

# THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1895.

NUMBER 50.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### JONAH OF OLD SOON TIRED OF THE DEVIL'S BUSINESS.

But It Took Heroic Treatment to Bring Him to His Senses—Dr. Talmage Draws Instructive Moral Lessons from Jonah's Misadventure.

#### In Satan's Service.

At this season of the year, when a large portion of the community is journeying either by land or sea, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his midsummer preaching and lecturing tour, chose as the subject of his sermon for last Sunday, "Man Overboard," the text being Jonah 1: 4: "So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him: What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm, I find him on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping, and says to the men lying around on the rocks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think, if you hurry, you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get out on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before.

"Oh, yes," he says; "this is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "aboard" that there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is little hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether the vessel had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying, if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea they threw Jonah overboard.

**The Devil's Dupes.**  
Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out of the ship, lift him over "the guards," and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who, during the past year, has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half-starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire!  
One hundred dollars for wine suppers!  
One hundred dollars for cigars!  
One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless!  
Making \$400 for his damnation!  
Instead of being in Tarshish now, he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man, tired of the faith of his fathers, who resolves to launch out into what is called free thinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for \$12, Renan's "Life of Christ" for \$1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis' words for \$20. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs and to see spiritualism at the table rapping. Talks glibly of David, the psalmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as a wild enthusiast and of Christ as a decent kind of a man—a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots, and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites, and of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet and finds himself that night chilly. The next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy. Sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day. Bathes his feet, has mustard plasters, calls the doctor. The medical man says, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs."

Voice falls. Children must be kept down stairs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house quiet. "See my!" "Send for the minister!" But he does not believe in ministers. You say "Send the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: "In the name of God, Amen I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be" or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash! He goes to the bottom. He paid \$5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition!

Every farthing you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have 30 per cent. or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst stunner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was lying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could he sleep! What if the ship struck a rock? What if it sprang a leak? What if the clumsy Oriental craft should capsize! What would become of Jonah?

**Unfathomable Depths of Danger.**  
So men sleep soundly now and amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impudent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by and whirlpools and hot-breathed Levanters; yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane deck—the gong of warning sounds through the cabin—the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices; yea sound asleep in the cabin.

opens its frothing jaws to swallow. He has gone forever. And while the canvas cracked, and the yards rattled, and the ropes thumped the sea took up the funeral dirge, playing with open diapason of mid-night storm: "Because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproval." I also will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh."

Now, best any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea captain: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not!" If you have a God, you had better call upon him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, whom did he fly to? You heard him, in his old days, tell about some terrible exposure in a snow storm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight garreters, and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your father had a God. In the old religious books lying around the house there are passages marked with a lead pencil—passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—prayerless and a blasphemer, and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshipped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but call on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold and where the bread does not fail and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat, in cap and spectacles, reading her Bible Sunday afternoons. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes, they let her down to rest in the graveyard! Ah, I think from your looks that I am on the right track! Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

But perhaps both your father and mother were depraved. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents. I beg of you.

But you have children. You know God kindled those bright eyes and rounded those healthy limbs and set beating within their breast an immortality. Perhaps in the belief that somehow it would be the best you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel behind you, and fold their little hands, and look up, their faces all innocence and love, you know that there is a God somewhere about in the room.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of your children! May he set these little ones to pulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom tonight they will say their little prayers! But alas! alas! some of these men and women are unmoved by the fact that their father had a God, that their mother had a God, and their children have a God, but they have no God. All pious exhortation to them for nothing. All warning for nothing. They are sound asleep in the side of the ship, though the sea and sky are in mad wrestle.

**Home at Last.**  
Many years ago a man, leaving his family in Massachusetts, sailed from Boston to China to trade there. On the coast of China, in the midst of a night of storm, he made shipwreck. The adventurer was washed up on the beach senseless—all his money gone. He had to beg in the streets of Canton to keep from starving. For two years there was no communication between himself and family. They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family were dead. He had gone out as a captain. He was too proud to come back as a private sailor. But after awhile he choked down his pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there he took an evening train for home to his family. Taking the stage from the depot and riding a score of miles, he got home. He says that, going up in front of the cottage in the bright moonlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window, and the affrighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and child were sleeping. He did not dare to wake them for fear of the shock. Bending over to kiss his child's cheek, a tear fell upon the wife's face and she wakened, and he said: "Mary!" and she knew his voice, and there was an indescribable scene of welcome and joy and thanksgiving to God.

