

# THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1895.

NUMBER 1.



**Sleeping.**  
The clinging arm, full, white and sweet,  
Beneath the white lids closing;  
The cheeks flushed faint with rosy sleep,  
The dimpled hands reposing—  
The sweet red lips held half apart—  
Smiles coming and retreating;  
God bless and keep the little heart,  
Within the white breast beating,  
As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet  
Lie still in cradle nestling—  
The clinging arm, full, white and sweet,  
Upon the pillow resting;  
Close out the burst of noise and glare—  
Harsh sounds, and harsher seeming—  
And let the soft, sweet summer air  
Float gently through his dreaming,  
As baby sleeps.

And life and time go hurrying on,  
Their varied meshes weaving;  
And heaven is lost, and heaven is won,  
And joy gives place to grieving;  
The summer comes, the summer flies,  
And brings the autumn's glory—  
While still my darling's violet eyes  
Repeat the same old story—  
That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet awake  
The future years are winging,  
And think what gifts of love and grace  
Their hidden hands are bringing;  
What paths the little feet may tread,  
What works the hands be molding;  
What crown awaits my darling's head,  
When heart and soul, unfolding,  
No longer sleep.

Ah! Hope has many a fairy theme,  
From her sweet lips unfolding,  
And life has many a golden dream,  
That some fond heart is holding;  
But none so glad as those that rise,  
In light and beauty blending,  
To shine before a mother's eyes,  
Above the cradle bending,  
While baby sleeps.

**A Song of Love.**  
The love whose thoughts far swifter fly  
Than sea-birds through the spray;  
The love that craves with stifled sigh  
A dear voice far away;  
Whose longing memories strive to trace  
Each smile of vanished glee;  
And soars sublime through time and space—  
That is my love for thee.

The wiseful love that clings and clings  
Like some forsaken child;  
The trustful love that sings and sings  
With echoes weird and wild;  
That whispers in the lonely night  
Of what can never be,  
From eyes a gleam with tearful light,  
That is my love for thee.

The love that hath no part of bliss  
And only breathes in pain,  
And yet whose pang I would not miss  
For all the stars contain;  
That broke my heart in days gone by,  
And wrecked my life for me,  
The hopeless love that ne'er can die—  
That is my love for thee.

**Song.**  
There is always some song to sing, my dear,  
Always some song that has not been sung;  
A song that the broken hearts may hear  
From the long-lost hopes they tread among.

The song of the robin is old, we know,  
And the cricket's chirrup is evergreen;  
And the maiden's song on the earth below  
Is echoed back by the blue up there.  
But, into the depths of the far-away,  
There are broken fragments all unknown,  
Which turned to gems of thought, to-day  
Make sweetest songs, and all our own.

Yes, there is always some song that we may sing,  
Always some song that is yet unsung;  
A song that will cheer the sorrowing  
Like the whispered words of a lover's tongue.

**The Dear Little Path.**  
There's a dear little path at the end of the road,  
And where do you think it goes?  
It wanders away at its own sweet will,  
Off through the woods and over the hill,  
And down where the river flows.

The prime old road lies paved and curbed,  
While the lamps at either side  
March out in a line by night and day  
To the noisy town far away,  
Where never a flower can hide

Two at the end stand quite amazed  
At the little path's careless ways;  
But, waiting beyond in the margin,  
The bluebird's nest and the springing wheat,  
And it never stops nor stays.

Oh, the dear little path! I like it best,  
Springtime, summer and fall,  
Though it runs through the brambles or  
Into the swamp,  
It is dearer to me than the stately pomp  
Of the road with its sentinels tall.  
—G. P. Du Bois, in Chicago Record.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### WORDS FOR THE BEREAVED AND FAINT HEARTED.

He Gloriously Pictures the Attractions of the World Beyond—The Health, the Splendors, the Reunions and the Song of Heaven.

