CAPITAL CITY COURIER, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889

THEIR WAY IS LOST.

BERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, SUNDAY, JUNE 16.

The Story of Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert-Our Duty Is to Look for Our Own Sphere in Life and Then to Keep In It.

BROOKLYN, June 16 .- The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today. A vast congregation filled the spa-clous building to overflowing. After mak-ing an exposition of Scripture, the pastor gave out 'he hymn beginning:

them.

tress.

small

one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle

dollars to the missionary cause. You for fif-

teen years sit with chronic rheumatism, dis-

playing the beauty of Christian submission.

of the ditch; whether it be to preach

on a Pentecost, or tell some wanderer of

the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary

Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland

for a laughing child on a spring morning and

call her a May queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street, and cut

up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary-do it, and it right away.

Whether it be a crown or a yoke, do not fid

get. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and

are contented in the sphere in which God has

put them; while there is only wandering, and

exile, and desolation, and wilderness for dis-contented Hagar and Ishmael,

SYMPATRY WITH WOMAN. Again: I find in this Oriental scene a lesson

change it was for this Hagar. There was the

tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's

house, beautiful and luxurious no doubt. Now

she is going out into the hot sands of the

turn. Here is some one who lived in the very

bright home of her father. She had every

thing possible to administer to her happines

Plenty at the table. Music in the drawing

room. Welcome at the door. She is led

forth into life by some one who cannot

appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Iniquities blot

out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh

words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while

the ring was being set and the vows given

and the benediction pronounced, have all

faded with the orange blossoms, and there

she is today, broken hearted, thinking of past

think of anything that can be added to it.

For years there has not been the suggestion

of a single trouble. Bright and happy chil-

dren fill the house with laughter and song.

Books to read, pictures to look at, lounges to

rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and run-

ning over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot, pulses flutter, eyes close, and the foot whose

known steps on the door si

Glory to God on high. Let beaven and earth reply,

which the great body of worshipers sang with majestic effect. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "People Who Have Lost Their Way." He took for his text: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."-Gen. xxi, 19 The eloquent preacher said :

Morning breaks upon Beer-sheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard, and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up Whatever God calls you to, whether it win hissing or huzza; whether to walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out now Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael

THE DEVOTION OF THE MOTHER.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great stifling, and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to compiain, and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat, for mothers can endure anything. Trudge-trudge-trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, desert. O what a change it was. And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune how wearily and slowly the miles slip. A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, 1 suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar-as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other-Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom, and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out, and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth, and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep: "Ishmael! Ishmael!" And so they go on, joy and present desolation and coming an-grish. Hagar in the wilderness: Here is a beautiful home. You cannot day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the ourning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she dot As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the bloodshot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beer-sheba: "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her sou cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and strug-gle in distortion, and beg his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectaclo. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow shot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens, and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee!" She looks up, and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God! WE MUST KNOW OUR PLACES. I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their business. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret, and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world today comes from the fact that people do not know their place, or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar A place for ish A place for you and a place for mael. me. Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sextus V was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd, God called him up to wave a scepter Ferguson spent his early days in looking after the sheep; God called him up to look after stars and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hill sides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots, God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while, but God called him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England. On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conserv atory, and feed high bred pointers, and angle for gold fish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes, yet God may have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intendel us, and then to occupy that sphere and occupy it forever Here is a man God fashioned to make a plow There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the niow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution, provided he makes the plow as well as the other man makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one in tended to be a queen and wear it. It seems

to me that in the one case as in the other, Grd appoints the sphere; and the needle is just as respectable in his sight as the scepter. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved, if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of the works who win it is Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle, and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the of those who are in it were out of it. I re-ally think that one-half of the world may be divided into two quarters-those who have not found their sphere, and those who, havglad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice today in the first songs of the service! My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets ing found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that for which God intended The bondswoman wants to be misof a prison. I see a face scarred with every Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow wheel of a watch, which beautifully on his knee-a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts, and I hear his chain went treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance wheel, and the sparrow with clank. The jail keeper tells me that he has chagrin drops into the brook because it canbeen in there now three times. First for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He not, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun. steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings In the Lord's army we all want to be briga-dier generals! The sloop says: "More mast; more tonnage, more canvas. O that I were into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. a topsail schooner, or a full rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer." And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not Who is he, and where is het Today playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are today hoisting a throne or forging a chainwilling to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon. GREAT GROWTH OF SMALL BEGINNINGS. too proud to do anything God tells you to do. A good many years ago a Christian mother For the lack of a right disposition in this re-spect the world is strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each

sat teaching lessons of religion to her child; and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamphier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But O, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, gayly tripping on down to ruin, taking her children in the same direction. cannot help but say: "There they go-there they go. Hagar and ishmaei!" I tell you there are wilder deserts than Beer-sheba in many of the domestic circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! And while I pronounce their names it seems like the moaning of the death wind: Hagar and Ishmaelt

I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying, "Water! Water! Water!" "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar !" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it-fountains for all these thirsty souls today. "On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesur stood and cried: If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his its fair cash value. Camp Brothers, corner time in trying to find out the elixir of 10th and M. life-a liquid which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you today of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the 'Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Ah, here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness, and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason/ I will tell you. You never

priest, and he said: "If you will only recite the Numtra it will deliver you." He waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to bear that." Then they said: "Call on Jug-gernaut." He shook his bead, as much as to may: "I can't do that." Then they thought, perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut," think of that God." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no." Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jeaus." Oh, come today to the fountain-the foun-

tain open for sin and uncleanness. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sen-tences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

Information for Tourists.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates to the following points are now on sale at the Elk-horn, C. & N. W. line ticket offices at 115 South Tenth street, and depot, corner S and Eighth streets:

Spirit Lake and Clear Lake, Ia .: Minne neapolis, St. Paul, Duluth and Superior. Minn.; Ashland, Bayfield, Madison, Waukesha an'i Manitowock, Wis.; Petoskey, Goge bec, Mackinac Island and Travers City, Mich. Old Point Comfort, Va., and other summer resorts. GEO, N. FORESMAN, Agt.

