THE DOORS ARE OPEN.

TALMAGE BIDS ALL TO FLEE TO THE ARK OF SAFETY.

Christ, the Door, Swings Out to Admit Us; and It Is the Voice of a Loving God That Calls to You.

New York, March 31.—Dr. Talmage's sermon of this afternoon follows:

In this day of the steamships, Lucania, and Majestic, and the Paris, I will show you a ship that in some respects eclipsed them all, and which sailed out, an ocean underneath, and another ocean falling upon it. Infidel scientists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth there have been a half dozen deluges, and yet they are not willing to believe the Bible story of one deluge.

In what way the catastrophe came, we know not: whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the ax between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe, God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the "Great Eastern" of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizzards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills, and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of the lightnings, that look down into the water, and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain begin to plash upon the upturned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Crash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to house top and mountain top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces, and lets the ocean slip its cable, there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf; while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race, and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist. When on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you prophesy the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah get his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No; they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through Christ, the door. The entrance to the ark of old was made to be a very narrow entrance. We know that it was, from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages; and, in order to get them into the ark, two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door to the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands, and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha! the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Savior's side, expected only to let out blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. Oh what a broad gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues two or three hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and, with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American homes, and cries out, "Come! for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the door-posts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. That he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the Gospel in Surrey chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate keeper cried, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in!" The Jesuit Bible writer, Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho! every one—all conditions, all rank, all people! Luther said that this truth was worth carrying from one end of Rome to Jerusalem; but I think it is worth carrying all around the globe, and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

Further: It is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted, or rolled on hinges; but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones come out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

One army of the Living God,
At his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Swing in, O blessed door! until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But further, it is a door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the doors of the ark, they were very glad. Without those doors were fastened, the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them; and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness; but once in the ark, all is well. "God shut him in."

There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial troubles. He had his thousands to lend; now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York, and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He owned four horses, and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage, and curricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore, and aft, and across the hurricane deck, the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted, the winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But standing by the empty crib, and in the desolated nursery, and in the doleful hall, once ringing with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in." All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoon, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sins sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive-branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only pushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in."

The same door-fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all the tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are deathbeds, and coffins, and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock on the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord—"the Lord shut him in!"

Oh, what a grand door! so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk, and broken helm, and unfastened door; but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the posts, might be bowled in!

Now, if the ark of God is so grand a place in which to live, and die, and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut others out; and though, when the pitiless storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door saying, "Let me in! let me in!" the door did not open. For one hundred and twenty years they were invited. They expected to come in, but the antediluvians said, "We must cultivate these fields; we must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; we will wait until we get a little oftener; we shall enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were piling up. The pry was being placed beneath the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash, an ocean dropped from the sky, and another rolled up from beneath; and God rolled the earth and sky into one wave of universal destruction.

Men now put off going into the ark. They say they will wait twenty years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older. They say, "You cannot expect a man of my attainments and of my position to surrender myself just now." But before the storm comes, I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me!" After a while, one night about twelve o'clock, going home, he passes a scaffolding just as a gust of wind strikes it, and a plank falls in the road and outside the ark. Or, riding in Prospect park, a reckless vehicle crashes into him, and his horse becomes unmanageable, and he shouts, "Whoa! whoa!" and takes another twist in the reins, and plants his feet against the dashboard, and pulls back. But no use. It is not so much down the avenue that he flies as on the way to eternity. Out of the wreck of the crash his body is drawn, but his soul is not picked up. It fled behind a swifter courser into the great future. Dead! and outside the ark! Or, some night, he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases, until he shrieks out with pain. The doctor comes in, and they give him twenty drops, but no relief; forty drops, fifty drops, sixty drops, but no relief; time for prayer. No time to read one of the promises. No time to get a single sin pardoned. The whole house is aroused in alarm. The children scream. The wife faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The soul flies. Dead! and outside the ark!

If we have doubted that derision kept many people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in, and said, "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. Ha! going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark." Under this artillery of scorn the man's good resolution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself, "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Christian. 'Suppose you will not have anything to do with us now. Suppose you are praying now. Get down on your knees and let us hear you pray. Come, now, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Pretty Christian you are!'" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity, will they hail you out?

