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Good Roads and Prosperity.

Roads are the connecting links that bind communities together in bonds of love and in unity of spirit. Roads belong to all time. They are the ways by which men have advanced and will ever advance, and we who wish to leave some worthy memorial to posterity, something which shall endure when our lives are but a memory, can bequeath nothing that will be more beneficial than good roads.—Colonel A. A. Pope.

An Innovation in Road-Making.

The Massachusetts Highway Commissioners are trying an interesting experiment. The board has found in building macadamized roads, that upon loose soils much stone is being driven into the sand. In such cases gravel, when accessible, has been placed upon the sand to a depth of three or four inches, and on this is laid the stone. By so doing the cost is greatly reduced. There being no gravel at Martha's Vineyard, cheap cotton cloth has but a short time ago been spread upon the sand, and over that the stone. It has been found that the sand does not work up through the stone so much less stone is required. Layers of tarred paper were tried, but without success, as the stone pressed through them. This is probably the first experiment ever made with cloth, and while the stretch on which it is used is not long, the showing will be none the less valuable.

Mission Good Roads.

It is the opinion of well-informed Frenchmen who have made a study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contributions to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far-reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors, and in their prosperity and the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation.—Selected.

THE WIFE OF THE FUTURE.

Or Just What Man Fancies the New Woman Will Come To.

He stood in the dark at the bottom of the stairs. His coat was over his arm, his shoes were in his hand, his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled, and his breath would have put the strength of Hercules to blush. He was musing. What was he to say to her this time? That he had been with a sick friend? Bah! that chestnut dates with Noah when he got back from his first night out of the ark. Lodge? Political caucus? Pooh! as soon might tell her that there are June bugs in January. Why not tell her that he had been dallying the chips at the club and then pass over a hundred of his winnings for herself by way of reparation? All right in theory, but where was the hundred? He had lost just a cool hundred and fifty to Col. Keenwun, and the Lord knows it would take a month of severest economies to make that up. "Well, I might as well go and face the music," he said, despairingly, at last, as he softly mounted the stair like a wraith of bygone.

Once in his room he disrobed with infinite caution, drank a pitcher of water, ate a handful of cloves, and carried himself up to the proper pitch. Throwing open the door of his wife's chamber, he gazed at the bed in the moonlight. Had she fled to her

mother's? Had she eloped with that—that scoundrel of a French marquis who was so excessively polite to her of late? Oh, no! that thought was madness. He approached the bed. No, she had not even been there. The sweat was oozing from every pore. He made his way to the bureau and drew forth a revolver. "Blood!" he muttered. "Blood—mine, his, anybody's, but blood!"

There is no telling what he might have done had not at that instant a rattle at the keyhole below startled him. He struggled to the banister and looked over. There was the wife of his heart taking her shoes off at the bottom of the stairs and trying to hang her hat on several imaginary pegs. Slightly he cropt back and leaped into bed, feigning sleep.

She entered. Her face was a little flushed, her eyes somewhat heavy, but she had the very air of her own husband when he had got his story down pat. Instantly the outraged sleeper awoke with a start. "Madam, what does this mean?" he demanded, rubbing his eyes. "Here it is nearly daylight, and you—you, the wife of my heart, the mother of my child—just come in at this disgraceful hour from God only knows where. Give an account of yourself. Where have you been—oh, where?"

But the calm wife only faced him cynically. "I will not work off any of your own stale old canned goods about 'lodges,' 'sick friends,' and 'caucuses,'" she began a trifle thickly, "but I'll come right to the point and the truth. I spent the evening at the Dorcas Advanced Woman's League, where we had a little quiet game. Here, my dear," she followed, tossing a roll of bills upon the bed, "take this and buy yourself a sealskin overcoat or a diamond ring. Suit yourself. I won \$250 from Mrs. Keenwun, the Colonel's wife!"

Then the fox old duffer drew a long sigh, grabbed the roll as a shipwrecked sailor clutches a spar, and buried his nose in his pillow. "Forgiven!" he murmured a moment later when he caught his breath from the sweet shock, and lay awake a whole hour winking at the clean hundred the two of them were ahead of the Keenwuns.—New York World.

ANCIENT HINDOO DRAMA.

Modern Performance of a Play Thousands of Years Ago.

At the Irving Place Theater, New York, was recently given a performance of "Vasantasena," a drama written thousands of years ago by Sudraka, the king of a small Hindoo sovereignty. It was the first performance ever given in this country, although it has been performed several times in Europe with great grandeur.

The drama is very interesting and noteworthy, principally because first it enlightens us about Hindoo life, culture, and customs of the time, both in court circles and in the homes of the people. There is a great similarity to Shakspeare, which is surprisingly evident in the gradual working up of dramatic situations and the stupendous climax of this drama of human passions.

Sudraka renders the dramatic action in noble rhymes, which are interspersed by characteristic scenes in prose, introducing the people as they are true to nature. He offers us an excellent example of the humorous originality and innate wit of our Aryan forefathers, which through all these centuries have passed from generation to generation and found their best exponent in the mastery work of Shakspeare.

