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Judgments-A Thought as to the Forms of Prayer-Look and Live.

Since his going to Washington Dr. Talmage's pulpit experience has been a remarkable one. Not only has the church in which he preaches been filled, but the audiences have overflowed into the adjoining streets to an extent that has rendered them impassable. Similar scenes were enacted at last Sunday's services, when the preacher took for his subject, "Handwriting on the Wall," the text chosen being Daniel v., 30, "In that night was Belshaxsar, the king of the Chal-Night was about to come down on Baby-

ion. The shadows of her 250 towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street, and godless mirth, and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightlest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount and women dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the somber glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

A Great Banquet. Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cym-bals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation. and let that Babylonish tongue be pal-sied that will not say, "O King Belshaz-

Ah, my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, twined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were thrashed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassin and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open window, bewitched with the perfumes of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men loking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals. and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands and pouring down the corridors and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters. The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out ful sprite meets him with her wand. She the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar. live forever!" Bestarred head band and careanet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again and again and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter per-fume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken hiccough, and the slavering lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, Sushed, reeling bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza, huzza! for great Belshaz-

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ses, 196,-800.

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a of that shutting door he hears these thousand voiced shrick of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it-"Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

A Warning.
Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city. took advantage of that carousal and came I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene, and I shut the door. of that banqueting hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but

me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things, but that is the message, and I so declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers, ye white sepulchers. can ye escape the damnation of hell!"
Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach.
What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous, of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites, of judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the mes-sage that happens to come to us. Dan-

iel must read it as it is.

A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being un-settled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James i., 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon preached, and the king said,
"Hugh Latimer, come and apologize."
"I will," said Hugh Latimer. Bo the day
was appointed, and the king's chapel was
full of lords and dukes and the mighty
men and women and work. men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, be-think thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the king of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

The End of Sin.

Another lesson that comes to us tonight: There is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said, but you look in at the close of the banquet and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine and dying grouns are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has athered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth, the tables and floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up, and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet, and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says: cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil bubit which he tries to break, but cannot, and he cries out, "O Lord God, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer. and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at

the last! Here is a man who begins to read loose "They are so charming," he says. "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinwaves her wand, and it is all enchant-Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again. now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing foun tains fall back in a dead pool stenchful with corruption. The luring songs belaughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart and becken him on with "Hall, brother! Hall, blasted spirit, hail!" He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in the jar words, "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

Death at the Banquet.

I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a ban-quet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in tor ture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace, want to look. There is nothing there but forn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshassar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes anything on the wall a man had better read of the same thing illustrated. Here is a proposed to the same thing illustrated. Here is a proposed to the same thing illustrated. Here is a proposed the same thin and just at the time when the mirth is

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

It as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say, "Tell what is a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is privolons, Mayhap, and Tet Offcred out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death

We saw the same thing, on a larger scale, illustrated in our civil war. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet-North, South, East and West. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills? What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle? What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the arctics? What fish but our nets must sweep them for the market? What music but it must sing in our halls? What eloquence but it must speak in our senates? Ho, to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the bring a big price, but, more than that, country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweet fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the Carolinian from The current favor for combining silk were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain-fields, turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the cornsupply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! Death at the banquet.

Sudden Judgment. I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious, and of those who despise God, will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Buddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No. I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone ough. Where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water-solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble! They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shrick of drowning men! the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea or pitched by the angry waves on the beach-a bat tered, bruised and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One-half hour before they could not have believed it Destroyed, and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says "Yes." It was a lie. Dead, as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes "Did you sell the land for so much?" 'Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise him and defy him

A Simple Prayer. The destroying angel went through hear the flap of his great wing? No! Suddenly, unexpectedly he

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot till it starts. Death is an old sportsman, shown in soft figured silk, the front and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the Oh, flee to God this night! there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the gospel for many a year, I invite him nov to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin Flee to the stronghold of the gospel! Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.

Good night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the word of the text, "In that night was Beishazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Oh, that my Lord Jesus would now make himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist him, and if you prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that

Privolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Prove Bestful to Wearled Womankind.

Goselp from Gay Gotham.