Help Wanted.

For the benefit of the ladies who may have to pass through the common struggle of se curing help, the COURIER will receive want advertisements for publication in the Daily Call want columns. Parties desiring help situations, boarders, or to rent rooms or rent houses can leave their advertisement at this office and they will be promptly delivered to the Call for publication. One cent a word per day is the expense. Turn horses out in a good pasture for a few

weeks, when they get in bad condition. If that can not be done use Dr. Cady's Condition l'owders; they will put a horse in perfect health. A well horse don't need medicine. Hay, grain and good care is better. Dr. Cady's Condition Powders are a true horse medicine, (not a dope.) they aid digestion, cure constipation, kidney disorders and distroy worms. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

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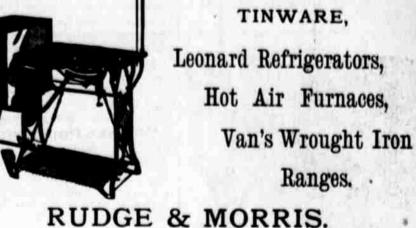
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whole household out at eventide, crying: 'Father's coming !" will never sound on the door sill again. A long, deep grief plowed through all that lightness of domestic life. Paradise lost! Widowhood! Hagar in the wilderness!

tht the

gar looked.

How often it is we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lusterles eyes looking far ahead as though for the oming of some other trouble! Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes, on the day when they held her up to the font, and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the worn out shoes. I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the ineaments of the woe begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagan in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of Divine sympathy inclose her for ever.

THE TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS Again: I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an un usual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded, a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain Gaulus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learn ing of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street, and see pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth. England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it, bleeding ad pain struck / That wound in the foot de cides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever had provided, and, with his other writings as well, throw ing a light upon the Word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions, That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog shop or cry "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for their last victory My mind today leaps thirty years ahead and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in al. the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits today beside you in the Tabernacle. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the

confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she! Today you will find her in the

looked in the right direction. "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east and west, and I haven't found for putting their horses in a fine, healthy conthe fountain." Why, you are not looking in dition. They cure constipation, loss of apthe right direction at all. Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And, O soul, if today, with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, he would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else." Look! look! as Ha-

EVERY DESERT HAS ITS WELL

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience today I notice signs of mourning. Have you found consolation / O man bereft, O woman bereft, have you found consolation/ Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hil-lock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some burial joy. But sing ye to God, every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well today, and I begin to draw water from that well. If you have lived in the country you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright, cool water And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy today, and I begin to draw on that Gospel well sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soull here is one bucket of life! Come and drink of it: "Whosever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." 1 pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with ail my strength, and the bucket comes up bright, and beautiful, and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy

laden, and I will give you rest." The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, that would be a prophecy of evil, if a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is a new astrology in which 1 put all my faith. By looking up to the Star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." I read it out on the sky 1 read it out in the I read it out in all things Bible. "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love him! Have you seen the Nyetanthes? It is a beau tiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this day, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity. it pours forth its richest aroma after sun down, and it will be sundown with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march or will it be a fountain for your soult

JESUS THE ONLY HOPE.

A Christian Hindoo was dying, and his heat'en comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology, but he waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to bear it." Then they called in a heathen

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Sheriff Sale.

Sheriff Sale. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an Or-der of Sale issued by the clerk of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of Nebra-ka, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Carlos C. Burr is plaintiff, and Eilert Schneider, Rebecca Schneider, et al, defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1889, 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, NE 1-49, Section No, Thirty (30), and the Northwest Quarter, Section Twenty-nine (20), all in Township Number Seven (7), North, in Range Number Six (6), East of the Sixth (6th) P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 22d day of May, A. D. 1889. 8. M. MELICK. 5-25-54 Shertiff.

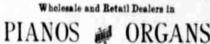
Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

To whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that on Saturday, 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 Lin-coln, Nebraska, I will sell at public anction to the highest and best bidder for cash the following described property: All of the stock of goods, merchan ise, furniture and fixtares now contained in the store room known as No. 121 South 12th Street, in the city of Lin-coln, Lancenster county, Nebraska, said stock of goods consisting principally of cigars, cigar-ettes, tobaccos, pipes, cigar and cigarette holders. The said fixtures and furniture con-sisting mainly of one Chicago Safe and Lock 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 \$200 to J. A. Hudejject to a mortgage for \$200 to J. A. Hudelson. Such sale will be made under and accord

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Chattel Mortgage Sale. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattle mortgage given by William McAl-jester to The Mueller Music Company of date June 1, '88 for the sum of \$200.06 which Chattle mortgage was filed in the office of the County Clerk of Lancaster Court Nebraska on the '9 day of June 1889 at 10.15 A. M. upon which there is now due the sum of \$27,25. I will ou the sin day of July 1889, at the East side of the Post Office Square in Lincoln. Lancaster County Nebraska, Offer for Sale at public Auction the Mortgaged property therein de-scrifted, as follows to-Wit; One Mueller Music Company plano No. 42888 in use about 1 year. The Mueller Music Company By Houston & BAIRD

By Houston & BAIRD Their Attorneys. Dated Lincoln Nebraska June 14th 189



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