

PLACED QUESTIONS AND REWARD SITUATION.

Children Should Consult Their Parents.
Untruthfulness—Unconscious Cruelty.
The Old Baby—Let the Girls Romp.
Open the Blinds—The Hair—Notes, Etc.

A hostess is supposed to give her attention both before and after an entertainment to the enjoyment of her guests, and so natural is the instinct of hospitality that women do this to a certain extent involuntarily, but many other times, with perfect unconsciousness, they place their guests in an awkward situation. I was forcibly reminded of this at a wedding recently. A joke a merry fellow played upon his fellow guests at a large dinner given at a beautiful country house.

Among the knives, forks and spoons found at each cover the guests soon observed a very singularly shaped spoon, the like of which not one of all the twenty or more assembled had ever seen. It was long, and the bowl, over which was a little handle, was triangle in shape. It lay a quite harmless looking affair and yet a weapon which doubtless sent dismay to many an apparently indifferent observer.

For its shape suggested no reason of its why and wherefore. Of course, it was one of the ancient innovations which enterprising dealers are continually forcing upon the notice of a luxury loving race, and that, too, it was a new acquisition in this pretentious fashionable and wealthy household, was also apparent by the glaringly new shine of the silver.

Course after course of the elaborate dinner went on, and if the keen edge of enjoyment for those persons who always worry over trifles was gone it was because the specter at the feast was this mysterious spoon, and that it was a ghost which would not be laid in the minds of more than would seem possible was openly confessed by a merry party of eight who drove home together through the moonlit night. There was but one resource—as carelessly and quietly as possible to keep an eye turned toward the spoon, for the owner of the strange possession must be familiar with its use.

It chanced that the joke loving man mentioned had been assigned the honor of escorting his hostess to the table. Being a careful student of human nature, it did not take him long to form the conclusion that his neighbors were filled with a sense of the possibility of making a faux pas, and he as quickly determined that somebody should do this if he could effect it. What cared he whether it partially fell upon his own head if he could get a joke on somebody else? So when the fish came on and proved to be an elaborately ornate dish for which this singular affair might possibly be the artist's use, there was an almost imperceptible lull, a succession of quick glances toward the head of the table, and a hesitating flutter of hands, and this joker submitted his hostess to such a running fire of questions that she was the very last person to take up her fork and calmly begin to eat. Then followed a succession of courses for which the articles of use which obviously suggested themselves that there could be no mistake, and then came a punch in which were frozen rum, cherries, while on the plate which held the pretty punch glass was a little of something which afterward proved to be a strange sweet East Indian condiment. Again the half anxious lull, and again was the attention of the hostess enchaind and diverted until some woman more bold and self confident than those about her seized an ornate little gold spoon and straightway, like a flock of geese, every one followed the leader. Then came terrapin served individually in paper cases, and now Mr. Joker had his fun. His hostess was in such absolute convulsions of laughter over his funny stories that eating would have resulted in choking had she attempted it, and by the time she dipped this new queer spoon into the dish he had the satisfaction of feeling that two-thirds of his friends had made an exhibition of greenness.

So much did this amuse his highness that he declares some day he shall give a dinner in which everything shall be served in and eaten with newfangled dishes and implements, and the only regrets shall be the know everything, never mistaken sort of persons. The moral of the contretemps is that a hostess, thoughtful and kind, whose housekeeping appointments are novel and likely to be unfamiliar to friends perhaps less favored with that power for possessing new innovations, should avoid the possibility of making them feel awkward, not of course by keeping her possessions locked away in her silver safe or her china closet, but by setting quick example of what use to put the new thing, or, as might easily have been done in the above case, having the spoon sent to each individual at the same time and on the same plate with the paper case holding the terrapin. There could then have been no mistake and no discomfort, while the service would have been quite as pretty.—"S. S. E. M." in Chicago Herald.

The Tendency to Untruthfulness.

