TALMAGE TO HIS FLOCK.

THE REVEREND DOCTOR PREACHES lolling tongue and eyes swimming in AT THE TABERNACLE.

"As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks, So Panteth My Soul After Thee, O God"-A Sermon Suggested by a Visit to the Adirondacks.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 9 .- The great organ, improved and enlarged, rolled out with new power the long meter doxology at lyn Tabernacle today. The great auditorium was thronged and overflowing. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., has returned from his summer vacation, during which he has spoken in many parts of the country, and shaken hands, he people. He closed his tour by a visit to the wilderness in upper New York state. and spending some time among the hunters. This morning he expounded passages illustrative of Solomon's acquaintance with natural history.

His text was Psalm xlii, 1: "As the

hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

The great preacher said: David, who must sometime have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's track" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Jacob, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying: "The lame shall leap as a hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the door of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood. and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me, I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But with its horns. look there," says David, "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and ness. So near are they to each other it is free at last. Oh, that I might find that your mountain guide picks up and in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and carries the boat from lake to lake, the consolation escape from my pursuers! small distance between them for that Oh, for the waters of life and rescue!

I have just come from the Adiron-Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a reindeer, and I said to the hunter in rough corduroy, "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said, "O. yes, mister; you see, they are a hot and the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for the Racreason why I like the Bible so muchseems made out of gracefulness and elas- your horns. ticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes of sunset! The horns, a uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and

shatters the crystal of Long lake, it is antiers lifted in mighty challenge to very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well now, let all those who have com-

ing after them the lean hounds of poverty or the black hounds of persecution the opening of the service in the Brook- or the spotted hounds of vicissitude or the pale hounds of death or who are in any wise pursued, fly to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, if not now have says, with about a hundred thousand had trouble after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street pariance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and long life: scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of barriers. A few days ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physistartles him, and he says to himself: "I cal disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderreason called a "carry." And the realm As the heart panteth after the water of God's word is one long chain of brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages dacks and the breath of the balsam and the pursued have been drinking out of spruce and pine is still on me. The them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near tothe score. Talking a few days ago with gether that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Theu shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your yes, mister; you see, they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the trouble, and you are soured with your water is and when they have described back on that supply, and confront your water is, and when they hear danger in circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles instead of driving quet, or Loon, or Saranac, and we get you into the cool lake of heavenly cominto our cedar shell boat or stand by the fort, have made you stop and turn round 'runaway' with rifle loaded ready to and lower your head, and it is simply blaze away." My friends, this is one antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances its allusions are so true to nature. Its I would have done worse. But you are partridges are real partridges, its all wrong. You need to do as the reinostriches, real ostriches, and its reindeer, deer does in February and March-it real reindeer. I do not wonder that this | sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers antiered glory of the text makes the hun-ter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and the stag when they say of a man who his respiration quicken. To say nothing ventures his money in risky enterprises, of its usefulness, although it is the most he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its proverb in the far east tells a man who skin turned into human apparel, its has foolishly lost his fortune to go and sinews fashioned into bow strings, its an- find where the deer shed her horns. My tlers putting handles on cutlery, and the brother, quit the antagonism of your shavings of its horns used as a restora-tive, taken from the name of the hart complaint, quit pitching into your purand called hartshorn. But putting aside suers, be as wise as, next spring, will be its usefulness, this enchanting creature all the reindeer of the Adirondacks. Shed

But very many of you are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between Sandy Hook, New York, and Golden coronal branching into every possible | Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that curve, and after it seems done, all those that had been sometimes badly advancing into other projections of treated should raise both their hands, exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present-I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the bone, and color, and attitude, and loco-motion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows or a living bolt shot among the shadows, or a living bolt shot more elegant its proportions, and the through the forest, or turning at bay to more beautiful its bearing, the more attack the hounds, or rearing for its last anxious the hunters and the hounds are fall under the buckshot of the trapper, to capture it. Had that roebuck a Is is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch and only an obliterated eye and a limping gait a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any sick deer." And the hounds would have settlement, it comes down at eventide to given a few sniffs of the track and then

earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides inclose the death the stag leaps from the cliff into richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breech loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw, had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they could express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn at the close of her

> Would you be young again So would not I; One tear of memory given, Onward I'll bie-Life's dark wave forded o'er, All but at rest on shore; Say, would you plunge once more, With home so nigh? If you might, would you now

Retrace your way? Wander through stormy wilds, Faint and astray? Night's gloomy watches fled, Morning all beaming red, Hope's smile around us shed, Heavenward, away!

Yes; for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, and Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays \$8,500 per year to her master of buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number, or speed, or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which sin and trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursuits of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst-yea, a chain of three letters G-o-d, the one for whom David longed, and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon lake and tried to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: 'Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have.' The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of

God outweighed a universe. For him I thirst; for his grace I beg; on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men, blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and vet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help, I should be wretched and terror struck. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, and I can cry out: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Through Jesus Christ make this God your God and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in time of earth quake when an old Christian woman was asked whether she was scared, answered: "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or, as in a financial panic, when a Christain merchant was asked if he did not fear he the lake's edge to drink among the lily daried off in another direction for better would break, answered: "Yes, I shall pods, and, with its sharp edged hoof, game, But when they see a deer with break when the fifteenth Psalm break; 80th year with a light heart,

in the fifteenth verse: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me,'" O Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to slink out of sight it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long, tremendous plunge into Big Tupper lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers. We are told in Revelation xxii, 15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watch dogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection of wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flocks from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect; and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated. I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world; yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures,

and "There shall be nothing to hunt or destroy in all God's holy mount." Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed, at his first appearance bells were rung and guns were discharged and banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming a kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bell men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the towers, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's song, where he compared Christ to a reindeer coming down in the night to pasture on the plains, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

A Pathetic Tale from Australia. The other day a leading Sydney solicitor received instructions from London to hunt up a young man who had quitted

London ten years previously, and a draft for £300 was inclosed to pay his passage home. After a course of advertising a member of a charitable society called in and directed the solicitor to a certain hovel in lower Alexandria, Sydney. The solicitor, knowing the "lay" of the country, judiciously sent his clerk down to catch the fever instead of doing it in

That well dressed young man explored the barbarous region, dodging through back lanes and over mud pies and among broken fences that hung wearily and lopsidedly amid abysses of mud, and at last he arrived at a hut which boasted a sole furniture. A weary woman, who had once been handsome, and who under happier auspices would be handsome again, begged that they should not be turned out of their dismal abode until her husband was better, and a hollow eyed invalid stretched on a pile of rags in the corner echoed the petition. And these two were the heirs to a fortune of £30,000.—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

Men Servants the Rage.

Men servants are now the rage among rich people. Families that formerly employed girls are discarding them now in favor of neat, handy, good looking men. These are kept in swallowtails all the time, and they answer the door, wait on table, clean the knives and forks, brush boots and clothes and go out with the carriage as footmen. The result of this has been that there are twice the number of women out of employment here now than ever before. The intelligence offices are overcrowded with them .-New York Star.

Lord Tennyson has passed upon his

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