#### NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

REV. DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STIR-RING ADDRESS

To the Militlamen from Thirty-one States and Territories in Camp at Washington-Drilled Soldiery Superior to the Undrilled.

WASHINGTON, May 29. - Soldiers of the national drill listened this afternoon to a sermon by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D. Soldiers from thirty-one states and territories were present, and nineteen governors and their staffs. Washington is full of strangers attendant upon the national drill, having for its object improvement in military science, which began May 23 and will close to-morrow. The music before and after the sermon this afternoon was conducted by military bands. Dr. Talmage's texts were taken from I Chronicles xii, 33, "Fifty thousand which could keep rank;" and Judges xx, 16, "Every one could sling stones at a hair breadth and not miss." The preacher said:

Companies of infantry, cavalry, artillery and Zouaves, please notice the first Scripture passage applauds the soldiers of Zebulun because they were disciplined troops. They may have been inefficient at the start and laughed at by old soldiers because they seemed so clumsy in the line, but it was drill, drill, drill until they could keep step as one man. "Fifty thousand which could keep rank." The second Scripture passage applauds a regiment of slingers in the tribe of Benjamin because they are dexterous marksmen. When they first enlisted they may have been an awkward squad and all their fingers were thumbs, but they practiced until when they aimed at a mark they always hit it. "Every one could sling stones at a hair breadth and not miss." Both texts combining to show us that if we must fight we should do it well.

There is something absorbing in the military science of the Bible. In olden times all the men between 20 and 50 years of age were enrolled in the army, and then a levy was made for a special service. There were only three or four classes exempt; those who had built a house and had not occupied it; those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it; those who were engaged to be married and yet had not led the bride to the altar; those who were yet in the first year of wedded life; those who were so nervous that they could not look upon an enemy but they fled, and could not look upon blood but

they fainted. The army was in three divisions—the center and right and left wings. The weapons of defense were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offense were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult-which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could lift, and ballista, which was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances. The shields were made of woven willow work with three thicknesses of hide and a loop inside through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; and when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level, all these shields touched each other, making a wall moving but impenetrable; and then when they attacked a fortress and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling missiles. The breastplate was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior the two pieces fast-

The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that case containing the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle of the foot had an iron boot. When a wall was to be assaulted a battering ram was brought up. A battering ram was a great beam swung on chains in equilibrium. The battering ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go, and the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruc-

ened with buttons or clasps.

Twenty or forty men would stand in a movable tower on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine and then headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue, and they were on two wheels, so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses, so when they went ahead the sword thrust, and when they turned around it would mow down. The armies carried flags beautifully embroidered. Tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion; tribe of Reuben, embroidered with a man; tribe of Dan, embroidered with cherubim. The noise of the hosts as they moved on was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields and the rumbling of wheels and the shouts of the captains and the vociferation of the entire host, the prophet says it was like the roaring of the sea. Because the arts of war have been advancing all these years you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an uncontrollable mob. I could quote you four or five passages of Scripture showing you that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder, or, as my texts express it, they were "Fifty thousand which could keep rank," and "Every one could sling stones at a hair breadth and not miss."

Nothing could be more important than this great National encampment. Undrilled troops can never stand before those which are drilled. At a time when other nations are giving such care to military tactics, it behooves this nation to lack nothing in skill. We shall never have another war between north and south. The old decayed bone of contention, African slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can gnaw something off of it. We are floating off further and further from the possibility of sectional strife, but about foreign invasion I am not so sure. There is absolutely no room on this continent for any other nation. I have been across the country again and again, and I know that we have not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off of us. It is very easy to pick na-tional quarrels, and if our nation escapes it much longer it will be the exception. If a foreign foe should come we want men like those of 1812, and like those who fought on both sides in 1862. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton, men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say:

did in the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honors those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country." If foreign foe should ever come all sectional animosities would be obliterated. Here go our regiments into the battle, side by side, Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Four-teenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshooters. I have no faith in the cry: "No north, no south, no east, no west." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony-the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano in the grand march of the Union.

I congratulate you, the officers and soldiers of this National encampment, that if a foreign attack should at any time be made you would be ready, and there would be millions of the drilled men of north and south, like the men of my first text, which could keep rank, and like the men of my second text, that would not miss a hair breadth.