My friends and neighbors, come in right away. Come in through Christ, the wide door, the door that swings out toward you. Come in, and be saved. Come and be happy. "The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come.'" Room in the ark! Room in the ark!

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. It says: "Thou and thy sons and thy wife." You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The cross of Christ is not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

Be sure that you bring your husband and your wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward bound" for heaven; but your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above the child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes; but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work; but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulcher gate crush it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you see to it that you both get into the ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or husband with you—not by trotting about religion, or ding donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your room. Go home and take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years; and, before you rise, there will be a fluttering of wings over your head, angel crying to angel, "Behold! they pray!"

But this does not include all your family. Bring the children, too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute ever have such music as there is in a child's "good night?" From our coarse, rough life, the angels of God are often driven back; but who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around? They who die in infancy go straight into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors, and windings, and heights, and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and eternity? "Oh," you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. I mean to dress them well. If I have myself to no shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education. I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming and that out of Christ there is no safety? no pardon? no hope? no heaven?

How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had stayed out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham and Japhet—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of pious parents, two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly, only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Which way will you take your children? Out into the deluge, or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their immortal souls? What will you say in the judgment, when God asks, "Where is George, or Henry, or Frank, or Mary, or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I committed into your hands?

A dying son said to his father, "Father, you gave me an education, and good manners, and everything that the world could do for me; but, father, you never told me how to die; and now my soul is going out in the darkness."

Oh, ye who have taught your children how to live, have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side of the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond. O, eternity! eternity! Thy locks white with the ages! Thy voice announcing stupendous destiny! Thy arms reaching across all the past and all the future! O, eternity! eternity!

Go home and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son whom you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give you up? Whilst you have a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. He may even now be standing on the beach at Hong Kong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door, and call until all the family comes in. Aged Noah, where is Japhet? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel?

On one of the lake steamers there was a father and two daughters journeying. They seemed extremely poor. A benevolent gentleman stepped up to the poor man to proffer some form of relief, and said: "You seem to be very poor, sir." "Poor, sir?" replied the man. "If there's a poorer man than me a-troublin' the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children, and adopt it, if you say so. I think it would be a great relief to you." "A what?" said the poor man. "A relief?" "Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body? or the heart torn from the breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?" However many children we have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick some time ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No! No! No! we must have them all in. Let us take the children's hand, and start now. Leave not one behind! Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, stands open. Hallelujah! and lo! I hear the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." And there may the Lord shut us in!

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WANTED—To buy a 4 or 6 room frame house without lot. Address W 675, Journal office.

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CHAS. K. TOWT, President. JOHN H. TOWT, Vice President. E. L. HARRIS, Secretary.
MIDLAND TRANSFER CO.—Freight and baggage transferred to and from all depots. Furniture moved and packed by experts. 407 and 409 Wyandotte st., Kansas City, Mo. Telephone 1517.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

WANTED—A man with $500 to $1,000 cash, to invest in a well established business; salary, $15 per week. Address W 708, Journal office.

CARPET CLEANING AND UPHOLSTERING.

SAUNDERS & White, 501 E. 18th street, 'phone 2092. Refitting and laying carpets a specialty; upholstering of all kinds; mattresses renovated. Refer to Doggett D. G. Co. and Robt. Keith Fur. Co.

SAFES.

SAFES opened and repaired, bought and sold. Combination locks cleaned and changed. B. HARRIGAN, Expert, Telephone 1284. 109 East Tenth st.

HORSES AND VEHICLES.

HORSES and cows kept in the country; calves raised; $13 per first year; all stock sent for. M. Salisbury, Independence, Mo.

RESTAURANTS.

IF YOU WANT good old-fashion butter, milk or cream, go to McClintock's restaurant, 920 Walnut street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Part or all of a steam well drilling outfit, 502 Mass. building.

CLAIRVOYANT.

MPS. L. JAMES, the well known clairvoyant and trance medium, may be consulted at 1209 Grand ave.; parlors 39 and 40.

EGNEW STORAGE CO.

HAVE NEW and safe building for furniture storage. Advances made; packing and shipping done. JOHN A. EAMES, 808 Walnut st. Tel. 2656. Manager.

