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HARD ON THE PURSE.

A COMPLETE ABANDONMENT OF CURRENT STYLES.

That is what the Fall Fashions are Planned to Necessitate—Big Sleeves and Stiffly Swirling Skirts to Be Out of Date Next Year.

Changes Are Radical. New York correspondence:

URSES are to have a rest, to judge by the incoming fashions of autumn, which are carefully planned to necessitate a complete abandonment of current styles. She who wants to get good service out of the beautiful dresses planned for this season, must work hard, for the very early fall will be the last call for the "old styles." It does seem dreadful to so characterize all our lively big-sleeved and stiffly swirling skirted gowns, but by this time next year the draperies, fichus and coats now appearing will be on the wane. What is the use of planning gowns, after all? Why, to plan more gowns, of course! or that is the way it seems to work.

Jaunty little coats, too, of the square cut are already appearing in the very early cloth gowns. A stunning affair in white broadcloth has widely turned



A HAT TRIMMED SOLELY FOR EFFECT IN FRONT.

back revers opening over a dainty brocade waistcoat that is almost obscured by billows of chiffon and lace. The skirt with this is distinctly narrower than the present fashions demand, and the sleeves show an equal decrease. It seems a wild extravagance to go into a new model in white broadcloth so near the end of the present season, but the wearer whispered that she means to have the gown dyed black. Still another cut of jacket that promises to find favor is put beside the initial at the head of the column. It is provided with a ripple basque, velvet, the turned back fronts being faced with velvet to match. Between the two revers a button is placed on each side, and pockets show lower down. Its sleeves are only moderately wide, and the whole is lined with thin blue silk.

In millinery there are to be enormous picture hats of felt, with great plumes and apparently no method in the trimming beyond the attainment of becomingness in front. As will be seen from the second illustration, it sometimes takes a good deal of trimming to make even the front of a hat attractive. Here the gray felt is topped by huge bows of Dresden ribbon, over which gray tips show in profusion. There are also to be extremely jaunty little cockade caps, and a few examples of Turkish-like affairs that suggest the genuine



LEANING TOWARD A REVIVAL OF ACCORDION PLEATING.

turban, produced by winding a scarf about the head. For her to whom two hats are a lot, it will be well to bide a bit, because no shape has been settled upon as a favorite so far, and meantime the shapes at present in vogue will look all right for some months, or till fall is well along.

All women never agree unanimously

upon any one style, so the designers of fashions are often trying to push toward favor styles that are widely different and with the desire strong for something original and striking, oddities result. These are especially abundant in the transition period, and the two widely different designs that appear in the next two sketches show how far apart the guesses of even the fashion creators are as to what will next strike woman's fancy. The first of these has an accordion pleated skirt, a rather daring suggestion for the present time, and the yoke and undersleeves are also pleated, the material being



STRIPED AND PLAIN SUITINGS JAUNTILY COMBINED.

pink shot silk. A fitted bodice shows a point at back and front, these points and the sleeve cuffs being plain silk, while the drapery is of Dresden silk. With all its complication of arrangement, this costume somehow had a trace of demureness in its picturesqueness, and the locks combed smoothly away from a central parting made a harmonious choice of hairdressing.

In the second example, light brown suitings is combined with brown and white striped stuff. The skirt is of the latter, but its front breadth is of the plain fabric and is ornamented at the top with small buttons. The brown suitings gives the bodice, which has belt and sailor collar of the other goods, the belt finishing in back with a big bow. It is cut away at the neck over a chemise of brown silk, which may be replaced with white silk for more dressy wear. Bands of the striped goods are put at the ends of the elbow sleeves and finish in bows.

When designs that are so unlike are presented by makers who are well known for past achievements, it is time for women with slender pin money to watch, and to wait if they can, for dog



A THICKY SUBSTITUTE.

days' weather is no more uncertain than the eventual acceptance of its fashions.

As to the fancy waist, the last end of summer has brought white mull, dimity and lawn as the favorite materials for this sort of bodice. Thus a white lawn waist of much elaborateness is worn with tailor-made duck skirts, also white, and the effect is voted correct. But fall dresses will show that the rule of fancy silk waist with plain skirt of another material is on the wane. Still the wily fashion creators are well aware that this was a style that women were well satisfied with, so in making a change from it they resort to a trick. That is, they plan waists of the same goods as the skirt, but so fancifully trimmed that they hope women will not miss the dear departed silken waist.

The final picture here presents one of these substitutes, a blouse waist of thin blue woolen suitings, worn with a plain gilet skirt of the same stuff. The waist has fitted lining over which the suitings is draped after it has been embroidered with a wide spreading design in different colors of silk. Back and front are alike, and the sleeves, both puffs and cuffs, are the same embroidery, as does the plain stock collar. The garment fastens invisibly in front and is completed by a plain belt of the suitings with a ribbon bow in back.

People do not admire every man who attempts to be religious any more than they admire every man who attempts to sing.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER FINDS CONSOLATION IN GOD'S WORD.

A Sermon from the Very Appropriate Text, "And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears from Their Eyes"—The Comforts of Religion.

