

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1895.

NUMBER 49.



When My Ship Comes In.
Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing,
Where the winds dance and spin;
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.
Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,
Day after weary day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,
Could I but know where the winds had lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!
But though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she'll win,
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she is coming in.
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,
Through the white crest of the billows combing,
My ship is coming in.
Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she's coming in;
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she's coming in;
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.
White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in;
At masthead and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in;
Love, hope and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.
—Robert J. Burdette.

The Blush Rose.
Love went roaming one summer day,
Within a garden he chose to stray.
Under a swaying rose tree near,
A maiden slept and knew no fear.
The blossoms above were not more white
Than her fair bosom—naked quite.
To love's rapt gaze; one dimpled arm
Pillowed her head, and the mystic charm
That innocence knows gave to her face
A beauty greater than Love can trace.
"Love's place is here," and bending low,
He kissed her fair form, white as snow.
A blush suffusing cheek and brow,
Steals swiftly over the maiden now,
And a feeling never known before
Enters her young heart's inmost core.
Innocence gazes in mute alarm,
And steals away while the blush is warm.
"This blush is mine—not Love's," she said,
Another moment and she had fled.
Passing, she touched the roses near,
They felt the power of her sweet fear.
And the blush she carried away that hour
Fell on them with a secret power.
And the buds that opened to the air that night
Were blushing red in the morning light.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Love's Wisdom.
Love never sleeps when sorrow wakes,
And joy the dear one's side forsakes;
As swift as thought his path he takes,
Where dangers threaten and lower.
His loyal lips forbear the boast,
Yet ere the chime that needs him most
Love knows the hour.
Love hath no lack of skill to find
The wound that needs his watchful mind;
And soft his touch as in the wind
That stirs the spider's lace,
What though the light be dusk and dim
Dream not the hurt forgot by him;
Love knows the place.
Love hath no need of treasured lore
Nor mystic spells from days of yore
To teach his hand the balm to pour
Upon an aching heart;
There is no pang that grief can feel
But with a tender grace to heal
Love knows the art.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS OF THE EYE'S MARVELOUS CONSTRUCTION.

He Also Shows How Much More Overwhelming is the Indescribably Searching Eye of God—The Kiss of the Resurrection—Sight Restored.

Wonders of the Eye.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his summer preaching tour in the West and Southwest, prepared for last Sunday a sermon on "The All Seeing" the text selected being Psalm xlv, 9. "He that formed the eye shall he not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arranges it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes." Inattention—"The fool's eye is at the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." "Suddenness—"the twinkling of an eye at the last trumpet." Objective sermons—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist, with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygo-maxillary fissures, and the sclerotic, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh! if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform, and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

The Surpassing Human Eye.

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it exceeds all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, because they have not hundreds of eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the human eye. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile eyes are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the trees, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantle of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones variously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephant tusks. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them, the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out,"

and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There is also the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lamp wire—passing the visual impression on to the seeing and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the globe of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 93,000,000 miles away and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the microscope until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps with one glance takes in Mount Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

The Tear Gland.

Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so today we take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light comes 93,000,000 miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis is lifted. Something hurled 93,000,000 miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There is the most beautiful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear is not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblies with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you ask me, I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter he said: "Oh, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas, for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred! That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah!" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who has lost his eyes, who has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

The Eyes of God.

The recall of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangels, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to de-

ceive them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to de-

ceive them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to de-

The Asterisk.

The eyes with which we look into each other's face today suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight him back, the eye of an antagonist, if we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestion. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God behind us, and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression.

A Legend.

But you say: "God is in one world, and I am in another world. He seems so far off from me, I don't really think he sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 93,000,000 miles away, and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say, "There are phases of my life and there are colors—shades of color—in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase of any shade in your life he has not gathered up in his own heart? Besides that, I want to tell you it will soon be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strong and binged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. A legend of St. Fortobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitted for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way, and for the aged of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened" when eternal daybreak comes! What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

Delightful and Not Costly.

To those who can compass it, what is more delightful as a holiday recreation than a driving trip through a beautiful country? Four people of congenial tastes who are not afraid of minor inconveniences, and whose mood is independent of the weather, can find real pleasure in this way, and at not too heavy a cost. The first necessity in undertaking such a tour is a pair of strong willing horses, who can easily go twenty miles a day on ordinary country roads; the second a driver who thoroughly understands their management and care. The carriage should be light and strong. The best for the purpose is what is called in some places a "mountain wagon," a vehicle with a box body, all open under the seats, with strong running gear and stout springs. If you prefer a covered carriage, this wagon may have a canopy top and curtains that fasten on at will. For traveling necessities you should take for the horses a watering pail and sponge with which to wash their

ICE CREAM IS AMERICAN.

