

AT THE TABERNAULE.

DR. TALMAGE DRAWS A LESSON FROM THE MIGRATORY BIRDS.

Warned by Divine Instinct They Stretch Their Wings Toward the South, but Man in the Pride of His Intellect Disregards a Greater Warning.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 30.—The flutter of bright colored leaves which every wind blows from the trees in the avenues around the Tabernacle reminded the thousands who entered its doors this morning that winter is approaching. Dr. Talmage, with his usual tact, turned the impression to account in his sermon, which was on the text, Jeremiah viii, 7, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought he plants it in a tree. When he would put it about he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air he molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtle dove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

THE PROPHET OBSERVED NATURE. Now you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtle doves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines, making an angle—a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity—the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field today, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go tomorrow, some moving that they go today, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Stray the continents with music, and whether from northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

MARKING MUSIC AS THEY FLY. I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music; the sky, the upper line of the music; themselves, the notes scattered up and down between.

I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would to God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dulcetest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorde and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through a Wall street it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born halleluiahs.

through this autumnal air learn always to keep ringing. Children of the heavenly king, As ye journey sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God, In the way your fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church. FAR ABOVE THE DANGERS OF EARTH. I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us.

Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller, of England, and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after awhile a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that Paul, exhausted all his grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morning those temptations rally themselves, and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory?

Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, by taking off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life—the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live, At this poor dying rate— Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

THE DANGER IN DELAY. Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes; don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside from storm or mountain top or shock of mistletoe, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between earth and heaven. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds!

THE SOUL GETS ITS WARNING. I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven! If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempter!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it today. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved these with an everlasting love. Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't

want a large house now as formerly." Why do you not want a large house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone? "To eternity." Your mind goes back through that just sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to save life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone!

This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was exciting, is cold now, and oh, weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God! Oh, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone?

It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground!" But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, oh, world! But come, you, and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dead bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection, and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE OWN KIND. You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would like to see Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. Start for heaven yourself and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping.

Today the Savior calls, Ye wanderers come, Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam? The Spirit calls today, Yield to his power, Oh, grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour!

Three Kinds of Lightning. Lightning often injures without destroying life. Its effects may properly be classified into those which are mild, severe and fatal in their character. In mild cases the person struck may or may not lose consciousness for a brief period of time. There may be temporary paralysis of one or more of the limbs for a few hours. Vomiting and nausea sometimes occur.

In severe cases the victim may be knocked down with violence or may be thrown several feet and lose consciousness. External injuries may be found, such as burns and bruises. There may be fractures of bones or bleeding from the nose, ear or mouth. There may be a loss of memory for a time, and cases of insanity have been known to follow. Deafness is a common symptom and is due to rupture of the eardrum. In fatal cases death is usually instantaneous, but it has been known to occur after the lapse of several days from secondary causes. It may be caused by apoplexy or by rupture of the heart or large blood vessels.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Spontaneous Generation of Animal Life. A reader residing at Waco, Tex., writes as follows: "I witnessed a transmutation in San Saba county, this state, in the spring of 1859. In a little dirty, stagnant pool I saw a quantity of horsehair, some of which were wriggling at a great rate. I got off my horse and examined them. A minute snake's head was visible at the upper or root end of each hair, and I could even see what appeared to be the pulsations of the arteries of the body. For some length below the head the hair appeared to be greatly enlarged; only about half the body (hair) was instinct with life, while the whole lower part was nearly or quite motionless. The upper half was in constant, never ceasing motion. I saw this with my own eyes and know it to be true. What do the philosophers say about it?" I can answer this query in a very short sentence. They say that spontaneous generation of life is an utter impossibility.—St. Louis Republic.

Aesthetic Mrs. Wilde. Ultra-aestheticism in dress having gone out of fashion, and having accomplished its work, Mrs. Oscar Wilde today is only aesthetic enough to tinge the fashions of the season with her own personality. Her gowns are perfect examples of good taste in color, harmony and color. She is still so aesthetic as to care for the beautiful, but she bends the fashions of the day to her own sweet will instead of clinging to the medieval forms reintroduced some years ago by her husband. Indeed in no manner is Mrs. Wilde conspicuous today, excepting for her beauty and good taste, any more than is her husband, who has returned to the somewhat conventional costume of the latter portion of the Nineteenth century, and only occasionally helps to make a new color or a flower "the rage."—Arthur How and Pickering in Ladies' Home Journal.

English Plum Pudding. Out of 500 recipes sent to the London Queen the following received the prize: One pound of raisins, quarter pound of flour, one pound of suet, chopped fine, one pound of currants, three-quarters pound stale bread crumbs, half nutmeg (grated), quarter pound brown sugar, five eggs, grated rind of one lemon, half pint of brandy, half pound of minced candied orange peel. Clean, wash and dry the currants; stone the raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, add them to the brandy, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased small kettles or molds (this will make six pounds), and bake six hours when you make it, and when wanted for use serve with hard or brandy sauce.

