

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

NUMBER 46.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER PREDICTS GREAT GENERAL PROSPERITY.

He Says We Are at the Opening Door of Good Times—Why So Many Men Fall by the Wayside—The Value of a Human Soul.

Business Troubles.

In his sermon last Sunday Dr. Talmage chose a subject of universal interest, viz., "Business Troubles," the text selected being Ezekiel xxvii, 24, "These were thy merchants in all sorts of things."

We are at the opening door of returning national prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence and, above all, the blessing of God will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But that door of success is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing.

Some of the best men in the land have faltered, men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and benevolent institutions they have fostered, will be their legacy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate to-day, and useful, for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

Limited Capital.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruined trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own stockholder, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper, he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come; costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard day they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanked at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloo's of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell, and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse, on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale.

He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for \$100,000 taken from nothing nothing remains." Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a Western city with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper. The city has never been built, not the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stopping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up and wipes the sweat from his brow and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money." After a while the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law catches, but finds nothing in its grasp. "I don't know how I could have ever been deceived by that man," and the picture in handsome wood cuts set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fail for \$150,000.

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Over-anxiety.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial

businesses are overdone in this day. Smiten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes, if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less caution, and it is an opportunity of accumulation he neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flushed by imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety; for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books. Men who are living on salaries or by the cultivation of the soil cannot understand the fever and fear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in middle life, into the grave, their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their canes, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh, I wish I could to-day rub some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give education to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best.

Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Beshink betimes that God did not make you for a pack horse. Dig yourself out from among the hogheads and the sheaves and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears and your fretfulness and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am ruined." His wife said: "I am left." And the little child threw up its hands and said: "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said: "Then you have all the promises of God, besides, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Neglect of Home Duties.

Again I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to be in collision, and there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual chastisement.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table he has bought another bundle of goods and says to the customer: "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibility than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and never to have been tempted out, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable saltiness. If you want to keep your children away from pieces of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloons of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, back those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day, teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no bitterness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities, by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and that there is something more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes very where.

Value of the Soul.

Again I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of

the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honestly and go usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in ranting trade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Honespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carnet. Seek after God, find his righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

Shipwreck.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. That noble steamer had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the waves! The steamer went down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscles, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is noticed; its voice heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All well; all well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a stockyden. Down they go! The bottom of the commercial sea is strewn with shattered hulks. But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that; for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world 6000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven; the shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

"The Scarlet Letter" Dramatized.

Our recent plays are mainly taken from French sources, and an attempt is often, if vainly, made to retain their dramatic effect, and yet to exclude that treatment which makes the essence of a French work written for French audiences. Plays seem often to be vamped up for a long run and for a short life—in the higher sense of dramatic life. We also frequently adapt novels, mostly of a melodramatic character, for the stage. One program instance may suffice—the "Scarlet Letter" has been presented with a "happy ending." O shade of injured Hawthorne! A very fine narrative, which depends upon psychological analysis, cannot well be made into a good drama. Action is so much coarser than thought, that the morbid pathology of a story of passion, guilt and sorrow, with every motive dissected and every character analyzed, becomes a mere commonplace adultery and a very ordinary melodrama.

Hawthorne is to be read, not seen. His power consists in analytical study, and his fine essence escapes the realism of the stage. That which is left for acting is the mere residuum, the vile body, of his delicate, almost super-subtle conception. He is a great author, but not an essentially dramatic one. His method escapes the acting drama. A playwright who would deal with the "Scarlet Letter" should attempt to dramatize the novel, but should treat it as Shakespeare used the chronicles of Baker or of Holinshed. The work should merely suggest to the dramatist certain incidents and characters.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Vast Damage.

It will cost a million drachmas to put the Parthenon, the Temple of Thesus, and the other monuments in Athens damaged by last year's earthquake in a safe condition. An appeal for help will be sent out to all countries.

GOWNS AND GOWNING.

