## THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1895.

NUMBER 3.



Jests in Jingle. The bright ambitious mercury Is beated to a cherry red, And the butter and the summer girl Are beginning now to make a spread -Indianapolis Journal.

He took her little hand in his, She did not draw it back; She simply elevated it-And, Moses! what a whack! -Detroit Tribune.

The violet lingers in her eye, the rose is on her cheeks; Her dainty lips of poppy-leaf with pearls

play hide-and-seek; But the dearest of the blossoms which her many charms disclose, Is the funny little dandelion-freckle on her nose.
--Washington Star.

The boy stood on the burning deck, Because he was afraid He couldn't swim to save his neck, And that was why he stayed. -Philadelphia Record.

A ballet girl who tried a bike, Though versed in antic steps galore, Performed a pirouette whose like Was never, never seen before. -New York Herald.

The torrid sunbeams now descend; Forbearance is the rule. But verily that rule must end Toward him who says, "Keep cool." -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The peach may be knocked galley west, And other fruits out of sight; But in this assurance we may rest-The prones are there all right. -Cincinnati Tribune.

You need not be trying to comfort me, I tell you my dolly is dead;
There's no use saying she isn't, with a
crack like that in her head. It's just like you said it wouldn't hart much to have my tooth out that lay, And then when the man 'most pulled my head off you hadn't a word to say!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon-I was playing out in the yardribbon for Hildegarde. And I went and put it on Tabby and Hildegarde saw me do it, And I said to myself, "O, never mind, I don't believe she knew it! But I know that she knew it now, and

just believe, I do, her poor little heart was broken and so her head broke too

O, my dolly! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit, For I've hit it over and over and it hasn't cracked a bit!

But, since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course; We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you shall be the horse, walk behind and cry, put her in this, you see, This dear little box, and we'll bury her

then under the maple tree. And papa will make her a tombatone like the one he made for my bird. And he'll put what I tell him on it-yes, every single word!
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beau-

tiful dell, who is dead! She died of a broken heart and a dreadful crack in her head!" -Home Queen.

Some Sweet To-day. I will not light the lamps until I've thought What was the sweetest thing In all my day: I will not seek to speed The lingering ray Until my anxious eye somewhere has A word, a smile, or something that bath In my small sphere. O, Memory, thou Some sweet to-day!

Now fancy travels out and conjures up A long and brilliant train; It all floats by,

Joy and sadness go
With laugh and sigh,
And dregs of pain ile deep in pleasure's But now I see two tender hazel eyes

Turn on me-lips that smile-Ab, herein My sweet to-day!

A perfume breathes from pictures of the

And in our fancy Memory carves h Our dedrest treasures in the air we find;

I knew my happiness to-night was for Boston Transcript.

tooks are so cheep sow that the wort people can buy and own them. The righest can borrow and been erge of the symptomy. The dea

was a member of the pelinel board for

THE PERSON NAMED IN

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ASERMON OF CHRISTIAN CHEER-FULNESS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on Daniel's Devotions Before the Window that Faced His Native Jerusalem-The Battle with Sin and Death-The Victory.

The Open Windows.

In his sermon Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a theme overflowing with Christian cheerfulness and encouragement. The subject is "Open Windows," and the text selected was Daniel vi., 10, 'His windows being open in his chamber The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged

on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Cocur de Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the redhot furnaces, and they cannot now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

Daniel on His Knees.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window and said: "Just see that man defying the law. He ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoul-der of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner they see the glar-ing eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion tamer, and they lick his hands and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion be cannot

tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.
What a picture it would be for some artist! Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, has-tening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister! "What, no sound?" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the phophet is yet in profound slumber. But and with hot breath blown through the crevice seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all un-

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at 18 years of age and he never visited it, though he lived to be 85 years. Yet, when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart, he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a nation of foreigners. They have come into alloccupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years since you got your naturalization papers and you can't forget the land of your birth and your warmest sympathies go out to-

be thorougly Americanized, but ward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it and you hope some day to go and see it— the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make you own way in the world, and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old. wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had staid there, and you may have many windows to your house bay windows and skylight win-dows and windows of conservatory and

By the Open Window, When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mailbags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated tudes of them are letters from home and at all the postoffices of the land people at all the postoffices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalein. Hospages that eary: "When are you coming home three me? Brother has gone into the same, flicter is deed. Father and mother are gesting very feeble. We are having a great strange to get on here.

