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Of My Lady's Fiddlingstrings
Four little slaves my lady has,
All obedient to her will.
With a potent wand she rules them,
To her highest bidding school them;
When she takes in hand her bow,
Straight they sing loud or low;
Willing choristers, until
She commands them to be still.

When my lady's heart beats happy
All her little slaves rejoice;
Sing they then with exultation,
As in joyful emulation
Of the lark that from on high
Fills the earth with melody,
Twixt their music and lark's voice
Hard for mortals to make choice.

When she sighs in melancholy,
Plaintive then and sad their strain
Waiving as for lost salvation,
As for sins past expiation;
Moaning like some wounded thing,
Sobbing, sighing, whimpering,
Shrieking now in bitter pain,
Sinking now to sob again.

Thus their music changes ever
With the changing of her mood,
Now in minor chords of sadness,
Now in joyous psalm of gladness,
Would she but, as them, rule me,
Great my happiness would be,
Dally, hourly, renewed,
Bound in such sweet servitude.
—New York Tribune.

Relief.

Because I would,
I climbed the sunny slopes of maidenhood,
Youth's pathway was so fresh, so free.

So far, so high, life's hilltops looked to me,
I thought not of the future—did not care
To think about it—whether it were fair
Beyond the summit; every moment, glad
To keep the buds around me; for I had
No doubts, no fears, believed that God
was good.

Believed in heaven and immortality,
Because I would.

Because I must,
I leaned to-day upon my staff of trust;
The hilltops are not far; I soon shall see
The other side burst forth. It cannot be
That I have climbed so far and all for
naught.

Oh, no! Some glorious glimpses I have
caught,
And cannot help but take the down-
stretched hand;

And cling to it as tottering I stand.
Oh! tell me not that I am empty dust;
My spirit is—Belief! I hold to thee,
Because I must.

—Julia H. May, from "Songs From the
Woods of Maine."

In Dreamland.

Are you dreaming sweetly, my little pet,
Of the daytime joys you cannot forget?
Or do fairies lead you to scenes afar,
Where the queen and her royal household
are?

I am sure there is music as sweet and
clear
As your own glad laughter, my baby dear,
For they caught it up from your lips to-
day
As the merriest music a heart could play.

And the flowers in bloom in the fields out
there
I have often seen in a form more fair,
For the fairies selected with taste all
wise
The colors you wear in your cheeks and
eyes.

And the sun is shining as softly there
As the gold gleam in your silken hair,
Is it all a vision? I'm sure 'tis true,
And the fairies have gathered their joys
from you.

Oh! the sleep is sweet where the dreams
are filled
With the simple song you have only
trilled,
And the starflowers glow with a new de-
light
When you wander out in the fields at
night.

Oh! little one, sleep, when the nights are
kind,
In dreamland seek for the joys you find,
May they glow and glitter, and each pure
star
Reflect you forever, just as you are.
—George E. Rowen.

A Little Good-Night Song.
Good night to you, dear! You are weary,
And the moon o'er the mountain de-
clines;
The wind blowing westward sighs dreary,
And wanders and wails through the
vines.

You have listened so soft to the tender
Sweet story—so tender and true,
What grace to it all could I render
Out here with the roses and you?

Good night to you, dear; yet I linger
Like one near a spot that is blest,
And toy with the ring on your finger,
And kiss the red rose on your breast.

And good night, and good night, dear, and
never
Good night! Love has ever his way:
But I love you forever and ever,
And I kiss you good night and good day.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES ON WRONGS THAT CANNOT BE RIGHTED.

His Opinion of "the Unpardonable Sin"—Not Possible To-day to Commit It—Some Irrevocable Mistakes Enumerated—Signal Gun of the Gospel.

Too Late to Recall.
In his sermon for last Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still in the West on his annual summer tour, chose a subject which has been a fruitful theme of the theological disputation for centuries—text—viz., "The Unpardonable Sin." The texts selected were: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matthew xii, 31, 32.

"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—Hebrews xii, 17.

