

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

NUMBER 44.



TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE DISCUSSES A QUESTION OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.

Favors Woman Suffrage, but Says His Chief Anxiety Is Not For This, but That Woman Shall Appreciate the Glorious Rights She Already Possesses.

The Queen of Women.

Dr. Talmage, while on his Western tour, preached in St. Louis last Sunday, and discussed a subject of universal interest, viz., "Woman's Opportunity," his text being, "She shall be called woman." Genesis II, 23.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be dominant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open up my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come up with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I asked you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Matthew Simpson, the bishop, and Henry Martyn, the missionary?

The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human philosophy will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women, and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can over-weigh any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

Universal Suffrage.

I was in New Zealand last year just after the opportunity of suffrage had been conferred upon women. The plan worked well. There had never been such good order at the polls, and righteousness triumphed. Men have not made such a wonderful moral success of the ballot box that they need fear women will corrupt it. In all our cities men have so nearly made the ballot box a failure, suppose we let woman try. But there are some women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems merely to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits today on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box, and the congressional assembly, and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come.

How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship? The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a Ubertine or a sot—the offending

of the street—and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will thrill through the eternities.

Woman and Home.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night and then tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world are a long scene of justice and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it. The man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips, Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh, woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it! Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to there. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hands, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outposts of that realm. They say that the sun never set upon the English empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

The Grandest Woman.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! Mother!" Al, she was the queen! She was many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as to be arrested by the police; whose behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and trampling on down through a frivolous and dissipated life to temporal and eternal damnation?

O woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all those altarpieces to dissipation and to fashion! Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart; give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and those voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look

upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will no more be in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say, "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand, and the storm will drop, and another wave of his hand, and midnight shall break into noon, and another wave of his hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven gilded, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the tumbrel of the Red sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with sisters of charity, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

Woman's Dominion.

Your dominion is home, O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of Ohio made some ten or fifteen years ago, when they banded together and in many of the towns and cities of that State marched in procession and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever counted. Were they opened again? Oh, yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance Society, and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans, but when Deborah appeared upon the scene Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation" and "Old Hundred" and "Brattle Street" and "Bethany"—they were so very intangible. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down in battle array, but, oh, what good success! For that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymnbooks in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer meetings was a very poor business! No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the East had as much faith in God as their sisters of the West had, and the same recklessness of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grogshops of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets burgundy and cognac and heid-sick and old port and schiedam schnapps and lager beer, and you would save your fathers, and your husbands, and your sons, first, from a drunkard's grasp, and secondly, from a drunkard's hell! To this battle for home let all women rouse themselves. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

The Home Eternal.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—nor Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air—and I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there, and I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When do they put on workmen's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I, and whence comes all this?"

And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted: "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said: "Are we all here?" And the voices of innumerable generations of gladness, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home, home, home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

Hawthorne had the kindly face and manner of a village pastor. More than once he was mistaken for a preacher.



Kentucky Highways.

There is scarcely a county in Kentucky that is not agitating the question of good roads, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Between the counties with good roads that are not free and the counties with free roads that are not good there is not a county that is exactly pleased with its condition. Not a few counties have expended considerable money in road building during two or three years past, and judging from current reports several of them have paid dearly for their experience.

A good road cannot be built over the average Kentucky soil without either stone or gravel. Any amount of grading without a stone roadbed is not considered practical in States where a great deal of attention has been given to road improvement. The Commissioner of Public Roads of New Jersey advises the people of that State to build no highway less expensive or durable than a macadam road ten or twelve feet in width and six inches in thickness, and where the traffic is heavy the road to be several inches deeper. Macadam roads of this description are built in New Jersey at a cost of 45 cents per square yard where the improvements being made are no more than ninety miles from the quarry.

A great many counties in Kentucky can obtain the necessary stone without going outside of their borders. The good roads movement is in its infancy, and many other States are confronted with the same problem, which is the outgrowth of a general desire for better transportation facilities. The State Commission of Massachusetts has asked for more than \$1,000,000 to be expended in road improvements, and more than half the States are experimenting for good results in the construction of public highways. Bad roads are largely responsible for the tendency of the rural classes to drift to the cities, and with better highways the loneliness of farm life will cease to be an incentive toward forsaking the country for the town. And in this connection Kentucky is no exception to her sister States.

Pope's Work.

If good roads ever become the rule in this country as they are now the exception it will be due quite as much to the bicycle men as to any other instrumentality. It is the persistent labor of Pope, the Massachusetts bicycle manufacturer, that the improvement which has been made in the roads of that State during the last three years is mainly due, and the effort still continues. The inspiration in all probability is business, for it is not at all likely that the manufacturer named is spending his money in the enterprise of improving the roads of the old Bay State either for his health or as a philanthropist. But no matter how selfish he may be the State profits by it, and can well afford to let him reap the profit which he probably expects and has fairly earned.

NAPOLEON'S ORIENTAL DREAMS

He Longed to Follow in the Footsteps of Alexander the Great.