At this National drill, when thirty-one states of the Union are represented, and be tween the decorations of the graves of the southern dead, which took place a few days ago, and the decorations of the northern dead, which shall take place to-morrow, I would stir the Christian patriotism and gratitude not only of this soldiery here present, but of all the people, by putting before them the difference between these times, when the soldiers of all sections meet in peace, and the times when they met in contest. Contrast the feeling of sectional bitterness in 1862 with the feeling of sectional unity in 1887. At the first date the south had banished the national air, "The Star Spangled Banner," and the north had banished the popular air of "Way Down South in Dixie." The northern people were "mudsills" and the southern people were "white trash." The more southern people were killed in battle the better the north liked it. The more northern people were killed in battle the better the south liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth \$1,000,000, if delivered on either side the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms, of saying that the north and south did not hate each other. To estimate how very dearly they loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled and the carbines that were loaded and the cavalry horses that were mounted, north and south facing each other, all armed, in the attempt to kill. The two sections not only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword of heaven, and the prayer of the northern and southern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel J. Talmage, president of the Oglethorpe university, in Georgia. He was about the grandest man I ever knew, and as good as good could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York papers, which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the north prayed one way and the ministry at the south prayed the other way. No use in hiding the fact that the north and the south cursed each other with a withering and all consuming curse.

the complete accord of this time. Not long ago a meeting in New York was held to raise money to build a home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, and was presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the northern side, and the leg which was not lost so hurt that it does not amount to much. The Cotton exhibition held not long ago at Atlanta was attended by tens of thousands of northern people and by Gen. Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. At the New Orleans exhibition, held two years ngo, every northern state was represented. A thousand fold kindlier feeling after the war than before the war. No more use for gunpowder in this country, except for rifle practice or Fourth of July pyrotechnics or a shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks. Brigadier generals in the Southern Confederacy making their fortunes as lawyers in the northern cities, Rivers of Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina turning mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war, Fort Sumter and Moultrie and Lafayette and Pickens and Hamilton, sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of raising money to keep enemies out of our New York harbor, raising money for the Bartholdi statute on Bedloe's island, figure of liberty with uplifted torch to light the way to all who want to come in. Instead of war antipathies, when you could not cross the line between the contestants without fighting your way with keen steel or getting through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than a steel pen. Since the years of time began their roll, has there ever been in about two decades such an overmastering antithesis as between the war time of complete bitterness, and this time of complete sympathy? Contrast also the domestic life of those

Beside that antipathy of war time I place

times with the domestic life of these times. Many of you were either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letter. What a morning that was when you left home! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outside but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited. Boys of the blue and gray! whether you started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Savannah, or the Androscoggin, don't you remember the scenes at the front door, at the rail car window, on the steamboat landing? The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sadness. Don't you remember those charges to write home often, and take good care of yourself, be good boys, and the goodby kiss which they thought and you thought might be forever? Then the homesickness as you paced the river bank on a starlight night on picket duty, and the sly tears which you wiped off when you heard a group at the camp fire singing the plantation song about the old folks at home. The dinner of hard tack on Thanksgiving Day, and the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital, so different from the sickness when you were at home with mother and sister at the bedside, and the clock in the hall, giving the exact moment for the medicine; and that forced march when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds sched, and more than all, your heart ached. Homesickness, which had in it a suffocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war, who heartlessly wrote

"I do not want to see any more crying letters come to the Crimea from you. Those I have received I put into my ride after loading it, and have fired them at the Russians, because you appear to he strong dislike strong dislike | St

of them. If you have seen as many killed as battlement and others standing in the shin-I have you would not have as many weak ideas as you now have."

You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in the American war there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home. On the other hand tens of thousands of homes waited for news. Parents saying: "Twenty thousand killed! I wonder if our boy was among them." Fainting dead away in post offices and telegraph stations. Both the ears of God filled with the sobs and agonies of kindred waiting for news, or dropping under the announcement of bad news. Speak, swamps of the Chickahominy, and midnight lagoons, and fire rafts of the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and woods of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes of north and south, jeremiads of war times that have never been syllabled!

Beside that domestic perturbation and homesickness of those days put the sweet domesticity of to-day. The only camp fire you now ever sit at is the one kindled in stove or furnace or hearth. Instead of a half ration of salt pork, a repast luxuriant because partaken of by loving family circle and in secret confidences. Oh, now I see who those letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write, and that you were so particular to put in the mail without any one seeing you lest you be teased by your comrades. God spared you to get back, and though the old people bave gone you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences and filial and brotherly and loverly heartbreaks with your present residence, which is the dearest place you will find this side of heaven. The place where your children were born is the place where you want to die. To write the figures of 1862 I set up four crystals, crystals of tears. To write the figures of 1887 I stand up four members of your household, figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can