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather—a great Christian family group—to study this text, and now may one and the same lamp cast its glow on all the circle!

The Unpardonable Sin.
You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf, but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost, but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my own mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the Spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles. Indeed the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had sight given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and some one standing there should say: "This man got his sight by satanic power. The Holy Spirit did not do this. Beelzebub accomplished it," or, "This man raised from the dead was raised by satanic influence," the man who said that dropped under the curse of the text and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been marvellously kept back from that profanity. You hear a man swear by the name of the Eternal God and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never hear a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here to-day who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious spirit, and your anxiety is proof positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look off upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is not like when they put out with those lifeboats from the Loch Earn for the Ville du Havre. They knew there was not room for all the passengers, but they were going to do as well as they could. But to-day we man the lifeboat of the gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would, this hour, bring you all out of the flood of sin and plant you on the deck of the glorious old gospel craft!

Sins to Guard Against.
But while I have said I do not think it is possible for us to commit the unpardonable sin spoken of in the first text, I have by reason of the second text to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable, and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took this birthright and traded it for some pottage. He cut, Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade, he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and government securities and should go into a restaurant and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward, but he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where we can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if it is only even in times, God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as an irrevocable sin; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong and for them you may seek some place of repentance and seek it carefully, but never find it.

A Misspent Youth.
Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. You may look back to your college days and think how we neglected chemistry, or geology, or botany, or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended

to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at 20 years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back its early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you can never get them back. They are gone, gone, gone, may be very sorry about it and God may forgive, so that you may at least reach heaven, but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms and a boy's eyes and a boy's heart you ought to have attended to those things. A man says, at 50 years of age, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At 20 or 25 years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through his physical health, and then repeats it in after life, the Lord may pardon him, but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel, one Sabbath, at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins, but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is, that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is 21 years of age (talk about a woman beginning life when she is 18 years of age)! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they should close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between 30 and 40! They get or lose fortunes between 10 and 20. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Parental Neglect.
Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth are never set over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being 60 seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all young folks. Why, in the light of this subject, life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man, the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow, will reach over 10,000 years—aye, over the great and unending eternity. You may, after awhile, say, "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be 30 or 40 years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you, but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be 10 or 15 we wake up to our mistakes and try to eradicate this bad habit and change that, but it is too late. That parent who omits, in the first ten years of the child's life, to make an eternal impression for Christ, never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at 50 years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian," and he yields his heart to God and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home and he says: "Here at 50 years of age I have given my heart to the Savior. Now I must establish a family altar." (What? Where are your children now? One in Boston; another in Cincinnati; another in New Orleans; and you, my brother, in your fifth year going to establish your family altar? Very well; better late than never, but alas, alas, that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done, the bent of the character is given, the errand is decided. I say this to young parents—those who are 25 or 30 or 35 years of age—have the family altar right. How do you suppose that father left as he leaped over the coach of his dying child and the expiring son said to him: "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense, but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying and I am afraid!"

Cannot Be Recalled.
In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place, also, the unkindness done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "Do what you will be happy for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there, with cup and spectacles, and the old Bible in her lap, and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us, we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring into the matter, boxes the child's street, comes in some way with dust, and, as though the first disaster were not enough, she whips it.

After awhile the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken,

and those who are left say, "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds; if we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one and cry and cry and cry—the white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but these influences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them. Spare the scolding; be economical of the satire; shut up in a dark cave, from which they shall never swarm forth, all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will—per-haps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline, also administer it very gently. Let some day there be a little slab in the cemetery, and on it chiseled "Our Willie" or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down prone in the grave and seek a place of repentance and seek it carefully with tears you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is the lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week that I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on Sabbath from the discussion of a religious theme without feeling that I might have done it in a more successful way. How is it with you? If you take a certain number of bushels of wheat and scatter them over a certain number of acres of land, you expect a harvest in proportion to the amount of seed scattered. And I ask you now, have the sheaves of moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the advantage given? How has it been with you? You may make resolutions for the future, but past opportunities are gone. In the long procession of future years all those past moments will march, but the archangel's trumpet that wakes the dead will not wake up for you one of those privileges.