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windows on all sides-but you have at

least one window open toward Jerusalem.

will you come to us? All join in love and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-by."

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth.

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the flowering western prairies and on the slopes of the Pacific and amid the Sierras and on the banks of the lagoon and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them, in early life, drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometimes

to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss,
when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often, and, if you have surplus of means and they are poor, make practical contribution and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other Who can doubt but it is lands? What a stirring, melting, gospel izing theory that all the doors of other nations are open toward us, while our win dows are open toward them!

## Idolaters.

But Daniel, in the text, kept this port hole of his domestic fortress unclosed be cause Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the holy of holies. There was the ark of the covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open to-ward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany-the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and, once enfolded, the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop 180 feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor, but out or sixty-three emperors, it allowed only six to die peace fully in their beds.

titudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their deces of money which they call sovereigns and half sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons Fredericks and double Fredericks and lucats and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not so much usefulness as domin The most of our windows open to ward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that in the great crises of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

## Necessity for Prayer.

But, mark you, that good lion tamer is ot standing at the window, but kneeling. while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself, and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head n his hands upon the pillows and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled of the breeze, praying. The fact is that a man can see farther on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jer usalem was about 550 statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw lerusalem, saw all between it, saw be rond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon. through you troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sick ness to immortal health, through night to celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray and pray and pray.

The Bridel Jerusalem.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw it The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the surf of the Icarian Sea foamed and splashed over the bowlders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and mate was having gariands twisted for her hale and jewels strang for her neck just before she puts her betrethed hand into the hand of her adhanced. "I, John saw the holy city. New Jerusalem, coming down from Gid but of heaven prepared as

heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and London is the capital of Great Britain, and Washington is the capital of our own republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many nations and the parliament of all the world. Yes, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circles of royal-ty. Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal resi-

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies that never cloud, in a springtide that never terminates. Compared with it all other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heroes and The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality.

Keep the Window Open The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round and round no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celes tial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea-that is, no wide separation. No more night-that is, no inomnia. No more tears—that is, no heartbreak. No more pain-that is, dis-missal of lancet and bitter draft and miasma and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major key, because celebra tive and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. welve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen and halleluiah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo and overture meeting an tiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that and have it forever through Christ if we will let him, with the blood of one wounded hand, rub out our sin and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christion dies he stops, for he

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furloughs as mentioned in Revelation and has calculated that there will be in heaven 100 rooms 16 feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should ose 100,000,000 yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms, and as no room in your house is too good for your children so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusa lem will be free to God's children, and even the throneroom will not be denled, and you may run up the steps of the throne and put your hand on the side of the throne and sit down beside the King according to the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conuerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their comwhere the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, 20,000 driving back 200,000. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell, nothing but shame and contempt, but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will holat and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your

es so easily that it was said of him

TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

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

Goselp from Gay Gotham, ASHION makers have turned a very chilly shoulder toward the fancy walst, which is surely going entirely out, despite all its many admirers can do to preserve stylishness to it. This is a severe dis-

appointment to hosts of women who welcomed this fashion as a means to eke out a scanty wardrobe and who treasured their one two fancy waists in the fond hope

that they would be serviceable for "best" for months to come. But a fashion that prevailed as long as these pretty garments did is sure not to last much longer, even if its death cannot be foretold with the accuracy that comes from the insurance man's mortality tables, so, after all, the women who find themselves supplied with these erstwhile fashionable garments have only themselves to blame for their predicament.