Originally the drama was of seventy-three acts! To adapt it for the modern stage it was shortened, but, of course, at the expense of the impressiveness of the original. Sudraka, the author, reigned successfully for many years and then retired into solitude and died a hermit over 100 years old.

New York Types.

Dudes we have, but not in such amusing numbers as London, nor nearly so large a proportion of those idle lilies-of-the-pavement whose scientific name is "men-about-town," all blooming precisely alike from the curve of their boot-tips to the minutest shaping of their collars and the tenor of their speech; and the beautifully attired, beautifully self-satisfied, beautifully vacuous-looking old gentlemen who decorate the club windows and the parkways of London are present with us, only in rare examples. Again, clerical types make default almost as wholly as do military types; and with all our variety in feminine types, the dowager hardly lives among us. To be a true dowager, not only age and social experience are needed, but social deviousness and an ingrained fine assumption of great social power; so for this type we shall have to wait until the generation now entering middle life sees its grandchildren growing into manhood.—Century.

Good Deal of Deviltry in It.

Ibsen has finished his new work—a three-act drama which he has mentioned as having few persons but much "deviltry" in it. It is to be brought out in Norwegian and German just before Christmas.

The surest way to be a good husband is to be a bachelor.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

Dresses to Be Low-Necked and Sleeves to Be Short with a Tendency Toward Puffs That Reach the Elbow—Blouse Effect in the New Bodice.

The Season's Styles.

New York correspondents.



PUTTING a suggestion of blouse effect into the new or made-over bodice is the surest way to make it seem freshly stylish, for nearly all new bodice models have this as a conspicuous feature. It is seen even in tailor-made dresses, where it is accomplished by the presence of scooping straps that are draped over the shoulders and down the front of the bodice. If the dress is to be called new, the simplest way to effect it is to have something drooping in the bodice's front. A hanging bit of drapery set in and flanked on the sides by dangling straps of passementerie is, perhaps, as easy a way as any. Another favored trick is to have a box-pleat down the front, the bodice being bloused at each side of the front and tight fitting in the back. This effect is so much worn that it is seen in many varieties. One of them is shown in the first, small picture, the pleat being smaller than those usually made. Cream-white corded silk is used for this garment, and it is trimmed with a fichu of the same, forming a round collar in back, with shawls on the shoulders and then coming to the waist in front to fasten with rhinestone but-



SLEEVES DESERVING OF SHAPELY ARMS.

tons. This fichu is edged with cream gurgure. It is still as desirable to have something approaching newness in the sleeves of the new bodice, as it was in mid-winter. It is noticeable that the universal tendency is toward puffs that reach the elbow. The shoulder strap unelaborated is never seen, but elaborated shoulder straps serve as a foundation for softly falling clouds of draped material that, except on close examination, look like puff sleeves. It's a new and very pretty sleeve in the next illustration, and one that will make an excellent setting for a handsome arm. For the rest, the blouse is alike back and front, being made of pale rose pink bengaline and banded with black lace insertion. The draped sleeves are edged with lace and looped up with pink satin bows, and the same ribbon gives collar and belt, which are ornamented by sprays and bunches of flowers. A fitted lining of pink silk hooks at the side.

There is no accessory devised as yet to make acceptable for any but handsome shoulders the style of sleeves shown in the next illustration. It is, perhaps their being so exacting that makes the style so slow in its progress toward favor, for slow it is, though the cut has thorough novelty to recommend



OTHERS THAT ARE EXACTING.

It. Besides that, it is seen as yet only on unquestionably correct gowns. The baggy ruff of white crepe de chine is further proof of this garment's newness, and the combination of jabot and

blouse effects is very unusual. The jacket forms a circular basque in back that is considerably shorter than the fronts, and the edges all around are finished with jet galloon, the fronts having pendant fringes. Silver gray satin duchesse was the material as sketched, and the gown was planned for the celebration of a silver wedding.

Round bodices are now seen cut just below the hips, and the edges are wired to stand out free from the skirt. A little while ago unless the edge of the bodice fitted snugly to the hips the unfortunate maker was a hopeless misfeiter. The bodices of the fourth sketch is not of this sort, because it has that other stamp of newness, a slightly full front, the remainder fitting tightly. Coming over the skirt, it is ornamented front and back by a large rosette of bluet satin ribbon, the dress stuff being bluet cheviot. A deep yoked collar of



PUFFED STYLISHLY.

seru lace falls prettily over shoulders, back and front, and the sleeves have drooping untrimmed puffs. This is really the most popular sleeve at present, a great soft puff that reaches well below the elbow on the outer side of the arm and that is not nearly so long on the inside being the desired shape. Some are the size of great pumpkins, and sometimes they look a little like them, too.