Esau has sold his birthright, and there is not wealth enough in the treasure houses of heaven to buy it back again. What does that mean? It means that if you are going to get any advantage out of this Sabbath day, you will have to get it before the hand wheels around on the clock to 12 to-night. It means that every moment of our life has two wings, and that it does not fly, like a hawk, in circles, but in a straight line from eternity to eternity. It means that though other chariots may break down, or drag heavily, this one never drops the brake and never ceases to run. It means that while at other feasts the cup may be passed to us and we may reject it, and yet after awhile take it, the cupbearers to this feast never give us but one chance at the chalice, and rejecting that, we shall find no place for repentance, though we seek it carefully with tears.

Lost Opportunities.
There is one more class of sins that I put in this category of irrevocable sins and that is lost opportunities of usefulness. Your business partner is a proud man. In ordinary circumstances, say to him, "Believe in Christ," and he will say, "You mind your business and I'll mind mine." But there has been affection in the household. His heart is tender. He is looking around for sympathy and solace. Now is your time. Speak, speak, or forever hold your peace. There is a time in farm life when you plant the corn and when you sow the seed. Let that go by, and the farmer will wear his hands while other husbandmen are gathering in the sheaves. You are in a religious meeting, and there is an opportunity for you to speak a word for Christ. You say, "I must do it." Your cheek flushes with embarrassment. You rise half way, but you cover before men whose breath is in their nostrils, and you sag back, and the opportunity is gone and all eternity will feel the effect of your silence. Try to get back that opportunity! You cannot find it. You might as well try to find the nose that Gideon watched, or take in your hand the dew that came down on the locks of the Bethlehem shepherds, or to find the plume of the first robin that sang a "good-bye" to the winter; it is gone; it is gone forever.

When an opportunity or personal reputation or of doing good passes away, you can't find it; you cannot find it. You may fish for it; it will not take the hook. You may dig for it; you cannot bring it up. Remember that there are wrongs and sins that can never be corrected; that our privileges fly not in circles, but in a straight line; that the lightnings have not as swift feet as our privileges when they are gone, and let an opportunity of salvation go by as an inch, the one hundredth part of an inch, the thousandth part of an inch, the millionth part of an inch, and not man can overtake it. Fire winged seraphim cannot come up with it. The eternal God himself cannot catch it.

I stand before those who have a glorious birthright. Esau's was not so glorious as yours. Sell it once, and you sell it forever. I remember the story of the lad Stewart Holland. A vessel crashed into the Arctic in the time of a fog, and it was found that the ship must go down. Some of the passengers got off in the lifeboats, some got off on rafts, but 300 went to the bottom. During all those hours of calamity, Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun, and it sounded across the sea, boom, boom! The helmsman forgot his place, the engineer was gone and some flinted and some prayed and some blasphemed, and the powder was gone, and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough seas of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat and they are safe, but others are not making any attempts to escape. So I stand at this signal gun of the gospel, sounding the alarm. Beware! beware! "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Hear it that your soul may live.

Sin always carries a knife under its cloak.

GOWNS AND GOWNING.

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glimpses at Fashionable Fashions, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Weary'd Woman-kind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

SHOULDERS are on view these days, and the woman with a good pair of 'em sets her less fortunate sister half wild with envy by wearing gowns that fit the top of her like a glove and still display a contour that would be a credit to an athlete. It is outside such fine figures that sleeves are seen pushed away

down to a starting place on the arm, so that the round outline of the shoulder may be completed and seen. This very feature of cut lends a character that is hard to attain by other means, and that will suffice with most women without adding novelty of other sort. But odd trimming is sometimes combined with it, as is done in this first picture, where the fitted white mohair bodice has an 1890 yoke to match and is covered with galleon and embroidery in beige silk in fancy scroll work. Standing collar, fanees and skirt are of beige mohair, the latter trimmed about the hem with three bands of galleon.

