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AT THE TABERNACLE. DR. TALMAGE GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

Some Rather Novel Views of the Cause of Russia and Affairs Generally in That Empire—The Dreadful Famine—Blessings on America.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 16.—Unusual interest attached to the sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage this forenoon, it having been announced that he would devote the entire discourse to a review of his summer's journey.

The subject was, "Observations in Russia and Great Britain," the text selected being Psalm cxxxix, 9, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."

Oh, like "the wings of the morning," I am, by nature and by grace, a son of the morning. I think I must have been born in the morning.

THE CRY FOR RELIEF. You all know why I went to Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable, "Give an account of thy stewardship."

When I went down to the board of trade at Chicago and left five thousand dollars of the amount raised with a prominent flour merchant, taking no receipt and leaving all to him to do the best thing, and returned, it was suggested that I had not done things in a business way.

Now we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the freshets may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, the rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been dreadful scarcity in some parts of the land there has been plenty in other parts.

It was like what we would have in America if the hunger fiend somehow got out of hell and alighted in our land, and swept his wing over Minnesota and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over New York state and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas and said, "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger fiend had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861 and 1862, and finally all our families were put on small allowance, and we all had risen from the table hungry, and after awhile the children had only quarter enough, and after awhile only one meal a day, and after awhile no good food at all, but a mixture of wheat and chaff and bark of trees, and then three of the children down with hunger typhus, and then all the family unable to walk, and then crawling on hands and knees, and then one dead in each room, and neighbors, not quite so exhausted, coming in to bury them, and afterward the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulcher—whole families blotted out.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND SAILED. That was what occurred in Russia in homes more than were ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and happy and beautiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine, in homes where God is worshipped as much as in yours or mine.

through the wards of the most virulent cholera, talking with the patients, shaking hands with them and cheering them up, it was no surprise to me, for I said to myself, "That is just like them." Any one who has ever seen the royal family will believe anything in the way of kindness ascribed to them, and will join me in the execration of that too prevalent opinion that a tyrant life will yet show by facts beyond dispute, that the most slandered and systematically lied about nation on earth is Russia, and that no ruler ever lived more for the elevation of his people in education and morals and religion than Alexander the Third.

I will, whether in sermons or lectures I have yet decided, show that, of the twentieth of all the things written and published against Russia are furnished by men who have been hired by other countries to "write up" or rather write down Russia, so as to divert commerce from that empire or because of international jealousies. Russia being larger than all the rest of Europe put together, you can see how natural would be the jealousies. I know that keep men on salaries to catch up everything unfavorable to Russia and magnify the incident. And the stereotyped stories of Siberian cruelty in one case out of a hundred is true, but in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases they are fabrication. And in the one case as soon as it is reported the official is discharged.

They who have been sent "to write up" Russia and Siberia have done as that man would do who, sent to "write up" New York, should write up the slums as a specimen of what New York is, or, sent to write up the American congress, should write up some depraved politician as a specimen of American statesmanship, or, sent to write up the sanitary condition of this country, should send a kodak picture of all the warts and carbuncles he could find as a specimen of American health.

Before passing to the other field of my summer observation I give you one little specimen of the falsehoods about Russia. I stood in London with my tickets for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and at three o'clock I was to take the train. An American friend came in and said, "You certainly are not going to St. Petersburg, are you?" "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were two thousand cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts, and the doctors were at their wits' end what to do with the number of patients. The population was flying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow.

While reflecting on these accounts two messages arrived from my friends protesting against the foolishness of my rushing into the presence of two thousand cases of cholera in one city. Of course I halted. I halted for four days. Meanwhile a telegram from St. Petersburg encouraged me to go. I went. There was not a single case of cholera in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and there was not a single case in either city until four weeks after I left those cities. But the continental falsehoods are not confined to commercial errands. Ten of thousands of Americans and Englishmen who proposed to summer in Russia turned in other directions.

At the large hotel in St. Petersburg at which I stopped, though capable of holding five hundred guests, and months before every room and every hallway and every mattress and every pillow had been engaged by telegraph by sightseers, all the orders were canceled, and instead of five hundred guests, only a few remained, and that including our party. And so it was in all the hotels in northern Russia, and the subtraction of that amount of commercial profit from those cities you may imagine. But that whole subject of systematic fabrication I adjourn to some other hour. Yet I must tell you of a picture of pathos and moral power impressed upon my mind, so that neither time nor eternity may efface it.

The ship I was going to the docks a few minutes before the American flag was hoisted from America. The sailors on board buzzed as they came to the wharf. From a yacht on which we had descended the river to the sea the prominent citizens of St. Petersburg disembarked. The bank was crowded by prosperous citizens, who stood on the wharf, and back of them by poor laborers, who had come down to offer their services free of all charge for the removal of the breadstuffs from the ship to the wharf. Addresses of welcome were made, and then the work began, the only contest being who should lift the heaviest and be most expeditious. From ship to rail train. From rail train to kneading board. From kneading board to oven. From oven to the white and quivering lips of the dying. Upon all who, whether by contribution small or large, helped make that scene possible may there come the benediction of him who declared, "I was hungry and ye fed me."

But I must also give a word of report concerning my other errand—the preaching of the Gospel in Great Britain last summer. It was a tour I had for many years anticipated. With the themes of the Gospel I confronted more people than ever before in the same length of time—multitudes after multitudes, and beyond anything I can describe. The throngs in all the cities were so great that they could be counted only by platoons of police, so that none should be hurt by the pressure, each service indoors followed by a service for the waiting throngs outdoors, and both by handshakings to the last point of physical endurance.

