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THE GATES OF HELL.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPECIFIES SOME OF THEM.

He Tells What They Are Made Of and Hummers the Brazen Panels with the Anvil of God's Truth-Swinging Out and Swinging In.

Preached in New York.

In his sermon for last Sunday Dr. Talmage chose a momentons and awful topic, "The Gates of Hell," the text selected being the familiar passage in Matthew zvi., 18, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Entranced, until we could endure no more of the splendor, we have often gazed at the shining gates, the gates of pearl, the gates of heaven. But we are for a while to look in the opposite direction and see swinging open and shut the gates of

I remember, when the Franco-German war was going on, that I stood one day in Paris looking at the gates of the Tuileries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates-the masonry and the bronze-that I forgot myself, and after awhile, looking down, I saw that there were officers of the law scrutinizing me, supposing, no doubt, I was a German and looking at those gates for adverse pur-But, my friends, we shall not stand looking at the outside of the gates of hell. In this sermon I shall tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you what those gates are made of. With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges!

Impure Literature.

Gate the First -Impure literature. Anthony Comstock seized twenty tons of bad books, plates and letter press, and when our Professor Cochran of the Polytechnic Institute poured the destructive acids on those plates they smoked in the righteous annihilation. And yet a great deal of the bad literature of the day is not gripped of the law. It is strewn in your parlors; it is in your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they have retired, the gas burner swung as near as possible to their pillow. Much of this literature is under the title of scientific in formation. A book agent with one of these informal books, glossed over with scientific nomenclature, went into a hotel and sold in one day a hundred copies and sold them all to women! It is appalling that men and women who can get through their family physician all the useful information they may need, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through such accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing presses hoping to be called decent lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title "medical works." Nine-tenths

flide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until with the speed of lightning they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the axminster of many a fine par-lor, and across the ballroom of the summer watering place. You have no right, my brother, my sister-you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoding in the ab-sence of music. No Chickering grand of

city parlor or fiddle of mountain picnic can consecrate that which God hath curs-

Indiscreet Apparel.

attire of women for the last few years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known, but there are those who will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel, to become administrative of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to ed, and the gates of hell are going to be what has been at different times the bold-prostrated. ness of womanly attire. Show me the fashion plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI. of France and Henry VIII. of England and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it, Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion plate of the city of Type? I will show it to you:

"Moreover, the Lord snith because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mineing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the rings and nose jewels. the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins." That is the fashion plate of ancient.

Tyre. And do you wonder that the Lord God in his indignation blotted out the city, so that fishermen to-day spread their nets where that city once stood?

Alcoholic Beverage.

Gate the Fourth. Alcoholic beverage, Oh, the wine cup is the patron of impurity. The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph. Tell me that a young man pulses the dog. He wants nothing to redrinks, and I know the whole story. If he mind him of the anniversary day. becomes a captive of the wine cup, he will become a captive of all other vices. Only give him time. No one ever runs drunkenness alone. That is a carrion crow that goes in a flock, and when you see that beak shead, you may know the other in and sits near the door. The minister of beaks are coming. In other words, the religion is preaching of him who was wine cup unbalances and dethrones one's of those books come hot from the lost better judgment and leaves one the prey ed for our iniquities, and the poor soul by world, though they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New of any kind of sin in the United States for our iniquities; wounded for our trans to-day that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking har before, or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. These people escape legal penalty because they are all licensed to sell liquor. The courts that license the sale of strong drink license gambling houses, license libertinsm, license disease, license death, license ill sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the Legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost. But you say : "You have described these gates of hell and shown us how they swing to allow the entrance of the doomed. Will you not, please, before you get through the sermon tell us how these gates of hell may swing out to allow the escape of the penitent?" I reply, but very few escape. Of the thousand that go in 999 perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit at your dining table? Would you ask her to come the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your acquaintanceships? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while the pusher on the inside of the gate is trying to get out? You would not, not one of a thousand of you would dare to do so. You would write beautiful poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. But you say. "Are there no ways by which the wanderer may escape?" Oh, yes; three or four. The one way is the sewing girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger blasted. But you say, "Is there no other way for her to Oh, yes. Another way is the escupe?" street that leads to the river, at midnight, the end of the city dock, the moon shining down on the water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she slnks the third time. No other way? Yes. By the curve of the railroad at the point where the en gineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death. But you say, "Isn't God good, and won't He forgive?" Yes, but man will not. woman will not, society will not. The church of God says it will, bat it will not. Our work, then must be prevention rather than cure.