OME of the dress accessories that are first displayed in this country on imported costumes were originally planned for econ-omy, little as the wearers that have paid extravagant prices for them guess of the truth. Their being imported makes them added to a dress from their appearance

the rice plantation, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we silk with or without velvet in one costume, is one that is amenable to economy's code, provided that some of the slik can come from the piece bag, or from old dresses. But, as now seen, these ideas are usually carried out without much regard for cost. For exfields gullied with the wheels of the heavy ample, silk and satin are being much used for Louis XVI. coats over skirts of color to match of cloth, this being but one evidence of the tendency to-

ward cloth for skirts. Then velvet in

combination with cloth or with flower-

ed silk or brocade is now used for just the body part of the dress, the sleeves and the skirt being of another material. Since the best velvet is expensive this is a good way of making use swimming of the warhorses in vain for of it. In the quaint model of the first picture two shades of silk are employed, maroon for the skirt and figured pale green for the waist. The latter has fitted lining, fastens invisibly at the side, and has a wide box pleat in the center with drapery at either side. Its bishop sleeves are of the same silk, but the yoke, which is divided in the center and has 1830 sleeve caps, is of maroon "Did you sell the land for so much?" He silk. It is garnished with four buttons on each side and is cut in one with the stock collar. The gown is lined with pale green silk, the maroon skirt being entirely plain. Chiffon-covered bodices are as fash-

tonable as ever, for all they are decried in the advanced styles. The only change is that all the bodices take a Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the folded belt or scarf of chiffon that fast-people knew that he was coming? Did ens a little at one side of the front unfolded belt or scarf of chiffon that fastder a rich buckle, or in a bow. Long ends, weighted with lewels or spangles at the lower edge, float to the foot of a bird standing on a sprig near by. If the skirt. The effect is charming, and they are skilled, they pride themselves softens the contract between skirt and on taking it on the wing, and they wait bodice. Very beautiful gowns are



and back of the bodice covered with chiffon to match the color of the figure, chiffon not appearing elsewhere in the dress. This is all very well when one is a little short of material or is "makis a little short of material or is "making over." In the latter case, the piece purer than other people.

of goods a little damaged can be safely used under the chiffon. Lace and spangles are used in much the same way, though they are less serviceable in makeshifts. It seems a pity anyway, to employ the prettiness of nice lace as a covering for defects. It is better used, as in the next picture, to deck a dress that is new and stylish, and, if possible, in some novel way. Here lace flounces fall from the bodice's Fletcher, whose Thoreau-like work, tabs, and lace cascades edge the vest, "The Wonderful Wapentake," and a which is embroidered with gold, as are stirring romance, entitled "When the inserted pieces at the shoulders and the collar. All the skirt seams are outlined with jet, and jet buttons show A very beautiful book soon to be post at cuffs and shoulders. Corn-colored lished is the long-awaited "Book about being designed for a bride's mother.



The skirt might be short or trained, as preferred, but should be edged with a full velvet ruching.

Plaids and stripes are all the rage. But no matter how lovely they look in the piece, one must remember that unless the maker is going to use the goods artistically, matching the plaids perfectly, or making use of the stripes so that the figure is shown to the best ad. and the rhetorical; and we are at a vantage, one had far better not indulge loss whether to envy him more the in the material. Nothing is more dread. knowledge of languages which enables fully inartistic or unbecoming than a him to translate indifferently from so badly matched plaid or stripe. Yet many tongues, or the superb assurance in the next picture there is a bodice of with which he dubs his execrable verse striped stuff, whose beauty is enough poems." Lord Salisbury's accession to to make a woman risk stripes, even power, in the opinion of most people, if she hasn't perfect confidence in her made the selection of Sir Edwin secure. dressmaker, and even if its striped stuff for he is one of the editors of the Daily were used for the back of the body.

An unusually pretty evening bodice plain and had no fullness whatever | Sun's correspondent recently cabled the belt, and the full elbow sleeves were met by long white suede mosquetaires. Besides in white, such gloves appear in tan, pearl and all delicate



VERY STYLISH COLD STORAGE.