get them to stand still long enough, Contrast also the religious opportunities of twenty years ago with now. Often on the march from Sunday morn till night, or commanded by officers who considered the name of God and Christ of no use except to swear by. Sometimes the drumhead, the pulpit and you standing in heat or cold, all the surroundings of military life having a tendency to make you reckless. No privacy for prayer or Bible reading. No sound of church bells. Sabbaths spent far away from the place where you were brought up. Now, the choicest sanctuaries, easy pew, all Christian surroundings, the air full of God and Christ, and heaven and doxology. Three mountains lifting themselves into the holy light-Mount Sinal thundering its law, Mount Calvary pleading the sacrifice, Mount Pisgah display-

ing the promised land. Contrast of national condition: 1862, spending money by the millions in devastation of property and life; 1887, the finances so reconstructed that all the stock gamblers of Wall street combined cannot make a national panic; 1862, surgeons of the land setting broken bones and amputating gangrened limbs and studying gunshot fractures and inventing easy ambulances for the wounded and dying; 1887, surgeons giving their attentions to those in casualty of agriculture, of commerce or mechanical life, the rushing of the ambulance through our streets, not suggesting battle, but quick relief of some one fallen in peaceful industries; 1862, 35,000,000 inhabitants in this land; 1887, 55,000,000; 1862, wheat, about 80,000,000 bushels; 1887, the wheat will be about 500,000,000 bushels; 1862, Pacific coast five weeks from the Atlantic; 1887, for three reasons, Caion Pacific, Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific, only seven days across. Look at the long line of churches, universities, asylums and houses with which, during the last few years, this

land has been decorated. Living soldiers of the north and south, take new and special ordination at this season of the year, to garland the sepulchers of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private tombs and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Manasses Junction and Cumberland Gap and field hospital, receive

these floral offerings of the living soldiers. But they shall come again, all the dead troops. We sometimes talk about earthly military reviews, such as took place in Paris in the time of Marshal Ney, in London in the time of Wellington and in our own land, but what tame things compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection. St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I don't know but many of the old cavalry horses of earthly battle, that were wounded and worn out in service, may have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they would be resurrected for the grand review of the judgment day. It would not take any more power to reconstruct their bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of apocalyptic vision. Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment! They come up. All the armies of all lands and all centuries, on which ever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! They come! Darius and Cyrus, and Sennacherib, and Joshua, and David, leading forth the armies of scriptural times; Hannibal and Hamilear leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians; Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians; Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan followed by the armies of Asia; Gustavus Adolphus, and Ptolemy Philopater, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington, leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812, and 1,000,000 of northern and southern dead in our civil war. They come up. They pass on in review. The 6,000,000 fallen in Napoleonic battles, the 12,000,000 Germans fallen in the Thirty Years War, the 15,000,000 fallen in the war under Sesostris; the 20,000,000 fallen in the wars of Justinian; the 25,000,000 fallen in Jewish wars: the 80,000,000 fallen in the crusades, the 180,-000,000 fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks; the 35,000,000,000 men estimated to have fallen in battle, enough, according to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the earth 442 times.

But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of judgment-the cavalrymen, the artillerymen, the spearmen, the infantry, the sharpshooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulets, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially balanced to hear their tread. Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fifers, drummers and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodina, at Marathon or Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill or York-town, Solferino or Balaclava, Sedan or Gettysburg, from the time when Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Ajalon till the last man omy above Gibeon and Ajaion till the last man surrendered to Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. Nations, companies, battalions, ages, centuries and the universe! Forward in the grand review of the judgment! Forward! Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we are all marching in the right regiment and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right

ing gates, some on pearly shore and others on turreted heights, giving us the resounding, million voiced cheer: "Lo him that overcometh!" Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen!

An Armless Boy.

The writer of this had an interview a short time since with little Freddie Martin, of Guthrie, this county, aged 7 years. He is the armless boy of whom a great deal was said in the papers at the time of his birth. He was led into the room where I was sitting by another boy of about the same age, that I might see him and witness some of his exploits in using his left foot as a hand. He was dressed in trousers and a calico waist, nice and clean, from which, at the shoulders on each side, there were little cuffs for the stubs, where the arms should be, to protrude through. The left side has scarcely any stub at all, while the right has one perhaps two or three inches long. Immediately under this stub there is a little pocket in the waist, into which he can insert this stub, which was very cunningly done by him at our request. He used his left foot as a hand, holding with his big and second toes. He can pick up a pin or piece of money and place it in the little pocket under the right stub. He goes to school, and, sitting on a table, he writes on the blackboard with crayon held between his toes. He throws a ball with his foot the same as any boy with his hand. A piece of cake was given him, which he took between his toes, and, sitting on the floor, he brought it to his mouth and ate it. He held it with the same ease, and changed its position to suit his mouth as any boy does with his hand. He prefers to use his left foot to his right, as he can put things into the pocket under the right stub, which he cannot do with his right foot. He is a bright boy, of excellent disposition, a general favorite with everybody.-Lawrence

"Tossing the Pancake."

