

THE THIRD WATCH

THE TIME WHEN CRIMINALS DO THEIR WORST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Exhibits His Hearers to Give Money to the Poor Rather than Tracts—Gamblers the Most Heartless of All Evil Doers.

BROOKLYN, May 15.—At the tabernacle this morning there were the same great throngs of people as usual, overflowing the main audience room into the corridors, and from the church in America, is more and more inadequate to hold the people, as the years go by.

The pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., took for his text this morning: "Watchman, what of the night?" Isaiah xxi, 2. He said: "When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh, and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolis."

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me, as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston, the question once smote me: "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command: "Advance and give the countersign."

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch, from 6 to 9; the second, from 9 to 12; the third, from 12 to 3; the fourth, from 3 to 6.

I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life and brilliancy of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to get them in the city, in their cars. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone, they seek the evening meal.

Let idlers clear the street, and give right of way to the besuited artisans and merchants. They have earned their bread, and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between.

The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving of thousands on the great promenade. The dashing span, adrip with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curb stone.

Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence mingle in the great metropolitan picture, until the thinking man goes home to think more seriously and the praying man to pray more earnestly.

A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog; the stamp of the horse in the next street; the slamming of a saloon door; the hiccup of the drunkard; the shrieks of the steam whistle, five miles away—Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps a head hurrying on to the household.

Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest! Weary men preparing for to-morrow's toil; hot brain being cooled off; rigid muscles relaxed; excited nerves soothed; the white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow; fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen; childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic.

Third watch of the night! God's slumbering eyes will look. Let one great wave of refreshment submerge the care, and anxiety, and the torment, and pain. But, my friends, be not misled. There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all. Goup that dark alley; watch the form of a drunkard lying on the doorstep. Look about you. What a picture! "Look about you," says the Lord. "Look about you," says the Lord.

And patrolling air, and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. They want your money.

In Chestnut street, Philadelphia, while I was living in that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut street a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveler on whose body he heaps the stones, there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills, there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast, than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

In the third watch of the night, also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Straws through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, brothers, husbands, sons as good as you are by nature, perhaps better. In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revelers, who try to get him to bed, or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up. The rage of the brain and the brain and the man become thoroughly frenzied. Such a one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife had died, and she lay in the next room prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks, and shook her out of her shroud, and pitched her out of the window.

Oh, when ruin touches the brain you cannot hush it up. My friends, you see and see how you ought to love God and serve Him. "Oh," she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing, for the simple reason it is not practical; as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tools, and he went distributing the tools, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tools for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds and then distribute the tools."

We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the last war, went into a hospital with tracts, and, coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing. I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, and a cry of "First meet the need in but it is blessed.

There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes; and I have to tell you this morning that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back 10,000 echoes from all the throats of heaven.

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies in the third watch of the night? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel and of God's mercies. Many have done so. I see others coming to God this morning, tired of the sinful life. Cry up the morning to heaven. Set all the bells ringing. Spread the banquet under the arches. Let the crowned heads come down and sit at the jubilee. I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track.

I could give you the history, in a minute, of one of the best friends I ever had. Out side of my own family, I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the west. He was of splendid personal appearance, but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him. I saw him coming out of the saloons and gambling halls, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature; and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him. I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits, if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him: "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

So the time went on. After a while the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sick bed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary dress, fully dressed, lying on top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively, and said: "Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there." I sat down and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead twenty years. Now I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap and apron and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there." Then he turned to his wife, and said: "I wish you would take these strings around me all the time; I wish you would stop that annoyance." She said: "There is nothing here." Then I saw it was delirium.

He said: "Just where you sit now my mother sat, and she said: 'Roswell, I wish you would do better; where you sit now I would do better.' Mother, I wish I could do better; I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me; why can't you help me now? And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was a reality, and I went to her, and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I wish to do better, but you help; I can't do this alone.' I knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to the church. Somebody said: "You cannot bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said: "You will bring him in church; he stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the stairs,

I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. On one side the pulpit sat his little child of 8 years, a sweet, beautiful little girl, that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys, and then he would go away, as if hounded by an evil spirit, to his cups and the house of shame—a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

On the other side the pulpit sat the man who had ruined him; they were the men who had poured the wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say: "What a pity that so generous a man should be destroyed." No. Did they sigh repeatedly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I tell them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood cemetery, and they blasphemed and they drank. Oh! how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you. Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says: "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe five.

Act the first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriages all. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh! what a blasted death with three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling the serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all those things God will bring you into judgment." There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death.

ALL SORTS. Ex-President Hayes has quite recovered his health, and now takes long walks, accompanied by his devoted wife.