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 Worn-out Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

O great is the current favor of blouses—and all indications point to a continued vogue for them—that all fancy waists are bloused or not, but most of them are loosely fitted, at least in front. All materials will be used during the last months of summer and the rage for crepons having been somewhat colored by its unsuitability for the wide skirts now made, it will be revived in the charming effects produced by this goods when adapted to the new blouses. A large proportion of the new models are carried out in this crinkly stuff, all colors being used, but stripes, checks or figures are seldom seen, it being considered better taste to regard the varying effects of the crinkles as sufficient elaboration of the weave.

A dress of striped flannel that gains its blouse looseness at the front in a novel way is shown beside the initial, the colors being dark-blue for the



IN STRIPED AND DOTTED FLANEL.

goods, and white for stripes and the fine figure. The bodice fastens at the sides. Its upper part is fitted and white flannel forming simple bretelles in back is arranged as shown in front. Clifton gives the standing collar and its garniture and the elbow sleeves have chiffon straps fastened with rosettes. An entirely plain skirt accompanies this.

If you are going in for wash stuffs and want to do the blouse front stylishly, here in the second picture is a swaggy model. Black and white striped plique is taken crosswise for the skirt, while the bodice is of dotted plique, with a yoke and box pleat back and front of the striped material. The dotted stuff is finished at the upper edge with a plain band of black in addition to some black embroidery, and extends over the shoulders in epaulettes. Black satin is used for the collar, and the striped material for the elbow sleeves.

New sleeves keep coming, and among them are some thoroughly odd ones. One of them that has little to recom-



SLEEVES MEANT TO BE STRIKING.

mend it besides its newness is stiffened straight out horizontally from the shoulder about a hand's length, and from the end of this stiffening it hangs quite straight to the wrist or to a quar-

ter of a yard above it. There it turns under and is gathered into the top of a cuff that finishes the sleeve to the wrist. On the inside of the sleeve this same straight effect and bag is followed. A modification of the sleeve encourages the straight line from the extended shoulder down, but the loose part turns under at the elbow, somewhat decreasing the awkward effect of the full length of the upper part. Another sleeve that is intended to be striking is presented in the next illustration. Its double puffs have cuffs of shirred chiffon, which also appears on cuffs and yoke, a white silk foundation being supplied. White satin ribbons and ro-



DIVIDED INTO PLOTS BY BOWS.

settes ornament the shoulders, and at the waist a Dresden ribbon belt ties in a shovy loop with ends to the skirt's hem. Pale green satin merveilleux is the main fabric, the skirt being plain, and the bodice fronts draped as indicated.

All sorts of delicacies are being turned out for the neck. They include "sets," implying collars and cuffs, feticus, meaning almost any complication by way of neck finish; ruffles and ruches, bows to which are attached all sorts of elaborations, and "fronts" that really mean almost a whole bodice in some cases. The word rosette, too, is accepted as a distinguishing term for a dissertation in tabs and tinkering of which the rosettes form only a small part. With bows that are so simple as to be readily recognizable as such, a trick is in favor that consists of sticking them all over a dress in a regular pattern, the rule being that the smaller the bows, the more it takes to mark the diagram. In the size that adorns pictured dress No. 4, five is enough to divide a woman's front into stylish plots. The general elaboration of neck "fix-ins" and the smallness of fashionable capes makes it difficult at times to tell the difference between collar and cape. Byron collars are worn in stuffy starched linen or in delicate tracery of lace.



LIKE A CAPE AT FIRST SIGHT.

and Marie Antoinettes are very highly wrought cape-like affairs. They have fichu points ending in a belt, and the top either folds away from the neck in a collar finish, or is drawn under a stock band. The cape effect spreads over the shoulders, rolling collar and edge all about is finished with lace frilling, and the back is either straight across the shoulders or in a point. The Marie Antoinette worn over a loose bedroom gown makes a suitable breakfast finish. Collar and sleeve ornaments often meet and blend to such an extent that at a little distance they look as if the wearer's upper half were clad in an ornate shoulder cape. A model of this sort appears in the final illustration, though on nearer view there is no trace of the illusion. Here the bodice fastens at the side and has the usual baggy front, but terminates at the waist, being finished with a belt with sash ends of apple green satin. The elbow sleeves show three ruffles that drape a balloon foundation, and there is a sleeveless jacket of heavy cream guipure whose fronts meet at the neck, but stand apart at the waist.

