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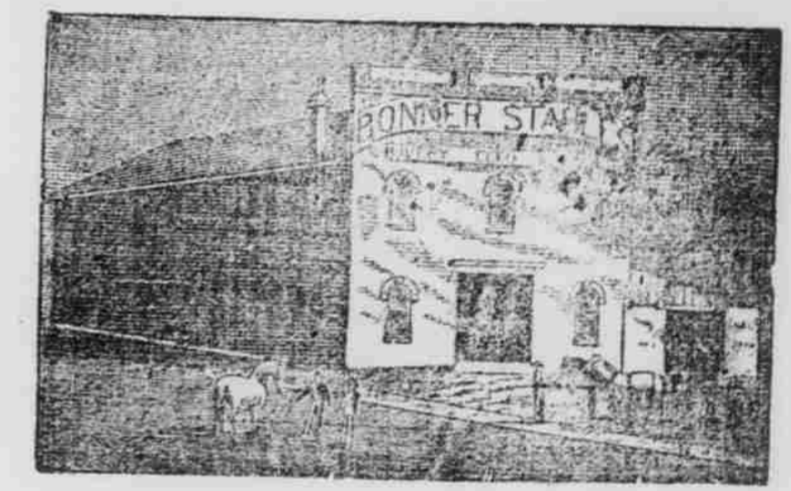
L. D. BENNETT.

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- I have just received Neufchated Cheese,
Edam Cheese.
- Bosvia Prunes, Macedonia Prunes, Califor-
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- Fresh Dates and Figs; Oranges, Bananas,
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22, 24, 26, 28, 30 & 32 Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Earthquake Shocks in Arizona.
HOLBROOK, Ariz., April 1.—At 10:30
last night a slight shock of earthquake
was felt lasting ten seconds. The vibrations
were from east to west, and quite
perceptible. Houses trembled. A strong
wind from the south was blowing at the
time.

Wholesale Robbery by Young Irish.
CARTAGE, Ill., April 1.—A decided
sensation has been un-arthed at La Karpe,
in this county, by the discovery that the
daughters of several reputable citizens
have been engaged in a system of whole-
sale robbery of millinery and dry goods
stores in that city for over two weeks
past. Goods amounting in value to a
large sum of money were found secreted
in barns, outouses, under the sidewalks
and elsewhere. Four of the girls are
from ten to thirteen years old. The
parents are overwhelmed with grief and
offer to make all amends. It is intimated
that there is something behind this sys-
tem of robbery, and that possibly other
and older culprits may be found.

City property of all kinds in exchange
for lands improved or unimproved. Apply
to Windham and Davis. w-6t.

He Discusses the Uses
the Lessons Taught by
Blossoms for the Dead
Violets for the Tomb.

BROOKLYN, April 1.—The platform
and galleries of the Tabernacle were this
morning profusely decorated with
flowers. On the previous evening the
church had been open to prepare the
decorations, for which the congregation
had been invited to bring flowers.

The immense audience room is not
large enough to contain the people on
ordinary occasions; it must be left to the
imagination to suggest the throngs, both
inside and outside the church, on this
great festival day.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.,
took for his text Luke xii, 28: "If then
God so clothe the grass, which is today
in the field, and to-morrow is cast into
the oven, how much more will he clothe
you." He said:

"The lily is the queen of the Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it; but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ.

Cesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study and reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and of the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington lily of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepal, the Turk's Cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and this Easter day, garlanded with all this opulence of floral beauty, seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azalias, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With differential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with sophistic vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them. The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the cloud speaks, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the catarrhs speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say, oh ye angels of the grass, to this worshipping multitude?

This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

1. I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water; but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appeared to us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?"

Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way?—God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightingales' tongues—but he has profited to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration. Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Piccola Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangelists of the sky.

2. If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms. Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in 99 out of 100 cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticize and pronounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might

be a folded paper, and is a half blown rose, slightly colored, carefully placed there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her death, she will go to the bureau, she will see the rose, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower; and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises: "I will for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and, with a sharp, sudden click of the lock, the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Above all, do not both get mad at once! Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

3. If you insist on asking me the question, what are flowers good for? I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery.

What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone askant, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of rosette bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards of Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand, we want Old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and rail trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted "golden rods" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursions and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive or insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths, and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of china asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain.

If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or Potter's Field, with radiant and aromatic arborescence. The Bible says, in the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher. I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of a garden.

4. If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I answer for religious symbolism. Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "A man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers this Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Through morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits.

Oh, yes! flowers are almost human.

Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one green bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. All the flowers of today spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb, hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of the stark and dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthian the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up.

Oh, how long it seems for some of you. Waiting—waiting for the resurrection. How long! how long! I make for your broken hearts today a cool, soft bandage of Easter lilies. Last night we had come in the mails a beautiful Easter card—on the top of it a representation of that exquisite flower called the "trumpet creeper," and under it the inscription: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's cathedral these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on.

But I have to tell you what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man one trumpet will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering. He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast. Look! Look! They rise! The dead! The dead! Some coming forth from the family vault. Some from the city cemetery. Some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are asserting the bodies and then re-clothing themselves in forms now radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festive flowers of this church with all the festive flowers of chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1888 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will.

Rags Spreading Diseases.
The state board of health of Massachusetts reports, through Dr. Witherington, the spread of infectious diseases by means of rags. Small pox is proved to have been, in some cases, thus transmitted; and more frequently by domestic than by foreign rags. Cholera, especially, has been traced to the same source. There is evidence that clothing from cholera patients, and, possibly, clothing merely packed in an infected locality, has, when transported to a distance, and there unpacked, caused the disease, thus starting a fresh cholera focus. Danger is also averred to exist in the cases of phthisis, consumption and other diseases; as the dust rising from rags may convey to the lungs the germs of such diseases.—Globe-Democrat.

Cremation Making Headway.
Cremation is making more headway on the continent than in this country than in England. Italy for ten years has had an average of seventy-five incinerations, Germany an average of fifty annually for the same time; but England has only had ten per annum. The expense is not so much in the way, the cost being but ten guineas; but English sentiment is bluishly conservative. People don't like the idea of being put in the fire, even when dead. Very many have an idea that it will some way hinder the resurrection of the body, which to the masses is a literal affair. But as a matter of health the advantages of cremation are certainly very great. It also does away with the vulgar parade of an ordinary funeral, and that, unfortunately, is precisely what is not desired by the classes most to be benefited by economy.—Globe-Democrat.

Women desiring to enter the London Society of Lady Dressmakers have to furnish testimonials of their "social position" as well as of character.