

FROM DUNGEON TO PALACE

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AT THE HAMPTONS.

Morbid and Sickly Ideas of Death—The Way Out of This World Should be the Most Cheerful Passage in All a Christian's History.

THE HAMPTONS, July 10.—The Brooklyn Tabernacle being closed for enlargement, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., pastor, spent his first Sabbath away from his flock the present season at this summer home. His subject for today was, "From Dungeon to Palace," and his text, "The time of my departure is at hand."—II Timothy iv, 6.

The way out of this world is so blocked up with coffin and hearse, and under-taker's spade and screw-driver, that the Christian can hardly think as he ought of the most cheerful passage in all his history. We hang back instead of white over the place where the good man gets his last victory. We stand weeping over a heap of chains which the freed soul has shaken off, and we say: "Poor man! What a pity it was he had to come to this!" Come to what? By the time the people have assembled at the obsequies that man has been three days so happy that all the joy of earth accumulated would be wretchedness beside it, and he might better weep over you because you have to stay, than weep over him because he has to go. It is a fortunate thing that a good man does not have to wait to see his own obsequies, they would be so discordant with his own experience. If the Israelites should go back to Egypt and mourn over the brick kilns they once left, they would not be any more silly than that Christian who should go to heaven and come down some mourn because he had to leave this world. Our ideas of the Christian's death are morbid and sickly. We look upon it as a dark hole, in which a man stumbles when his breath gives out. This whole subject is odorous with varnish and disinfectants, instead of being sweet with nigamette. Paul, in my text, takes that gross notion of a word, "death," and throws it away, and speaks of his "departure"—a beautiful, bright, suggestive word, descriptive of every Christian's release.

Now, departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. It was a dungeon just six feet and a half high. It was a doleful place. It had the chill of long centuries of dampness. It was filthy with the long incarceration of miserable wretches. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him today, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which had been sent for up to the Tullianum, which had not yet been sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place, he is an old man, over 70. At that very time when he most needs the warmth of the sunlight and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—195 bruises on the back (count them) made by the Jews with rods of elmwood, each one of the 195 strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timber of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; for he says positively: "It was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy. No constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say: "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." It is like looking through a broken telescope. "Now we see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prospected man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing open. There are 10,000 things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumph procession, and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an innumerable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder

to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more different country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock and guides and ropes, and getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible mass-accrue. They just want to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills, which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased the little child that died last night in Montague street knew more of the eternities than all the meddling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and theology. Oh, will it not be a grand thing to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity, crying: "The time of my departure is at hand."

On remark, again, we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say: "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the center of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it can go through the gates of heaven? I think the first question will be: "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" O radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without his humiliation; Thou of the cross, but without its pang; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first, if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the eternities. I think the first question will be: "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" O radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without his humiliation; Thou of the cross, but without its pang; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

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But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of mid life and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them and you do not want their society? Oh, no! There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure it another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery, crying to the departed: "Come back to the credle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be a great burglary in heaven. No, no! God will not trust you with resurrection power, but he compromises the matter and says: "You cannot bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." There are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here they are more beautiful there.

Beside that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eye sight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes, as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Well, you do not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal youth? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul: "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark, again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be. It is like looking through a broken telescope." "Now we see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

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Confidence Betrayed.

When one finds a newspaper called the Christian at Work saying that "a Yankee has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay oiled eggs" it is about time for the editors of Wild Western secular papers to lead in prayer for the amen corner.

—SHILOH'S COUGH and consumption Cure is sold by us on guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale by SMITH & BLACK BROS.

He Knew the Sox.

Pittsburg Press. Shoe dealer (to partner)—That new lot of French laces is going very slowly, hadn't we better mark them down?

Partner—Yes; mark the number fives down to threes, and fours down to twos. The change was made, and in a day or two the stock was exhausted.

—THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shilo's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Smith & Black Bros., Plattsmouth, Neb.

Boys Who May Go Swimming.