They who glide into the dissolute dance restless. As long as this holy imbeellity reigns in the church of God, sin will laugh you to scorn. I do not know but that be fore the church wakes up matters will get worse and worse, and that there will have to be one lamb sacrificed from each of the most carefully guarded folds, and the wave of uncleanness dash-to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral tower.

Prophets and patriarchs and spostles and evangelists and Christ himself have thundered against these sins as against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take, when we speak of these subjects, a tone apologetic. I put my foot on all the conventional rhetoric Gate the Third.-Indiscreet apparel. The on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is sealed, and world without end you will be chased by the anathemas of an incensed God. I rally you to a besiegement of the gates of hell. We want in this besieging host not soft sentimentalists, but men is one of the most remarkable women who are willing to take and give hard knocks. The gates of Gaza were carried but is as vigorous in mind and almost home at reasonable time." off, the gates of Thebes were battered down, the gates of Babylon were destroy-

The Christianized printing press will be rolled up as the chief battering ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's redhot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest, and the suppers and the miners will lay the train under these foundations of sin, and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray, will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trampets of God on high, celebrating she replied: "It is a commentary on universal victory.

Mercy for the Wanderer.

But there may be one wanderer that would like to have a kind word calling homeward. I have told you that society has no mercy. Did I hint at an earlier I can. Women are hampered by their make perhaps the most satisfactory point in this subject that God will have religious views and blinded to many mercy upon any wanderer who would like obvious truths, because they are afraid to come back to the heart of infinite love? Father comes in from the barn, knocks revision. I believe in freedom of he snow from his shoes and sits down by the fire. knitting. She says to him, "Do you re-member it is the anniversary to night?" women who tried to have the Colum-bian Exposition closed on Sundays. I The father is angered. He never wants worked for years to have it open on any allusion to the fact that one had gone | Sundays, so that many who could not away, and the more suggestion that it was the anniversary of that sad event made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old house dog that had played with the wanderer when she was a child comes up and puts his head and museums in New York that are on the old man's knee, but he roughly re- tightly sealed up on Sundays. Why, A cold winter night in a city church. It

is Christmas night. They have been dec orating the sanctuary. A lost wanderer of the street, with thin shawl about her, attracted by the warmth and light, comes wounded for our transgressions and bruis-



∋/& A*M*

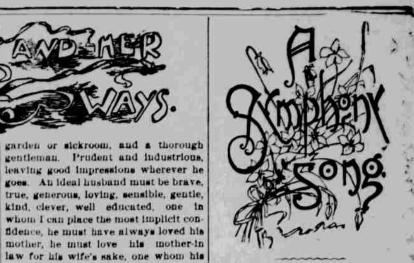
RS. ELIZABETH CADY Stanton, who is now engaged in editing a Woman's Bible, in the world. She is in her 80th year. as much so in body as if she were 30. She was the ploneer in the woman's suffrage critise and is still working for

It. She was the first president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, and it was through ber efforts that it was formed. When asked at

MRS. STANTON. her home in New York what the Woman's Bible meant collently and shed water easily. Flannel, with its ponderous weight, is relegated entirely to the "renting out" costhe Bible in the line of common sense. Women need more common sense, philosophy and science in the training of are found very good, light and pretty their minds and less religious fanati- for bathing suits. Slik warp henrietta their minds and less religious fanation is and fayetta, which is also half slik. She could feel in her clasping fingers in the touch of the sating skin, the touch of the sating skin, of being irreverent. The Bible needs thought and action for women as well The mother sits at the stand as men. Just look at those foolish go during the week should have an opportunity to see the exposition.

Women are such confounded fools! costumes. Fayetta sheds the water Then again look at the art galleries like a duck's back as soon as one is out of it, and it does not hang in flabby. dragging folds. they are trying to stop bicycle riding on Sundays, and it is a wonder they allow some. They are prettily made. the parks to be open on that day."

Can Hardly Be Told Apart, The bloomer girl is winning laureis Lily and Rose Hohfeld are twins. in many fields, and one of the latest is They stand side by side at the head of in foot races. At the Retail Grocers' It's still the scene that seemed so sweet the graduating class of the girls' high picnic in San Francisco last week one school in San Francisco. Equal in of the athletic events was a "young We noticed how that apple bough mental power, says the Examiner, they ladies' race." When the word was



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wife can look up to and feel proud of, A Longh in the Church. he must be good to his own children. If She sat on the sliding cushion, The dear wee woman of four; he goes to his club he is always at Har feet in their shiny slippers, Hung dangling over the floor. She meant to be good: she had prom And so, with her big brown eyes, She stared at the meeting-house French style of bathing suit will predows

And counted the crawling flies.

shorter than usual, and the trousers are She looked far up at the preacher; But she thought of the honey been Droning away in the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees. She thought of the broken basket, wearer. There are a good many serges. white, red and blue, as they hang ex-Three sleek, round puppies, with frame ears.

Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle, tumes. Blue, red and black pongee Such queer little hearts to beat, Such swift, round tongues to kiss, Such sprawling, cushiony feet! And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin.

> Then a sudden ripple of laughter Ran over the parted lips, So quick that she could not catch h With her rosy finger tips. The people whispered, "Bless the child?" As each one waked from a nap; But the dear wee woman hid her face For shame in her mother's lap. New Orleans Times-Democrat,

After a Year. The slender lilies nod their heads On either side the garden way And all along the flower beds Tall foxgloves stand in fair array; The throstle, in the pear tree near, Still carols, as when first we came, The same old song he sang last year, And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilies smell! How need The ordered rosebuds, row on row! A year ago-a year ago. Stood out so green against the sky, It's just as fair as ever now. But we are altered, you and L.



York, Chicago and Philadelphis. Then there is all the novelette literature of the day flung over the land by the million. As there are good novels that are long, so I suppose there may be good novels that are short, and so there may be a good novelette, but it is the exception. No one -mark this-no one systematically reads the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken down literary men for small compensation, on the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, they hope to succeed in the tainted and the nasty. Oh, this is a wide gate of hell! Every panel is made out of a bad book or newspaper. Every hinge is the interjoined type of a corrupt printing press. Every bolt or lock of that gate is made out of the plate of an unclean pictorial. In other words, there are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into bell!

When in one of our cities a prosperous family fell into ruins through the misdeeds of one of its members, the amazed mother said to the officer of the law: "Why, I never supposed there was anything wrong. I never thought there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silence for some time and said: "Oh, I have got it now! I know, I know! I found in her bureau after she went away a bad book. That's what slew her." These leprous booksellers have gathered up the catalogues of all the male and female seminaries in the United States, catalogues containing the names and residences of all the students, and circulars of death are sent to every one, without any exception. Can you imagine anything more deathful? There is not a young person, male or female, or an old person, who has not had offered to him or her a bad book or a bad picture. Scour your house to find out whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor center table or coiled amid the toilet set on the dressing case. 1 adjure you before the sun goes down to explore your family libraries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one had book or had picture may do the work for eternity. I want to arouse all your suspiclop about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the post office. I want you to un derstand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

h Dissolute Danco.

Gate the Second .- The dissolute dance. You shall not divert me to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think of the parlor dance or the methodic motion of the body to sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to unite with me this hour in recognizing the fact that there is a dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternai ruin for a great multitude of both You know, my friends, what postures and attitudes and figures are sug-& sted of the devil.

Great Evils of Society.

Those gates of hell are to be prostrated just as certainly as God and the Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prud ery and squeamishness in this matter, rally the whole Christian sentiment of the church and assail these great evils of so-The Bible utters its denunciation ciety. in this direction again and again, and yet the piety of the day is such a namby pamby sort of thing that you cannot even quote Scripture without making somebody

gressions."

The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which she used to sing when, with father and mother, she worshiped God in the village church. The distinguish the girls one from the other. service over, the minister went down the 1f he addresses one of them by name aisle. She said to him: "Were those words for me? 'Wounded for our transgres-sions.' Was that for me?" The man of God understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on, and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street.

Hope for the Fallen.

"What are you doing here. Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here to night?" "Oh," she replied. "I was in to warm myself," and then the rattling cough came, and she held the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion, recovering herself again, until after a while she reached the outskirts of the city and passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar. She kept on the road, and she saw in the distance a light in the window. Ah, that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played

in childhood. She came to the steps and Then looked in at the fire on the hearth. she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death! But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house dog growled as he saw her enter. but there was something in the voice he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth, but when the face was uplifted she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around around her mother's neck and said, "Oh, mother!" and while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to her mother's room and laid her down on mother's bed. for she was dying. Then the lost one, ooking up into her mother's face, said "Wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities!" Mother, do you think that means me?" "Oh, yes. my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." until just before the moment of her departure her face lighted up, showing the pardon of God had dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of a pardoning Jesus. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

as "Lily or Rose, whichever you are." Their father, even, is often puzzled to and she declines to answer he knows



THE HOMFELD TWIN SISTERS.

he has made a mistake, and the girls sometimes amuse hemselves with the puzzle

The girls were born in Oakland a little over eighteen years ago, and now live with their parents. Mrs. Hohfeld, who is a very handsome woman, in speaking of her daughters, said that. when they were attending the grammar school one of their teachers sent her a note with the request that she tie their hair with different colored ribbons in order to make their identity a little less perplexing. Probably the greatest compliment to the intelligence of these young ladies is the fact that their blg brother approves of them, and actually admits that "they are smart girls."

