THE THIRD WATCH

THE TIME WHEN CRIMINALS DO THEIR WORST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Exhorts 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 corridors into the street. This, the largest 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, whatof the night?" Isaiah xxi, 2. He

When night came down on Bablyon, Nineveh, and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor; or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passer by raised the question: "Watchman, what of the night?"

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." Every moral teacher stands on picket, or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm; and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch, or in the fourth watch, to be vigilant until the daybreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the arching trellis of the sky.

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 give them my seat in the city car. 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. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter, and with brain weary of the long line of figures, and the whims of those who go a shopping, seek the face of mother, or wife and child. The merchants are unharnessing themselves from their anxieties on their way up the street. The boys that lock up are heaving away at the shutters, shoving the heavy bolts and taking a last look at the fire to see that all is safe. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centers of bargain making.

Let idlers clear the street, and give right of way to the besweated 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. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families."

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, glistening boards, await the signal from the orohestra. The footlights of the theatre flash up, the bell rings, and the curtain rises, and out from the gorgeous scenery glide the actors, greeted with the vociferation of the expectant multitudes. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress, or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. Drawing rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded groups advancing and retreating.

The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving to of thousands on the great promenades. 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

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 hiccough of the drunkard; the shrieks of the steam whistle, five miles away-Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the

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 pe ssing along in great haste, the messenger a 15w 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. Ob, the third watch of the night! What

a stupendous thought-a whole city at rest! Weary arm 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 slumberless ye will look. Let one great wave of refresh-

minber roll over the heart of the great in, submerging care, and anxiety, and rriment, and pain.

et the city sleep. But, my friends, be not yed. There will be thousands to-night will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley autious where you tread lest you fall estrate form of a drunkard lying corstep. Look about you lest

the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say "Nothing." Then listen. What is it! "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say "Why don't they beg!" They do, but they get nothing. You say: "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told that he must go to the alms-

"Oh!" you say, "they are vicious poor, and, therefore, they do not deserve our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and through the broken window pane they see the crystals of heaven; but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad, they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give ten prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty prayers for the guilty

who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck; and I want you to know that these vicious poor have had two shipwrecks-shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul-shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "O," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyebalis. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult; do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark

of a murderer's hand! Look at those eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. Oh! heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in Thy arms. Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold

wind sweeps through. Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's scarred and bruised face ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

Do you know it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminal's watch.

At 8:30 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky and a cry of "Fire! fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue,

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boy's pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, mid to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched: "When your father and your mother forsake you, who then will take you up?" And the boy said: "The perlice! the perlice!"

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial, house that only a little while ago put out a sign of copartnership, will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. A member of congress gambled with a member elect and won \$120,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. And so the work goes on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pennies in a rum grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the stock market.

In the third watch of the night, pass down the streets of these cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen stroke of the ball on the billiard table. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of for-eign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away

their time while the jury is out. In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning, in the woods around about the city, to find the suspended bodies of suir les. Whatever be the splendor of surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tenpin alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin, all the drums of death beat the dead march of a

thousand souls. In one year, in the city of New York, there were \$7,000,000 sacrificed at the gaming table. Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it.

Perhaps there may be a stranger in the nouse this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels and ask who tarry around about the hotels and ask you: "Would you like to see the city?" "Yes."

"Have you ever been in that splendid building up town?" "No." Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the elephants, and the "elephants," and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground.

Look out for these men who move ar ad the arroter's bug. Look about x where you the afel with sleek hats—always and saw them carrying the body up the afel.

and patronizing air, and unaccountable in. I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. terest 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. Strewn 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, when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes 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 rum touches the brain you cannot hush it up. My friends, you see all around about you the need that something radical be done. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings at London a great multitude has been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even

the gladness of heaven. Do not go wrapped in your fine furs and from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she 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 tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds and then distribute the

tracts." 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, been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin | made its appearance. of dancing. I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged 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 thrones 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 compassion. Many have come. I see others coming to God this morning, tired of the sinful life. Cry up the news 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 like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling hells, and they sur rounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature; and I saw him going down, and I bad a fair talk with himfor 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 awhile 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 off the bed; somebody is wrapping 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—I wish you would do better.' I said: '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 will do better, but you help; I can't do this alone.'" I knelt down and prevent. down and prayed. That night his soul went

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 men 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 feelf Did they weepf No. Did they say: "What a pity that so generous a man should be destroyed." No. Did they sigh repentingly 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 told 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 Oal wood 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 beheve 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 marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of "How well she

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 heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling the serpents around the heart. Black ness 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 these 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 during the past winter fishing season.

A "jubilee coffin" is being advertised in coming to the bed of a man whose legs had London. A "jubilee drink" had previously

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

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 At-

lantic 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 Walt Whitman and the poet Tennyson

have corresponded during the past fifteen According to a writer in The Chicago Re-

porter only 10,000,000 pounds of bogus 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 ci-

gar, 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 Vir-

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 ad-

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 in Washington—How can the duplication of bridal presents be avoided? At a recent wedding at the capital the friends of the bride sent her mementoes in the shape of cash. Ten dollar gold pieces, in sums ranging from \$20 to \$200, 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 unapplimental about cash which will timental about cash which will and the esthetic taste of society. who have at their marriage been at with half a dozen after dinner ight or ten salad dishes, six or the idea of \$10 gold pieces appeals a cination. Young people may not be grasping, but they by sentiment that they by sentiment to by sentiment over

SHAKER BOY!

SHAKER BOY is a Dark Bay pacer, 154 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 fee. 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. Loughridge'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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