FROM DUNGEON TOPALACE

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 sum-mer 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 undertaker's spade and screwdriver, that the Christian can hardly think as he ought of the most cheerful passage in all his history. We hang black 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 you 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 forsake heaven and come down and 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 edorous with varnish and disinfectants, instead of being sweet with mignonette. Paul, in my text, takes that great clod 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 the 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 dangeon, 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 ful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstand-

ing he had written for it. 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, only two years short of 70. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh nir, 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 | are." ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's | more beautiful there. 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 me-chanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his ser-

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. 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 posi-tively: "I was a night and a day in the hood? When the point at which you start 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 | hand." through the opening I see on his face a and I say: "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His offered, and the time of my departure is at hard." Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage and make discoveries in that blessed to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his see him looking up through the hole in the of execution-Acquae Salvia-and he is another man tells me it is like a fountain,

ecutioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet,

and Paul does dine with the King. What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe-the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm wood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second

great in heaven. He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death and up to the last moment he was under Nero, the thick necked, the cruel eyed, the filthy lipped; the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the borrible carais information. Instead of stand-possibilities of his nature—seated as he ing at the foot of the ladder and looking was amidst pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother of pearl, in a dining room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his borses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at eight by its victims, who had been daubed with tar and pitch and then set fire to ilking. But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepter is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text, "The time of my departure is at

Now, why cannot all the old people of this congregation have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I, when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but eld age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhibitation. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and why not we as well? They got through with it, and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at all at the last moment-not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say: "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with the stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties.

But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old you have more friends in heaven than Just take the census. Paul spent his last days on earth, and it | large sheet of paper and begin to record is there that I see him today, in the fear- | the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associ-ates, 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 If some skillful surgeon should go into | 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 companiouship. 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 ret-tling at the gates of the cemetery, crying to the departed: "Come back to the cradle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to siz!" 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 There are more levely now than ever. Were they beautiful here they are

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 What makes that? I think a part of that | like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and deep." Oh, worn out, emaciated old 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 "The time of my departure is at

I remark, again, all those ought to feel supernatural joy, and I bow before him, this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out: "I am now ready to be satisfactory view of heaven, and he says: offered, and the time of my departure "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 meanything about going to dine today with the king. Those that heavenly place? You ask me a shuffling feet are the feet of the execu- thousand questions about it that I cannot tioners. They come, and they cry down answer. I ask you a thousand questions through the hole of the dungeon: "Hurry about it that you cannot answer. And do up, old man. Come now; get yourself | you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. white hair from his creviced forehead, and No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioner, and hear him say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift ing through the gates ajar forever. I him out of the dungeon, and they start | want them to swing open. There are with him to the place of execution. They 10,000 things I want explained-about you, say: "Hurry along, old man, or you will about myself, about the government feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old minute come up against a high wall of man to travel after he has been what we do not know. I wonder how it whipped and crippled with mal- looks over there. Somebody tells me it is treatment. But they soon get to the place | like a paved city-paved with gold; and fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It and it is like a tree, and it is like a tridoes not take any strength to tie him fast. | umphal procession, and the next man I He makes no resistance. O Paul! why meet tells me it is all figurative. I really not strike for your life? You have a great | want to know, after the body is resurmany friends here. With that withered rected, what they wear and what they hand just hunch the thunderboit of the people upon those infumous soldiers. Not to know what it is, and how it is, and Paul was not going to interfere with his where it is. Columbus risked his life to own coronation. He was too glad to go. I find this continent, and shall we shudder

see him looking up into the face of his ex- to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more different com try? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerand travel up the heights of the Matternorn with alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes, and getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. 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 thou-sand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die scepped on the scaffold and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions censed the little child that died last night in Montague street knew more that Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul himself, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illuminetion. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last myst ry taken out of botany, and geology, and estronomy, and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interregation point changed for the mark of exchanation. All riddles solved. Who will lear to go out on that discovery when luming the darkness. That was Paul's 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 be ter than through holy curiosity, cry-ing: The time of my departure is at

