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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES ON A RELIGION FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE.

He Asks Attention to the Rank and File Rather than to the Few—The Disadvantages of Being Conspicuous—The Blessing of Content.

Gospel of Content.
Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his annual midsummer tour, preaching and lecturing, prepared for last Sunday a sermon on "Plain People," a topic which will appeal to a very large majority of readers anywhere. The text selected was Romans xvi., 14, 15, "Salute Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clarke, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any special remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors, but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent or hirute or musical or cadence or crass of style or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 95,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary, and then there are 94,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkable and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State Constitution, will never elect a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to, you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will not probably be Asyncritus or Philegon or Hermas or Patrobas or Hermes or Philologus or Julia.

Heads of Households.
Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for the Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon your brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things and the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Borsonian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind in the wondrousness of the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing.

Premature Old Age.
Then there are the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life, we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year, but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns and villages and neighbor-

hoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than \$50,000 worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worry and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at 30. A man at 45 with the stoop of a nonagenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at 40 or 50 when they ought to be at the meridian.

Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on the clear and sunlit dial the whole machinery of body, mind and earthly capacity stops forever. The cemeteries have thousands of business men who died of old age at 30, 35, 40, 45.

The Best Kind of Grace.
Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose \$100,000, but grace to lose \$10. Not grace to supervise 250 employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the \$80,000 of net profit, but the \$2,500 of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof.

Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods; such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day, keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether the tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure, calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes—that is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking.

Tillers of the Soil.
Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnati, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them, none of them, will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over forty or fifty or one hundred acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed and gone through the lima bean patch and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die; grace in catching weather that enables them without imprecation to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow; a grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot-rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnati. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his smiles from the farmer's life, as when he said, "A sower went forth to sow," as when he built his barn for the parable out of his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night and himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stonemasons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth out the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters standing amid the ads, and the bit, and the plane, and the broadaxe need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is a wronged world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

Healers of the Sick.
The healing profession has had its Abernethys and its Abernethys and its Valentine Molts and its Willard Parkers, but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicine, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis or writing pre- scription or compounding medicament or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the almighty doctor who took the case of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralytic, and who swung wide open the closed

windows of heredity or accidental blindness until the morning light came streaming through the bodily casements, and who knows all the diseases and all the remedies and all the herbs and all the cathartics, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 doctors of whom the world makes no record, but to prove that they are angels of mercy I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of pain they have been next to God in beneficence.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on, by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "That is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented and abused and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

The Abused.
I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I, printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the century, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page, England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him, the most remarkable man of his day and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name on earth were a crown of thorns.

Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man. The Central Pacific Railroad. Two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows or gains or does, if, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defenses and the tranquility of your position.

A Contented Spirit.
Then remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be sent reading at your evening stand a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. Columbus was a cutter's collar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and he whose name is high over all in earth and air and sky from a mangle.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what he keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread. Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower; the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

A Meteoric Mass.
The simple farmers of Chimnagu, a small settlement near Port Townsend, Wash., are reaching for the record with a tale of horror about a 5,000-pound meteor which fell near there a week ago with all manner of weird phenomena. The meteor was, of course, blinding, and when it exploded at a height of 500 yards above the earth it "caused a veritable cyclone" of several minutes' duration. Then it buried itself in the village pond, striking the bottom with such force that "the jar broke crockery in farm houses three miles distant." Ten hours after it fell into the pond the water was bubbling and seething, and "was found to be hot enough to cook eggs." Careful dredging failed to bring up any fragments of the meteor, and who knows but it is still boring a hole in the earth, and will come out in China to cause renewal of hostilities by being mistaken for a bombardment.

Voltaire was afraid to sleep in the dark, and invariably woke if his candle went out.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

Fashion Notions that First Seem Freakish Gradually Assert Their Reasonableness—Distinct Character in Dress Is Worth Attaining.