#### Glories of Heaven.

For the bereaved and faint-hearted there could be no words of stronger consolation or encouragement than those of the sermon prepared by Rev. Dr. Talmage for last Sunday. His subject was "Surpassing Splendors." With limitless touch, he has pictured the glories and attractions of the world beyond the skies in a way to bring joy to believing souls and to fascinate even the thoughtless and indifferent. The text chosen was, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard." I Corinthians ii. 9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is not natural as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?

**Corinth.**  
The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor the world holds no such wonder-to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures from the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthians," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overturned, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples—Lions were awaiting at one shrine—and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

**Paul's Text.**  
Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world, they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves, they had passed their whole lives away among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered and no gateway that it had not adorned.

Ah, it was a bold thing for St. Paul to stand there amid that and say, "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. You citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a beautiful city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you, eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for him that love him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide heaven is, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven, there will be room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

**Health in Heaven.**  
I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in those very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were hard strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord.

You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The air that goes now on the earth is unlike those which floated above paradise. They are charged

with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch if you can one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health—swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no siccities, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever—for everlasting years to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

**Splendors of Heaven.**  
I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says, "The 12 gates are 12 pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysopterus and sapphire—a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! Thrones! Thrones!

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallohalls chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some, "Hosanna to the Son of David," and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of eulogium and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it." Skin from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the splendor of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

**Reunions in Heaven.**  
I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea and met a friend or even an acquaintance in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What, then, will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated?

After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by, farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharf good-by. Children lip it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by"—and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! That is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas-chant. Good-by! good-by! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gate, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now here goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here and coffins and hearses there.

**A Dying Negro Boy.**  
A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said, "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother

said, "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is! It is the grave here, it is darkness here, but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont. These were torn to pieces at the Inquisition. This is the throne of the great Jehovah. This is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus." And the missionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then he said, "Massa; where Jesus is there can be no hell! Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross, to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones—that will be the greatest reunion. We cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and loneliness, they don't seem to come to us.

We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child, is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters. None! None! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever." But, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct; that they were never so much alive as now, that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! We cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

**The Song of Heaven.**  
I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had caused playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play with the utmost spirit a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they raise all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbath. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear those old songs sung, it seems as if the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and sailors' bethel and western cabins until the whole continent lifts the doxology, and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away, then, with your traveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth, the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles, morning stars clapping their cymbals, harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God roll on, roll on, other empires joining the harmony, till the thrones are full of it and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep base voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilate voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from the earth!

**Tolstol's Hypocrisy.**  
In Mme. Seuron's forthcoming book of Tolstol anecdotes—Mme. Seuron lived for ten years as governess in the count's house—there appears the following story concerning Tolstol's vegetarianism:

"The old count demands that vegetarian dishes are always brought to table for him, while his wife and the rest of the family eat beefsteaks and other flesh food. It often happens that the countess furtively puts a little chicken meat or a little goose on her husband's plate, but he with indignant looks, pushes back the plate, murmuring: 'No, I will not eat meat, absolutely, I will not.'

"But," adds Mme. Seuron, "I have often surprised him going to the side-board for a piece of roast beef, which the evening before, at table, he had solemnly refused. The carnivorous instinct was reawakened, and the enormous pieces of meat was swallowed in one bite by this apostle of vegetarianism."—Boston Journal.

Color blindness or the slightest deficiency in hearing is sufficient to exclude a man from the army.

## GOWNS AND GOWNING.

### WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Useful to Wearer of Womankind.

#### Gossip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence:  
Of course the tremendous inundations women have been wearing about shoulders and arms are not to be incontinently pricked all at once, for it would be dreadful to be blown off the earth by the escape of a high wind from one's own sleeves, but fall brings an end to the increase of dimensions, and downward drop will be essential. The sleeve now popular that forms a puff to the elbow longer on the outside of the arm than on the inside will hold its own, and this same sleeve with a long, close-fitting fore-sleeve will be all right if it ends in a flaring turn-back cuff at the wrist.