Sweeping and comprehensive as this shift is, it accords to the newer bodices quite as much and equally as fanciful trimmings as its predecessors had. So



there is no need of regret on the part of those women who delight in highly wrought effects. Dresses for middle aged and elderly women, indeed, seem to approach even more nearly to the fanciful, though, of course, good taste keeps tight rein on the selection of colors so that the result may not be unduly gay. In this first picture there is shown a rich costume for an elderly matron, sketched in prune colored velours, with a moderately wide skirt extending into a short train and lined with black moire. The fitted bodice is alike in back and front and fastens at the side. Though on a middle aged wearer its rich fabric might seem to require little adornment, it is, nevertheless, provided with a tacket of heavy lace whose design is outlined with gold. A medici collar with a slightly rolling edge and full balloon sleeves finished with lace epaulettes, complete the gown,

The conspicuous successors to the fancy waist are the coat and tacket bodices. The former will be seized upon by extravagant ones and he carried out in the most costly fabrics that can be made, and then be embellished in ways that, if possible, will go ahead of the richness of the chief material. Coats of sensible materials and of reasonable cost can be had, but the long purse gets



A DAINTY BIT OF MID-SEASON MILLIMERY appear abundantly until the expension of which they are in the modest exples here had their fling. colog to this physician anche there can be chase is usually has not couched wire for several against they could not your chain of extinues that will prove con-

promptly democratic, and bids for the favor of the million without first bestowing its graces upon the fortunate few. This being, then, the situation, it WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION will be found on examination of current fashions, that ingenuity expresses itself in coats by richness and elaborateness, while in the less ambitious garments, the air of novelty is more often attained by effects that at first seem odd. To better understand this, turn to the second picture, wherein is shown how striking effects can be attained by unusual cut. This garment is of navy



blue cheviot and opens over a vest of white chiffon over figured white silk. Surprises in millinery are already abundant enough in autumn's headwear, but they promise to become even more plentiful with winter's showing. If the latter's novelties have as large a proportion of desirable hats as fall has, susceptible women will surely be driven to extravagance, and milliners will have a midwinter haymaking time. Take the neat fall hat presented in the next picture; there is invitation in every item of it, from its novel combination of twisted dark blue velvet and felt, to its trimming, which consists of a handsome buckle in front, in its fall of white lace at either side, and in its two guills perched so saucily atop it. With such tasteful millinery plentiful, women's pocketbooks will be hard hit.

The rust that had been accumulating on pleating frames has been removed by this time, for accordion pleating is to be freely used in trimmings and accessories and in whole gowns as well. When contrived tastefully these dresses make an excellent appearance. There are, however, many dangers of going wrong in planning them, which only makes success the greater when it is achieved. The next illustration come when of artistic construction. Here the fabric is black silk and its skirt is not trimmed, the rows of ribbon that were once added being no



longer permissible. The bodice is fitted, fastens invisibly at the side and is trimmed with a number of narrow pleated frills of the silk, both in front and back, and with two bows of wide black satin sash ribbon on the shoulders. The only dash of color seen in the whole is on the hat, which is of black woven hair in toque shape with garniture of vivid scarlet geraniums and foliage, in addition to black ribbon and wings.

Furriers declare that full-length coats of costly pelts will be the fashionable thing for winter, but there is a host of pretty capes that seem bound to make that prophecy out a mistaken one. Bo many of these little capes are embellished elaborately that it seems as if the trimmings of the discarded fancy walst had worked through to the outside. Here is a sample one, in the final picture, made of almond green silk shot with rose and figured with darker green in stripes and flowers. The garment is bordered with an insertion and points of yellowish lace and is edged with a frill of cream silk. Points of the be lace ornament the top, and the econsists of a raff of white mouses with full green resettes. Another stylish fall hat appears above it, made a almond green woven felt and trimme with green feathers and ribben in two plicatelane in biassa-

conclusively that the exercise of very a one h.