ATLANTIC PASSENGER FARES.

Some Interesting Information About Ocean Steamships and Ocean Travel.

OMAHA, Nov. 3.—Nowadays one hears and reads so much about the development of the modern steamship that that phase of the question which concerns the pocketbook is to a certain extent lost sight of.

Most people of course are aware that they can get across the Atlantic pretty comfortably for about a hundred dollars; perhaps a little more, perhaps a little less. But at that point, unless they are in the habit of frequently crossing the "herring pond," their knowledge ceases.

The rates of passage charged by the different steamship companies from New York to Europe vary greatly, according to the season of the year. During the summer months they are fixed at as high a figure as possible, while in winter they fall correspondingly.

The statement may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true that steamship rates were never so high and yet never so low as they are in this present year of grace. For fifty or sixty dollars one can today obtain accommodations that it was simply impossible to get at any price fifteen, even ten, years ago, while on the other hand the genial passenger clerk of any of the fast lines will cheerfully relieve you of \$500, \$600, or even \$650, in exchange for a ticket to Liverpool, Havre, Southampton or Hamburg. Such rates as those just named were never dreamed of until within the last few years.

The highest rates are those charged by the Inman and White Star people for accommodations in their crack steamers, City of New York, City of Paris, and Tonic and Majestic. All these steamers have quarters for the rental of which for 6, 6 1/2 or 7 days \$600 and \$650 are asked. The suites for which this enormous rate is demanded consist of a stateroom, bath and toilet room, and a small reception or drawing room, and can be occupied by one, two, three or four persons. The Hamburg-American company follows closely. On its new Augusta Victoria, Normannia and Columbia there are staterooms and deck cabins renting for as much as \$500. The North German Lloyd also has accommodations for which a similar price is obtained. So has the French Transatlantique. The Cunard line (as have also the Arizona and Alaska of the Union line) has excellent deck cabins, for which a good round sum is charged. There are of course lots of cheaper berths on the steamers named. Most of them have accommodations which rent for only \$50. Others (and better) bring \$75, \$90, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$200 or \$250, as the case may be. Every taste and pocketbook are provided for, and passengers, whether they pay \$50 or \$600, have equal deck and saloon privileges.

Now as to second cabin rates. Naturally enough there is not here the diversity of fares that prevails in the cabin. The accommodations offered are too nearly alike, and, moreover, the class of travel for which they are designed is not such as to make necessary any great differences. Generally speaking, the rate in the case of steamships plying to English ports runs from \$30 to \$40. In a few cases \$45 is asked, but that is the limit. The French and German lines, however, ask considerably more, and doubtless offer better accommodations. Their rate is from \$60 to \$65.

The steerage fare is \$20, with a small additional charge when the traveler's objective point is a Swedish, Norwegian or Danish port. Until about 1875 the cabin rates of most of the lines were pretty much alike, varying from \$70 to \$100, according to the berth. Then the Cunard and White Star forged ahead of their rivals, furnished better accommodations and charged more for them. The results are now evident on every hand. The second cabin rates at that time were \$40, sometimes \$45, and the steerage—to or from British ports—\$28. So long as the stream of immigration to the United States lasted everything was lovely. The steamship companies had all they could do to handle the tremendous flood of travel which sped westward, and they could not spare time to cut rates. But the year 1880, which saw the climax of steerage travel across the Atlantic, witnessed also the commencing struggles of a bitter competition for business. So keen did the rivalry become that in 1885 passengers were being conveyed from Liverpool to New York for ten dollars. When one remembers that out of this sum the selling agent was allowed a commission of two dollars, one is at a loss to understand how the business could be carried on. However, such a state of affairs could not long endure, and the rate was gradually increased to twenty dollars, its present figure.

The influence of this long lasting disturbance in steerage fares was felt, though not to a very great extent, in the second cabin and resulted in a reduction in several cases of from five to ten dollars in intermediate fares. The greatest factor in the unsettling of steerage rates is the Scandinavian trade. Properly the business belongs to the direct lines from Swedish and Norwegian ports, but the Liverpool companies every spring make most determined efforts to secure a good share of it. The result is that the month of April almost invariably ushers in a war of rates that continues with more or less bitterness for weeks or months. J. M. CAMPBELL.

An Earthquake Shock Near Philadelphia. Dr. John Gutters, of west Philadelphia, who personally experienced the memorable earthquake at Charleston, writes that at 9:40 o'clock on Monday evening he felt the shock which about the same time startled the residents along an imaginary line running in a southwesterly direction through Chester and Wilmington. The shock of earthquake was also felt at Shawmont station on the Reading railroad. In Southport, England there is an unusual preponderance of females, the proportion being 144 females to each 100 males.

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