Atehson Globe. If you have a boy named Bill, or Bud, or Sam, or Tom, you need not fear that he be drowned during the swimming season. The boy who has a plug name and whose hair stands up straight like a hazel brush, and who has stone bruises on his feet, is not in danger of drowning. But if your son has curly hair, and if he wears shoes in summer and has a pretty name, you had better let him swim in a washbowl.

—WILL YOU SUFFER WITH Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shilo's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Smith & Black Bros.

A little Indian girl said to her teacher:—"We have not prayed for the poor." Her teacher replied:—"Well, you pray for them." The little girl then said:—"O Lord, bless the poor, and make them fat if you can!"—Harper's Bazar.

—CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shilo's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Smith & Black Bros.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Two New York Buncoists Steer Against a Wizard.

New York Star: Few persons would imagine that Herat, the magician of Old London, would ever be taken by the confidence fraternity for an easy victim. Nevertheless, he had an interesting experience with one of the fraternity yesterday morning on his way up-town from the Chambers st. ferry. As he stopped at Warren and Church sts. to let a car pass by he was confronted by a full man, who, greeting him most cordially, exclaimed:

"Why, how do you do, Loughlin, old man! When did you come to town?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Herat, taking in the situation at a glance. "You have made a mistake, sir. My name is Reynolds, and I came from Ferdinand."

The stranger apologized, and, of course, his partner soon stepped up and said:

"Isn't this Mr. Reynolds of Ferdinand? Don't you recognize me?" he added, with a smile.

"Ah, yes; I recollect. I am very glad to meet you again. By the way, I heard that your uncle had a very severe accident the very day I left Ferdinand. He broke his leg."

"You don't say so. How did it happen?" inquired the young man anxiously.

"Kicking a bunco man around a block," replied the wizard, sotto voce.

The young man suddenly remembered that he had promised to meet a friend up town.

—How dear to my purse is the new fashioned bonnet, the hat that I bought as a gift to my wife; a small piece of straw with an ostrich plume on it, the last one I will buy while I still have my life. The hat with a brim and a big swinging feather, and folds of traps that I can't even name, with stuffed birds and roses, and pieces of beather and a bill from the dealer as long as my frame; that stylish spring bonnet, that fancy priced bonnet that knocked my purse lame.—Ex.

Know All About Peter.

Our Dumb Animals. It was at a Sunday school exhibition, and the superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand.

"Well, my dear," said the superintendent, "that's right. I am glad to see there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame."

The little girl came forward to the platform, and was told to tell the audience what she knew about Peter.

She put her finger in her mouth, and, looking very smiling, said:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her, Put her in a pumpkin shell, And there he kept her very well."

Amid the roar that followed, she hurried gaily to her seat.

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 2:50 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 triple the price of the common horse.

SHAKER BOY will stand the coming season in Cass county, at the following places and times: W. M. Loughlin'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.

JOHN CLEMMONS. FURNITURE!



THE BOOM OF ALL BOOMS

After Diligent Search has at last been Located, and the Public will not be greatly surprised to know that it was found at the Large

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HENRY BOECK, Where courteous treatment, square dealing and a Magnificent Stock of Goods to select from are responsible for my

Rapidly Increasing Trade.

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UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING A SPECIALTY. HENRY BOECK,

CORNER MAIN AND SIXTH, PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

HAVING HAPPILY GOT RID OF OUR Old, Shop Worn Goods,

WE CAN NOW OFFER SOME FRESH AND SUPERIOR GOODS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

- Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, formerly \$3.00, now \$2.00. Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, formerly \$2.25, now \$1.25. Ladies' Peb. Goat Shoes, formerly \$2.75, now \$1.75. Ladies' A Calf Shoes, formerly \$2.25, now \$2.00. Ladies' Kid Opera Slippers, formerly \$1.60, now 75c. Men's Working Shoes, formerly \$1.75, now \$1.10.

Choice Box of few old Goods left at less than half Cost

Manufacturing and Repairing Neatly and Promptly done.

CALL AT THE OLD STAND OF PETER MERCES.

F. G. FRICKE & CO.,

(SUCCESSOR TO J. M. ROBERTS.)

Will keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of pure

Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils,

Wall Paper and a Full Line of DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES.

PURE LIQUORS.