

THE STREETS OF THE CITY.

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

His Text: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."—A Discourse That Was Listened to by a Vast Crowd of People.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today to a vast congregation on "The City Streets." His text was: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." Prov. 1, 20. He said:

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing war against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from those pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Alas, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

LIFE IS FULL OF LABOR.

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a load of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work! work! work! while the mills drum it and the steam whistles life it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can you be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went by, and you, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashing ahead, and driven back—beautiful in its confusion, and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrows, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart broken. That is the man, that is the woman, and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: 'I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor wails of the street, ye did it to me.'"

THE STREETS ARE FREE TO ALL.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sun-burned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim boogier will have nothing to do with the wild copperwood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his stary revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scowling sinner's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets weakness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh! that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that

we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

HARD TO KEEP THE HEART RIGHT.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion. Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation. In the maelstroms of the street, how many make-quick and eternal shipwreck. If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp-shooting of business life, and a year's sailing on victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax, and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indignation! All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

THE SHAMS OF LIFE.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two facedness. Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down these streets your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk. While fops slumber, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflicts of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehad comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in through the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

THE FIELD FOR CHARITY.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness, in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame wrinkles, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up shiners, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir; I can't read, nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, and they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along, the horse's hoofs trample you in the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why?" said the man; "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." O, yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

EVER F WARD!

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking together, on you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on our streets I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city with rounded and luxurious banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed horse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleams in

the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh! start for it today. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

Silk Without Worms.

M. de Carbone, a French savant, has discovered how to make silk without worms. He began his experiments some time ago, around the guiding idea, that the peculiar appearance of silk was the result of the spinning of a liquid. After many months of repeated and unsuccessful trials, he produced several yards of silk in this wise: He poured a colloidal solution into a copper receiver which emptied into a system of small glass tubes. These tubes terminated in capillaries, which carried off the solution in fine, thread-like streams. In a second system of glass tubes, filled with water, the fine streams became fine threads, which, before leaving the water, were caught mechanically and wound around tiny rollers. After being heated and cooled in an acid of special gravity and temperature, the threads were made less combustible than cotton by being saturated in a simple chemical preparation.

The quality of the silk goods manufactured from these threads is fine. The threads are cylindrical and are from one to forty micromillimetres in diameter. They sustain a weight of 25-35 kilograms per square millimetre. Ordinary silk bears a weight of 30-45 kilograms per square millimetre; cooked silk, 15-20. De Carbone's silk is much more brilliant than ordinary silk, and absorbs and holds coloring matter more satisfactorily. As yet, only a few pieces have been produced by the new process. Several of them are shown in the Paris exposition. De Carbone is confident, however, that further experiments will enable him to manufacture silk cheaply and in large quantities. In fact, he thinks that a few years hence the silk worms may as well go and die, as machinery will then be doing their work much better than they can do it themselves.—New York Sun.

Electricity for Warfare.

Remarkable progress has recently been made in this country in the application of electricity to purposes of warfare, and work of a very high order has been done at the government torpedo station, where a long and elaborate experimental course has been carried out. The electric light, especially, is coming to play a most important part in modern warfare, and American investigators in this field, many of whom have contributed so materially to its present state of development, will be interested in the report of some experiments which took place in the Solent, England, last week. As a better means of defending the coast, an electric search light has recently been erected on the Spit, near Hurst castle, opposite the Needle's passage, and six gunboats, with several torpedo craft, tried, under cover of night, to effect an entrance from the westward without being perceived. The attempt was a failure, as each vessel was spotted by the powerful light when miles off, and the guns were all ready when they came within range. To make matters worse for the attacking flotilla, the smoke which they created in firing, was so as to prevent the ships from being seen, was blown astern by the wind, and the result was a complete victory for the electric light.—New York Telegram.

Mechanical Marble Cutters.

A machine has been set up in the carving building at the Rhode Island granite works, Westerly, R. I., which will probably revolutionize all former methods of fine granite, slate and marble cutting. It is called the pneumatic carver. An air cylinder, run by steam, discharges into a receiver, where an air pressure of from forty to fifty pounds is carried. This air is fed out in the carving room through a large number of flexible tubes, which in turn are attached to the "pneumatic carver." This tool consists of a cylinder, in which is a piston with a transverse angular valve. The latter controls the several parts of the piston. The compressed air is admitted alternately above and below the piston. The piston is not attached to the spindle or stem carrying the cutting tool, but drives it outward. This movement cuts the stone. The return stroke is made by means of a powerful spring. The stroke is short, but is made with marvelous rapidity. The machine can be run at 15,000 or 16,000 strokes per minute. The workman guides the cutting tool with his left hand and controls the pressure with his right, and is able to turn this marvelous stone chaver in all directions to suit his work.—Exchange.

A School for Professional Beggars.

At Westminster police court on Saturday two boys of 13, named Frost and Oakes, living with their parents at Wandsworth, were charged with begging at Vauxhall bridge. The boys alleged that a woman living in Woodgate street, Nine Elms, trained them and other lads as beggars, and that she used to mind their decent clothes and supply them with rags to go out in. Her own boy, it was said, was the head of the gang of juvenile beggars, and used to take the money, which partly went to his mother and part in refreshments and visits to spontaneous music halls. Mrs. Frost said that she had been to this woman and warned her that if she heard that her boy's clothes were kept again she would look her up for unlawful possession. This was the advice of the school board officer. The defendants, questioned by Mr. D'Eyncourt, adhered to their statements about being supplied with rags, etc., and the magistrate said that if it was true the woman really ought to be prosecuted. A police constable said he had seen the woman, and she denied taking care of the boy's clothes.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Must Have Towers.

