WHERE DORCAS LIVED.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AN ELO-QUENT SERMON IN JOPPA.

A Moral Drawn from the Hallowed Assoclations 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 Ohristian people of various denominations on "The Birthplace of Sewing Societies." He took for his text Acts ix, 39: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." The preacher said:

preacher said:

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 oven drawing the 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. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabæus set it on fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood cannot make me forget neighborhood, cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow, and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid ship wright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF DORCAS.

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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. Alas! for Joppa! there is wailing, wailing. That yoice which has uttered so many cheer ful words is hushed; that hand which had made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every God forsaken place in this town; wherever there is a sick child and no balm; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes, and frantic resticulations as they cry: "Doreas is lead!" They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tan-ner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What expostu-lation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of him who is the resurrection he exclaims: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the check flushes; the eye opens; she sits up! We see in this subject Dorcas the

disciple; Dorcas the benefactress; Dorcas the lamented; Dorcas the resur-

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. Before I show you the needle-work of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, oh women! that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life— unmissed. There may be a very large

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. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of yonder sea, and amidst the biling of yonder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ; calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the 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 put her trust in Christ; calm notwith-standing all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter, and shouting "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus! at the feet of Jesus!

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. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last statch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, gener-osity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth; and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of pen-"Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The opera-tives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for urrected! 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 dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city of Joppa were to be re-lieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much 'God bless yous!" as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against five thousand mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddlism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world who about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage like Dorcas to take the needle and assault it.

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. The princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII, of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, went down amidst the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Chris-tian commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wound-ed, and closed the eyes of the slain?

Dorcas the benefactress. I come now to speak of Dorcas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sor-row 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. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief be-

only an eller stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashiomable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning mourning because Dor-

"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. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, be-cause Dorcas is dead. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of Doreas the resur-rected. 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!" Oh, what a time there must have been around this town, when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Doreas is res

GOOD DEEDS LIVE ALWAYS. You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resusci-tated, 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. No. His influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago nothing to do with these things? see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again _ Dorcas is resurrected.

After a while all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making gar ments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear-the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and ar angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep.

Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant; armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded-surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered! Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected! 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. Galleries were erected for the two houses of parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the queen of England arose before them in the name of her government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields, Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. As the queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people with sceaming eyes joined in the song:

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



am composed of 19 letters My 12, 6, 3 is a personal pronoun.

My 8, 19, 2, 4 is a wild animal. My 15, 5, 16 is an active verb. My 16, 18, 17 is a numeral. My 15, 7, 14, 13, 16, 11, 1 is to expand.

My 8, 19, 6, 16 is a vegetable. My 15, 9, 2 is a body of water. My 15, 6, 11, 4, 10, 7 is something unknown

My whole is a well known American authoress, whose most celebrated story has been translated into many languages, and as a play is received with unfailing popularity.

No. 698.-Hidden Words.

In the name of one of the plants proposed for a national flower may be found a range of mountains sleping 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, every-

No. 699. - Illustrated Proverb.



No. 700.—A Charade Little Tom and his sister went fishing, Their ages were seven and five; They returned all elated and smiling, Declaring they'd caught some alive.

Triumplant they opened their basket,
To let mamma see their grand prize,
"Why, these are not fish, they are one twes,
You silly young ones, see their eyes)" The children looked sore, disappointed, And Tom laid his two on the floor, Deciding he didn't like fishing, And was sure he'd not go any more

No. 701.-Cross Word Enigms. My first is in water, but not in land; My second in foot, but not in hand; My third is in lark, but not in wren; My fourth is in five, but not in ten; My fifth and last in eagle you'll see-My whole a general brave was he, Who died in the moment of victory.

No. 702. - Drop Letter Proverb. -E-I, -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

Curtail "a line used for measuring," and have a kind of fruit. Curtail "a number of ships together," and HAS PUR BURGE

The curtailed letters form a word meaning "liability," "obligation," "due."

The Cipher Puzzle.

The authenticity of Shakespeare's autograph being discussed by a large and merry party assembled round the Bressel was ful country house, a young lady present was heard to remark, "That, of all things, she heard to remark," of such a treasure." On retiring to rest, she discovered the following on her dressing table: You 0 a 0, but I 0 thee;

O, 0 no 0, but O, 0 me.

And, O, let my 0 thy 0 be, And give 0 0 I 0 thee. This she translated as follows: You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee, O, sigh for no cipher, but O, sigh for me. And O, let my cipher thy cipher be, And give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thes.

A Riddle in Rhyme. I wo brothers we are; great burdens we bear; By some we are heavily pressed. We are full all the day, but in truth I may

We are empty when we go to rest. —A pair of shoes.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 684.—A Word Puzzle: l. An acre. 2. Nacre. S. Crane. 4. Near. 5. Era. 6. Er

in error. 7. E. (enst). No. 685.-Acrostic: Saturn. Love. England. Eve. Petrarch, Initials; Sleep. No. 686.-Diamond and Half Square:

L APTEROUS
SIP PLANERS
DEBAR TATTLE
SEVERAL ENTRY
LIBERATED RELY PARADED RATED ORE LED

No. 687.—Geographical Enigmas: 1. Cate kill, 2. Leavenworth, 3. Boston. 4. New ark. 5. Lowell. 6. Dunkirk. 7. Cleveland. 8. Springfield. 9. New Orleens. 10. Harttord. 11. Saratoga Springs. 12. Manches ter. 13 Baltimore, 14 Hannibal, 15 Willimantic.

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

No. 689.—Crossword Enigma: Napoleon. No. 690. - A Poetical Quotation: Oh, what a tangled web we weave When first we practice to deceive! No. 601,-What Is It! The figure 8. No. 692.—Curtailments: Wheat—heat—eat

MART WENT AVER ERIE RENO NIPS TROD TEST No. 694.—Central Acrostic: R A CE H B N

No. 693.—Easy Word Squares:

B B O K E No. 695.—Beheadings: L-one. A-bridge No. 696. - Geographical Riddles: Hood. Orange. Snake. Salmon. Sable. Ferewell

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