To-day I know that many of you are sea-tossed and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwrecks of earth you are at last in! It will be a bright night—a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in, you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that he who was your father's God and your mother's God and your children's God is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

**Useful Cement.**  
A useful cement for mending broken crockery and for repairing various domestic articles is made of the curds of milk mixed with lime. A similar compound is formed of cheese and lime mixed with water or skim-milk, and is used in Europe as a putty for joiners' work, and as a material for moulding.

## OUR TWO LANGUAGES.

### One That We Use in Conversation, the Other in Written English.

A writer in the current number of the Educational Review prefaces an extremely interesting article on English literature in the college by the declaration, "It is now, I think, generally admitted that the first principle of rhetoric is, write as you speak. The pedantic, declamatory, Latinized diction that prevailed in literary circles a hundred years ago is no longer the standard King's English. In order to write well it is necessary first to speak well—that is, to speak naturally, correctly and strongly."

This is a clever and cunning, as well as complete begging of the whole question. The assumption that we, English and Americans, speak as we write, and that the ordinary rules of grammar and rhetoric run through and underlie oral, as well as written language, is an assumption which cannot be verified by evidence. He who says "don't" and "can't" and "isn't," and who talks about "him and me" when he means "he and I," or who says "done" for "did" or "seen" for "saw," can take his pen or pencil in hand and write English which is unexceptional from the standpoint of person, mood or tense, the fact being that written language is a refinement, and, possibly, an improvement on spoken language, but at the same time as different from it as the dialect of Yorkshire from that of Cornwall, or the talk of Yankee land from the patois of the uplands of North Carolina or the lowlands of Louisiana.

The writer of the article in question has fallen into the rhetorical error of, as the vernacular has it, putting the cart before the horse. Every written language, protected and fenced in as it may be by rhetorical fences and hedges, each of which is bristling with rules and safe-guarded by exceptions to those rules, is only a development from a spoken language, and whether it be an improvement or not is an open question. At all events it must be apparent to every student of language or philology that we have, at least in English, two separate and distinct languages, and that if we should attempt to follow the dictum of the writer in the Educational Review, and write as we speak, our contributions to current literature would be speedily side-tracked into the editor's waste paper basket. It might be better for the genius of the English language, and for the preservation of its integrity, that we should speak as we write, but to adopt the converse proposition and write as we speak seems the very climax of absurdity to those who know and appreciate the distinction between English "as she is wrote" and "as she is spoke."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### The Pump.

Mike Welsh had been recommended to Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired, and placed in charge of this department. One morning, after Mike had been a month at the place, Simpson, who had made ready to start off with his milk-cart, said to him: "Mike, you may give the cows some oatmeal this morning; and be sure you give my best milk an extra quantity." "The best milk, is it, sir?" "Yes; you know the old cow that gives the most milk?" "Bedad, I think I do, sir." "Well, you give her four quarts of the mash." "All right, sir, I'll do that same." On the evening of that day Simpson had occasion to go to the old wooden pump in the yard. He tried the handle, but it wouldn't work. The pump seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally he discovered that all the upper part was loaded with something very nearly resembling oatmeal mash. He called his man, "Mike," said he, "what is the matter with this pump?" "The pump, is it, sir?" "Yes. How come this oatmeal mash in here?" "Sure, sir, I put it in myself." "You stupid blockhead, why did you do that?" "It was myself that told me, sir." "I—I told you to put it in here?" "Indade ye did, sir."

"Why, you thick-headed rascal, what do you mean?" "Don't be in a passion, master. Did ye not tell me to give yer best milk an extra quantity of the mash? And where in all the world, I'd like to know, is the crathur that gives so much milk to yer cans as does this old pump?"

**Woman's Fidelity.**  
The obligation of fidelity will be as natural to woman in the time to come as it was in the old days, because human nature is stronger than any laws we may make to change it, and the instinctive feeling of a woman, like a dog, is fidelity—fidelity to the man she loves, the man to whom she has given herself. Education and modern influences may modify for a time the bent of her life, and may cause some women to break away and embark on other lines and ways of living, but the prodigals will return home, finding out the hollowness and the impossibility of the career they prepared for themselves.

From physical causes, women cannot lead the same lives as men, do what they may; and as nature, in her wisdom, has placed such restrictions on them, they will recognize, after a time, their limitations, and be content to admit that they have been wronged in the unequal struggle.—Lady Jeanne, in the Saturday Review.