Lace isn't affected, apparently, by the change of season, and is still to be used very freely. So when the pretty dresses that are so soon to be old style are thrown or given away make sure to rip all the lace off first. Few of the devices for employing laces are entirely "out," and new places have been found for putting it on gowns. The



ONE WAY TO TRIM SLEEVES.

embellishment of seams is a feature of some of the models, and skirts of the umbrella pattern have their many seams masked by narrow satin ribbons of color to contrast with the material of the gown, such ribbon being finished at the edges with closely fulled narrow lace. Just stop, amateur dressmaker, and try computing how many yards of lace can be disposed of by that idea. With that problem solved, turn to the second illustration and observe another trick of seam ornamentation. In this dress beige crepon and striped blue taffeta are employed, and insertions of the latter show below the knees at all of the skirt seams, which above each seam is outlined by a band of galloon. This method is at first consideration less terrifying than the suggested use of fulled lace, but it complicates the making of the skirt till the home dressmaker need be wary. The bodice is not much easier, being composed of a plain crepon back and a front of alternate stripes of crepon and taffeta, the fastening being at the side. Belt and collar are of crepon, the latter trimmed with blue chiffon rosettes, and the taffeta sleeves have crepon cuffs and beige ribbon trimming. The skirts of to-day will do for the fall, and the wise girl who bought enough extra for a bodice can use these



THE FRONT SKIRT FLARE DISGUISED.

skirts with a freshly made short coat that opens in the front over a fall of lace. The really new model of skirt is closely like the more flaring examples worn during the past season, except that the cut is modified to give the effect of a down-pointing dip right in front. No exaggerated in this effect in

some imported dresses that it really would seem the skirt was on wrong-side-to with the demi-train in front, except that there is a corresponding dip in the back. Of course, such skirts are stiffly lined to keep the front dip well forward and out from under the feet, the effect being something reminiscent of the late fenders attached to the electric cars. Both the skirts pictured above show a slight degree of this flare, but in some dresses it is carried to ungraceful extreme, and again, as in the third sketch, when the front flare is so great as to hint of awkwardness, it is disguised by carrying



A STYLISH TRAVELING RIG.

the flare well around to the sides. This disguises its character, too, and it is fully as well to have only a little flare and to have it right in front. The bodice of this dress is its chief novelty and is fitted at sides and back, but is slashed a few inches from the front edges so that the tabs hang over the belt. In front there is a box pleat of white mull set with small black buttons, and a large black satin bow whose ends are held down by fancy buttons. The sleeves are shirred at the top and have turned back cuff cuffs. Black satin is used for the belt, and is combined with the dress goods—mauve pique—for the collar.

As summer ended traveling dresses took on quite as great a degree of elaborateness as other gowns left behind. They became so elaborate—in some cases quite fanciful—that the design of their wearers to use them later as street dresses was plain. Meanwhile the exquisitely distinguished themselves from the million by insisting upon a different traveling gown for the return journey from that worn in going away. By less extravagant women the last two pictures will be considered as separate possibilities, though it suggests luxury pleasantly to think of taking a journey in one of them and returning



ANOTHER SWELL JOURNEYER.

In the other, The first is of navy blue alpaca, and its skirt has strapped seams and is dotted in front with five buttons on each side. The fitted bodice is slashed in front to show pleated insertions of red and blue shot taffeta, and the latter are repeated on the sleeves. Its sides are gathered and the front shows a big boxpleat also trimmed with buttons. The belt may be of leather or of the dress material, and a fancy collar of taffeta with guipure edging completes the ornamentation.

The second traveling costume is even more ornate than this, being made princess of Scotch plaid with a rever of gray cloth at the right side of the skirt. The bodice has a vest and collar of the darker color seen in the plaid, and large revers, of which the right one passes around the back to form a belt and is then fastened with a buckle at the upper part of the skirt revers, making it appear as if the one were a continuance of the other. The plaid sleeves have fancy pointed cuffs of the plain goods, with stitched edges.

Another good material for the gown for home coming is corduroy in gray. If the trip be not too long, let the seams be lapped with white pique bands. The collar of the coat, the pocket pieces, too, and the cuffs should be of white pique, too, and the soft hat of gray felt in tourist shape should have a pique band. Copyright, 1895.