#### OUR FLAG.

[At the recent sinking of the war ships at Apla the captain of one of them ordered the flag un-furled. The men on board another of the doomed vessels greeted it with a cheer, which was responded to with their tast breath by the loyal saptain and his men !

Across the peachblow sky of spring The storm dark clouds are looming: With sullen voice the breakers ring. The thunder loudly booming

The huddled war ships ride apace,

Each at her anchor straining; Black, black is all of heaven's face; It lightens 'twist the raining Like crumpted rose leaves the mist edge The hidden reef enwreathing, But cruel as hell the jagged ledge

Reneath those waters seething On, on they come, the poor dumb things, The storm winds flercely driving: At her drend work each breaker sings, For conquest madly striving

'If we must die" - the leader's voice Outswelled the coar of thunder-'It is our own and solemn choice To die our dear fing under.

"For us today the battle field Is where the seas are lying. We claim a right we cannot yield, To glory in our dying '

He ceased; upon the topmost mast The Stars and Stripes were floating. The sight is like a trumpet blast, And other ships quick noting,

Up to the sky there sounds a cheer That starts the echoes flying Eack comes the answer, loud and clear. From gallant hearts, though dying

A moment's space, the waves in brine Reprize the flag low lying. And from the breakers comes no sign Of living or of dying

O flag, dear flag, once more thy name, As always in thy story, Has set a thousand bearts affame For they and for thy glory

- Annie Bronson King in Harper's Bazar.

## BOYER'S STRATAGEM.

Prior to 1857 a large tract of lake territory lying between the Upper Des Moines and the Big Sioux rivers was infested by one of the most villainous bands of Indian outlaws which the Indian policy of the government has ever called into being. It was the band of eleven, led by Inkpaduta-Scarlet Point - who in the winter of '57 massacred a half hundred settlers in their scattered cabins about Okoboji, Spirit and Pelican lakes, and carried a number of women into a captivity far worse than death.

These Indians, disaffected Wapekuta Sioux, had been outlawed from their own tribe for the murder of their chief, Tosagi. They were the pest and terror of settlers in middle and western Iowa from the time that scattering colonies first came in until their depredations and atrocities culminated in the Spirit Lake massacre. On that occasion whole settlements were annihilated, their inhabitants being generally taken by surprise and killed inside their snowbound

Previous to this massacre, which resulted in the capture and punishment of a part of them and the disbanding of the rest, these Indians subsisted by begging and plundering among the frontier settlements, by hunting and fishing about the northern lakes, and by a sort of blackmail upon the Wapekutas, whose village was in the pipe stone region.

The vitinge of Inkpaduta was on the upper Des Moines, near the Minnesota line. It was more than a hundred miles from any settlement, until the ill fated squatters of the Spirit lake tragedy settled about the lakes. There were no troops stationed within a week's march, and the frontier settlements were too weak and scattered to offer organized

resistance Occasionally bold trappers, in spite of numerous warnings of the danger, established and maintained their trapping grounds within the hunting circuit of Inkpaduta's band. Among them was Jake Boyer, a fearless frontiersman, who went among Indians regardless of danger-one of the sort of adventurers whom, strangely enough, the savages seldom molested.

Jake knew Inkpaduta and his followera. He visited their village every fall and spring to trade ammunition or trinkets for furs.

On one of these excursions he carried a double barreled rifle which he had bought in Dubuque. It was a fine weapon of German pattern, silver mounted, and had cost him a hundred dollars. The Indians were much taken with this gun, and one of them, Feto Atanka (Big Face) wanted to swap a pony for it. Bover told him that nothing less than twenty-five prime mink skins would get the gun, that when he could produce so many whole skins, smooth and white inside, he would swap. These terms of trade were made known by signs and by the use of such simple English words as the Indians understood.