**Wooden Hats.**  
Connecticut has always been prolific in inventors with a genius for utilizing wood in unexpected directions from the time when one of her sons manufactured nutmegs out of pine knots down to the present day. The latest outcome of this ingenuity is a wooden hat. A Connecticut man has made a machine that cuts a block of wood into fine strips. These are moistened and then woven like straw into headgear, which is said to be very durable. The inventor says that the substance is lighter than straw, and that because of its easier manipulation and lower cost it will supersede the other material.—Boston Herald.

**Corn Sprinkler.**  
A Hannibal (Mo.) man has invented a machine for sprinkling corn in dry or arid regions. The machine is on the same principle as a corn planter. It is so arranged that from a quart to a half-gallon of water will drop at the hills.

It requires considerable genius for a man to relate his woes and keep his friends interested.

## WHITTIER'S COURAGE.

### He Hazarded Life and Popularity in the Cause of Abolition.

Before he was 30 he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortunate negroes who were held in bondage in the South. In 1833 he wrote a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency," in which he considered the whole question of slavery, and declared that it should cease forever. Three years later he became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. In 1838 he went to Philadelphia to edit the Pennsylvania Freeman; and so boldly did he advocate the right of the negro to own himself that the printing-office was sacked by a mob and burned. Then, as more than once afterward for the same cause, Whittier was in danger of his life.

Whittier showed physical courage in facing the ruffians who wished to prevent free speech; but he had revealed the higher moral courage in casting in his lot with the little band of abolitionists. Up to this time he had looked forward to holding public office, as well he might, when many another journalist has stepped from the newspaper desk into public life. When he became one of the small band who denounced slavery, he gave up all chance of office. He also had literary ambition, but so strong was the power of the slave-owners then, and so intolerant were they, that most editors and publishers were sorely intimidated, and declined to print not only any attack on slavery, but even the other writings of an author who was known as an abolitionist. Thus Whittier, in identifying himself with the anti-slavery movement, thought that he was giving up his literary future also. He made his decision promptly, and he never regretted it. Indeed, in later life he said to a boy of 15, to whom he was giving counsel, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."—St. Nicholas.

**A New Field for Electricity.**  
It seems as though the United States House of Representatives will soon miss the page boys who have hitherto been so much in evidence. Not that the boys will be abolished, but that they will be relegated to ante-chambers and benches, where they will await summons, like the ordinary mortals who answer to "Front!" in hotels. Electricity will be responsible for this change. There will be less noise, and the wonted handclapping of members in a hurry will be a thing of the past; but the house will be a decided gainer in decency, quiet and decorum. Two annunciators will be used, one in each cloak room at either end of the hall, dividing the floor into two sections, and providing for a total of 300 calls. On each desk will be a calling push button, and the wires will run under the floor in cables to the rooms where the annunciator boards are. When a member calls, his number on the board will drop and the page next on turn will lie to his bidding. If this plan should prove successful, as it promises to be, it is likely that members will register their votes in like fashion, with a great saving in time.

**The Lord Mayor's Secretary.**  
If the Lord Mayor's private secretary ever wore all his decorations his breast would blaze as brilliantly as that of the chief magistrate himself. Mr. Soubisly, who has just received from the Mikado the Order of the Rising Sun, already possesses the blue ribbon of the Legion of Honor, to say nothing of the orders of Francis Joseph of Austria, the Humane Redemption of Liberia, and a Servian and Greek decoration to boot. The genial permanent secretary of the Mansion House, who has assisted twenty-one lord mayors to preserve some continuity of civic government, was appropriately born in a cockney family, and educated at the City of London School. While still in his teens he began to read for the bar, was called after the shortest interval of study permitted by the Inns, and immediately received the appointment which he has filled with such distinction ever since. He is 43 years of age.

**Another Use for Aluminum.**  
The value of aluminum for use in the army is about to be demonstrated in another way—for use as a signal lantern. The Signal Corps has been experimenting with lanterns for some time, and one has been found that gives excellent results. It is made of aluminum and its type is similar in many respects to the headlight of a locomotive. It has worked satisfactorily at a distance of twenty-eight miles.—New York Tribune.

**A Versatile Actor.**  
A theatrical manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler explosion. When the manager heard of it he remarked to his agent: "I am sick of this sort of thing. Advertise him as usual and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star, Mr. D., will appear in several parts."

There should be a law providing that the first grandchild belongs to the grandparents.