endowed all the hospitals and universities of all Christendom of all time. You have very limited vocabulary, but you can say "yes" or and a firm "ves" or an emphatic "no" has traversed the centuries and will traverse all eternity with good influence, You may not have the courage to confront a large assemblage, but you can tell a Sunday school class of two-a boy and a girl-how to find Christ, and one of them may become a William Carey to start influences that will redoem India, and the other a Florence Nightingale, who will

dying and the dead. That was a tough case in a town of Engand where a young lady, applying for a Subbath school class, was told by the superintendent she would have to pick up one out of the street. The worst of the class brought from the street was one Bob. He was fitted out with respectable clothing by the superintendent. But after two or three Sabbaths he disappeared. He was of God and the Lamb will lift flashing found with his clothes in tatters, for he coronet and bow down in recognition and

illumine the battlefields covered with the

was well clad for school. After coming once or twice he again disappeared and was found in rags, consequent upon fight-ing. The teacher was disposed to give him up, but the superintendent said, "Let us try him again," and the third suit of clothes was provided him. Thereafter he came until he was converted, and joined the church, and started for the gospel ministry, and became a foreign missionary, preaching and translating the Scriptures. Who was the boy called Bob? The illustrious Dr. Robert Morrison, great on earth and greater in heaven. Who his teacher was I know not, but she used the opportunity opened, and great has been her re-ward. You may not be able to load an Armstrong gun. You may not be able to oxgoads. hurl a Hotchkiss shell. You may not be able to shoulder a gliftering musket, but use anything you can lay your hands on. Try a blacksmith's hammer, or a merbroom, or a farmer's exceed. One of the sults came from how simple means. Matthias Joyce, the vile man, became a great

If God Be in the Work, presence, and all the other attributes of me into the forest and carry home of and at the point of the exceed. Be-fore that battle was over the plowman re-alized this, and all the 600 Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battlefield afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth-perhaps some day all heaven listens—the story of how God blessed awkward and humble instrumentalities. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist: "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field, ter the water brooks. and we feel sorry for you. The members at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the instrument upon the and go to the theater, and bet at the horse races, and gayety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you." This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are 100 dead, 200 dead, 300 dead, 400 dead | before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took one lesson in flight. Not much of a weapon, you would an oxgoad with iron prong at one end and elecution, and there are before him twenty say, is a broken pitcher, but the Lord ent are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation will result in supevangelist opens his Bible and takes for opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and

the general chill gives way before a strange warmth. A classical hearer who took the first honor at Yale and who is a prince of proprieties finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. worldly mother who has been bringing up her sons and daughters in utter godlessness puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticise and pick to pieces and find fault bow on their gold-headed canes. What is that sound from under It is a sob, and sobs are catching, and all along the wall and all up and down the audience, there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the cial seats, or the inquiry room, they come up by scores and kneel and repent and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken, and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended and rum holes lose their pat- g ad, take that which you can manage collar of white crepe. The bonnet is rons, and the churches are thronged, and and ask God for help, and no power on edged with white and made modish by the whole community is cleansed and ele- earth or in hell can stand before you. vated and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that Philistines. We must admit the odds are back of the bonnet to the foot of the town for righteousness? Not one brill against us 600 to 1. In the matter of skirt. In purchasing crepe it is advisliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorisin and dissipation, when compared with sort that will not only stand wear, but cal climax did he pile up. But there was the dollars devoted to holiness and virtue can be renovated, a process impossible something about him that people had not | -600 to 1. The houses set apart for vice taken in the estimate when they prophe and despoliation and ruin, as compared with the cheaper grades. nipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before and behind, and all around | The agencies for making the world worse ped, on the other side; not realizing that gelic, deific, is on what otherwise would every day made of leaving out the head of the universe.

In the grand review of heaven, when the regiments pass the Lord of Hosts, there will be whole regiments of nurses and Sabbath school teachers and tract distributers and unpretending workers, before whom, as they pass, the kings and queens had been fighting. The second time Bob reverence. The most of the Christian

vation will be done by people of one talent and two talents, while the ten talent people are up in the astronomical observatories studying other worlds, though they do little or nothing for the redemption of this world, or are up in the rarefied realms of "higher criticism" trying to find out that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, or to prove that the throat of the whale was not large enough to swallow the minister who declined the call to Nineveh and apologizing for the Almighty for certain inexplicable things they have found in the Scriptures. It will be found out at the last that the Krupp guns have not done so much to capture this world for God as the