John Bull, having learned that a 1,000 foot tower on the shores of the Seine pays 20 per cent. on investment, sees no good reason why a 1,500 foot tower on the banks of the Thames may not declare 25 per cent. dividends. So he has arranged to put up a cloud piercing structure that, compared with the Eiffel tower, shall be as a flute to a piccolo. It is high time for Uncle Sam to be in the tower business, and not to rest content upon a monolith that must be as a pigmy when England's tower is finished. A tower for the World's fair of 1892, tall enough to knock chips off the moon, must be built in this republic, or other nations will laugh us to scorn. And if the tower is to be of iron and steel, which seems inevitable, there is a city at the head of the Ohio that can turn out the material.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Bible institute for young men and women will shortly be opened at Chicago for the education and training of evangelists. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been contributed toward its foundation.

News from School.

The young aunt was in the country, the kid was at school in town. "Dear Helene, write the kid, 'Carl sort six mice in one night. How is mamma's arm? Tell rose that I chained seat and got put up. I am fighting letters all a time. No bobby helped me and I think it is good. And if some are rong you had some rong to, and if you don't want to believe it then ast marna. Your loving boy, Walter.'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Long and the Short of It.



"Jimmy, d' you think th' boy'll ever be as tall as yourself?" "Sure o'm thinkin' av he kapes on he'll be as short some day."—Harper's Bazar.

The Man Who Lost the Race.

I was hoofing it along a highway in Arkansas, my horse having gone dead lame and being left with a farmer, when a man driving a horse and buggy overtook me and invited me to ride. I was only too thankful for the offer, and when I got in beside him I liked his looks. He offered me a cigar. We exchanged names. He was informed on politics and current events. It was a spanking horse he had, and he kept a steady gait for mile after mile. The only thing about the man that puzzled me was the way he had of looking behind every few minutes, and I finally inquired:

"Are you expecting some friend to overtake you?" "Well, no—not a friend," he replied.

"Enemies?" "It may be that the sheriff and his posse will be fools enough to try and overtake me."

"My friend," I said, after swallowing the lump which suddenly gathered in my throat, "is there any good reason why the sheriff should want to overtake you? This is rather blunt, I'll admit, but if I hurt your feelings I am ready to beg pardon."

"Oh, no harm done," he laughed. "I borrowed this horse and rig about two hours ago without the formality of asking, and the owner may hope to recover it. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, however. I run to horses and not to highway robbery."

Three miles further on, as we rose a hill, he looked back and then pulled up and said: "We must part here. The sheriff and half a dozen others are in pursuit and every pound of weight will now tell."

"I am very much obliged for your kindness."

"Oh, not at all. Your society has been reward enough. I would suggest that you enter that thicket and lie close until the party gets by. When an Arkansas sheriff gets after a stolen horse he means to hurt somebody and his crowd isn't particular who it shoots at. And say, you needn't make any special effort to report that you have seen me. Savvy?"

"I won't."

"Then good-by."

He put the horse on a dead run, and was out of sight in two minutes. I secreted myself as directed, and in a few minutes the posse thundered by in a cloud of dust. I followed at a leisurely gait, and at the end of two hours came upon them, grouped around a tree. Hanging from a limb was the lifeless body of my friend of the road, and they were now waiting for the blown and exhausted horses to recuperate.—New York Sun.

Getting Acquainted.

It is a very simple process for children to become acquainted with each other if they are left to their own devices. This is the way it comes to pass.

"Why, I did not know that you and that little girl had got acquainted yet," said a Roxbury father to his 6-year-old son, who came in from a walk on the adjoining lawn with the tiny daughter of the new next door neighbor.

"Yes, Clara and I have been 'quainted lots of days," said the very small boy.

"What did you say to her first?" asked the father.

"Oh, Clara spoke to me first. She came down by the chicken house and asked me how many prayers I say nights, and I told her, and then I asked her how many prayers she says and she told me, and then we were 'quainted.'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Possibly.

Friend—Are you going to take a vacation this summer, Hardware? Merchant—Well, I may step over to Poor-man's beach for a few days, if my clerks get back from Europe in time. They are spending their vacation there.—New York Sun.

Opposed to Stagn.

Agent—You'll like the organ, ma'am. Just let me put it in your parlor for a few days. Housewife—I don't want it.

Agent—It has ten stops, and— Housewife—I don't care if it has fifty. It can't stop here.—Detroit Free Press.

He Could Stand It.

Visitor—So your sister is off on a visit, Willie? I suppose you feel very lonesome without her? Five-year-old Willie (dubiously)—Ye-es, I feel lonesome, but—I'm a good deal more comfortable.—Chicago Journal.

Fortified.

Bascom—Don't you feel as if it was rather risky to send Jonas to college. Backlot? Backlot—Not a mite. Jonas has got too much common sense for education to hurt him.—Burlington Free Press.

Safe to Announce as a Prediction.

If Gen. Greely has been hesitating to make the official announcement that the b—k—b—e of w—nt—r is broken, he need do so no longer. The people will stand by him.—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing in the Name.

It is gratifying to be assured that the Earl of Fife, who is soon to wed the English princess, is a most exemplary man. Fife, it is said, never goes out on a toot.—Chicago Herald.

Fitted for the Place.

"Well, Mr. Assessor, what are you going to make out of your boy?" "I think he will do for a policeman, because I can never find him when I want him."—Pittsburg Blatter.

Sate.

"What do you think of Van Scripps' humor? Do you believe it will live?" "Why not? It has got through its second century now."—Harper's Bazar.

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