Hot Weather Modes.
ALF the new notions in dress fashions seem freakish at the start, although most of them successfully assert their reasonableness before a great while. There is one rule current now that seems at odds with sense at first thought. It is that the woman who has a blue frock must have for special wear

with it a green hat, and, likewise, the other way around. Why? Because exquisite dressers are doing so, and if that isn't a good enough reason, go ahead and plan hat and dress to suit yourself. But if you happen to have a blue hat and a green dress, or the reverse, you can take advantage of this dictum, combine the same and in a superior manner pretend the effect was planned a-purposé. That is the real value of fashion to us, it were, endow the private "fake" of the wise woman with the cachet of public approval. And, by the same token, the fashion of the many is always the mul-



A COLLAR EFFECT THAT DOMINATES.

tiplication of the same "fake" by a noted originator.

Such decrees as to the colors to be worn are followed easily enough, but when the designer indulges his fancy freely in the manner of cut, the rule is not easily followed. Thus, the dressmaker who planned the first pictured gown must have had in mind a fine pair of shoulders, for it is ill-fitted with anything else, and the style of sleeves starting low on the arm should be avoided by slender women. Given the proper figure, however, and such dresses will bear a distinct character that is well worth attaining. This one is in figured silk, its bodice having fitted lining and fastening with hooks at shoulder and sides. It has a deep yoke shirred at the neck and pleated sleeve caps, the trimming consisting of a corslet of contrasting color and material embroidered with colored spangles. The sleeve caps finish with bands of the same and straps of it come over the shoulders. The collar, however, is merely a plain band of the darker stuff.

Plain collars are to be seen occasionally on new dresses, and a novel fashion is offered which indicates that the beswathed throat is to be relieved. It has the throat entirely bare, quite as if the dress had all been finished but the high choker collar. The style seems



A BOX PLEAT EFFECT IMITATED.

trying, but the big collars had been elaborated beyond real becomingness, and it is time for a change. Some models are finished with a ruffle of lace at the neck band, the ruffle falling back loosely. A face needs to be well shaped and the throat more than usually round to stand this without an effect of unbecoming bareness. Necks are also cut out slightly square, a still more trying mode, but one that encourages

any touch of classic outline the wearer may possess.

Such arrangements seem more sensible for the warm season than that presented in the second picture, though the latter outnumber the others ten to one, so must have more general liking. But the distinctive feature of this waist, and the one that dominates it, is the deep collar of insertion-edged batiste, the same stuff being used for the full vest beneath which the lining hooks. A band of the insertion shows, too, on each shoulder, while the draped collar is ornamented with small rosettes and points of batiste. Three buttons are on the inner seam of each sleeve, which



AN ADJUSTABLE COLLAR OF SPANGLED LACE.

with the rest of the blouse, are of figured white silk, the garment being worn as sketched with a plain skirt of dark crepon.

Waists whose fronts are ornamented by box pleats are still in good style, but they have been seen in so many sorts and have been so generally worn, that the ear attuned to fashion's changes may be excused on the alert for the death knell of this cut. But if the same effect can be produced in a different way the result is a garment that is safe for a long time, so one is placed here, in the third illustration, as a guide for those who like this finish. Made of cerise silk crepon, and fastening invisibly at the left side, it is trimmed with a deep yoke of embroidery, with tabs in front and standing collar to match. The back is not so baggy as the front, and a plain belt of violine velvet is worn. The sleeves have very large puffs, but are fitted on the lower parts of the arms, and big rosettes of the velvet dot the edges of the yoke near the armhole. Between the tabs of embroidery the goods show, giving a finish that is very like the box pleat fashion, but now preferable to the latter.

A garment of spangled lace that is of original design appears in the next sketch, and is worn over a bodice of sky blue silk crepon veiled with black



LACE TRIMMING IN BRETelles AND EPAULETTES.

chiffon. Bretelles of the lace extend to the waist in back and front, and there are revers of the same reaching to the shoulder seams. Ribbon bows are put at shoulders and belt. This sort of lace finish has added value from the fact that it can be readily changed from one gown to another.

