

WHERE DORCAS LIVED.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AN ELOQUENT SERMON IN JOPPA.

A Moral Drawn from the Hallowed Associations of the Ancient City—True Charity—What It Is and What It Means.

JOPPA, Dec. 1.—Today is memorable in the sacred history of Joppa, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preaching here to a company of Christian people of various denominations on "The Birthplace of Sewing Societies."

Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through this very town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness, the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF DORCAS. But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness, the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!"

DISCIPLES OF DORCAS. I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace.

the seeking for God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you.

THE PRAISES OF THE NEEDLE. Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; the epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and a rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dumb to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

DISCIPLES OF DORCAS. I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box.

I come now to speak of Dorcas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas.

funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM." When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing, until the air rang again, because, when they lost Josephine, they lost their last earthly friend.

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said: "Arise; and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that—"She sat up!"

GOOD DEEDS LIVE ALWAYS. You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done.

After a while all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave.

CHRIST'S GREAT GIFT. In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals.

God save our gracious queen! Long live our noble queen! God save the queen! And then they shouted "Huzzah!"



No. 697.—Numerical Enigma. I am composed of 10 letters. My 12, 6, 3 is a personal pronoun. My 8, 10, 2, 4 is a wild animal.

No. 698.—Hidden Words. In the name of one of the plants proposed for a national flower may be found a range of mountains sloping toward both Europe and Asia, a meadow, a verb, "an epoch," "a snare," a king whose name is the title of one of Shakespeare's plays, a girl's name, a cloth measure, "true," a part of the head, everything.



No. 700.—A Charnel. Little Tom and his sister went fishing. Their ages were seven and five. They returned all elated and smiling.

No. 701.—Cross Word Enigma. My first is in water, but not in land; My second in foot, but not in hand;

No. 702.—Drop Letter Proverb. -E-L -I-H-U- -N-W-E-G- I -H- -I-T-R -F -O-L-

No. 703.—Curtailments. Curtail "old," and have "generation." Curtail "mature," and have "to tear a seam."

The Cipher Puzzle. The authenticity of Shakespeare's autograph being discussed by a large and merry party assembled round the fireside of a cheerful country house, a young lady present was heard to remark, "That, of all things, she envied the possessor of such a treasure."

A Riddle in Rhyme. Two brothers we are; great burdens we bear; By some we are heavily pressed. We are full all the day, but in truth I may say We are empty when we go to rest.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 684.—A Word Puzzle: 1. An acre, 2. Nacre, 3. Crane, 4. Near, 5. Era, 6. Er in error, 7. E. (east).

No. 685.—Acrostic: Saturn, Love, England, Eve, Petrarch, Initials: Sleep. No. 686.—Diamond and Half Square:

No. 687.—Geographical Enigmas: 1. Catskill, 2. Leavenworth, 3. Boston, 4. Newark, 5. Lowell, 6. Dunkirk, 7. Cleveland, 8. Springfield, 9. New Orleans, 10. Hartford, 11. Saratoga Springs, 12. Manchester, 13. Baltimore, 14. Hannibal, 15. Wilimant.

No. 688.—Arithmetic: C, I, one hundred and one; L, fifty, dividing it gives C L I; cipher, O, added gives CLIO, one of the nine muses.

No. 689.—Crossword Enigma: Napoleon. No. 690.—A Poetical Quotation: Oh, what a tangled web we weave When first we practice to deceive!

No. 691.—What Is It? The figure 8. No. 692.—Curtailments: Wheat—heat—eat. No. 693.—Easy Word Squares:

No. 694.—Central Acrostic: R A C E S A S H E N W H I L E F A C E S C H A I R B E G E T B R O K E

No. 695.—Belandings: Lons. A-bridge. Fear. No. 696.—Geographical Riddles: Hood, Orange, Snake, Salmon, Sable, Farewell.

It's a Winner!

SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING FOR!

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Will Appear in this Space Next Week. Watch for It! Look for It! Wait for It!

New Fall and Winter Goods JOHN McWHINNIE'S The Old Reliable Tailor.

First Class Workmanship, Fine Trimming, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. 305 S. ELEVENTH STREET.

For Late Styles and Immense Satisfaction, GO TO THE— Lincoln Shoe Store —They make a Specialty of— Ludlow's Celebrated Fine Shoes For Ladies. They combine Service, Solid Comfort and Economy. 1228 O STREET. LINCOLN NEB.

