SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNA-CLE SERMON ON SUNDAY, MAY 26.

The Attempts of Poor Weak Humanity to Make Itself Clean Before God Are Not Successful - The Lord Himself Must See to the Cleansing.

BROOKLYN, May 26.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today to an overflowing congregation. He selected as the opening hymn that one begin-

> Salvation, O the joyful sound, Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound.

A cordial to our fears The text was: "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abbor me."-Job

ix, 30, 31. The eloquent preacher said: Albert Barnes-bonored be his name on earth and in heaven-went straight back to the original writing of my text and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving sub-stantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are abluted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash my-self with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and my clothes shall abhor me.

You are now sitting for your picture. I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flat-tering picture, or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever token was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye and he compelled the ar-tist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one sided view of yourselves, a profile? or shall it be a full length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me by his almighty grace, I shall give you that last kind of picture.

FAULTY EARLY TEACHING. When I first entered the ministry, I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somehow overmastered with the idea I heard talked all around about, of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and studied better my Bible, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is no dignity in human nature, until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of four-teen hundred million souls! We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the dicth, and mine own clothes

THE SNOW WATER OF FINE APOLOGIES. I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to the original estate of sin that was bequeathed to you! Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin which you ought to have conquered! I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible! If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist! Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses! I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know ar honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it, The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology Still further, says some one: "If I have

gone into sin, it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the Louse of sin. They ruined my soul," I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed he is self destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them! If they had tried to steal your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immortal soul, you placidly submitted to it. Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink, do not pour your cup into it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin, I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You can-not get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies, though there were a great flood of them: though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immortal soul.

"WE ARE BETTER THAN OTHER PEOPLE." Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother! If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by see fart that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. if I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever! The fact that his disease is worse than mine-does that cure miner If I, through my footbar liness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know

that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson river rail train went through the bridge at Spuy-teu Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed! Because others are deprayed, is that any excuse for my deprayity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, O man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here today, you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here today, you would be tramping the street, the laughing stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind and soul, in the blackness of despair. Ah, do not let us solace ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it, we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sand bars. Oh! instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils! What our hopes! Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be! Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was riled; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so, I say, it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an

"GOOD RESOLUTIONS." But I hear some one say: "I will try some-thing better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleans ing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the aikali of a good, strong resolu-My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past! Suppose I owed you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again, if I should live thirty years. I will never run in debt to you again; will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that?
No! Nor will God. We have been running
up a long score of indebtedness with
God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that he "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neg-lects, past wicked words, past impure imag-inations, past everything. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixtyfive graves. They are the dead days of 1888, Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cower ing in their frown.

"MURDER WILL OUT." "Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small as well as great, will out. In hard times in England. years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on his way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A man, infuri-ated with hunger, met him on the road and took a rail with a nail in it from a paling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering his skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the grave yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull, and as the sexton turned the skull it seemed, with hollow eyes, to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried cut: "Guilty! guilty! O God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past and glower upon us with their miscloings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though "I wash my hands with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me.

SIN NO FLOWERY PARTERRE. You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagstone of infernal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, oastanet and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and ald nination, and our soul, covered with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

UNHOLY CARICATURINGS. I know that some modern religionists caricature serrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not start where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university, and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you out If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of him who came to seek and save that which was lost! Youder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria, of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered I get into it with a red flag. and cross over to where the City of Paris is coming, and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge, and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier The captain would look down with indignation, and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down." And then I would back ours, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbria and the City of Paris meet under different circumstances after a while The City of Paris is coming out of a cy-clone; the life boats all smashed; the clone; the life boats all smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The pas-sengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outery. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I see the dis-I am let down by the side of the Um-I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up peo-ple are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gang-way until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is but one life boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterlogged and going down into the trough of a sea where be cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

OH, FOR A SENSE OF OUR SINFULNESS! Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin! Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin! It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and heaven. Sin! It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from

In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mineingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's beart is evil from his "Every one has gone back. He has vouth." altogether become flithy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, marders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalist to preach from! Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under in a ditch, until our own clothes abhor us.

WE MUST RISE ABOVE SIN. My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us! I shall not if you do. We cannot afford to. I have today to tell you that there is something purer than snow water something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline and beaven born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O Jesus! let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood. From thy side a healing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libid-inous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case-the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you today and offers you his right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that nev-er die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate." Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ, this day, you would all take him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart today, you would nswer me as you went out, one and all: costs is mine, and I am his?" Oh, that this git to the hour when you would receive in It is not a Gospel merely for footpads of vagrants and buccaneers, it is for highly polished and the educated and prefined as well. "Except a man be born ain, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

sum of \$2500 and interest at the rate of 10 per cent, per annum from date until paid; that default has been made in the payment of said sum as in said mortgage provided and there is due to me and unpaid thereon this 24th day of May, 1889, the sum of \$2,508.96, and costs of foreciosure and \$100 attorney's fees as in said mortgage provided.

S. SELIGSOHN,
By Talbor & Bryan. Mortgagee. "Josus is mine, and I am his!" Oh, that this night be the hour when you would receive nim. It is not a Gospel merely for footpads he refined as well. "Except a man be born

Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation—a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of his Gospei.

The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mour

tain; For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain. Hallelujah; to the Lamb who has bought us our

We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

The Burlington Announces Through Dia-ing Car Service and Faster Time Than Ever.

INCREASED ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following circular received at this office will be read with interest by all who BURLINGTON & MO. RIVER R. R. IN NEB.