More than 6,000,000,000 pounds of fish were brought to the wharves of Portsmouth, N. H., during the past winter fishing season.

A "jubilee coffin" is being advertised in London. A "jubilee drink" had previously made its appearance.

Sir William Armstrong's new gun to resist torpedo attacks is a thirty pounder, and develops a muzzle velocity of 1,900 feet per second.

Amateur mesmerists put a boy to sleep in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., not long ago and left him in it, being unable to awaken him. A week's illness from nervous prostration was the result.

Marmalade and cold chicken is the newest wrinkle of some of the epicurean members of fashionable clubs.

Some lunatic writes to the papers recommending sea biscuit, soaked in port wine, as "good for consumptives."

A New York lady gave the baker of an Atlantic City hotel \$50 for his receipt for making delicious muffins.

Gail Hamilton has temporarily injured her eyesight from over reading.

President McCosh declares that since he abolished secret societies at Princeton there has been better order, less drinking and less opposition to the faculty.

The Jews are rapidly acquiring land in Russia. They do not cultivate it themselves, but sublet at a great profit.

Mr. Mackay frequently sends his wife from America a dozen or more cans of terrapin, with which she delights her guests in Paris and London.

Walt Whitman and the poet Tennyson have corresponded during the past fifteen years.

According to a writer in The Chicago Reporter only 10,000,000 pounds of butter were made in this country in 1886.

Fastidious Philadelphians contend for lime juice instead of lemon upon the "real imported" sardine.

Gen. Sherman smokes a light domestic cigar, limiting himself to three a day. Gen. Sheridan puffs imported, three for half a dollar.

The throat affection from which the German crown prince suffers is not unlike, in some of its symptoms, that of which Gen. Grant died. It is a very serious affair.

The present cashier of the National Traders' bank of Portland, Me., is Edward Gould. He has been cashier continuously for fifty-three years, and is over 80 years old.

C. D. Hare, of Detroit, Mich., is the possessor of a document that he believes to be the original copy of Gen. R. E. Lee's farewell order to the army of Northern Virginia.

In England single women and widows have had full municipal suffrage for eighteen years. Mr. Gladstone says that they exercise it "without detriment and with great advantage."

Duplicated Bridal Presents. A social problem, which has been for years a weighty one, has at length met a solution in Washington—How can the duplication of bridal presents be avoided? At a recent wedding at the capital the friends of the bride met her mentories in the shape of cash. Ten dollar gold pieces, in sums ranging from \$20 to \$300, were considered appropriate and welcome presents. The young couple could thus buy what they chose with the money. That such a precedent will meet with the recognition it deserves is doubtful. There is something unsentimental about cash which will doubtless offend the aesthetic taste of society. But to those who have at their marriage been overwhelmed with half a dozen after dinner coffee sets, eight or ten salad dishes, six or seven oil lamps and innumerable cut glass pitchers, the idea of \$10 gold pieces appeals with a peculiar satisfaction. Young people should not be grasping, but they are so sure of a settlement that they do not care for a variety of bodice over

SHAKER BOY!

SHAKER BOY is a Dark Bay pacer, 15 1/2 hands high, weighing 1,200 pounds. His close, compact form and noted reputation for endurance makes him one of the best horses of the day. He has a record of 2:26, and paced the fifth heat of a race at Columbus, Ohio, in 2:25. He was bred in Kentucky, sired by Gen'l Ringgold, and his dam was Tecumseh. He has already got one colt in the 2:30 list—a marvelous showing for a horse with his chances—and stamps him as one of the foremost horses in the land.

The old pacing Pilot blood is what made Maud S., Jay Eye Sec, and others of lesser note trot. The pacer Blue Bull sired more trotters in the 2:30 list than any other horse in the world, and their net value far exceeds all horses in Cass county. Speed and bottom in horses, if not wanted for sporting purposes, are still of immense benefit in saving time and labor in every occupation in which the horse is employed. It is an old saying that "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor;" why less a benefactor he who produces a horse, which, with same care and expense, will with ease travel double the distance, or do twice the work of an ordinary horse. It costs no more to feed, and care to raise a good horse than a poor one. The good are always in demand, and if sold bring double or treble the price of the common horse.

SHAKER BOY will stand the coming season in Cass county, at the following places and times: W. M. Loughbridge's stable at Murray, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Owner's stable, one mile east of Eight Mile Grove, Wednesday and Thursday. Louis Korrell's, at the foot of Main street, Plattsmouth, who has a splendid and convenient stable fitted up for the occasion, Friday and Saturday.

TERMS: To insure mare with foal, \$10.00, if paid for before foaling, and if not, \$12.00. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible, if any occur. Any one selling mare will be held responsible for fees of service.

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