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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ELOQUENT DISCOURSE AT THE ACADEMY IN NEW YORK.

The Great Preacher on Influence, Temptation and the Wiles of the World—Story of the Good Angel and the Bad.

After the Battle.

There is no diminution in the vast numbers that assemble from Sunday to Sunday in the Academy at New York to listen to the eloquent sermons of Rev. Dr. Talmage. Last Sunday he chose for his subject "After the Battle," the text selected being I. Samuel xxxi, 8, "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Some of you were at South Mountain or Shiloh, or Ball's Bluff, or Gettysburg, on northern or southern side, and I ask you if there is any sadder sight than a battlefield after the guns have stopped firing? I walked across the field of Antietam just after the conflict. The scene was so sickening I shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always vultures hovering over and around an army, and they pick up the watches and the memorandum books, and the letters, and the daguerotypes, and the hats and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always ramp followers going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleon marched up toward Moscow, as when Von Moltke went to Sedan. There is a similar scene in my text.

Where Saul Lay Dead.

Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mearns Gilboa was ghastly with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers came on to the field, and they lifted the helmet of the helmet from under the chin of the dead, and they picked up the swords and bent them on their knees to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coins. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Philistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcass and jeered at the fallen slain and whistled through the mouth of his helmet. Before eight those cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field. "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over and every day, and that when men have fallen Satan and the world, so far from pitying them or helping them, go to work remorselessly to take what little there is left, thus stripping the slain.

There are tens of thousands of young men every year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts and grand expectations. The country lads sit down in the village grocery, with their feet on the iron rod around the red-hot stove in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perhaps he may get along very well and succeed, but the most of them think that those whom we know in boyhood will ever make any great success in the world.

The Battle of Temptation.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to have so much money belonging to himself. He is a little excited and does not know exactly what to do with it, and he spends it in some places where he ought not. Soon there come up new companions and acquaintances from the barrooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation, and soon his soul goes down. In a few months or few years he has fallen. He is morally dead. He is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harpies of sin snuff up the saint and come on the field. His garments are really given out. He has pawned his watch. His health is falling him. His credit perishes. He is too poor to stay in the city, and he is too poor to pay his way home to the country. Down, down! Why do the low fellows of the city now stick to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life? Oh, no; I will tell you why they stay; they are Philistines stripping the slain.

Do not look where I point, but yonder stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness, but evil habit knocked at his front door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the hat rack? Sold to meet the butcher's bill. Where are the carpets? Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off in trying to keep the family together. Worse and worse until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to find some chair or bed that has not been levied upon. Who are those two gentlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable, the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors, and the constables, and the sheriffs go there. They are some on their own account, and some on account of the law stripping the slain.

Crowded All His Life.

An ex-member of Congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the House of Representatives, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying—dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public

charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." Where were the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence and plunging him into sin? They have left. Why? His money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone, everything is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. They have stripped the slain.

There is another way, however, of doing that same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say, "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man and tell him of the omnipotent grace of God—that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time for you to tell him how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the celestial city. Now is the time for you to tell him how profligate Newton came, through conversion, to be a world renowned preacher of righteousness. Now is the time to tell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the fails of sin and dragged through all the sewers of pollution at last have risen to positive dominion of moral power.

You do not tell him that, do you? No. You say to him: "Loan you money? No. You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a dollar? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. You are dabbled. Get out of my sight now. Down. You will have to stay down." And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them are guilty of stripping the slain.

The point I want to make is this: Sin is hard, cruel and merciless. Instead of helping a man up it helps him down, and when, like Saul and his comrades, you lie on the field, it will come and steal your sword and helmet and shield, leaving you to the jackal and crow.

Satan's Work.

But the world and Satan do not do all their work with the outcast and abandoned. A respectable impudent man comes to die. He is fat on his back. He could not get up if the house was on fire. Adroit nursing medical skill and gentlest nursing have been a failure. He has come to his last hour. What does Satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches up all the inept, disagreeable and harrowing things in his life. He says: "Do you remember those chances you had for heaven and missed them? Do you remember all those lapses of conduct? Do you remember all those objectionable words and thoughts and actions? Don't remember them, eh? I'll make you remember them." And then he takes all the past and empties it on that deathbed, as the mailbags are emptied on the post office floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from them.