In the concluding picture bretelles and epaulettes of lace are used to trim an otherwise simple house dress. A belt is worn with long sash ends, and a simple but high choker collar tops all. The latest development of this sort of collar is one that is cut into a series of battlements by being slit from edge to collar band. Each battlement is edged with spangles and wired to stand in place. Beneath it is worn a folded band of muslin that shows between the edges of the battlements. This is a good deal of swathing for comfort, but the woman who has the misfortune to have too slender a neck may be glad to avail herself of it.

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Selling silver polish to support herself and father, Miss Foote, daughter of C. B. Foote, president of the recently failed Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, goes from house to house daily. The young woman is well educated, but could find nothing to do. She manufactures the polish, and what she makes is their only income.

Miss Mary Simpson is a deputy sheriff in San Francisco.



Jingle in Jingle. "False! false!" he said; It gave her quite a start; She thought he meant her hair, He only meant her heart. —Philadelphia Times.

That bridal pairs are not like other pairs is a fact you've doubtless seen. Why are they not? Because, you know, the dears Are softest when they're green. —Truth.

There are times when man would be alone, Far from the madding crowd, Where he his privacy can own And think his thoughts out loud, One of these times, without a doubt, Is when he first bestrides A bike, and neighbors all come out To see how well he rides. —Kansas City Journal.

New woman has a lot to learn, Emerging from her prison. The new man says it's now his turn To talk, she's got to listen. —New York Recorder.

He learned to play tunes on a comb, And became such a nuisance at home That ma spanked him, and then—"Will you do it again?" And he cheerfully answered her: "Nomb." —Indianapolis Journal.

This world's a most eccentric place— The thought we can't dislodge— One-half is begging for the work The other wants to dodge. —Washington Star.

The End of the World. Don't you remember when you and I, Once in the golden July weather, Made up our very small minds to try To walk to the end of the world together? You were just three, and I was five; How we danced through the sweet red clover. Surely the happiest pair alive—"Telling each other, over and over, "Maui, you're a little fairer queen!" "Jack, you're a prince with cap and feather!" We won't come back to tell what we've seen Till we find the end of the world together."

A score of years have passed since then, Bringing the storm and the sunshiny weather; What would you think should I ask you again, Shall we walk to the end of the world together? Borne on the wings of the summer air, Comes a breath of the same sweet clover; Your soul looks out of your face so fair, And my heart is singing over and over, "I am the prince and you are my queen!" Then look in the future and answer whether, Through every possible changing scene, We may "walk to the end of the world together?" —M. A. Nicholas, in New England Magazine.

For Thee. Nay, love me not; it will be better so; Much better, dear, that I should turn and go. For with love's birth may come life's overthrow. Nay, love me not. Lo, I have watched thy sweet life break to flower, Thy spirit spread and quicken hour by hour; Thy wondering eyes, thy small hands' gracious power, Lo, I have watched. Though time should fail and show me no new thing, I yet have touched life's sacred, inner ring; I have known thee, the pulse and blood of spring, Though time should fail.

For thee the peace of guarded, tranquil days, The lanes of life unsoiled by blame or praise; For me the turmoil of the loud highways; For thee, the peace. —New York Tribune.

The Old Dream. Oh, let me dream the old dream That set my heart aglow When all the skies were blue above, Above the fields a-blow. Let me recall each tender word My loving ears with rapture heard Until my eyes with tears were blurred, Because I loved you so; Oh, let me dream the old dream I dreamed so long ago.

Oh, let me dream the old dream I dreamed when love was new; If memory lights its faded gleam "Twill bring no woe to you. A moment let my heart forget The aching present grief beset, And let me dream you love me yet— Alas, my joys are few; Oh, let me dream the old dream That never can come true. —Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.