Office City Possenger Agent.
Lincoln, Neb., May 12, 1880—To the citizens of Lincoln and vicinity—Greeting: It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we announce the addition of a superb line of dining cars to our justly celebrated flyers be-tween Denver and Chicago in both directions, These trains form as con plete and gorgeous an equipment as money can produce or ingenuity devise.

Ratten furnished smokers of a luxurious pattern for the exclusive use of first class pasprovided with lavatory, mirrors, towels, etc. 'ullman sleepers of elegant design and elaborate fittings, bot and cold water, electric bells, carefully selected library, and numerous ther features of conventance and good taste. The Burlington's famous dining cas, serving neals of acknowledged excellence and at con-

vendent hours. trains have no superiors in the world and we ommend them to the public with the utmost

No. 1 leaves Chicago at 5:30 p. m., arrives at Lincoln 11:40 a. m.; leaves Lincoln 12:10 p. m., arrives at Denver 7 a m.

No. 2 leaves Denver 8 p m, arrives at Lin-coln 1 p m; leaves Lincoln 1:25 p m, arrives at Chicago 7 a m.

A sleeper and chair car are now attached to the famous fast mail leaving Council Bluffs at 9:25 p m, Pacific Junction at 10 p m, arriving at Chicago at 11:50 next morning, the quickest time ever made between these points. As we have remarked refore, experimental trips by other lines represented equally as good as the "Burlington Route" are to be avoided, as they invariably result in confusion, expense and dissatisfaction. Very Truly.

A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass, and T'k't Agt.

If the true merits of Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, were fully known by horse owners, they would prefer them to all other remedies for putting their horses in a fine, healthy condition. They cure constipation, loss of appetite, disordered kidneys, impure blood and all diseases requiring a good tonic, stimulant and alterative. Sold by A. L. Shader, Drug-

Mr. H. B. Wynne, Whitesville, Tenn., recognizes in Chamberlain's Pain Balm the finest medicine he has ever handled. He is an experienced druggist, and knows a good article and recommends Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, muscular aches and pains. It always helps the suffering. Give it a trial. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

Have you seen those elegant Canopy top Surreys with full fenders at Camp Brothers, Tenth and M streets? The latest styles out, come and see them.

Exerybody can afford to eat at the leading resort in the city now. The price of 21 tickets now at Odell's is only #4-reduced from

Ladies' Russett Seamless Oxfords for at Webster & Rogers', 1043 O street.

Remember that Brown, the caterer, is on

and at Cushman park.

Sheriff Sale.

Sheriff Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an Order of Sale issued by the clerk of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Carlos C. Burr is plaintiff, and Ellert Schneider, Rebecca Schneider, et al, defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1880, at the front entrance to the District Court rooms in the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: The Northeast Quarter, (N E 1-4). Section No. Thirty (30), and the Northwest Quarter. Section Twenty-nine (20), all in Township Number Seven (1), North, in Range Number Six (6), East of the Sixth (6th) P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25d day of May, A. D. 1880.

S. M. MELICK,

5-25-5t

Sale Under Chattel Mortage. Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

To whom it may concern:
You are hereby notified that on Saturday,
June 15th, 1889, at 10 o'clock, n. m., at the store
room known as 121 South 12th Street, in Lincoln, Nebraska, 1 will sell at public auction
to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the
following described property: All of the
stock of goods, merchandise, furniture and
fixtures now contained in the store room
known as No. 12 South 12th Street, in the
eity of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska,
and every article of personal property belonging to William J. Price and contained and
kept in said store room including all brands

and every article of personal property belonging to William J. Price and contained and kept in said store room including all brands of cigars and tobaccos.

Such sale will be made under and according to the terms of a chattel morigage given by William J. Price to me, J. A. Hudelson, on the lith day of May, 1888, bearing date of that day and flied for record in the office of the County Clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the lith day of May, 1889, that said mortgage conveyed the property above described. The said mortgage was given to secure the sum of \$2100 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date until paid. That default has been made in the payment of said sum as in said mortgage provided and there is due to me and unpaid thereon this 24th day of May, 1889, the sum of \$207.00 and costs of forcelosure and \$100 attorneys fees as in said mortgage provided. in said mortgage provided. By Talbot & Bayan, J. A. HUDELSON, His Attorneys. Mortgagee

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

To whom it may concern:
You are hereby notified that on Saturday,
June 15th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the store
room known as 121 South 12th Street, in Lincoin, Nebraska, I will sell at public auction
to the highest and best bidder for cash the
following described property: All of the stock
of goods, merchandise, furniture and fixtures
now contained in the store room known as
No. 121 South 12th Street, in the city of Lincoin, Lancaster county, Nebraska, said stock
of goods consisting principally of cigars, cigar
sites, tobaccos, pipes, cigar and cigarette
holders. The said fixtures and furniture consisting mainly of one Chicago Safe and Lock
Co. safe, one standing desk, show cases, Co. safe, one standing desk, show cases, tables, chairs etc. Said property situated in and mortgage intended to cover all chattels in said store room, 121 South 12th Street, sub-ject to a mortgage for \$2500 to J. A. Hudel-

Son.

Such sale will be made under and according to the termsof a chattel mortgage given by William J. Price to S. Seligsohn on the 11th day of May, 1880, bearing date of that day and filed for record in the office of the County Clerk of Lencaster county. Nebraska, on the 11th day of May, 1880, that said mortgage conveyed the property above described. The said mortgage was given to secure the sum of \$2500 and/interest at the rate of 10 per cent, per annum from date until paid:

**OUICK MEAL** 

HARDWARE, STOVES

-AND-

TINWARE,

Leonard Refrigerators, Hot Air Furnaces, Van's Wrought Iron Ranges.

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ful sleep in a bed of snewy linen LINGTON" ROUTE. What advantages? NOT ONE.



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