Simple Tools Are Best. Years ago I was to summer in the Adirondacks and my wealthy friend, who was a great hunter and fisherman, said, "I am chant's yardstick, or a mason's trowel, not going to the Adirondacks this season, or a carpenter's plane, or a housewife's and you can take my equipment and I will surprises of heaven will be what grand re there when I arrived in the Adironducks, a splendid outfit, that cost many hundreds of dollars, a gorgeous tent and such elabapostle of righteonaness not from hearing orate fishing apparatus; such guns of all John Wesley preach, but from seeing him kiss a little child on the pulpit stairs. styles and bout and torches and lunch backets and many more things that I Again, my subject springs upon us the could not even guess the use of. And my thought that in calculating the prospects | friend of the big soul had even written on of religious attempt we must take omni- and engaged men who should accompany God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One hearer says, "I see Shamgar." Another time, there would have been panic among lang over the face, but medical men end to puncture the beast, and a wide iron chisel or shovel at the other end with which to scrape the clumps of soil from age on that hattlefield of plowed ground. I the plowshare. Yet, with the iron prong also see Shangar and 600 Philistines, but did I injure. But there were hunters more than all, and mightier than all, and | there that season who had nothing but a more overwhelming than all, I see God. plain gun and a rug to sleep on and a coil. Shamgar, with his unaided arm, however of fishing line and a box of ammunition. muscular, and with that humble instru- and bait, who came in ever and anon with net that it can be drawn across the face ment made for agricultural purposes and as many of the captives of forest and or allowed to hang permanently there, never constructed for combat could not stream as they and two or three attendhave wrought such victory. It was one ants could carry. Now, I fear that many nipotence above, and beneath, and back | Christian workers who have most elaborate educational and theological and professional equipment and most wonderful weaponry, sufficient, you would think, to capture a whole community or a whole na tion for God, will in the last day have but little except their fine tackling to show, while some who had no advantages except may be set apart for the rehearsal, while that which they got in prayer and conbrought to the shore of eternal safety, prove that they have been gloriously suc

What made the Amalekites run before Gideon's army? Each one of the army knew how much racket the breaking of one pitcher would make. So 300 men that night took 300 pitchers, and a lamp inside the pitcher, and at a given signal the lamps were lifted, and the pitchers were violently dashed down. The flash of the light and the racket of the 300 demol-ished pitchers sent the enemy into wild trained orators. Many of the ladies pres. | made that awful crash of crockery the means of triumph for his people, and ers The night of the world's dissipation pressed giggle. Amid the general chill may get darker and darker, but after that pervades the house the unpretending | awhile, in what watch of the night I know not, all the ale pitchers, and the win his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be pitchers, and the beer pitchers, and the whisky pitchers of the earth will be hurl ed into demolition by converted inebriates and Christian reformers, and at that aw ful crash of infernal crockery the Amalekitish host of pauperism and loaferism and domestic quarrel and cruelty and as- crepe veil sweeping to the back. White

sassination will fly the earth. Ask God for Help.

Take the first weapon you can lay your shoulders there is a wrap-like bertha hands on. Why did David choose the sling when he went at Goliath and Goliath went at him? Brought up in the country, like every other boy, he knew how to man age a sling. Saul's armor was first put on him, but the giant's armor was too ed to warm weather. The helmet was clapped on him as an extinguisher, and David said, "I the styles set for ordinary dresses is cannot go with these, for I have not prov- presented in the next picture. Here ed them." And the first wise thing David the fabric is fine cashmere, the skirt of did after putting on Saul's armor was to the prevailing flaring patern having a put it off. Then the brook Elah, the bed very deep border of crepe. The bodice of which was dry when I saw it and one is finished with surplice belting of vast reach of pebbles, furnished the five smooth stones of the brook with which crepe and with crepe sleeves that slope Goliath was prostrated. Whether it be a from the collar and fit closely below the boy's sling, or a broken pitcher, or an ox- elbow. At the throat there is a folded

sied the failure of that work. They had with those dedicated to good, 600 to 1. Of when the heavy crepe one is removed. not taken into the calculation the one printed newspaper sheets scattered abroad from day to day, those depraying as com- safely be more stylish than the widpared with those elevating, are 600 to 1. the oxgoad. When people say that crime compared with the agencies for making will triumph, and the world will never be the world better, 600 to 1. But Moses in converted because of the seeming insuffice his song chants, "How should one chase ciency of the means employed, they count a thousand and two put ten thousand to the 600 armed Philistines on one side, and dight?" and in my text one oxgoad con-Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equip- quers 600 uplifted battleaxes, and the day of universal victory is coming, unless the the chariots of God are 20,000, and that Bible be a fabrication and eternity a all heaven, cherubic, scraphic, archan- myth, and the chariots of God are unwheeled on the golden streets, and the he the weak side. Napoleon, the author last regiment of the celestial hosts fies of the saying, "God is on the side of the | dead on the plains of heaven. With us, heaviest artillery," lived to find out his or without us, the work will be done. Oh, mistake; for at Waterloo, the 160 guns | get into the ranks somewhere, armed of the English overcame the 250 guns of somehow; you with an needle, you with a the French. God is on the side of the pen, you with a good book, you with a right, and one man in the right will event loaf of bread for the hungry, you with ually be found stronger than 600 in the | a vial of medicine for the sick, you with wrong. In all estimates of any kind of a pair of shoes for the barefooted, you Christian work, do not make the mistake | with word of encouragement for the young man trying to get back from evil ways, you with some story of the Christ who came to heal the worst wounds and pardon the blackest guilt and call the farthest wanderer home. I say to you as the watchman of London used to say at night to the householders, before the time of street lamps came: "Hang out your light!"