A knife plating of colored silk edges a stylish cape of black velvet. The neck has a ruche of the silk and the cape is lined throughout with it. A jaunty busser jacket of grayish-blue cloth is beautifully braided in black.



A Dinner from the Bible.
Spread a cloth of blue, and put there on the dishes and the spoons, and the bowls, and the bread in the basket.—Numbers iv., 6, and Leviticus viii., 21. Salt without prescribing how much and oil in a cruse.—Exra vii., 22, and I Kings xvii., 12.

Bright shining of a candle giveth light.—Luke xi., 36.
"Tell them who are blinded I have prepared my dinner.—Matt. xxii., 4.
They are strong of appetite.—Isaiah vii., 11.
Let us eat and be merry.—Luke xv., 23.

The feast is made for laughter, wine makes merry.—Eccles. x., 19.
Ye hear all kinds of music.—Dan. iii., 5.
Grace—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. vi., 11.

Soup—Four out the broth.—Judges vi., 20.
Feed me with pottage.—Gen. xxv., 30.
Eat this roll.—Ezek. iii., 1.
Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.—I Tim. v., 23.

Fish—We remember the fish we did eat freely.—Num. xv., 5.
They gave him a piece of broiled fish.—Luke xxiv., 42.
Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.—John xxi., 10.

Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine.—John ii., 10.
Roast—All manner of baked meats.—Gen. xv., 17.
Ye may eat of the roebuck.—Deut. xii., 15.

Ye shall eat of the wild goat and wild ox.—Deut. xiv., 5.
Cause the strong wine to be poured out.—Num. xxviii., 7.
Vegetables—Take unto thee wheat, lentils and millet.—Ezek. iv., 9.
They brought parched corn and beans.—II Sam. xvi., 20.
After that the full corn in the ear.—Mark iv., 28.

We remember the leeks and the onions, and the cucumbers and the garlic.—Num. xi., 5.
The manna was as coriander seed.—Num. xi., 7.—Good Housekeeping.

To Cook Hominy.

Thoroughly wash two quarts of hominy, put it into a well-greased kettle, pouring over it four quarts of cold water. Salt the water a little. Let it cook all day slowly, pouring on hot water as it dries down. Eaten hot or cold with milk or butter.
Fried Hominy.—Have a frying pan with hot butter or lard in it; put in as much hominy as required for the meal. Pour over it a very little water or milk to keep it from burning. Do not stir it while cooking, but leave the kernels whole.
Hominy or Hulled Corn.—Shell the corn, put it in a sack, tie, put in a kettle of water with plenty of ashes, boil half an hour, remove, pour out the corn and wash until the hulls are removed. Then return it to the kettle and boil in clean water until done.
Hominy Fritters.—One egg, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of flour, one quart of boiled hominy, a pinch of salt. Roll into oval balls with floured hands; dip in a well-beaten egg, then in dried bread crumbs; fry in hot lard.

Old Virginia Ketchup.

Take one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of white onions, three ounces of white mustard seed, one ounce each of allspice and cloves, half a pint of mixed mustard, an ounce of black pepper and celery seed each, and one pound of brown sugar, writes Eliza R. Parker, in an article on "Some Pungent Ketchups," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Chop the tomatoes and onions, sprinkle with salt and let stand three hours; drain the water off; put in a preserve kettle with the other ingredients. Cover with vinegar, and set on the fire to boil slowly for one hour.

To Keep Out Dirt.

Much dust may be kept out of a house closed for the summer by putting a folded paper under each of the windows, and if the crevices are large wedging the paper into them. See also that no vegetable matter is left behind to decay, that the stove and pipe is well blacked to prevent dampness, that a bucket of lime is left in the cellar, and that all woolen articles are well cleaned and done up either in paper or linen. Turpentine cloths inside a piano prevent the moths from destroying the felt.

How to Economize.

A woman noted for the good food provided for her family at a comparatively small cost says "I found the outlay for meats the largest weekly item, and so I paid special attention to all those dishes made from meats that do not require the most expensive cuts. I buy oysters by the bushel, and open them myself; they will keep a long time in cool weather if you learn how to lay them on the cellar bottom. I can my own fruits and such vegetables as corn and tomatoes."