The second pictured dress would be quite as trying were it not that it is



APPLIED WITH LOVE KNOTS.

draped about the shoulders with chiffon that softens the exacting outline. This blouse is of moss green and red changeable silk, the upper one showing an appliqued bowknot of cream guipure, and the yoke and collar are of black chiffon over scarlet silk. Knots of black ribbon ornament the sides of the collar, and each of the 1890 elbow sleeves shows one of the big bowknots. White gloves, white parasol and a white hat with black trimmings complete the costume.

With dresses that do not bare the throat or shoulders epaulettes often take the form of those in the third illustration, which are merely ribbon straps with edging or lace. Epaulettes are usually purely ornamental, whatever their shape, but this sort somewhat gives an impression of being put on solely for the looks of the thing, and that is just what makes them favored in summer time fancifulness. The waist they bedeck consists of alternate lace and tulle bands, has ivory silk lining and lace collar, and fastens at the side. It is sketched in green pompadour silk and embroidered tulle, and accompanies a skirt whose godets are held down at the sides by straps of the same shade of ribbon edged with narrow lace and ending in rosettes, the belt



STYLISH EPAULETTES.

being made to match with two loops in back.

Though dress improvers are not worn enough to make women dread the com-

ing of the bustle or the tatted Grecian bend, yet the jaunty fling of the skirt directly from the belt in back is cultivated, and the effect is emphasized by many little tricks, favorite among which are the butterfly bows, with which ribbon belts are completed. These bows have a pair of loops that stand well out, and a regular wheel of ends that stand all around the loops, apparently at their own sweet will. The ends are of all lengths, some only as long as the loops, others reaching half way down the skirt. With the cut of skirt whose godets are very deep, bow or flings of this sort are not needed to suggest the improver, for those same deep pleats will bring a bunch at the



A SKIRT THAT SUGGESTS "IMPROVERS."

back of the skirt that will not bear accentuation of any sort. These wondrous folds are more often seen in crepon weaves than in anything else, and it is one of those that the artist selects for the fourth model. Navy blue is the shade of this material, which gives plain skirt and deep corselet. Then there are deep yoke and sleeves of pale blue figured silk. Straps of pale blue satin ribbons with rosettes at the ends come over the shoulder, the collar is ornamented to match and rosettes of the ribbon dot the sleeves and waist. This model is a particularly youthful one, and the stuffs employed in it here should be taken merely as suggestions, for it is suitable for all summer materials.

White was never more popular. Really, a young woman may risk her summer season if she has a change of white frocks for all occasions, with one or two linen color effects run in. A wardrobe so planned is right in line with economy, too, for with only one or two colors represented in a wardrobe, infinite combinations are possible, and just now the combination of linen or string color and clear white is much effected. Of all the white fabrics mohair is away ahead and rigs are made from it that are simply stunning. One of these is shown in the final picture, the skirt being mohair, and the blouse



WHITE MOHAIR "POINTED" WITH BLACK.

of figured rose pink batiste with sleeves and basques of the same. Its garniture consists of a bertha of the dress material edged with a band of bright embroidery and a fancy yoke with a big center pleat in back and front and points on either side. The points as well as the neck finish show the same embroidery seen on the bertha. So far all is whiteness and simplicity, but, mark you, the July maid of '95 goes simplicity several better in many respects, and in this costume she does it by wearing black gloves and a black hat trimmed with pink, as an effective relief to the rest.

The swagger yachting girl rigs herself up in a white wool gown and has hanging from her white duck, ivory-lacquered belt by ivory chains, a white duck card case, pocketbook, note book and spy glass case. When these dainty things become soiled, as they will, they can't go into the washtrub, so are just chucked. For that reason the yachting dress must be clear white.

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The sailor hat that never-to-be-forgotten member of the millinery family, is more prominent than ever this season. It has a wider front and more drooping effect than of yore and is gar-tured in a great variety of ways.