"Mang out your light!" Money is not the measure of merit

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind,

Goesip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence: OOD results have come from the

protests of physicians against the use of allerepe mourning garments, and now for summer mourning, even as worn in the first six months of widowhood, crepe is used rather as anaccessory or elaboration of the costume than as the material

for its entire make-up. Time was when during the early months of deep mournperative. The vell may be of heavy crape, but silk nun's veiling is preferable. It is so attached to the little bonthough as a rule it depends from the back of the bonnet, reaching almost or quite to the foot of the skirt.

A suitable model of heavy mourning for a young widow is shown here in the first illustration. The skirt is of bom-



STYLISH AND TASTEFUL

many fluted pattern, and is deeply bordered at the foot with crepe. The bonnet is trimmed with a little crepe bow set at the front, and with the heavy lawn strings are tied in a formal knot and loops under the chin. Over the of crepe with a deep fall of the finest grade of cashmere. A crepe parasol with dead black jet handle completes the costume, which is especially adapt

A gown that is more in accord with upright bows of crepe. Its heavy veil Go out, then, I charge you, against the is not adjustable, but bangs from the dollars, those devoted to worldiness and able to select only the best quality, a

A daughter's heavy mourning may



FOR A BEREAVED DAUGHTER.

ow's, if it is so desired, and such a dress as that shown in the third sketch is entirely tasteful. It is made almost its weaknesses in his plays.

work for the world's reclamation and salslashed to the knees at intervals to show a pleating of silk. The bodice is of crepe with a unique modification of an eton jacket that provides deep epaulettes over the large sleeves. The hat of lustreless black chip is trimmed with crepe, and a silk parasol ornamented with heavy flouncing of knifepleated chiffon and a bow of silk is carried. Such a gown would be just as pretty and to many seem just as suitable if made of crepon. Extreme modishness is, of course, to be avoided always, and yet so becoming is the dead black to the young face and agure that there is a temptation to overdo in this direction.

> In the artist's fourth contribution there is seen a dress that for a daugh-



AN EXCELLENT MODEL FOR SUMMER.

ter has all the effect of deep mourning. without a suggestion of uncomfortable weight or warmth. Made of very light weight grenadine, over silk, its collar is cut in points and extends over the shoulders, having at the edge a double band of crepe. A high crepe band encircles the throat and a belt of crepe in finished in front with two rosettes. From it three crepe panels extend down the front of the skirt. The sleeves have puffs of the grenadine with long cuffs of crepe, and a toque of black chip trimmed with feathers is worn. Long gloves ought not to be used with deep mourning, the correct method being to have the sleeve come over the wrist of the glove, which for daughters or lighter widow's wear may be of heavy black pique with wide stiching. A very correct and appropriate

mourning costume for a young married daughter is of black mohair in summer quality, and is the subject of the final sketch. Its skirt is in the prevailing pattern, a little wrap has a deep crepe yoke front reaching to the walst and cape enaulettes cover the shoulders and arms to the elbow. The under cape is of Henrietta cloth, the two over it of pleated chiffon. Two long tabs of creps and a high creps col-



USEFUL WHEN THE MOURNING PERIOD 10

lar with crepon rosettes at either side finish the wrap. The bonnet is a little band set far back, trimmed with two mercury loops of crepe and a little feather back of each. This long vell ls of Henrietta cloth bordered with crepe and is not intended to cover the face. This dress will be suitable for wear after the period of crepe mourning, for the bodice, not shown in the cut, is modishly made and self-

trimmed. For the death of an adult or nearly full grown daughter or son, a mother goes into deep mourning for six months and by the end of a year her attire need show no reminder of her loss. The same rule holds, too, for a bereaved sister. Ordinarily in such cases crepe is not used as freely as when a life partner or parent has departed life, but this is a matter that is regulated solely by personal taste and there seems to be no license for it in the unwritten code that governs these points. With young children the period for wearing mourning is greatly shortened, and this is entirely permissible. Copyright, 1805.

Mollere was called the Anatomist of Humanity because of his skill in dissecting human nature and presenting