Europeans Don't Know How to Make It—Their Soda Water a Failure.

Ice cream is pre-eminently an American specialty. All the Atlantic passenger steamers plying between this port and Europe take aboard in New York a sufficient supply of ice cream for the voyage back to New York as well as for the outward journey, despite the fact that the cost of the article is greater here than abroad, and that it is expensive stuff to keep. The round trip occupies at least three weeks, and the cream has to last that period, one week of which the ship is tied up in dock, with the ice cream eating up ice in the refrigerator at a prodigious rate. When the autumn rush homeward sets in and the steamers are crowded to the limit, the amount of ice cream thus carried from this port and kept for two weeks for use on the return voyage is a big item in the provision account. Many kinds of provisions and supplies are cheaper in Europe than here, and of these the steamer lay in a double stock at the European ports. Ice cream, too, is cheaper in Europe, but it has the fatal disadvantage that it is not ice cream as the American regards the article.

Ice has come to be less of a novelty on the table in Europe in recent years, mainly, doubtless, because of the insistence of the thousands of Americans who make Europe their summer playground. Ice cream, too, you can get in most of the big cities, even in England. But it usually lacks the main, indefinable qualities that make it so attractive at home. Europeans may talk about the infinitely bouquet of their wines, but the bouquet of American ice cream is beyond them. This is not a matter of natural advantages and facilities, as is claimed for the wines and other things, for Switzerland is full of ice-topped mountains and her valleys filled with cows.

A varied and recent experience with the ice creams of Europe induces the conclusion that only the "sorbetto" one gets on the piazza of St. Mark's in Venice approaches the delicious perfection of the ordinary everyday ice cream of America. Perhaps this is because the Venetians themselves eat ice cream, whereas in most other European cities it is regarded as an outlandish concoction, prepared only for the peculiar palate of the stranger. It is a far cry and a strange one, from St. Mark's to Madison square, but the delighted exclamation of a group of American girls, ordering ice cream there as they had done all the way down from London, "Ah! this is something like!" covered the distance in no time.

One finds occasionally a solitary soda fountain in Europe nowadays, but the soda water, like the ice cream, is unsatisfactory and saddening. Something is wrong, either with the syrups, the soda, or the mixing of them. The drink is either froth without flavor, or flavor without fizz, or something else equally disappointing. It is almost always shadow without substance, and always a foreign oddity. There is the consolation in regard to soda water, however, that there are substitutes for it, unsatisfactory, perhaps, but still wet, while there is no substitute for ice cream.

There is nothing like the abundance of "soft drinks" to be had in Europe that one can get in any American town or village. In England there are the peppery ginger ale, bottled lemonade, and various mineral waters, while on the continent there is the everlasting sherbet. In Italy and other southern countries one can get perhaps half a dozen different fruit syrups, which are served in small quantities in large glasses, the waiter filling up the glass from the water bottle. The country folk of the north make various sorts of light beers from roots and herbs, but these cannot be had at public places in cities, as birch beer, root beer, sarsaparilla, and the like can be got in the United States. Of course the universal use of beer and wine accounts to a great extent for the lack of variety in "soft" drinks. A more comprehensive reason, perhaps, is that no other people on earth so persistently drench themselves with drinks, in all seasons and at all hours, as do Americans. Anything like the scene of a big soda fountain in any American town on a summer's day is not to be found in any other country.—New York Sun.

A Menace to the Book Trade.

A movement has been begun in England which may possibly have a very widespread and important influence. A philanthropist, for the better inculcating of public taste, is bringing out editions of English poets at the low cost of two cents per volume. The first issue was Macaulay's "Lays," the second "Marion," the third "Childe Harold." The fourth is to be "Selected Poems from Lowell," and Longfellow will soon follow. This revives the question debated long ago whether it would be cheaper for a public library to give away books than to incur the expense of a staff of people, so as to keep account of the volumes going out or coming in. Statistics on this subject, based on the one hand on the average current expenses of existing libraries, and on the other hand on the production of the cheap editions mentioned, would be of great interest.

Industrious Hens.

Edward Atkinson says 10,800,000,000 eggs are laid in this country in a year. They are worth \$140,000,000.

Cheap Enough.

The feeding expenses of the animals in the London Zoo are \$800 weekly.

mouths. Then there must be two hal-

From the days when Cleopatra light-

The Poisoned Cup.

A Reconstructed World.

But you say: "God is in one world,

Delightful and Not Costly.

A Menace to the Book Trade.

Industrious Hens.

Cheap Enough.