I 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 con es through the gate 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?" radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humil ation; Thou of the cross, but with-out its pangs; 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 bim in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were 275 souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I shall never get over, and I th I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear Him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours; and then Luke's account of the crucificion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living ips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ear more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon as he uttered the last mean and cried: "It is finishet!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon the divine narrator, until the story is done; and then, at the tai of the baton, the eternal orchestra will re use up; finger on string of harp, and up, to the mouth of trumpet, there shall all forth the oratorio of the Mes-Worthy is the Lamb that was

he endured, oh, who can tell, ve our souls from death and hell! When there was between Paul and that magnic cent personage only the thinness of the carp edge of the sword of the execution :, do you wonder that he wanted to go? Oh, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over this auditory; Hark! I hear the wedding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has con e, and the bride hath made herself really.

slain to receive blessing, and riches, and

honor, ind glory, and power, world with-

ODDS AND ENDS.

Sales vomen in several dry goods houses in Cleveland, O., are fined a cent every time they use a slang word.

The parents of a pair of Boston twins named one Simul and the other Taneous, because they were born at the same time. A Washington correspondent reports that the rush of pilgrims to Mount Vernon is creater this season than was ever

Ste. Genevieve is the oldest town in Missouri, and just last week woke up and discovered near by a mountain 200 feet high of solid red, gray and rose colored

A boy at San Diego, Cal., has so much magnetism that he can rub his hands over a book or box, and by waving his hand over the object he can lift it from the

A faith doctor near Richmond, Mo., has secured a large number of patients, whom he tree s by hanging mink skins about their necks and telling them to feel sure that he will cure them

Syracuse boasts of having the biggest dog in the world. He weighs 203 pounds and measures 6 feet 3 inches from nose to tail. He is nearly 2 years old and was born in England.

Silver dollars to the number of 100,000,-000 may be stowed away in the silver vault now being built at Washington. The walls are to be four and one-half feet thick. The vault will be the largest in the

Visitors to the Carlyle house in Great Cherne row, London, are surprised at its shabby appearance. Broken windows, decaved woodwork, and the kitchen area filled with old boots, are evidences of the ried gaily to her seat. landlord's neglect.

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 boiled eggs " it is about time for the editors of Wild Western secular papers to lead in prayer from the amen corner.

-SHILOH'S COUGH and consumption Cure is sold by us on gaurantee. It ures Consumption. For sale by

SMITH & BLACK BROS.

He Knew the Sex.

Pittsburg Press. Shoe dealer (to partner)-That new lot of French slippers 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. W. guarantee it. Sold by Smith & Black Bros., Piattsmouth, Neb.

Boys Who May Co Swimming.

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

-WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's V talizer 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.

sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Smith & Black Bros.

CAUCHT A TARTAR.

New York Star: Few persons would imagine that Hereat, the magician of Old London, would eyer be taken by the confidence fraternity for an easy victim. Nevertheless, he had an interesting experience with one of the fraternity vester day 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 tall man, who, greeting him most cordially, ex-

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

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

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

"Isn't this Mr. Reynolds of Fernandina? 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 Fernandina. He broke his leg."

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

"Kicking a bunko man around a block," replied the wizard, sotto vece.

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

-How dear to my parse 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.

It was at a Sunday school exihibition, and the superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exersises 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 suberintendent, "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, Feter, pumpkin eater,

Had a wife and couldn't keep her, Put her in a pumpkin shelf, And there he kept her very well." Amid the roar that followed, she hur-

SHAKER BOY!

SHARER HOW is a Dark Bay pacer, 151 hands high, weighing 1,206 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 Tecumsch. 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 Mand 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 spotting 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 ardinary 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 trable the price of the common horse,

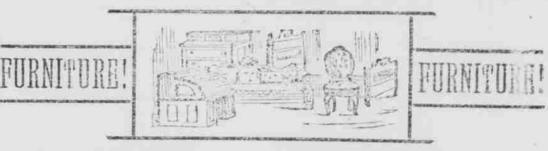
SHAKER BOY will stand the coming season in Cars county, at the following: places and times: W. M. Loughridge's stable at Murray, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Owner's stable, one mile east of Eight Mile Grove, Wednesday and Thursday. Louis Korrell's, at the foot of Main street, Platismouth, who has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

TERMS:

To insuce more with feal, \$10.00, if paid for before fealing, 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.

FURIUTURE!



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OF ALL BOOMS

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