

TABERNAACLE SERVICES.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S SUN-DAY MORNING DISCOURSE.

Religion Is Sanative, Curative, Hygienic. It May Not Give Antediluvian Longevity to the Human Race, but Will Greatly Lengthen Our Lives.

BROOKLYN, June 10.—At the Tabernacle this morning, after expounding some passages of Scripture in regard to the diet of Daniel and his abstemious habits, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gave out the hymn beginning:

Glory to God on high, Let heaven and earth reply.

He announced as the subject of his sermon: "Does Religion Prolong Life?" and preached from the text found in Ps. xci, 16: "With long life will I satisfy him." Following is the discourse in full:

Through the mistakes of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived one hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespaian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white races shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete sanitation, are questions very often referred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God defying sacrilege."

He sees God's calligraphy in every page—anaatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with thirty-two curious bones wadded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; 350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistances amounting to 224,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, will I insult God and call for dire retribution?" Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who, through irregular or gluttonous eating, ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would lose his worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection, while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality, or to the baker, or to the butcher, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine lugged and

strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are high cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will \$40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand. Devoting his whole book to that subject, he says: "The hand is the organ of God. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely connected, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement, and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it, and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch; but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity, in the fact that it is a protest against dissipation which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty years of age; himself his own Mazepa, his unbridled passions, the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens—only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond mid life, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes, but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenses and the equipage of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries today, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain, or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell, and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend. I could fall back on \$20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not

much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Younder is a factory, and one wheel is going north and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays literally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "Oh, manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?"

"Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go down stairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he is, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fame, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; he will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well regulated watch—there would have been one less suicide, one nervous and feverish people of the world, one try this almighty sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not choral that you want, or morphine that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him, if you get on board a rail train you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would in as polite a way as I know how tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject, put together, would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves, and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world you go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "the trees shall wither, I must die, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever; my power to think shall be forever; my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell. I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thunders: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the seaboard of the sky, and the earth seemed to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanse from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day spring from on high has visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over and the rainbow rose higher and higher, until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, "and behold there was a rainbow about the throne."

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy.

Religion is warmth, that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchard? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the river of life from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the arched with swinging baton controls the 144,000 who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dear children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to revisit garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulcher. I open the door on the other side the sepulcher. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out and the long ropes with which the pall bearers led down your dead let them clear through into heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. I will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Berlin is to have a new cathedral. Silver has turned up in South Africa to a degree to produce a new mining fever.

There are laws against using profane language by telephone in all states except Connecticut.

The receipts of the London Zoological Gardens have decreased \$19,000 in the past year and the managers blame Buffalo Bill's show for the loss.

Kansas has a genuine philanthropist, Stephen Richardson, of Harvey county, has planted three miles of peach trees in the public highway for the benefit of travelers.

The Turkish government will not allow the writings of Dante, Byron, Voltaire and Paley to enter its domain, for these authors speak disrespectfully of Mohammedanism.

Europe has a new coin. It is the coin of the present German emperor and bears his profile. The die was actually prepared in the lifetime of the last emperor.

A Paris journal asserts that an English ex-languan has been hired by an American manager for a lecture tour in the United States, and is to receive \$40,000 over his expenses.

Experiments at Cape Town in signaling with electric light reflected from the clouds were a complete success. Experiments were also made with a vessel at sea, with the result of flashing a signal fifty miles away.

Bismarck received 101 plovers' eggs on his recent birthday. Plovers' eggs are a favorite delicacy with the chancellor, and every year on his birthday a large number are sent to him from the country.

Georgia, according to The Athens (Ga.) Banner Watchman, furnished three regiments of soldiers to the Federal army during the civil war. The soldiers came from the mountain counties of the state.

The uncertainty concerning titles is thought to be a cause of dullness in New York real estate. Many of the old family properties were settled in a careless manner, and in some instances heirs have reappeared, causing perplexity and confusion.

The inhabitants of Rodriguez, an island of the Indian ocean belonging to Great Britain, were recently threatened with starvation, owing to their isolated position and the failure of crops. A relief expedition from the Mauritius, 400 miles away, finally reached them with 1,200 bags of rice.

A convention of parrots will soon be held in Turin, and a great many learned old fellows are expected to be present. Prizes will be given to the best singer, the brightest conversationalist and the finest orator. A great many queer stories have been told about parrots, but the coming show will give the world a chance to know precisely what they have to say.

The New Jersey court of chancery has rendered a decision which deprives Henry George, the land agitator, of a bequest of property aggregating in value about \$10,000. It had been bequeathed by William Hutchings, an eccentric admirer of Henry George, who recently died in Camden county. Its object was to aid George in the dissemination of his peculiar land doctrines.

