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## THE FAMILY STORY

### MR. \* MEEK'S \* DINNER.

"I WONDER, James," said Mrs. Meek, doubtfully, to her husband one morning, "if you could get your own dinner to-night. You see I've had to let the servant go on her holidays for a day or two, and they want me desperately at the Woman's Aid and Relief bazaar, to help them with their high tea from 4:30 to 8:30. If you thought you could manage by yourself—"

"I'll try to survive it," observed Mr. Meek, good-naturedly. "I don't fancy it will prove fatal."

"I'll get a roast and cook it this morning, then," went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, "and you can have it cold for dinner."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Meek, "you will do nothing of the kind. I fancy I haven't gone camping pretty much every year of my life for nothing. I suspect I can manage a hot dinner about as well as most women."

Mrs. Meek had her doubts, and, unlike most wives, expressed them. Mr. Meek viewed his wife's doubts with supreme contempt, and, unlike most husbands, expressed it. Thus it finally resulted that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him, and betook herself to the bazaar. So it resulted, furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office about 4 o'clock that afternoon, and proceeded to collect, on his way home, the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.

An alluring display of chickens were the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them, when, by good luck, or more probably through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that—well, that you don't, as a rule, cook chickens as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory, he bought a couple of mutton chops and three tomatoes.

"I'll have a good, plain, old-fashioned English dinner," thought he, as he hurried past the deceitful chickens, with something almost akin to reproach. "None of your flaky, poultry dinners for me!"

"By jove!" he exclaimed a moment later. "I'll have an apple pudding and some oyster soup to begin on."

He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a grocery shop and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples, and then hurried home without a thought of the cab he was to order for his wife at 8:30 sharp.

By 5 o'clock he had the fire going beautifully, and everything ready for a start. By 6 o'clock he was just beginning to enjoy the thing; the tomatoes were stewing divinely; the potatoes were boiling to their hearts' content; and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters, by the by, had not arrived.

"Dear me," thought the ambitious gentleman, "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have had some oyster patties for a sort of final dessert. Hello, what's this? By thunder, if that everlasting pig-headed woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie! By the Lord Harry, for 2 cents I'd throw the whole thing out into the back yard!"

The natural docility of his nature, however, prevailed, and he left the obnoxious viands unmolested, and proceeded with his dinner. At 6:30 he put the chops on to broil, "as in the good old days of yore"—this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally dropping into the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the stove lifter and one of the best table napkins. By the time the chop was thus rescued, both it and the table napkin were fairly well done—to say nothing stronger. This trifling difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window sill to cool, and the napkin into the fire—to do the other thing.

This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other one cooling on the window sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, added butter to taste, and proceeded to mold it deftly into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly formed the bowl and took themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn, just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the rescue and left the major portion of the paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the stove lifter. At this juncture the tomatoes started in to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6:30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the

### A REMARKABLE PHYSICIAN.

Gave His Services and His Life to the Poor.

Last spring, in the city of New York, occurred one of the most remarkable funerals ever witnessed. The hearse which bore the dead man was attended by sixty pallbearers, and each man of the sixty owed his life, under God, to the ministrations of him they bore. Behind the hearse walked 800 men in line, hardly one of whom but was indebted to the dead man for his ability to be there.

Two hundred and ninety-three carriages followed, and these in turn were attended by a large number of people on foot.

Who was this man who, being dead, could so stir the hearts of the people? Who was he that he should be mourned over by 15,000 persons in one day, because they would look upon his face no more? Was he a great general; a world-honored statesman?

No. He was a simple East Side physician, whose patients were dwellers in the tenement districts, and whose mourners were the poor to whom he had ministered.

Dr. Aronson inherited a small property from his father, and early determined that his life should be spent in service for others. He made lung diseases his specialty, and studied with Koch in Berlin, and in the best schools in Europe. When he came back to New York he was unknown, save to physicians, but he immediately opened, at his own expense, a hospital for consumptives in the poorest part of the city, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of alleviating the distress of friendless patients.

It was his custom when called upon to attend a poor family, to leave a few dollars on the table behind him. In the bestowal of these gifts neither creed nor race was recognized.

A friend said of him: "He was a man who took peculiar pleasure in seeing other people happy. He often declared that if he had ten millions of dollars, he would spend his life in driving around in the tenement districts, and relieving the poor."

He himself once said: "I like to discover a case where a hard landlord is pushing a poor tenant to the wall. Then it is my delight to come in at the last moment, raise my hand, and call a halt, with a check for the amount owed by the tenant. Then real happiness is seen in the face of the one relieved."

"A man's life is so short at best," he was wont to say. "It would be an easy matter to make the world happy, and oneself, too, if each person would but contribute all he possibly could to the relief of the suffering."

