EASTER SUNDAY SERMON

COME. SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY."

Test of the Eloquent Discourse Dellyered on Sunday, March 19, by the Rev. T. De Witt Takunge-Title of the Sermon, "The Split Mansalenm."

New York, March 29.—Dr. Talmage reached an Easter sermon to his two audi-ties today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at the Christian Herald

ences today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at the Christian Herald service in New York in the evening the Academics of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew xxviii, 6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay,"

Visiting any great city, we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetary. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetary. In the one case it is a matter of public interest, in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulcher, I have to tell you—in this sepulcher, I have to tell you—in this sepulcher there was buried a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

THE MANOR OF JOSEPH.

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It has for surroundings the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out she parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate, and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths undermeath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kloak and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pounclogical!

I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs and come to a portice over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portice, and on either side there are rooms, two or four or six rooms of rock; in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead hody. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last reating place. What a beautiful plot in which so wait for the restreetical.

MARK WELL THE MAUSOLEUM.

MARK WELL THE MAUSOLEUM.

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock.

It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages: catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered, and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens, as was sustomary with crucified bodies, unless there he prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begater the body of Christ, and he takes and grantes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and partunes it.

perfumes it.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in often times they wished to embaim a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the rits where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life eine he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt of niter, and cassia, and wine of paim tree, and complete the embalmment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more ancitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they

week of earthly masonry cannot mend. Forever and forever is is a broken smit. Death that day taking the side of to military received a horrible cut under to angel's spear of fame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Termor disappearing before the King of Grace. The Lard is rises." Homens! Homens!

Suit of the chains the dy: It is the IV. The Christian smoothing tande like "I know what is manning tande like," I know what is manning that the 'other than the for 'yietsey," I gusther them the graves of year Christian dead in letter "V" for "victory," "R" for treation." "The Lord is vicen." However, "The Lord is vicen." However, "The Lord is vicen."

the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher they could have afforded him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ? If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey is an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub street. I go into that Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear today as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel I cannot forget the fact that his fellow musicians tried to destroy him with their discords. I gos little farther in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors, but I cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortuse, and that he made a contract for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors. Where did he die? In a garret, I move farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of spect of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If it's length be no virtue it has none." I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnifoent mortuary length be no virtue it has none." I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! Oh, unfilial children, give your old parents less tombatones and more blankets, less funeral and

children, give your old parents less tombstones and more blankets, less funeral and
more bedroom! Five per cent. of the money
now expended at Burns' banquets would
have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the drudgery of an excise
man. Horace Greeley—outrageously abused
while he lived—going out to his tomb was
followed by the president of the United
States and the leading men of the army
and the navy. Some people could not say
bitter enough things about him while he
lived; all the world rose up to do him honor
when he died. Massachusetts at the tomb of
Charles Sumner tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her
legislature denounced the living senator.
It was too late. The costly monument at
Springfield, Ills., cannot pay for Booth's
buillet. Costly mortnary honors on the
banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between \$200,000 and \$300,000—cannot pay for
the assassination of James A. Garfield.
Do justice to the living. All the justice
you do you will have to do this side the
gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot
wake up to count the number of carriages
in the procession or see the polish on the
Aberdeen granite or to read the words of
spitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of
Jerusalem cannot stone for Bethlehem's
manger and Calvarean cross and Pilate's
ruffian judiciary.

Appropriate Canadaments for Bethlehem's
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APPROPRIATE ORNAMENTS FOR TOMBS. Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the chort time of flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers understand what I see in the newspapers where, amid the announcements and coacquies, the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—iet there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means ecronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death parterra. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grova.

mauscoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the receas. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the bedy of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanbedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States government of the British government, always followed with severs penalties.

A regiment of soldlers from the tow, rof Antonio is detailed to guard that mauscleum. At the door of that temb a fight took place which decided the question for all graveyards and comsteries. Sword of God against the military. The body in the crypt bagins to move in its absund of fine illness and sides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble stope. Christ, having left his montunry active be hind him, comes forth in the garb of a workunn as I take it, from the fact that he women mistook him for the gardiner.