Unless one can elaborate a gown a great deal, it is better to keep to entire simplicity. In the midst of all the current gorgeousness, a gown made of soft fine cloth with a bodice fitting closely, save for the little baggy place in front, its skirt cut just right and a pair of huge sleeves, will give an effect that is likely to make the richer neighbor miserable, in spite of her elaborations. But highly wrought effects have their place and are tastefully managed on the final pictured gown, which is composed of rich ivory-white satin brocaded with old gold for the wide godet skirt, and of old gold velours for puff sleeves and bodice. The latter has a pleated vest of ivory-white mouseline de soie ornamented with a big bow of white satin and two rhinestone buckles. The points of the bodice are embroidered with gold and a berth of filmy tulle lace completes the garniture. In such elaborate gowns as this a dressy effect is sometimes attained by having skirt and sleeves to



AGAIN, THE ARMS SHOULD BE PRETTY.

match, and the remainder of the bodice need not be of a material that even harmonizes. Velvet skirts are so completely out of vogue, however, that it has not been selected for such combinations for some time past.

With summer reached, the bodice will shift in large measure to shirt waists. These are now made to order for women at swell men's furnishing places, and such garments have a faultless set about the collar and cuffs that explains the price, even though the material be the simplest cheviot. Except in very dressy shirt waists, buttons are set down the front covered by a boxpleat, because women have discovered that with their bangs to keep parted, nails to manicure and side combs to keep in place, life is too short to try and attend to studs. Indeed, a collar button to bad enough. Copyright, 1895.

Alexander Pope was mercilessly nicknamed by his contemporaries because, in his writings, he lampooned all his enemies with no little vigor. He was called the Wasp of Twickenham, the Bard of Twickenham, an Empty Flask, a Little Nightingale, Foot Pug, Paper Spinning Popa, Porcupine-God, and many other insulting names.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER DRAWS A LESSON FROM THE ARK.

Gift of Salvation Through Christ—A Bare Defense in Time of Trouble—Loadstone of a God-Fearing Life—The Door Swings Both Ways.

On the Gospel Ship.

Although his oratory is at all times magnetic and eloquent, there is one theme with which, whenever he makes it the groundwork of his sermon, Dr. Talmage never fails to communicate to his auditors the enthusiasm he himself feels. That theme is the gospel invitation, and when, Sunday afternoon, he took for his subject "The Gospel Ship," the great audience that crowded the New York Academy was in full sympathy. The text selected was Genesis vi., 18, "Thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons and thy wife and thy sons' wives with thee."

In this day of the steamships *Lucania* and *Majestic* and the *Paris* I will show you a ship that in some respects eclipsed them all and which sailed out, an ocean underneath and another ocean falling upon it. Indeed scientists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth there have been a half dozen deluges, and yet they are not willing to believe the Bible story of one deluge.

In what way the catastrophe came we know not—whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the ax between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the Great Eastern of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on this strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of the lightnings that look down into the waters and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain begin to plash upon the upturned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Crash go the rocks in confusion! Boom go the bursting heavens! The inhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to housetop and mountain top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die, for when God grids mountains to pieces and lets the ocean slip its cable there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf, while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race and the carcases of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea.

A Storm Coming.

I am no alarmist. When, on the 20th of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the north-east, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower, and that it is sweet and safest for you and me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No. They went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through Christ, the door. The entrance to the ark of old must have been a very large entrance. We know that it was from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages, and in order to get them into the ark two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in 10,000,000 abreast.

Christ the Door.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that we enter. Ah, into the Savior's side, thrusting his spear into the Savior's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. Oh, what a broad Gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues 200 or 300 invitations carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God, our Father, makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, side the Greenland ice castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home cries out, "Come, for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door. The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the doorposts so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in.

After having preached the gospel in Surrey chapel, going up toward heaven, the gatekeeper cried, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in!" The dying thief went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho, every one!

all conditions, all ranks, all people! Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem, but I think it worth carrying all around the globe and all around the heavens—that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and by the cross of Christ is the lever, and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

Swings Both Ways.

Further, it is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted or rolled on hinges, but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes. It swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in. It swings out to let our ministering ones come out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

"One army of the living God,
At his command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

Swing in, O blessed door, until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But, further, it is a door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Unless those doors were fastened, the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them, and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness—but once in the ark all is well. "God shut him in."

There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had his thousands to lend. Now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned four horses and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach phaeton, carriage and currie. Now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore and aft across the hurricane deck the waves struck him.

"The Lord Shut Him In."

But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in." A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted. The winds blew. The heavens are as flame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried 15 cubits deep. But standing by the empty crib, and in the desolated nursery, and in the doleful hall, once a ring with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried: "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in."

All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hazy arms to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoon, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sins sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only pushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in."

The same door fastenings that kept Noah in kept the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family. There he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly. There "the lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house, but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are deathbeds and coffins and graves. There no sickness, no weary watching, no chinking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come and knock at the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come and knock on the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord—"The Lord shut him in."

Fastenings Secure.

Oh, what a grand old door! So wide, so easily swung both ways and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swartly arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft, with leaking hull and broken helm and unfastened door, but an ark 50 cubits wide, and 300 cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth without grazing the post might be bowled in.

Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a place in which to live and die and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut others out, and though, when the plagues storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying, "Let me in! Let me in!" the door did not open. For 120 years they were invited. They expected to come in, but the antediluvians said, "We must cultivate these fields. We must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. We will wait until we get a little older. We will enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were filling up. The ark was being placed the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash an ocean dropped from the sky, and another rolled up from beneath, and God rolled the earth and sky into one wave of universal destruction.