Westminster school retains its usage of "tossing the pancake," a ceremony performed before the whole school of masters and boys by the cook, who essays to toes the pancake across the bar which divides the upper from the lower school; if he succeed, the dean of Westminster is bound by charter to present him with a guinea, which honorarium is also due to the boy who catches the pancake, and succeeds in carrying it off, unbroken, to the deanery. And though this may appear impossible to the uninitiated, having regard to the flimsy character of the ordinary pancake, it must be remembered that the Westminster pancake is about half an inch thick and about six inches in diameter, and, moreover, is made of flour and water only, and left to harden for a week; thus it offers some resistance to the struggling hands of the boys. On the other hand, the cook, if he fail to toss the pancake over the bar, is punished for his awkwardness by being "booked," that is, pelted with books. It is said that a master of Westminster, himself an old scholar, still preserves, under a glass case, the valuable relic gained by himself some years ago. -Home Journal.

A Mistake in Marrying.

The Hungarians employed in the iron works at Bethlehem, Pa., by their queer language frequently cause trouble, and many serious mistakes are made by them, as well as by those with whom they transact business Their latest error was rather amusing. A couple of that nationality desiring to be married called on a justice of the peace and took along a Hungarian couple to act as witnesses. The strange names confused the well meaning justice, and instead of marrying the first mentioned couple he united the witnesses "for better or for worse." Some time afterward, news of his mistake having reached him, he sent word to both the couples to come before him again. When they appeared he divorced the couple he had already married and then joined the right couple. He then wound up the complication of the ceremonies by sending in a bill for two marriages and one divorce.-Chicago Times,

A Murder Settled for \$100.

The murder of the old medicine man, Tom, at an Indian funeral in Washington territory a short time ago, has been settled to the complete satisfaction of the tribe. Tom's son, Timmox, who has lately been pardoned out of the penitentiary, where he was sent for helping to murder a trapper named Mulherrin some three years ago, took \$100 from Bob, the murderer, as full satisfaction for the loss of his father. This he considered the full value of the old man. Timmox said if his father had lingered he should have charged more; but as his death was sudden and put him in immediate possession of the old man's band of horses, \$100 was enough. The only thing that Timmox is sorry for is that he has not more ancestors whom he could dispose of at the same rate. So far nothing has been heard of the territorial officers taking any action in the matter.-San Francisco Chron-

Selling Paupers as Chattels.

The other day the overseers of the poor in Red Bank township sold off their paupers. This is a public sale for the keeping of a pauper, and the lowest bidder gets the pauper. The unfortunate people are placed on exhibition after the manner of the old slave market, and the greedy bidder looks them over, examines the muscles, health, strength, and figures on the probable appetite and possible ability to work. Think of it, sold at public outcry, the keeping of a human being for \$1.25 a week and his labor thrown in; it's revolting. How well or how badly they are kept report sayeth not, but the manner of providing for their keeping shows lack of Christian charity.-Kittanning Cor. Pittsburg Commercial

Advice to American Bachelors. The handsomest man connected with the

American press is a woman, Mrs. Frank Leslie. She is soon going to Europe, and ought to come back with a male attachment in the shape of a husband. If she does, every ablebodied American bachelor ought to hide his head in shame. This elegant little woman has turned the cold shoulder to a number of titled foreigners and has given her own countrymen plenty of chance to show whether they could win her on their own merits, but none seem to have had the winning qualities. The Times would awfully hate to see some "blarsted furriner" carry off so desirable a matrimonial prize.—Buffalo Times.

Dueling in Hungary. Fifteen officers of the garrison of Gran in Hungary were recently obliged to fight duels with as many civilians of the town in the course of one week. Two of them were killed, and most of the other fellows were badly wounded. This very large and high toned row was all about one lady. Women's rights are evidently flourishing in Hungary.

The Plebeian Barley Sack. Two young ladies living near Auburn, Cal., being of an ingenious turn of mind, have con-structed tasteful and stylish looking dresses of the plebeian barley sack. It took ten sacks for each dress. The fabric is really a good imitation of the new loose mesh goods known PURE LIQUORS standard, and that we fought under the right | imitation of the new loose mesh goods known | Commander, all heaven, some on amethystine as canvas cloth—Chicago Herald.

# 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 See, 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. 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, Plattsmonth, 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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