There and then was shattered the tomb as that it can never be rebuilt. All the throwels of certaily manoery cannot mend to the fact that has women mistook him for the gardiner.

There and then was shattered the tomb as that it can never be rebuilt. All the floweds of certaily manoery cannot mend the same provided are not necessary.

The work of the fact has a broken the fact has been and forever to the the fact that has women mistook him for the gardiner.

There and then was shattered the tomb as that it can never be rebuilt. All the floweds of certaily manoery cannot mend the fact has been and forever to rebuilt. All the floweds of certaily manoery cannot mend the fact has a constitute of the fing of th Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Laurel
Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove,
nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country
graveyards where the vines have fallen
down and the slab is aslant and the mound
is caved in and the grass is the pasture

the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the Universe. Let this be consolatory to those who, through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of sliver handles, casket of costly wood, pall bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary.

Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance, and re-

Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance, and remembers there are two more than he had at his changeles. Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crape which pught to have gone fer bread. A man of until means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. He can was ever more lovingly and tensionly get into the ve than Christ, but them were only the precession.

Again, semaning in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers

from the tower or Antonio to stand gnard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and some up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certain as you and I go down into the grave, just so certain we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the bowlders of the mountains you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean we will rise to the surface.

ern of the Atlantic ocean we will rise to the surface.

Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one—Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulcher, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

WITH TRUMS TS AND SHOUTINGS.

WITH TRUMPETS AND SHOUTINGS. Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb crying: "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! Over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there

three bodies in that tomb! Over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude! That is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude! That is where the That is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude! That is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie. That is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying nouth spirits flying south spirits flying spirits—spirits flying spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—spirits—sp

The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster abbey an all its dead kings and orators and poets get up.

Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good, and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanbeggars; all the armies—victors and van-quished; all the ages—barbaric and civil-ized; all those who were chopped by guil-lotine or simmered in the fire or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all!

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their matebone to bone, sinew to sinew-until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm fluds its socket, and the amputated limb of the eon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing, not one foot clogged, not one arm palsied, not one tongue dumb, not one ear deaf.

PEACE TOWARD REAVEN AND EARTH. FRACE TOWARD HEAVEN AND EARTH.
Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the deserts until it shall blossom like the rose braid them into the mane of like the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dailins of human blood. Give us white 'liles of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial in-

egrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of liter ature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth

ce, good will to men. Christ, the Lord, is risen today. Sons of men and angels say. Raise your songs and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won. Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more

Rather a Mean Trick ntleman who resides within a Sab bath day's journey of Springfield is very sore over a horse transaction. He visited dealer with a view to buying a mate to a horse he owned. The dealer showed him one which suited him, but advised him not to buy the animal, as be did not consider him "right," and he went his way. As the story goes, another dealer learned that this man wanted a horse, and accordingly stepped around to dealer No. 1 and bought the horse in question, and after a week or more drove the horse around to the wouldbe purchaser, who was taken with the animal, and made a trade, paying \$100 in excess of the price asked by dealer No. 1.

The purchaser soon found he had bought the horse he had first tooked at.—Spring-

Bodices of Kid. The possibilities of undressed kid are fast becoming apparent. Not content with show, gloves, bats, bugs, portemannales, card cases, etc., made of this pliant material, malem will now have her bodiess of kid. Latest advices from Paris show that Buede will enter targely into the composition of waists, which will fasten in a manner to-defy detection.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

A little boy entered a baker's shop and saked the shopwoman for two new loaves, laying down fivepence in payment.
"You haven't brought enough, my little man," said the shopwoman; "the bread has rises a balfranny."

has risen a halfpenny." Little boy, after moment's pause: "That's all my mother gave me. When did it go

"Today," repiled the shopwoman.
"Then, please, I'll take two of yesterday's bakin'."—London Tit-Bits.

Not a Marriage for Money

Miss Million-But, Mr. Marigold, I could mever be a party to a marriage for money, Mar: _dd—Do not be alarmed, Miss Million. I really haven't a cent to my name. Munsey's Weekly.