But coming down to the detail of the thing, there is no surer way to make a child with any tendency to untruthfulness, to cherish the tendency than to let him know that you are aware of the tendency, and to let him know it, most of all, in any obnoxious way. It is possible that with a child with whom you have established a confidential intimacy, so that he considers you more as his dear friend than as his corrector and overseer, you can let such knowledge of yours be known, and can become, agreeably to him, a fellow watcher with himself over the fault. But this is not a usual frequent possibility, since children's intimacies and confidants are liable to be of the same age with themselves, and it is rarely that they do not look up with a little awe and distance upon the person, whoever it may be, that is appointed to take care of their morals and behavior.

But there is one course that can always be used, and that is never to let the child at a moment dream that you suspect him of the wrong doing or saying. Unless it should be absolutely necessary, for some reason better known to yourself, that you should betray your knowledge, keep it to yourself and maintain your watchfulness, but let the child hope that you consider his standard of truthfulness to be as high as any in the world. You can do it without either deceit or untruthfulness on your own part if you stick to it with care and are precise in your comment as to what he is doing. He will then have a reputation to live up to, a desire to maintain, and the child's pride will rescue, his sense of honor is cultivated, the point of giving birth to truthfulness, and thereforward noblesse oblige, that he seizes on the real beauty of truth, upon which truth itself is based, and as the child, if you would let him, will be a big liar and eternally and constantly confessing him with the same as to his already. He will have a respect for the truth, since all his confidants know that he is a truth teller, and he will not be credited if he is found to have not the name

Should Consult Their Parents.

One is often tempted to smile at some of the questions relating to etiquette, asked through the columns of the press by young men and women. The answers are so obvious—to persons of more mature age and experience—that one cannot help wondering why these young people do not consult their parents, for making due allowance for the case of orphans, many of those who seek information in this way must possess fathers and mothers. Alas! it has probably never occurred to these young persons that they should consult their parents in kindred matters and in every respect in which the subject becomes both a sad and a serious one.

The fathers and mothers of our day are certainly to blame for this state of things; they have, in many cases, allowed their children to grow up much like unbroken colts, in the matter of social discipline and restraint, and when they at last begin to see for themselves the necessity of finding out and obeying social laws, they turn away from their parents to seek other sources of information, because they have never been taught to take counsel of their natural guardians.

Many mothers seem to think that if they attend to the details of housekeeping, provide their children with clothing and pay their school bills, they have done all that can be required of them. Others, again, forget that what is so familiar to them is unknown ground to their children, and the latter are only too willing to assume control of all their own actions, till, by and by, some blunder causes them pain and mortification, and they perceive that the world polite, like every other world, has laws which cannot be violated with impunity.

In nine cases out of ten the best rule is to "ask mother." She may not always be able to tell her daughter the newest "fad," but newest fads are not always desirable—were followed often by a certain fast set only. Mother can almost always tell about the old ways, and one should know about these first, just as a lawyer must read Blackstone and Coke before he can understand modern statute law.—Florence Howe Hall in Demorest's Monthly.

Unconscious Cruelty to Children.

Some loving mothers are very cruel to little girls. I remember an excellent lady, whose children attended the same school I went to, who made their lives miserable by tacking around the skirts of every white dress they wore a curiously beautiful piece of embroidery. The thing in itself was charming, but in that year a little girl's dress was plainly hemmed or tucked. The other children laughed at the trimming they could not appreciate, the victims wept. The mother kept on the even tenor of her way, and regularly did up the trimming when it was soiled.

The picturesque, the odd, the grotesque, has been fashionable now for years, but the formal was then the order of the day. Viewing the distress of my friends, I then and there resolved that if I "had children when I was grown up and married," they should never be tormented by a whim of mine. The world of small people is less tolerant than that of "grown ups."

I have seen a "queer" lunch basket, a caprice in the cut of an apron, a set of fars not approved of by schoolmates, torture a child's soul; and when a schoolgirl or schoolboy wants something "because the others have it," provide it if you can.

A sense of being different from others, peculiar, an object of ridicule, breaks a child's spirit, and it does not matter that it ought to know that what you have given it is something superior, if it does not.