An interesting report of the death of a native in India. The native had had the misfortune to meet a tiger, and the report says: "Pandu did not die of being killed. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pandu save some fingers, which probably belonged either to the right or left hand."

London royalty is about to organize a charitable fete in imitation of that carried to success by the Princess Metternich in Vienna. The three little Princesses of Wales are to appear as Yum Yum, Piti Sing and Peep Bo in "The Mikado." A Scotch ballet will be danced by titled ladies, and it will wind up with a pantomime in which all the players will take part.

Mustard Protection for Truants. The Ladies' Protection and Relief society has just issued its report for 1887. The lady president was seen the other day, and said that at present there are 200 boys and girls in the institution, while 362 children have been cared for during the past year. Considerable difficulty has been experienced of late with the young boys who play truant from the institution, climbing fences and going bathing at North Beach, or running around the neighborhood. Various remedies have been tried, among them the dressing of the boys in girls' clothes, but the latest device has proved effective. Half a dozen youngsters played truant not long ago, and on returning received a warm welcome. The matron quietly ordered the boys to take off their jackets, and then she applied a mustard plaster to each of the boys' backs, and now they sit at home.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Paine's Celery Compound. For The NERVOUS, The DEBILITATED, The AGED. A NERVE TONIC. Celery and Coccoloba, the prominent ingredients, are the best and most delicate nerve tonics. It strengthens and invigorates the nervous system, cures Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

REAL ESTATE BARGAINS, EXAMINE OUR LIST. Choice Lots in South Park.

21 lots in Thompson's addition; 40 lots in Townsend's addition; Lot 10 block 128; lot 5 block 164; lot 1 block 6; lot 6 block 95; lot 11 block 111; lot 8 block 61; lots in Young and Hays' addition; lots in Palmer's addition; lots in Duke's addition; a new and desirable residence in South Park, can be bought on monthly payments. Before purchasing elsewhere, call and see if we cannot suit you better.

LANDS. 5 acres of improved ground north of the city limits; 5 acres of ground adjoining South Park; 2 acres of ground adjoining South Park; 11 acres of ground adjoining South Park; 20 acres near South Park; set 1 sec. 14, T. 10, R. 12, Cass Co. price \$1,800, if sold soon; nw 1/4 sec. 8, T. 12, R. 10, Cass Co., price \$2,000; a valuable improved stock farm in Merrick Co., Neb., 160 acres and on reasonable terms.

INSURANCE. Consult your best interest by insuring in the Phoenix, Hartford or Aetna companies, about which there is no question as to the high standing and fair dealing. TORNADO POLICIES.—The present year bids fair to be a disastrous one from tornadoes and wind storms. This is fore-shadowed by the number of storms we have already had—the most destructive one so far this year having occurred at Mt. Vernon, Ill., where a large number of buildings were destroyed or damaged. The exemption from tornadoes last year renders their occurrence more probable in 1888. Call at our office and get a Tornado Policy. Unimproved lands for sale or exchange.

Windham & Davies, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

Bennett & Tutt.

Will call your attention to the fact that they are headquarters for all kinds of Fruits and Vegetables. We are receiving Fresh Strawberries every day. Oranges, Lemons and Bananas constantly on hand. Just received, a variety of Canned Scups. We have Pure Maple Sugar and no mistake.

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THE BONNER STABLES, W. D. JONES, Proprietor.

HAS THE FINEST RIGS IN THE CITY.

Carriages for Pleasure and Short Drives Always Kept Ready. Cor. 4th and Vine - Plattsmouth.

LEGAL. Legal Notice. Johnson Bros., Plaintiff, vs. T. S. Corbett, Defendant, in Attachment.

T. S. Corbett will take notice that on the 28th day of April, 1888, T. Russell, Judge of Cass county, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$6.88, in an action pending before him, wherein Johnson Bros. is Plaintiff and T. S. Corbett defendant; that property of the Defendant consisting of bed and bedding, dishes, smoothing irons, and other household goods, has been attached under said order. Said case was continued to the 26th day of June, 1888, 10 o'clock a. m.

Notice to Creditors. State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In the matter of the estate of John Richardson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the claims and demands of all persons against John Richardson, deceased, late of said County and State, will be received, examined and adjusted by the County Court, at the court house in Plattsmouth, on the 7th day of December, A. D. 1888, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon. And that six months from and after the 6th day of June, A. D. 1888, is the time limited for creditors of said deceased to present their claims for examination and allowance.

Given under my hand this 5th day of June, C. Rissler, County Judge.

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Given under my hand this 5th day of June, C. Rissler, County Judge.

Dr. C. A. Marshall. DENTIST! Preservation (natural) teeth a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Laughing Gas. All work warranted. Prices reasonable. FITZGERALD'S BLOCK PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.