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## A DAY WITH STEPHEN

REV. DR. TALMAGE PRESENTS FIVE LIVING PICTURES.

Stephen Gazing Into Heaven—Stephen Looking at Christ—Stephen Stoned—Stephen in His Dying Prayer—Stephen Asleep.

### An Inspiring Theme.

In his sermon for Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a theme as picturesque as it is spiritually inspiring. He groups his discourse into "Five Pictures." The text selected was, "Behold, I see the heavens opened."—Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and below they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clammers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers, one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," that was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

**Stephen Looking Into Heaven.** First look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point is the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have a stately in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud staircases are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamations of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea we stand on the dock or on the steam tug and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedious that they break your heart, and the rippers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

### Looking Upon Christ.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him. And yet there is a way of seeing him and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear

Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see him? Then, pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him. Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance.

Behold him, little children, for if you live to three score years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones, for he only can shine through the dimness of your falling eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ, all faces that way, all thrones that way, gazing on Jesus! His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him, too. Stoned.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transgressed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be stoned. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with a voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battle against groggshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers antagonize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the synagogue, this Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul the apostle stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school-girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair, but from that spot of congealed blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

### A Dying Prayer.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grumble about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wings could not catch it. The lightning is not swift enough to come

up with it. When the soul leaves the body, it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Sahara's of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

I pray the Lord my soul to keep. We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia some years ago beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

### Asleep.

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and it is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many coats of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know. Yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come! They take him up they wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch and everything becomes smooth and burled as though in a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with pains for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow and while the world faded, heaven dawned and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because four has gone up, no more struggling with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep. From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose. Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee Thy kindred and thy graves may be, But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Epiphanies—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep

The Arminians took their name from their leader, Arminius, born in 1560 and died in 1609. His doctrines are still held by several Methodist bodies.

## 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 Prove Restful to Wearied Womanhood.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

UCH showy adornments as gold, strings of beads, spangles and jewels are all to be employed in the effects of the coming elaborate dresses. Many of the close fitted hips will be emphasized by festoons of glittering strings of beads, and girdles are being shown so much like those worn on the stage by the old-time queens that only an exclusive society woman would think of wearing in real life such tawdry adjuncts to dress. These girdles are inexpensive enough when sold as theatrical properties, but are very costly when designed for other than stage wear. They are a series of links that pass about the hips, joining in front a little below the waist in a very large and elaborate link. From this hang a series of links that fall to the foot of the skirt, or to the knees. This model is a modification of the original design, which comes from the twelfth century. In those days it was a long band of jeweled chain equipped

with a buckle on one end, through which the other end passed, the belt being drawn to suit the costume or the wearer, and the extra length falling loose in front. Originally only this pendant end showed, the blanket or hip drape being drawn up through the belt and held by it, its extra width hanging over the belt. Artistic selection of these girdles is guided by consideration for their twelfth century adaptations, but it's not safe to be too faithful in the copying, because either women were more hardy in the old days, or else our climate is more severe.

It's not every costume that will carry off one of these costly affairs successfully, and this sort of girdle is but one expression of a general liking for glitter and glitter. It's early yet to tell what winter's development of this favor will be, but it is quite within the possibilities that the rule will be to have some sparkling accessory, no matter what the means of attaining it. It is a simple enough dress that shows beside the initial, yet the big mauve satin collar, with its pendant tabs and ornamental rosettes is not deemed sufficiently ornate, so the broad expanse of satin is liberally sprinkled with spangles, that in daylight or sunlight the wearer can be distinguished from the unsparkling million. As for the rest, the dress is of

plaid and cloth combined and spangled.

but, unfortunately, it seldom works that way, and ordinarily dressmakers are slow to suggest means of stimulating the slenderness that once was, and now, alas! is not. A trick that will help to this end is presented in the fourth illustration, and lies in the V of silk let into the front of the waist. As here used, the silk is pink, and the dress goods gray brilliantine. Bias folds of the dress stuff trim the skirt, as indicated, and a row of satin buttons appears over each hip. Like folds outline the vest and similar buttons are placed beside it, as shown. A plain band of the goods gives the belt, and the sleeves are puffed to the elbow, finishing in long tight cuffs. This V device is not enough to overcome great width of shoulders, but is enough to act as a take-off for the early signs of broadening, when the need of heroic measures has not arisen.

In the hip pieces of the final pictured costume, there is just a suggestion of this fashion, though one can easily see that, starting from such a beginning, the fashion may easily be adapted out of anything like close resemblance to the old-time style. This dress is of fancy tobacco brown woolen suiting, is made princess and buttons in front. The sides and hip pieces are of plain brown cloth and are bound with fancy woolen braid, which also borders the hem of the skirt, forming sharp points in the centers of back and front.

A BODICE OF NOVEL SHAPE.

apricot cloth, its skirt has side-pleated panels at either side of a narrow front, and deep folds at the back. The bodice is fitted with lining hooks in front, and the left side of the stuff laps over, the

edge giving the baggy fulness in the waist. The back is of bias material with a few pleats in the waist, and a belt of mauve satin with rosette garniture comes about the waist.

Spangled trimming borders the edges of the fancy collar in the next pictured dress, appears also at the top of the plaid panels of the skirt and edges the hem all around, with the exception of the panels. Then there is a circle of it at the top of the fancy collar. Its use here is entirely tasteful, for the costume's combination of laurel-green mohair and bright Scotch plaid is so striking



DESIGNED TO DECEIVE.

ing as to safely admit of rich garniture. Beneath the mohair collar there is a waist of dark-green satin and bows of ribbon top the collar's slashes.