ROOFING.

THE Kansas City Metal Roofing & Corrugating Co., 108 Builders' Exchange. Tel. 1369.

DIED.

HOHENSCHILD—March 30, 6 p. m., Mrs. Jenna M. Hohenschild, wife of Ed Hohenschild, 2259 East Ninth street.

Funeral will take place April 1 at 9 a. m. from St. Aloysius church, Eleventh and Prospect. Friends of the family are invited.

Troy, Ill., Dubuque, Ia., Rolla, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., and St. Louis papers please copy.

LEGAL NOTICES.

TRUSTEE'S SALE—By reason of default in the payment of a certain principal promissory note and the last two maturing interest notes, described in a deed of trust executed by Frank Welsh, unmarried, to the undersigned trustee, dated February 14th, 1890, filed for record February 14th, 1890, in the office of the recorder of deeds for Jackson county, Missouri, in book B 397, page 128, the undersigned trustee will, pursuant to the terms of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said notes, sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, all of that part of block numbered twenty-two (22), McGee's addition to the City of Kansas (now known as Kansas City), described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of said block number twenty-two (22), thence south along the east line of said block, one hundred feet (100 ft.), thence west to alley in said block, thence north along the east line of said alley twenty-four (24) feet nine (9) inches, thence east parallel to south line of said block, one hundred feet (100 ft.), thence south along the east line of said alley twenty-four (24) feet nine (9) inches to the place of beginning, all situated in Jackson county, Missouri, at the west door of the United States custom house, at the southeast corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, in Kansas City, Jackson county, Missouri, on the 18th day of April, 1895, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of satisfying the said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust. The equity of redemption of said real estate is now owned and held by Hugh C. Ward as receiver of the partnership estate of Thomas H. Martin and Julia Martin, appointed by the United States circuit court for the Western division of the Western district of Missouri. By an order of said court, duly entered of record on the 22d day of March, 1895, the said trustee has been and is authorized to foreclose the said deed of trust in the manner provided by the terms thereof.
WHIPPLE LOAN AND TRUST CO., Trustee.
By A. A. WHIPPLE, Its President.

TRUSTEE'S SALE—By reason of default in the payment of a certain principal promissory note and the last two maturing interest notes described in a deed of trust executed by Frank Welsh, unmarried, to the undersigned trustee, dated February 14th, 1890, filed for record February 14th, 1890, in the office of the recorder of deeds for Jackson county, Missouri, in book B 397, page 867, the undersigned trustee will, pursuant to the terms of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said notes, sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, all of that part of block number twenty-two (22), McGee's addition to the City of Kansas (now known as Kansas City), described as follows: Beginning at a point on the west line of McGee street, forty-nine (49) feet six (6) inches south of the northeast corner of said block number twenty-two (22), thence south along the west line of McGee street twenty-four (24) feet nine (9) inches, thence west to alley in said block, thence north along the east line of said alley twenty-four (24) feet nine (9) inches, thence east parallel to south line of 16th street, the place of beginning, all situated in Jackson county, Missouri, at the west door of the United States custom house, at the southeast corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, in Kansas City, Jackson county, Missouri, on the 18th day of April, 1895, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of satisfying the said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust. The equity of redemption of said real estate is now owned and held by Hugh C. Ward, as receiver of the partnership estate of Thomas H. Martin and Julia Martin, appointed by the United States circuit court for the Western division of the Western district of Missouri. By an order of said court, duly entered of record on the 22d day of March, 1895, the said trustee has been and is authorized to foreclose the said deed of trust in the manner provided by the terms thereof.
WHIPPLE LOAN & TRUST CO., Trustee.
By A. A. Whipple, Its President.