Then the man says to Satan: "You have deceived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so you would do so and so. Now you corner me, and hedge me up, and submerge me in everything evil." "His, ha!" says Satan. "It is only fooling you. It is mirth for me to see you suffer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for you now. It will be worse for you after a while. It pleases me. Lie still, sir. Don't flinch or shudder. Come, now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation. I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

While men are in robust health, and their digestion is good, and their nerves are strong, they think their physical strength will get them safely through the last exigency. They say it is only cowardly women who are afraid at the last and cry out for God. "Wait till I come to die. I will show you. You won't hear me pray, nor call for a minister, nor want a chapter read me from the Bible." But after the man has been three weeks in a sick room his nerves are not so steady, and his worldly companions are not any where near to cheer him up, and he is persuaded that he must quit life. His physical courage is all gone.

Too Late.

He jumps at the fall of a teaspoon in a saucer. He shivers at the idea of going away. He says: "Wife, I don't think my infidelity is going to take me through. For God's sake, don't bring up the children to do as I have done. If you feel like it, I wish you would read a verse or two out of Fannie's Sabbath school hymn book or New Testament." But Satan breaks in and says: "You have always thought religion trash and a lie. Don't give up at the last. Besides that you cannot, in the hour you have to live, get off on that track. Die as you lived. With my great black wings I shut out that light. Die in darkness. I rend away from you that last vestige of hope. It is my business to strip the slain."

A man who had rejected Christianity and thought it all trash came to die. He was in the sweat of a great agony, and his wife said, "We had better have some prayer." "Mary, not a breath of that," he said. "The lightest word of prayer would roll back on me like rocks on a drowning man. I have come to the hour of test. I had a chance, but I forfeited it. I believed in a liar, and he has left me in the lurch. Mary, bring me Tom Paine, that book that I swore by and lived by, and pitch it into the fire, and let it burn and burn as I myself shall soon burn." And then, with the foam on his lip and his hands tossing wildly in the air, he cried out: "Blackness of darkness! Oh, my God, too late!" And the spirits of darkness whistled up from the depths and wheeled around and around him, stripping the slain.

Sin is a luxury now. It is exhilaration now. It is victory now. But after awhile it is collision. It is defeat. It is extermination. It is jackalism. It is robbing the dead. It is stripping the slain. Give

it up to-day—give it up. Oh, how you have been cheated on, my brother, from one thing to another! All these years you have been under an evil mastery that you understood not. What have your companions done for you? What have they done for your health? Nearly ruined it by carousal. What have they done for your fortunes? Almost scattered it by spendthrift behavior. What have they done for your reputation? Almost ruined it with good men. What have they done for your immortal soul? Almost insured its overthrow.

On to Shipwreck.

You are hastening on toward the consummation of all that is sad. To-day you stop and think, but it is only for a moment, and then you will tramp on, and at the close of this service you will go out, and the question will be, "How did you like the sermon?" And one man will say, "I liked it very well," and another man will say, "I didn't like it at all," but neither of the answers will touch the tremendous fact that, if impatient, you are going at thirty knots an hour toward shipwreck. Yes, you are in a battle where you will fall, and while your surviving relatives will take your remaining estate, and the cemetery will take your body, the messengers of darkness will take your soul and come and go about you stripping the slain.

A Dilemma.

One night I saw a tragedy on the corner of Broadway and Houston street. A young man, evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take, had lifted high enough so that you could see his intelligent forehead, about chest; he had a robust development, splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of Broadway and Houston street.

"Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly sympathy. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel. "Come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows, daisied and primrosed. Come with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away until a door flashed open in the sky, and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for the good angel had flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last.

Effect of the Choice.

The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and what was peculiar as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. At each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on either side of the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convulsion?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies." And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of Broadway and Houston street. I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I searched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night on Broadway, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of grog and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail! Hail!" Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny.

The pastors' college, in connection with Spurgeon's Church, has sent out 921 persons into the ministry; twenty-two in the past year. Of this number 100 have died, leaving 737 still actively working.

WOMEN ON THE WHEEL.

COSTUMES BECOMING TO THOSE WHO RIDE.

Divided Skirt and Round Waist Meets Many of the Imperative Demands—Ordinary Bloomers Are Objectionable and Will Never Be Sanctioned.

Practical Fashions.

New York correspondence.