Woman's Greatest Charm.

I am quite sure that men regard "sweet simplicity" as the greatest charm in women, and especially in girls, writes Ethel Ingalls in a delightful little dissertation in "The Girl in Society," in the Ladies' Home Journal. This does not mean simplicity in the the returned prodigal, she cried, "Oh, simpering sense, but an absence of that Maggie!" The child threw her arms affected air of boldness and mannish-"Oh, simpering sense, but an absence of that ness which has lately been assumed by too many really lovable girls. Then, too, sincerity in expression is one of the characteristics that charm men. To be sincere and candid the girl in society need never be abrupt nor self-assertive

The Good Husband,

A woman with a most vivid imagination described what she considers a good husband. The strange part of it is that with all the angelic qualities with which she insists he must be endowed she expects him to live happily with an earthly wife. Here are her views: "An ideal husband is first of all a thorough Christian. He is truthful, affectionate and ambitious. One who is thoughtful of those around him and a lover of home, hinsic and children, A man who is not given to boasting or concelt. He is generous, amlable, ready to lend c beloing hand in the kitchen. answers the same purpuse.

teachers forever guessing which is flying, Miss Juanita Smith was seen to The days have come between us two which. Their teachers long ago gave grab the hem of her dress and gather up the riddle and now address them her skirts high up under her arms, reyealing her lower limbs clad in not too tight fitting bloomers to the knee, and Only a year since last we met. stockings thence down. She quickly forged ahead of all the other racers and came in winning handsomely, with "the

Close caps of olled slik are worn by

Bloomer Girl as a Sprinter.

Fancies in Swimming Attire.

As a general rule the economical

vall at American seaside resorts this

season. The skirts to the suits are

made quite narrow, and they invaria-

bly reach below the knees. The ma-

terial varies with the taste of the

wearer. There are a good many serges,

rest nowhere." The crowd wildly cheered the bloomers and the wearer afterward frankly attributed her victory to her improved clothes.

Ducts for the Soprano.

The soprano voice, in addition to be ing a beautiful solo instrument, is exquisite in combinations. With the contraito it is at its greatest beauty, and in such ducts as.

Quis est Homo......Rossini La Luna Immobile.....Bolto Come Mallika Delibes And those of Rubenstein and others it is most effective.

with the tenor it is also beautifully Just at the window, where she sits and combined. The following duets for these two voices are most effective: Night Hymn at Sea. . . . Goring Thoma A Night in Venice......Lucantoni Duet from "Il Guarany".Gomez "My Thoughts Are All of Thee"

..... Garrett Colyn Frederic Peakes in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Model Street Bult.



Mothers Are to Blame.

Mothers are nearly always to blame if the baby's ears stick out. Never the anything behind a child's ears, like bonnet strings or hat elastic. Always lay the baby flat on its ear when sleep ing; in extreme cases a cap should be worn, but a slik handkerchief drawn over the top of the head, down over the I love the one with all my heartears and tled securely under the chin

And moved us ever more apart; We cannot, as we used to do, Tell to each other all our heart, But in that year what things have been We walk, we talk together yet We cannot bridge the gulf between,

All looks unchanged save us alone, We've drifted into other ways: Time turns the page, the past is go And naught restores the vanished days. The flying hours new scence reveal, We never fancied, you and I, They would come when we should feel No longer sad to say good-by. -Longman's Magazine

To Hear Her Sing.

To see her perfect head thrown back, While from her lips (the daintlest ever kissed)

There ripples forth a melody so free, So joyous and so glad, the happy birds

sings.

Herself the sweetest among all awood things.

The little Psyche knot of golden hairwonder oft if angels wear theirs so-The soulful eyes uplifted-I am sure Not angel, woman, Saint Cecilia's self

Could look more fair or more divinely

pure! The bunch of lilies on her girlish breast Show scarcely white against her bosom's snow-

But with an odorous sigh they closes

eling. Glad to be near her, glad to hear her sing!

-Nannie L. Hutter, in Southern Macazine.

My Lover's Twain.

My lovers twain-my lovers twain. I pray you let me be! To wed you both I would be fain. Only that may not be.

One lover is like music sweet, That steals my heart away; And one is like the trumpet blast. Which calls me to the fray.

One is of gentle, courteous mind, To low and high degree: And one is stern and harsh of mood. And melteth but to me.

One is so strangely lovable, That but to touch his hand Do women kneel-before the one Do men uncovered stand.

And if I this one do not wed, He never wife will seek; And if that one I do not wed, He sorroweth a week.

My lovers twain-my lovers twain. Ye should have let me be The other loveth me. -New York Tribupe.