From the day in which I arrived at noon in Liverpool, and that night addressing two vast assemblages, until I got through my evangelistic journey, it was a scene of blessing to my own soul and I hope to others. I missed but three engagements of all the summer, and those being too tired to stand up. At all the assemblages large collections were taken—the money being given to local charities, feeble churches, orphan asylums or Young Men's Christian associations—my services being entirely gratuitous. But what a summer! There must have been much praying here and elsewhere for my welfare, or no mortal could have gone through all I went through.

In every city and town I had messages poured into my ears for families in America. Oh, sons of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, there are hearts on the other side of the sea beating in affection for you and praying for your present and eternal welfare. They wanted me to give you their love, and here it is by the wholesale, for I cannot give it by retail. Disappoint not the old folks on the other side of the Atlantic. You will probably never see them again in this world. Their hair is whiten'g, and their step is not as firm as when I saw them last. So live that you may meet them in heaven. Write home often, and while you know they are praying for you, do not forget to remember in your prayers those who were your first friends, and friends than whom you will never have better—I mean your old father and mother.

By the memories of the old Scotch kirk, where you were baptized, and of the English fireside, by which you played, and of the Welsh hills and valleys, among which you roamed, and the old homes on the banks of the Tweed and the Shannon and the Clyde, I charge you to be honorable and true and Christian. You have good ancestral blood in your veins. Prove yourself worthy. It seems to me that the Gospel is making mighty strides over there. Only one thing I saw in the churches and churches I did not like. That is a lack of appreciation of each other as between the national church and the dissenters. Now each is doing a great work that the other cannot do. God speed them all—they of the episcopacy and they of the dissenters. Some need the ritual of the national church and others the spontaneity of the Wesleyan. In the kingdom of God there is room for all to work and each in his own way. Some people are born Episcopals and others Methodists and others Baptists and others Presbyterians, and do not let us force our notions on others. As for myself, I was born so near the line that I feel as much at home in one denomination as another, and when in the Episcopal church the liturgy stirs my soul so that I cannot keep back the tears, and it overwhelms me with its solemnity and its power. When in an old fashioned English church the responses of "Amen" and "Hallelujah" lift me until, like Paul, I am in blissful forgetfulness as to "whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth." And as for the Baptists, though I have never been anything but sprinkled, I have immersed hundreds and expect to immerse hundreds more in the baptistry under this pulpit where I now stand.

NO DOUBTFUL DISPUTATIONS. What is the use of controversy about anything except how we shall keep close to the cross and do the most for helping people for this world and the next? May there come in England more cordiality between the national church and the dissenters. Although I would be called a dissenter there, almost my first step in England was into a banquetting hall—the lord mayor's banquet, given to the bishops and high officials of the national church, the great and good and genial archbishop of Canterbury at the head, and a more magnificent group of his intellectually and spiritually gifted. I never got among, and I found that though we had never met before the archbishop and myself were old friends. But all up and down Great Britain I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the kingdom is coming.

If the pessimists would get out of the way—the people who snivel and groan and think everything has gone to the dogs or its tail is cut off, and if these pessimists would only get out of the way, the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for elevated optimism. Was Isaiah an optimist? See his deserts incarnadined with red roses and snowed under with white lilies and his lamb asleep between the paws of a lion. Was St. John an optimist? Read the uplifting splendors in the Apocalypse and the hallicious chorus with which the old book, which they cannot kill, closes.

The greatest thing I can think of would be to have a triple alliance of America, England and Russia in complete harmonization, and then to have upon all of them come a deluge of the Holy Ghost. Let the defamations of other nations cease. Peace and good will to men! For that glorious consummation, which may be nearer than we think, let us pray, remembering that God can do more in five minutes than man can do in five centuries. If the consummation is not effected in our day I shall ask the privilege of coming out from heaven a little while to look at this old world when it shall have put on its millennial beauty. I think God will let us come out to see it at least once in its perfected state before it is burned up.

I should not wonder if all heaven would adjourn for an excursion to this world to see how a shipwrecked planet was got off the breakers and set afloat again and the result in its advantages. Men will do all we can to make it better, and it will somehow tell in the final result, though it be only a child's sob hushed, or a trickling tear wiped from a pale face, or a thorn extracted from a tired foot, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so these lessons of gratitude and sympathy and helpfulness and vindication I have brought you on the wings of this morning.

Precautions That Should Be Taken. The world was never so small as it is today. Means of rapid transit are bringing all quarters of the globe closer and closer together. This result has its dangers as well as its advantages. The recent outbreak of cholera in European Russia, of whose daily advance we are made aware by cable, warns us that we have dangers to fear from a too close international relationship.

The grave responsibility of keeping from our land the dreaded scourge of cholera rests upon the sanitary inspectors of our port cities, for it is only through a few great gates of commerce that we have reason to fear its introduction.

Recent experiences with typhus fever in the port of New York have shown that there are weak points in our quarantine defenses which should be remedied. When once these bulwarks are passed, the labor of disinfection is increased a thousandfold. It should be the duty of the authorities to prepare beforehand for thorough inspection of all arriving vessels and for complete disinfection of all suspected freight and passengers.

The usually easy going American should not allow his good nature to modify the stringency of his maritime sanitary regulations. European officials are to be commended for their increasing vigilance in this respect, for it is by their efforts that the disease may be kept from shipping ports, whence it might be distributed by commerce.—Youth's Companion.

The Kind of a Man Needed. "Why have you discharged your book-keeper? I thought you told me he worked like a trooper." "He did." "That was the trouble. I didn't want my books kept by a trooper, but by a book-keeper."—Harper's Bazar.

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