I knew a woman who told me that she almost hated her mother because she would cut her hair short, like a boy's, at a time when all the other children wore a long braid tied with a ribbon, unless they were fortunate enough to possess "ringlets."—Mary Kyle Dallas in Once a Week.

The "Old Baby's" Grief.

What a curious thing it is to think that that wonderful new baby will turn into a commonplace old baby in a year or two—that with the advent of number two his reign is over.

A little girl, though she is only 2 years old, takes an interest in that new baby, feels that she must help take care of it, goes about maternally airing its garments and holding the pincushion for nurse, delights in its baths, and boasts about her baby brother before she can talk plain. But the boy—that is another matter. He scowls when that wrinkled piece of humanity is presented to him, and refuses to kiss it. He wants none of it. Why should it have his place on mamma's shoulder? Why should he be told to go away? He thinks as ill of it as his limited knowledge of mundane affairs will permit him to think of anything. He has been known to request that it might be "frowed away," and to call it "nasty sing," and, indeed, his trials are very great. Life has altered signally for him. He feels it to his heart's core, if he is made of sensitive stuff.

It is all very well for Bridget to take him into the kitchen and tell him to "be a nice lad, an' she'll make him a cake." He wants his mother; he never was turned out of mother's room before. His heart is full. Well for him, at this time, if he has a grand-mother ready to make him her idol, a little jealous for him as the first born. Then, indeed, his ways shortly become the ways of pleasantness, and life assumes a holiday, cake, candy, gingerbread and toy aspect. But in any event that old baby has a very unhappy day or two before it, a season when knowledge of the bitterness of life comes to him prematurely, and he understands the feelings of a deposed emperor.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Once a Week.

Let the Girls Romp.

Most mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery with childishness or gymnastics will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air.

Improvement of the Hair.

But hair must be carefully cultivated to grow even in length, supple, silken and graceful in color. Everything is encouraging for the improvement of hair if time can be given it. The same treatment will not do for different kinds of hair by any means. Strong, stiff, naturally moist hair needs a weekly shampooing and daily and nightly brushing, with exposure to the morning and evening sun, which is a great stimulant to the hair. Thin, soft, dry hair needs tender care, but with either the first step toward improvement is thorough washing of the scalp and hair, which collects dust its entire length. To cleanse it the various alkalies, borax, ammonia, carbonate of potash and washing soda are used, and the strong hair will bear them, but they burn the life out of thin, dry hair.

The Venetian ladies draw their hair through a crownlet hat and let it stream over the brim to dry, and you may follow the example, sitting in the sun if possible an hour. Light is a great stimulant and preservative to hair, and it is well to open it when dry and let the wind blow through. The sun will cause the natural oil of the hair to flow—or the head may be held to the fire till the dry hair feels moist. A smart brushing night and morning, careful braiding before sleep, and an hour spent once a month clipping all forked ends, will insure a rapid growth of hair. If the general health is good, without other treatment. If you want a stimulant at night rub a little oil of lavender in the roots of the hair with shampoo brush. Do not irritate the scalp by hard brushing. Regular care is better than overdoing.—Shirley Dare.

Locked Up for Company.

Among the strange fetiches that survive among a race otherwise civilized and refined is that of the parlor and best bedroom. These are corners of the largest, coolest and pleasantest rooms in the house, fitted with the most attractive furniture, carpets and pictures—and locked up for company. Was ever such folly? A man who affords himself an agreeable apartment puts himself out of it and will not let himself in unless the clergyman is there, or unless somebody arrives from a distant city or another street.

It is better to turn the juvenile population of the house into the parlor, to wear the best carpets to tread, to leave finger marks on the mantel piece, to let them jump on the bed in the best room until it has no more spring in it than a restaurant chicken—it is wiser to do this than to close and sanctify these apartments, involving them in solemnity, dampness and a stuffy smell. Open the blinds and windows and let the light and air in; let the children in, too, and live there yourself. Don't have things too fine to use. Give a piece of furniture the best of your care, and you will find that you can't live up to it, give it to a museum and have it put in a glass case, or, better, give it to a friend who is not afraid of it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Method of Marking Clothing.