HERE will be many more women bicyclists this year than last, and they were then very plentiful. Improvement in the vehicle itself is responsible for some of the increase, but improvement in women's wheeling costumes have done almost as much. Women quickly learned that the first consideration was comfort, and then they halted. Toward the close of last season evidence was seen on every hand that they had begun to move again, and to reach out for easy and sensible rigs that were at the same time slightly. Woman may be trusted to consider her observers, and on occasion at considerable sacrifice of her own comfort, but on the wheel the latter point secures first place. It is still feasible to attain both ease and good taste in such dresses, and these descriptions, coupled with the artist's sketches, will make clear how the trick is done. There is necessarily variety in the costumes because of the wide range of taste.

The rig beside the initial meets many of the imperative demands. It consists of a divided skirt and round waist, the former so cut that the objectionable features of ordinary bloomers are entirely obviated. The divisions of the skirt, corresponding to a man's trouser-legs, are made so wide that when the rider is in place they hang in lines closely resembling skirt drapery, while the required freedom of the knees and the securing of an equal amount of drapery on each side of the wheel is made certain. Such a garment will, of course, fly about a little, but exposure is impossible, especially as the foot is passed through a loop of elastic set on the inner edge of each division of the skirt. When the rider dismounts the

divided skirt hardly betrays itself as such. One of the prettiest of the new wheel costumes comes next. It is made of a smooth surface check outing serge, light and almost dust proof. A prettily scant skirt just covers the knees, and is met by button gaiters. Bloomers are worn, but do not show at all. The bodice is of the e-ton jacket type, and is worn over a white wool sweater that ends at the loosely fastened belt. The especially clever turn of this costume is the strapping of the jacket across the front. It is thus secured from being blown wide, and a jaunty relief is given to the plainness of the sweater front. This model allows a natural sized waist, while the curve of the e-ton robe the outline of all clumsiness. A white Scotch cap matches the sweater, and a single black cock's feather is a perky ornament for it. The usual sweater collar is omitted, a high soft choker braided closely to give an effect that will harmonize with the jacket straps taking its place. The e-ton can, of course, be removed, the under belt being firmly attached to the top of the skirt, and the sweater in turn being secured. This is one of the few really pretty wheel rigs that make every needed concession to practical demands.

A practical demand which will meet the taste of those who want freedom of bloomers and the protection of a skirt is chosen for the third drawing. Here the bloomers just show below the knee-skirt, and are very full at the edge, where they turn under in genuine Turkish fashion, but they are as scant



HARD TO IMPROVE UPON.

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as practicable about the hips, that the skirt may not be made bunched. The coat bodice is made without darts, fitting only slightly to the figure, and allowing thereby plenty of room at the waist. Its skirts fit without fullness over the hips, and as closely as may be without drawing all around, the effort being to insure as slightly curved a line as possible from the waist down. A shirt waist with starched front shows, and a smart little tie gives formality to the costume. Cloth leggings button to the knee, their tops disappearing under the droop of the bloomers. A soft felt hat is worn well over the forehead, gloves with wide stitching on the backs cover the hands, and the sleeves are made of the usual pattern.

Absolute freedom is insured in this rig, and to many an absence of jaunty intent will be a feature distinctly in favor of the design. The skirt in the more expensive copies of the model is lined with satin, that the action of the knees may be impeded as little as possible by friction. Since the skirt buttons down the side, all danger of a gaping pocket is avoided, and access to a lovely "really-trousers-pocket" is had. The only danger of this rig is that once you wear it a little while you feel as if you cannot stand the restrictions of the ordinary woman's attire, this trousers pocket being a final bid



LESS JAUNTY—BUT THERE'S A TROUSERS POCKET.

for favor that no right-minded woman is able to resist.

The last model is sketched because it abounds, not because its make-up recommends it. It should be pondered as an example of what considering one's observers first will bring one to. Some of these chorus girl rigs are as pretty as they can be, and many—like this one—concede some points of comfort. Illustrators consider them "immense," and they are the right thing for a little girl who is going to stand beside her wheel in the sunshine where there is no wind to blow off her becoming little hat, or to lift her pretty skirt, where she won't get out of breath by riding and burst her tiny belt, and where her dear little shirt waist won't give her her death by getting her wet through. Altogether in such circumstances, the wearer will look as pretty as that other girl who has a perfect right to wear a delicious bath suit and not go near the water. Still the stores are full of 'em, but the coming summer's end will see but few of them on the road.

But little has been said so far as to color. Wisdom makes the available ones few, and chooses a general tone of stone or gray. The blue rigs into which every one rushed at the beginning have proved themselves most unsuitable for the exposure to dust that is a sad necessity of wheel wear. Grays, tans, drabs and mixtures that



CURRENT BUT PASSING.

produce a general dust effect are the more practical.