Napoleon was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory. His proclamations ring with classic allusions, his festivals were adorned with classic ceremony. In infancy he had known of Genoa, the tyrant of his island, as strong in the splendid commercial enterprises which stretched eastward through the Levant, and beyond into the farther orient; in childhood he had fed his imagination on the histories of Alexander the Great, and his conquest of oriental empires; in youth he had thought to find an open door for his ambition, when all doors seemed closed, by taking service with England to share the renown of those who were building up her eastern empire. Disappointed in this, he turned with the same lack of success to Russia, already England's rival on the continent of Asia.

It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideas. The conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared all Eastern trade between them? England's intrusion upon the Mediterranean basin was a never ceasing irritation to all the Latin powers. Her commercial prosperity and her mastery of the seas aggravated the exasperation of France, as threatening even her equality in their ancient rivalry. From the days of the first crusade all Frenchmen had felt that leadership in the reconstruction of Asia belonged

to them by virtue of preoccupation. Ardent Republicans, moreover, saw France's mission in the liberalizing of the continent, and the department of marine under the directory stamped its paper with the motto, "Liberty of the Seas."

Imaginative forces, the revolutionary system, and the national ambition all combined to create ubiquitous enthusiasm. To this the temperance and training of Bonaparte were as the spark to the tinder. It was with willing ears that the directory heard his first suggestions about the Venetian Isles, and subsequently his plans for the capture of Malta, which was to be followed by a death-blow to England's supremacy in the seizure of Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey.—Century.

The Jewish Colony in China.

It is quite possible that the conclusion of peace between China and Japan may be the means in the near future of enabling some clearer light to be thrown upon the Jewish colony in China. One of the five ports to be opened to the outside world is that of Kai-feng-foo in the province where the last remnant of the ancient Jewish settlement exists. Since their first discovery several attempts have been made to open up communication with them, but so pronounced is the fanaticism of the Chinese that all efforts in this direction have failed. It should not now be long, as a result of the complete transformation which the whole of China is bound to undergo, before trustworthy information as to the condition of the Jews of Kai-feng-foo can be obtained. It is, moreover, quite within the bounds of probability that other Jewish colonies, or traces of their existence, should be found in the hitherto inaccessible parts of the interior. The Kai-feng-foo colony was surely not the only one that was formed in China, perhaps more than 2,000 years ago. The expedition which traveled from the Euphrates to the Yellow River must have been very considerable in numbers, and its history, if it ever could be known, would be sure to possess extraordinary and romantic features. In a country so literary there may be some written records both Jewish and native, which would be of inestimable value to Jewish history and science.—Jewish Chronicle.

Natural Philosophy.

A farmer walked up and down a block on Griswold street a day or two ago whistling a whistle that was apparently meant for a dog. When he had looked up and down and around for ten minutes a newsboy came along and queried:

"Whistlin' fur your dorg?"

"Yes, but I guess the critter has got too fur off. I knowed he'd git lost if I brung him in."

"Your dorg hain't lost," continued the boy. "Can't nobody lose a dorg. It's you that's lost, and if you'll stand still a few minits he'll find you."

The farmer smiled at the boy's philosophy, but decided to heed it, and it wasn't five minutes before his dog turned in from Fort street and came up to him.

"Didn't I tell ye?" said the boy as he moved on. "I don't make any charge for the plinter, but next time you git lost jest take a lean agin a lamp-post and gin yer dorg a fair show to find ye."—Free Press.

The Difficulty of Saving Money. "Talking about saving money," said a veteran millionaire last night. "It is 100 times harder now to keep cash in your pockets than it was when I was a young fellow and didn't spend a cent. I tell you it's hard for them to save in these times. Every young man wants a bicycle, and it's mighty hard to stand on the street and see your friends splashing by on wheels and not invest yourself. Again, it's a great privation for a young fellow not to be well dressed. The distinction between good clothes and poor is so sharp nowadays that it is galling to be conspicuous by cheap attire. Again, there is the theater, the excursion boat, the races and a score of other inducements to spend money which hardly existed in my day, and I'm glad they didn't, for if they had I honestly think I would have been a poor man now."—Buffalo Enquirer.

Goats Paying Better than Sheep. A Missouri farmer writes in an exchange that he finds goats profitable for rough land filled with weeds and bushes. He has had goats for four years, and they have destroyed the bushes, smothered and small persimmon trees. His hogs have been free from disease, while all around him farmers who did not keep goats lost most of their hogs by cholera. The writer says that the meat of young goats is better than mutton. The wool of sheep is now worth so little that the question is worth thinking of whether a few goats may not be kept with profit on rough land unsuited to cultivation in some of the Eastern States.

So Soothing.

A short time ago the position of public executioner in Vienna was vacant, and a fine looking woman of 28 applied for the place. She said it would comfort a man about to die to have his last earthly gaze rest upon a beautiful young woman.

Average Age of Marriage. In civilized countries the average age at which women marry is twenty-three and a half years.