With Payson's indelible ink and a steel pen, write on the small hem of the sheets, and the inside of the pillow case either her name or initials like this, C. O. A. 1 x, C. O. A. 2 x. That is to know whether her number is correct at a glance. As they get older and she buys new, number them in the same way, commencing with 1, then 2 and so on, and put after each number the single cross (x), then mark another cross on the first lot like this, xx. As they take their turn among the bed, number the new ones in the same way. She would know then that C. O. A. 1 x, C. O. A. 2 x means the new one, C. O. A. 1 xx, C. O. A. 2 xx means medium, C. O. A. 1 xxx, C. O. A. 2 xxx means old, the numbers, of course, to increase with each one up to 12 of each kind if she has them. As all are numbered, she can tell at a glance whether any are missing and by the crosses which lot it belongs to.—Emma Keeler in Good Housekeeping.

Tender Morsels of Humanity.

Children of well-to-do people, educated and supposed to possess average intelligence, suffer severely in summer from want of the most ordinary care, especially in the case of families remaining in town during the heated term and taking excursions to the beaches once or twice a week, when it is not unusual to make trial of the efficacy of salt water bathing for six-months-old babies, and to bring them home in the cool, chill evening, without extra wraps, or any apparent recollection of the fact that they are tender morsels of humanity.—Janet E. Runtz-Rees in Demorest's Monthly.

Use of a Clothes Tree.

A clothes tree, as you may know, is a stiff affair, looking very much like the trunk of a tree with several short, bare branches left at the top. If you have one of these convenient articles in each bedroom the masculine members of your household may be induced to use the pegs instead of hanging up their clothes on the floor. A walnut or cherry clothes tree is just the thing for a small hall where an ordinary hat rack would be in the way.—Home.

There are numerous ways to remove warts. A good, simple and harmless way is said to be the saturating of the wart with lemon juice two or three times a day for several days or a week. The wart will then disappear gradually and without pain, leaving no mark. Another way is to use common washing soda and apply it frequently.

The best and simplest cosmetic for woman is constant gentleness and sympathy for the noblest interests of her fellow creatures. This preservative and gives to her features an indelibly gay, fresh and agreeable expression. If women would but realize that harshness makes them ugly, it would prove the best means of conversion.

If you can only restrain a child from wrong conduct by hurting it, I fear you have little to hope for in its future. At first it should be good from love for you. It should obey because you have proved yourself wise and loving in its eyes. After, because you have taught it to be honorable.

To keep the surface of your kid gloves looking well, when you take them off smooth them out lengthwise until they have about the same outline that they have on your hand, and put them in a dry place. If the gloves are rolled together into a wad, the surface will soon present an unpleasant appearance.

There are many skins which redden and become irritated in summer, and when such is the case saline draughts and lemonade should be taken freely, while a wingless of vinegar in a pint of distilled water with a little bran makes an excellent, if old-fashioned, wash.

Never even scold a child for an accident—the breaking of a glass, the tearing of a garment—and listen to his explanations. Don't frighten the little ones from making you their confidant; don't scare them into falsehood.

A CHAT WITH BLONDIN.

HE CARES NOW MORE FOR MONEY THAN FOR GLORY.

Physique of the Famous Tight Rope Walker—No Weakening of His Powers. The Most Difficult Feat—A Trip on His Back—His Method.

"If zey would pay me I would cross Niagara again, but for ze gloire, feu al assez." Of course only one man in our world could have made that remark, and although it is a distinction to have done what no other man of woman born in all the ages has ever done, Jean Francois Blondin seems to have in a measure survived himself. When in his intrepid prime he walked the narrow path of leop above the mad swirling waters so dizzily far beneath him, both the American and Canadian shores were black with beholders who watched him with bated breath. Now when he returns to America after decades and exhibits the even more startling nerve of tripping blithely on the tight rope with 65 years on his back, a sparse gathering of Coney Island visitors look with languid interest at the doughty funambulist before the Sea Beach pavilion.