Uses of Affliction.

Rev. Dr. Talmage could not have selected a more appropriate subject than the one of last Sunday, considering the bereavement that has come upon him and his household. He had already prepared his sermon for the day, selecting as a topic "Comfort" and taking as his text, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Revelation vii, 17.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought, "What a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on prairie in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder and you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere at the time. Tears! Tears!

The Uses of Tears.

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an Eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family it put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a sordid life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say, "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the magnonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no little tattling, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there."

From Genesis to Revelation. He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he read Genesis once. "The old story," "In the beginning God created the heavens and

the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the newer story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate, the country in which he has lots already laid out and avenues opened and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides, and then we are willing that God would take the reins and drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Prayer in Trouble.

After a man has had trouble prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles an hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "O God, save us!" There was another time, about 800 miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed, then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only.

Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital."

The Last Resort.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick and dying. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to thee! Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to incapacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing, but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk.

Take an aged mother 70 years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost

her babe. Grandmother knows all about that kind of trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Written in Tears.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semblant verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of something one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marsh. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha. Then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The dandelion shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of His either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all the stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Friend, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Funeral on Earth, Jubilee in Heaven.

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming in port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said, "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying, "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered, and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

"There we shall march up the heavenly street And ground our arms at Jesus' feet." If there is a virtue in the world we should aim at it is cheerfulness.



Pierre Loti is about to start on a journey through India.

"Elizabeth Hastings," the author of that clever satire, "An Experiment in Altruism," turns out to be Miss Margaret Sherwood, a young instructor in Wellesley College.

Col. John Hay is the latest author to boast a literary daughter. Miss Helen Hay contributes to one of the young folks' magazines a humorous poem called "The Merry Mongoose."

The danger that besets the novelist who attempts to write plays is illustrated by Mr. Zangwill in an anecdote of an actress who played in an unsuccessful comedy by a distinguished man of letters. One of her stage directions, she said, ran thus: "Re-enter Mary, having drunk a cup of tea."

George Hugo has been made sub-director of La Nouvelle Revue, of which Mme. Adam is in charge. It is supposed that he and young Leon Daudet will soon replace Mme. Adam, who is to devote all her time to her six volumes of memoirs, one of which is to appear each year until finished.

The prize of \$2,000 which Miss Mary Wilkins recently won in the detective-story competition is not her first success of the kind. Her earliest published story, "The Ghost Family," secured her the prize of \$50 for which it was written. Miss Wilkins had chirography handicapped her early efforts to gain a publisher's favor. She writes an immature, schoolgirl hand that used to prejudice publishers' "readers" against her.

This is the pessimistic conclusion at which Mr. Howells has arrived, as set forth in his latest book: "I have found that literature gives one no certain station in the world of men's activities, either idle or useful. We literary folk try to believe that it does, but that is all nonsense. At every period of life among boys and men we are accepted when they are at leisure and want to be amused; and at best we are tolerated rather than accepted."

One of the most promising of the younger school of authors in the West is Miss Lillian Bell, of Chicago, of whose newest book, "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," five thousand copies were sold in three weeks. Miss Bell is a young woman of thirty, who became known a few years ago by her "Love Affairs of An Old Maid." She had written two complete novels before she was fifteen, but they are not destined ever to see the light of publication.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S PHAETON.

The Yellow-Wheeled Carriage Sold by Auction for \$14.

The old platform-spring park phaeton owned by Gen. Grant while he was President of the United States was sold by auction a few days ago for \$14. It was the carriage that was hitched to a four-in-hand team and conveyed Grant to the capitol for his second inauguration, and afterward did similar service for Mr. Hayes. During Grant's administration the high-seated park phaeton, with the yellow wheels and yellow-striped body, was conspicuous on all the thoroughfares in and around Washington. Grant's famous double team, Cincinnati and Egypt, the fastest pair of horses that ever occupied a stall in the executive stable, were usually hooked to it. Old residents in Washington recall with what apparent delight President Grant drove through the city in that yellow-wheeled conveyance. There was only one other like it ever seen in Washington, and that was brought here and used by the late Senator John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, who was a personal friend of Grant—New York Sun.

In Time or Eternity.

"There is something about your verses that is quite nice, Miss Buddy," said the aged but truthful editor of the Clarion, "and I am sorry we are not able to use them."

"Then," stuttered Miss Buddy, as she received back the little roll tied about with a blue ribbon, "you think, do you not, that if I persevere, in time I may be able to write very acceptable poetry?"

"Yes," assented the editor of the Clarion; "in time. Or at least," he hastened to add, as a glad thought burst upon his intellect, "if not in time, Miss Buddy, what is the matter with trying eternity?"

The Moral of the Moral.

The persistency with which children see some other moral in a fable than the one which it is intended that they shall see is often distressing, and sometimes really instructive, to their elders.

A mother had recited to her little boy the story of the wolf and the lamb, and followed it up with the remark:

"And now you see, Willy, that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible." "Yes, I understand, mamma," said Willy; "if the lamb had been good and sensible, we should have had him to eat!"