A velvet ribbon edged with a tiny single row of cut jet spangles makes an effective and becoming flat garniture for silk or sheer wool goods.

Most of the new capes are single, the double and triple capes being for the moment relegated to the background.

ALLIGATOR'S SMALL COUSIN.

He's a Fierce-Looking Little Fellow, the Iguana, but Not Really Brave.

The Iguana is a very little fellow who belongs, like his cousins, the gecko and the chameleon, to a very big family. This family includes such large animals as alligators, crocodiles, lizards and many other strange creatures.

The Iguana has a long, slender body, tapering in a curious way into a long tail which in turn tapers into a point. He has a queer crest running from his head to the end of this tail, and his body is covered with small scales. A soft pouch or bag hangs from below his chin, but for what purpose it is used naturalists seem to be divided in opinion.

Some Iguanas live in trees, others dig themselves holes in the ground, and some varieties live upon the seashore and are quite fond of swimming about in the water. The eggs of the Iguana are usually laid in the sand and are not hard like a hen's egg, but soft, like leather, and yellow in color. The Iguana's tail, like that of most of his cousins, is very useful to him. He uses it for a weapon, slapping and inflicting severe wounds upon his enemies by means of its sharp notches. In the water he uses his tail like a snake, drawing his legs closely to his side and projecting himself along by means of the tail alone.

The Iguana is a fierce-looking little reptile when attacked. He raises himself upon his forelegs, looking very savage, but he is not really brave, and if you should come across an Iguana nodding his head at you and trying to frighten you to death by wagging his tail, just stamp your foot at him and he will quickly lower his crest and scurry off into his hole.

Natural Protection of Seeds.

We usually find seeds in a seed vessel of some sort, the whole affair constituting the "fruit." Common to all immature fruits is their necessity for protection, and this is met in various ways. Winds which break them off are effectually resisted by their strong yet flexible foot stalks; and possible injury by bruising is averted by tough, elastic walls, often cushioned by prickles or other appendages. Sudden changes of temperature, before they can penetrate to the uripie seeds, are rendered harmless by the blanketing effects of pulp or other material. For protection from the animal world, immature fruits have developed a number of interesting devices. Almost universally "green" fruits so harmonize with surrounding colors as readily to escape detection. In fact, the hazelnut is enveloped in a leafy coat which renders it very inconspicuous. The nutritious albumen of the seed is often fortified by such impenetrable shells as those of the cocoon and others. Perhaps there is a formidable armament of prickles, as in the chestnut; or of stinging hairs, as in the case with some pods. Characteristic of immature fruits are disagreeable taste and consistence. Compare an unripe peach, sour and stringy, with the same fruit in its luscious maturity. But all these contrivances fail to repel enemies of growing fruits. The apple's inconspicuousness, toughness, and sourness are of little avail against the young progeny of the genus man.

Making the Finest Olive Oil.

Curiously enough the crudest and most barbarous process of all produces the very finest grade of olive oil; a grade so fine and so rare, indeed, that it is seldom used, in America, at any rate, except for the lubrication of watches and delicate machinery, and in surgery. A stone vat is built with a small internal depression. Over this is erected a heavy frame of untrimmed timber supporting at its center, which is also the center of the vat, a vertical spindle which supports a horizontal rod upon which is affixed a heavy roller of hard wood, in the Oran district of Algiers, or of porous stone in Northern Morocco, and in the hill region of Tunis.

In some of these regions the women are the oil makers, and may be seen tramping around and round the vat, tugging the pole in pairs, while another woman stirs the mass in the great stone trough, the children standing or squatting about watching the proceedings with infantine interest. When the pulp has been sufficiently mashed, the women scoop it up in small quantities into bags which are wrung into stone jars and pots. These latter are sealed with cloths coated with wax, and in this shape are shipped to Europe, where the contents are carefully decanted into flasks and vials containing a few ounces each, and bringing a high price in the large cities of the world, chiefly, as has been said, for extra fine mechanical purposes, though, like the "truffles of Avignon," it also reaches the table of the epicure.

Cloves.

The clove tree is found in nearly every one of the West Indian Islands, and especially at Jamaica, Trinidad, Grenada, St. Vincent and Dominica. The largest number of trees is probably found in Grenada, and in that "spice island" nutmegs, mace, and cloves are exported to the value of about \$50,000 or \$60,000 yearly.

Most women observe Lent because it comes at a season when their winter clothes are worn shabby, and it is too early to buy spring clothes.