Last winter's tidal wave of crepons didn't strand that material by any means, for crepon will be worn more than ever, and the women who took advantage of the sales of that fabric during the summer will have saved a lot of money. The experience of this winter is a marked exception to all known rules, and its revival but a few months after it was worn by almost everybody is so unusual and unexpected an event that even the dealers themselves seem to have been caught by the manufacturer. It certainly looked as if the dealers were trying to get rid of their crepons as a goods that would lack sale this coming season, but now the stuff appears in all sorts of modifications, and any number of materials with crepon characteristics are on the market under new names. In the third picture there is a dress of one of these crepons, its shade styled a Louis XV. blue.

Figures, like fashions, change, and though the modification that time works in the former are not brought out with the rapidity of those that affect dress styles, their results are more difficult to manage successfully than are the most unconquerable new fashions. Of course, if the change in dimensions is a lessening, the matter's simple enough.



A FORERUNNER.

Wash your apples, quarter them and cut the cores out. Put on to cook with water to cover them. Cook till soft, and pour into a cheese cloth bag. Let drain throughout, but do not squeeze. To every quart of juice use one pint of granulated sugar; boil fifteen minutes. The pulp of the apples may be used by pressing through a sieve. Add one cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon to each quart of pulp; if it is too thick to cook, add a little water. Boil for thirty minutes, stirring constantly. Put in small crocks or bowls. It makes a nice spread for the little ones' bread.

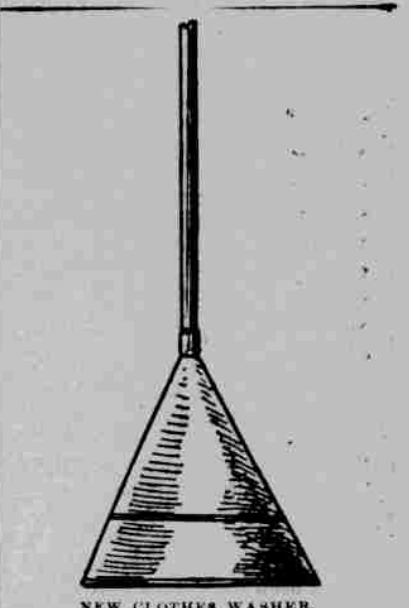
Lemonade Cups. Some charming lemonade cups are shown in the new Prussian ware of egg-shell china having dainty scrolls and arabesque of lily grass designed upon them. The low, flat style is most in favor. Those of cut glass are exceedingly rich and fearfully expensive. A beautiful set in the Venetian tinted ware, in the palest opal-green, all crinkled over with gilt, is especially suited to a summer table.

Ripe Grape Catsup. Five pounds of grapes, one pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoon of pepper, one-half tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon. Cover the grapes with water, cook ten minutes, then rub through a sieve so as to remove skin and seeds. Add the ingredients and boil twenty minutes, or till a little thicker than cream, bottle.—Woman's



Household Department

A pneumatic clothes washer is shown herewith, which is being put on the market. The washer is referred to as working on an entirely new principle, and that instead of friction it operates by compressed air and suction, forcing hot suds through the goods with sufficient force to remove the dirt from a tub full of clothes, cleansing them in from two to five minutes. It is said for the washer that it will cleanse the finest and most delicate lace or the heaviest bedspreads, quilts or blankets, as well as any small wearing apparel, in one



NEW CLOTHES WASHER.

fourth the time it can be done by hand, besides making the work easy, with comparatively no hard labor.

Homely Suggestions. To make delicious corn bread, take one-half pint of flour, one gill of corn-meal, one-half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one generous tablespoonful of butter, one and a half tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, one-third teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and one egg. Mix all the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Beat the egg till light and add milk to it, then pour this mixture on the dry ingredients, which should be beaten well. Now add the butter, first melting it in the hot water. Pour the batter into a well-buttered pan and bake for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

Quite a lot of little packets and bottles have to be taken away this summer for shoes only. There is play clay for the white shoes, russet polish for the tans, and black lacquer for the patent leathers.

For a company breakfast or the usual family luncheon hominy boiled and sweetened, molded in medium-sized cups, and served very cool with whipped cream, makes a very acceptable course for dessert.

A new fashion in needlework called the "Piazzi" shows white linen laid over white net; floral designs are traced on the linen and worked in soft-colored silks. The spaces between the flowers and leaves are then cut away, leaving the linen design upon the net ground.

Women who have only very hard water in which to wash their faces and hands will find that such water is much improved for toilet uses if it is boiled and stood in the sun for three or four days. The water is softened by the action of the air and sun. A large pitcherful or a larger quantity may be made ready at one time.

Apple Marmalade. Wash your apples, quarter them and cut the cores out. Put on to cook with water to cover them. Cook till soft, and pour into a cheese cloth bag. Let drain throughout, but do not squeeze.

To every quart of juice use one pint of granulated sugar; boil fifteen minutes. The pulp of the apples may be used by pressing through a sieve. Add one cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon to each quart of pulp; if it is too thick to cook, add a little water. Boil for thirty minutes, stirring constantly. Put in small crocks or bowls. It makes a nice spread for the little ones' bread.

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