The Amenities.

I was waiting at a station on the Secon Avenue "L" road the other day when I no steed an umbrella mender and a traveling clazier. The first had a lot of ribs and handles and old umbrellas, and the second had a dozen panes of glass in a box on his back. Seeing that they regarded each other with coldness, I asked of the umbrella mender:

"Don't you recognize the profession

when you meet?"
"It's not the same line of business, sir," he replied. "Anybody can putty in a pane of glass, but it takes an artist to mend an umbrella."

While he walked to the other end of the platform I shied up alongside of the glazier and remarked: "Any hard feelings between you and the

mbrella man?" "Oh, no, sir—no personal feeling. It's simply that my professional pride demands that he speak first. He's a trade, you see, while I have a profession."

Two hours later I met them in company

at Chatham square, and the glazier recog-nized me at once and took me aside to say: "It's all right, sir—all right. He has assured me that he once failed in business for \$30,000, and we've agreed that both have professions, and that both of us are professors."—New York Sun.

Humoring the Girls. The other day Mrs. McFrivol, of Van Ness avenue, entered her parlor where her four daughters were waiting for the car-riage to take them to the Bigwallettes' ball, and said:

"My dear girls, I have just received a letter, in a black bordered envelope, from London, where, you know, your Uncle William has been seriously ill for"— "Great heavens!" exclaimed the young

ladies, beginning to weep.
"Of course, there is every reason to suppose—don't make your noses red, for gracious' sake—to suppose that it contains sad

"But, maw!" exclaimed the tearful quar-tet, "just look at all our new gowns, and -and everything."

"Exactly," continued the modern Cornelia, "I was going on to say that while the worst is to be feared, on the other hand we really know nothing definite as yet, and sidering all the circumstances -I have concluded not to open the letter until tomorrow morning.

And, repowdering their noses, with grate-ful smiles the girls rustled beamingly out. -San Francisco Examiner.

A Chinese Joke.

A rich man, living between the forges of two blacksmiths, was continually annoyed by the noise of their hammers, and was in despair at being unable to rest either by day or by night. At first he tried to induce them to hammer more quietly; then he made them all kinds of promises if they would only change their abodes. The two blacksmiths at last fell in with his pro posals, and he, transported with joy at the prospect of their departure, entertained them regardless of expense at a farewell banquet. At the end of the feast he asked them where they intended to set up their smithies. "Well," said one of them, "he who lived on your left will go to the smith on your right, and be who lived on your right will go to that on your left."—From a Chinese Jest Book, quoted in St. James'

A Mean Revenge. Bulfitch—Say, see here, Wooden, if you have any grudge or grievance against me I wish you'd come to me and have it out ike a man, and not try to get back at me wooden-Why, I don't know what you

Bulfirch-Don't know what I mean Wasn't it you that sent that new cook book to my wife?—Boston Courier.

Johnny-Uncle Horace, why is it many little boys call you uncle? You ain't anybody's real uncle but mine, you

Bachelor Relative (somewhat sadly)-The mothers of a good many of them Johnny, became my—er—sisters many years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

From "The Tramp"-A Tragedy. First Beggar-I asked her for some oys d Beggar-An' what said she!

First Beggar-She said "go to Second Beggar-Whereat you said-First Beggar—Aye, that and more, mad-am. I could easily go six.—New York Her-ald. Long Legs.

A lecturer is explaining the beauties and

Winter and summer combined. With one foot I stood upon the icy glacier and with the other plucked blooming flowers from the bosom of the valley.—Fliegende Blatter. Turning the Tables.

Aunt Isabel-Gracie, those crusts are bard. If I were you I'd eat them. North Side Two-year-old (pushing them under the edge of her plate)—No, auntie. If you was me you wouldn't eat 'em but if I was you I would.—Chicago Tribune.

> Sweet and Bitter A girl is sweet.
>
> But oh! how bitter
>
> The same girl is
>
> When her dress don't fit her.
>
> - Rullville Bazon

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