TRUSTEE'S SALE—Whereas, Charles A. Beardsley, unmarried, by his deed of trust, dated June 1st, 1888, acknowledged June 4th, 1888, and recorded June 11th, 1888, in book B No. 426, at page 199, of the records of deeds, in the office of recorder of deeds in and for Jackson county, state of Missouri, at Kansas City, conveyed to the undersigned, Jeremiah T. Dew, as trustee, the following described real estate, situated in Jackson county and state of Missouri, to-wit: An undivided one-half (½) of lot numbered twenty-nine (29), in block number two (2), of Armfield's addition, an addition to the City of Kansas (now Kansas City), as the said lot is marked and designated upon the plat of said addition, now on file and of record in the office of recorder of deeds in and for said Jackson county, state of Missouri, which said deed of trust was given to secure payment of the certain promissory note therein described; and, whereas, the said note is long past due, and, together with all interest accrued thereon, remains unpaid, and default has been made in the payment thereof; now, therefore, public notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the terms of said deed of trust, and in pursuance of the provisions thereof, and at the request of the legal holder and owner of said note, I, Jeremiah T. Dew, the undersigned trustee, will proceed to sell, and will sell, the said above described real estate, at the west front door of the custom house and postoffice building, situate at southeast corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, in Kansas City, in the county of Jackson and state of Missouri, to the highest bidder, for cash, at public vendue, on Tuesday, the 23d day of April, 1895, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to pay off and satisfy the said indebtedness and costs and expenses of executing this trust.
JEREMIAH T. DEW, Trustee.
Dated Kansas City, Mo., March 28th, 1895.

WHEREAS, Frank G. Sutton and Annie E. Sutton, his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated 28th day of March, A. D. 1889, and filed for record the 30th day of March, A. D. 1889, and recorded in book "B" No. 335, at page 605, in the office of the recorder of deeds for Jackson county, at Kansas City, Missouri, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all of lot eight (8) and west 5 feet of lot seven (7), in block one (1), in James Goodin place, an addition to Kansas City, Jackson county, Missouri, to secure the payment of one principal promissory note and interest coupons thereto attached, as in said deed of trust described, which principal promissory note became due March the 5th, A. D. 1895, the time for the payment of said principal note was extended two years from March 5th, 1894, making said principal note fall due under such extension March the 5th, A. D. 1896, and, whereas, the said interest notes in said deed of trust, which said principal note is now declared due and payable; therefore, at the request of the legal holder and owner of the said principal note, I, D. C. Bowen, by virtue of the power given me by said deed of trust, will proceed to sell the above described real estate at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 23d day of April, A. D. 1895, at the west front door of the United States custom house, in Kansas City, Jackson county, Missouri, to satisfy the said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust.
D. C. BOWEN, Trustee.
Dated March 26th, A. D. 1895.

TRUSTEE'S SALE—By reason of default in the payment of a certain promissory note, and in the interest thereon, described in the deed of trust dated the 29th day of January, 1889, given by J. E. Mulvey and Maria C. Mulvey, his wife, filed for record in the office of the recorder of deeds for Jackson county, at Kansas City, Missouri, on the 29th day of January, 1889, and duly recorded in book B 245, at page 236, I will, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday, the 8th day of April, 1895, at the south door of the court house of the City of Kansas, in the county of Jackson, state of Missouri, at the request of the legal holder of said note, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, all of lots ten (10) and fifteen (15), in block one (1), all of lots nine (9) and sixteen (16), in block two (2); all of lots three (3), thirteen (13) and twenty-two (22), in block three (3); all of lots one (1) and eighteen (18), in block four (4), and all of lots three (3) and eighteen (18), in block five (5), in Llewellyn annex, an addition to the City of Kansas, county of Jackson and state of Missouri, as shown by the recorded plat thereof, and apply the proceeds of said sale to the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust, and the costs of executing this trust. MORTON WOLLMAN, Trustee.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS—Notice to the stockholders of the Grand Avenue Railway Company is hereby given that a meeting of such stockholders will be held at the office of said company, No. 1500 Grand avenue, in Kansas City, Missouri, on Saturday, the first day of June, A. D. 1895, at 9 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of voting upon the following propositions:

1. To increase the capital stock of said company from $1,200,000, its present amount, to $3,300,000.

2. To increase the bonded indebtedness of said company from $1,200,000, its present amount, to $3,300,000.

3. For the transaction of such other business as may be brought before such meeting.

Kansas City, Mo., March 29, 1895.
WALTON H. HOLMES, President.
DANIEL B. HOLMES, Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICES.

(First publication March 14th, 1895.)

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE—Whereas, on June 8th, 1891, City Real Estate Company, Kansas City, Missouri, made, executed and deliv