As usual, the glove of pronounced color is not good taste, except in the strong reds and browns suitable for walking, driving and shopping, Short button gloves are worn on all occasions requiring long sleeves, the glove drawn up over the sleeve being rarely seen. On the other hand, or rather on both hands, the long glove is worn with the elbow sleeve with excellent effect. White short gloves with black stitching continue to give the

proper dressy effect. If all the chance for letting in cold came thus at the throat, it would be bad enough, but it doesn't. Look at the cape pictured here, and think of the chilled arms and waist that are its inevitable accompaniment. One might say, too, think of street cars and narrow doorways, but big sleeves have trained women to disregard such considerations, so that doesn't count. Nor should it be forgotten that this is a Ohio the Champion Divorce State. highly fashionable model. As sketched it was of black velvet lined with white satin and bordered with llama. Points that 6,546 suits for divorce were of steel embroidery reached nearly to brought during the year in Ohio. Of its edge, between these it was strewn those potitions 970 were refused and with steel points, and a garniture of 2,497 divorces were granted, the addiblack velvet loops set off its fur col-



"Where Highways Cross" Iris Library. The author is Mr. J. Charles the First Was King," have introduced him to American readers.

glace silk was the dress material, the Fans," comprising the history of fans sleeves being of black velvet, the whole and fan painting, by M. A. Flory, gether with a chapter on fan collecting by Mary Cal walader Jones. The illus trations are photographs of the finest specimens of the art, reproduced for the most part from originals.

Since the copyright law has been passed, the enormous American sale resulting from the protection given to British authors has made reputation and fortune for such authors as Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Rider Haggard, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, etc. A. P. Watt, the English "literary agent," who has built up a splendid business for himself by placing to the best advantage the productions of the leading English writers, and whose opinion is consequently entitled to respect, recently got back to London from a visit to the United States, where he had been looking over the field, and expresses himself as "immensely impressed by the market he found there for British literary

The Saturday Review says that the queen has been pressed to make W. E. Henley the poet laureate, and adds: "The appointment would not be unfit if William Morris and Mr. Swinburne and Coventry Patmore had previously refused the post." As for Sir Edwin Arnold, the Saturday administers this little dose: "He is a past master of claptrap, of the turgid, the bombastic. Telegraph, the most influential Liberal-Unionist paper supporting the governappears in the next sketch, and was ment. Recently Sir Edwin Lawson, found in white satin. It had rounded proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, had points back and front, and was draped been canvassing vigorously in Sir Edover a fitted lining. The back was win Arnold's behalf. The New York but the front formed a large bow like that "It is rumored that Sir Edwin has a huge butterfly with wide wings at the actually received the appointment, and bust, but tapered down to points in the that an announcement to this effect will waist. A twisted band of satin gave appear in an early issue of the Official Gazette.

> A question that is agitating the English press just now is, "What is a literary blackleg?" A recent paragraph says: "According to Robert Sherard, it is a reviewer, a man who is hired by newspaper propriétors to write down 'innovators.' A 'literary blackleg' is also a successful author who reads manuscripts for a publisher. 'These literary blacklegs,' says Mr. Sherard, 'are so-called men of letters, and should be with us, but prefer to be Ishmaels, with one hand against the authors and the other hand extended for the coppers of those who are not the friends of men of letters.' From this it appears that you cannot be a reviewer without being an Ishmael, that no newspaper proprietor ever befriends men of letters, that a successful author say, George Meredith or James Payn who reads for a publisher is a 'blackleg.' and also, in the elegant diction of Mr. Sherard, a 'public spittoon.' The 'blacklegs' 'stalk untarred and unfeathered,' and Mr. Sherard proposes that a 'black book,' containing their names and addresses, should be carried by every honest author, who will then know the company he ought to kick. And, if anybody thinks all this is rather extravagant, Mr. Sherard is prepared to give him satisfaction."

A Tramp Cries. It was simply an everyday incident of city life, but it attracted the attention of one passerby.

The merry pupils of one of the district schools were romping in the playground, nothing distracting their attention from the sport; but from without a man, a tramp, with ragged coat and unkempt appearance, was peering through the iron palings.

Nothing was said, but when the children were called back to work, he turned away, brushing a tear from his sodden face with his ragged sleeve. An ordinary incident, but one with pages of history behind it.-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Spatistics completed for the annual report of the Secretary of State show tional number of cases still being in the courts.—New York Bun.

Every woman temporarily renews The Puritans were so named in de- her youth when reading a good is