There is much of the same dissonance between the Blondin of today up aloft on his aerial pathway and the Blondin who trends the earth. There, clad in tights, and softened by the enchanting touches of distance, and there is something of the quaint heroic about his physique, despite his protuberant abdomen. Straight as a crow Indian, motionless as the statue of Memnon, he stands until the braying band on the portico of the pavilion breaks into a tumultuous chorus. Then grasping his long balancing pole he steps forth hardily and with an elastic abandon on the rope. The cords stand out on his legs and arms, his hair has a sort of wind swept look, and his straight ahead gaze is as firm and cool as the steady and level look of Fate.

His wonderful preservation, the agility which invests his six and a half decades with the robust vigor of a youth, tell of his moderate, carefully regulated life. In the morning he takes a breakfast of eggs and wine, or something equally light, and then touches nothing till after he has walked in the evening, when he takes a hearty dinner and lingers at the board with friends over some cordial—quiet, restful, content.

"Do you feel any weakening of your powers?" was asked.

"None. There is nothing that I have ever done which I cannot do equally well today," answered Blondin in French. "I am slightly heavier, but I feel as active as I ever felt."

"Have you never felt any trepidation on the rope?"

"No. Of course there is a certain tension of nerves, but I am as cool as an accident or a hot iron. I have never had any accident or been hurt. If you or I were to lose our chair, I did this at Niagara. Occasionally some of the gear or guy ropes have given way, but I have never been injured. The rope is always subjected to a good test first. This one is capable of standing a pressure of forty tons, so I am not likely to break it down. My son superintends all of these details now, and I can feel the most perfect confidence in the safety of everything."

"Well, there must be some feat more difficult than others, is there not?"

"Balancing with the chair is the most difficult so far as equilibrium goes. But the bicycle work is the most dangerous, as recovery in case of a slip would be so difficult, if not impossible."

"How do you tell when the chair is just balanced in the middle?"

"I am not so particular about that so long as my center of gravity is right. I tell that by my shoulders and my balancing pole. There is a sense of being balanced which assures me it is as it should be."

"In carrying a person over on your back, are you indifferent as to who it is, or do you have a person who is trained or specially qualified to be carried? I don't suppose you find many who covet the trip."

"Oh, yes. There are plenty who are willing to take it. I would as soon carry one as another if he has nerve. But when I feel anybody trembling or showing any trace of vertigo, I advise them not to go. Although their legs are run through straps they could slip out of them if they were to get faint and fall backward. The man always somewhat, and a person subject at all to vertigo will show it when he gets up there. I generally carry my son, though his wife is decidedly opposed to his taking the trip. But it is perfectly safe. I am not as dangerous as a hot ball can be as a means of transit."

"When you crossed Niagara did you find the rush of the water below you a nerve trying thing?"

"No. For a fortnight before I crossed I used to go and look down and see the waters sweep over; but I found that they had no unpleasant effect on me. It has been a little annoying here at Coney Island when some friends have taken me up into the tower and then asked me if I felt the height. I would as lief walk a rope at one height as another. The difficulty is in stretching a rope securely at such great height."

"Have you ever changed your method at all?"

"No. My method is the outcome of experience rather than theory. I began walking when a child. There is such a thing as a genius for rope walking as there is for everything else. I think I have it," said Blondin modestly. "Now my son, though he can get over a rope, is not a rope walker. He is a good all-round athlete, but he has no decided talent for the profession, and would rather go over a tight rope on my back than on his feet."—New York Tribune Interview.

The Key to Popular Writing. It is not given to any one man to cover successfully the whole range of literary work, and as an essayist Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is a failure. Of course anything drossed in the garment of his perfect English is pleasant reading, but for a man to successfully write critical monologues he must have something in them beside the beauty of style. Mr. Stevenson, in his estimate of popular writers, does not seem to touch the peculiar power of this class at all. He wholly fails to notice the one thing which is common to all of them, be their methods what they may.

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