Several years ago a case of blood-poisoning occurred on the East Side of New York. The patient was a poor woman, and she was critically ill. Physicians had refused to take the case because of the exceptional risk in the treatment that was required.

The right when Dr. Aronson heard of it was the night of his brother's wedding, and he was dressed to attend it. He was told that the woman would die unless she were operated upon within two hours. He threw off his dress suit, hurried to her bedside, and performed a successful operation. A few days after he himself was taken down with blood poisoning, contracted from the sufferer, and for weeks lingered between life and death.

Then a wonderful and beautiful sight was seen. Hundreds came daily to inquire for the good physician. Scores of people knelt together in the open air around his doorstep, and prayed aloud for his recovery. The man was greatly beloved because he had greatly loved and grandly given. When he recovered he said he would gladly undergo the same again to save life.

At last came a day when upon his return from a call on a poor and wretched patient this good man dropped dead upon the sidewalk, near his own door-step, his end thus coming. It was said, just as he had long secretly hoped and prayed that it might come.

The end came, we have said. But who can predicate an end to a life so filled with the spirit of Him Who was, pre-eminently, the Helper and Healer of men?

### Remarkable Knives.

In connection with a manufactory at Sheffield is a suite of showrooms, in which are exhibited, besides samples of the class of work produced, a number of invaluable curiosities. Chief among these is the celebrated Norfolk knife exhibited during the exposition of 1851, comprising a richly carved pearl handle and seventy-five large blades, containing, in addition to etchings of the queen and other members of the royal family, charming views of the royal residences and other notable places. Another marvel of construction is a knife equipped with 1,896 blades—a blade for every year in the Christian era. It was commenced in 1822, and since that time one blade has been added each year.

### Italians Not All Bankrupt.

Italy offered a loan of \$28,000,000 the other day, and the subscriptions amounted to fifteen times its amount. The largest offerings were from Rome and Milan.

Why do people have potatoes at every meal? Is it because of a tradition?

### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

#### THE PREACHER USES GOSPEL ARCHERY AS HIS THEME.

He Tells About the Mighty Hunters of Scripture and Shows How to Use the Gospel Arrow—The Kind of Game to Seek.

#### A Search for Game.

All people who are trying to do good will find this discourse of Dr. Talmage inspiring as well as unique. His text was Genesis x, 9. "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunning afternoon with a patent breech-loader to shoot redbirds on the flats when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

#### Gospel Archery.

I have thought, if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man to-day who will begin to study gospel archery of whom it may after while be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blinders, or of the leaves of the Pharisees. So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" "Father said, 'Yes, all but De Witt.'" Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold, but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. He looked me in the eye and said, "I should have been angered when he told that story, but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold where the other sheep were."

The archers of olden times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! Oh, that there were more institutions established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

#### Look to Your Weapon.

In the first place, if you want to be effective in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate it has brought down 400,000,000 souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bowstring, and its whir was heard through the Corinthian thunders, and through the court room, until

the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike a man in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did the Emperor Julian of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Gallien, thou hast conquered!"

#### Searching for Game.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Rappahannock lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see as you go over the plains here and there a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar; yonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a quail. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in some street or highway expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hands. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans and put them in the stirrups. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddlebags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gloves and kid gloves and put on the hunting shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, that they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the moonlight, they hear it.

So in the service of God we have exposed our feet. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the thousands of people on thousands that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day, surging up from the lower depths, a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches, and it blots out all this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea because of their sloth and stolidity he will blot out American and English Christianity and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake missionary church that can take the full meaning of that command, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

#### Conclude.

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shudder that finches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chailu and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you, and it has its eye on you, and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!"

Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters in iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not of the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables, and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing, 800 hogheads. Why, our American vat holds 2,500,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 200,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh! to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American

Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform. I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereignty, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode and royal ladies under exquisite housings, and 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, the deer and elephant fell under the stroke of saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth 50,000 rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country the million membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

#### Bring in the Game.

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery, you need not only to bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fin and antler. If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the encampment we have pitched on this side of the skies. Fetch them in. Do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in!

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Domitianus practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheater, with a hand out, the fingers like that, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought not we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But, let me say, you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer. If it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project God in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

#### A Great Hunter.

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Schraon lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impatient man—not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls, here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of flesh and foot, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain, it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says, "I won't walk in that path. I will take my own way." He comes on until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men, angels, devils, what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the sinner's death leap.

#### The Sin of Deception.

Lie not at all, neither in a little thing nor in a great, neither in the substance nor in the circumstance, neither in word nor deed; that is, pretend not what is false, cover not what is true, and let the measure of your affirmation or denial be the understanding of your contractor; for he that deceives the buyer or the seller by speaking what is true in a sense not intended or understood by the other is a liar and a thief. For in bargains you are to avoid not only what is false, but that also which deceives.—Jeremy Taylor.