A few months later, in autumn, Boyer was visited at his cabin on the Ochevedan by several of Inkpaduta's band, among them Husan (One Leg), Makpi Opetu (Fire Cloud, a sen of the chief) and Big Face. Boyer found them squatted in front of his dugout upon the side of a bluff as he came in from a morning round of his traps. They rose as he approached with his rifle across his shoulder After a friendly round of "How-Hows!" Big Face drew from his blanket a bundle of black looking skins. "Huh!" said he. "Me bling um mink, you give um up gun.

Jake saw at once that the mink were warm weather skins, and worthless. No doubt they were the pelts of all the minks taken or shot by the members of the band during the summer and early fall months, and had been intrusted to Big Face in order that so fine a rifle might belong to one of the band.

The trapper drew back and shook his head in refusal to receive the skins He was about to explain what they perfectly knew to be true, that the pelts were of no account, when, with a sudden spring, Big Face was upon him. The others instantly sprang forward also, and Boyer's rifle was wrenched from him. When he was forced to let go his gun he dodged quickly into a thicket of bushes which

grew up to the door of his habitation. The Indians fired several shots after him, but he was not harmed He reached | from the northwest, and as the elk were | Critic.

his cance, in which he kept a squirrel in that direction the herd was surrifle for shooting muskrat and other small game, secured the weapon and made his escape through the tall grass of the bottom, whither the Indians did

found, to their surprise, that its con-

tents had not been disturbed. Lying

of worthless mink skins which Big Face

had brought to trade for the rifle. The

Evidently the Indians had been some-

what alarmed after Jake's escape, and

wished to leave the impression that they

had been dealing in good faith, and had

kept to the letter the bargain which had

This fact gave Boyer confidence, and

he boldly set about his trapping again.

determined to watch his opportunity,

outwit the Indians, and recover his val-

uable rifle. During the next month he

busied his brain every day with schemes,

and finally hit upon a plan which he de-

Leaving his companion in charge of

the dugout and the trapping, he set out

for Fort Dodge with two small ponies

packed with the fall catch. At the Fort.

which was merely a frontier trading

station, he sold his furs, procured am-

munition, blankets and some trinkets to

trade upon, and set out for Inkpaduta's

village, as he had been in the habit of

In spite of all that had happened he

expected to make the savages believe

that he was still friendly to them, and

could not afford to lose their fur trade

for such trifles as the loss of his rifle and

the attempt on his life. He did not be-

lieve they would dare injure him again,

for they would surely know that he had

spread the story of their attack upon

him at the settlements, and his going to

them directly from the Fort would nat-

urally make them cautious how they of-

fended him. After getting among them

he hoped to recover his much prized rifle

He found only a few old squaws and

children at the Des Moines village, but

was informed that the bucks were

camped at Lost Island lake, where they

It was but a half day's ride to the place,

and he discovered the tenees of the band

as he approached the lake shore at sun-

set. The most of the Indians had got in

from the day's hunt, and as he rode up

were lying about the fires waiting for the

women to boil some meat for their even-

They got up and gave some grunts of

surprise as he approached, but immedi-

ately broke into most cordial "How-

How's!" and grinned in a way that be-

traved their pleasure that he should

come among them in so friendly a fash-

ion. He had always dealt more fairly

with them than traders were in the

Big Face, One Leg and Inkpaduta

were among those vho greeted him. He

shook hands with all, telling them he

had come to "swap" again, and acted as

though nothing had happened. They

were immensely pleased, and one of the

and then picketed his ponies with their

were spent in trade; and for a half dozen

than a half day's ride-and hunt elk at

the head waters of Stony creek, where

he knew that a big herd of them were

He had no winter's meat laid in, he

his large gun to Big Face he had no rifle

that carried a ball large enough to kill

an elk. If he would go over with his

would give the chief the smallest pony

Inkpaduta was taken with the offer,

The camp was hastily struck and the

whole party set out for Jake's headquar-

ters, where they arrived that evening

and camped for the night. Jake had

told Inkpaduta of his partner who, he

the dugout, Jake instructed Williams,

his partner, that as soon as the party

him, cache the rest with the traps, and

camped near the source of the Stony,

and scouts were sent out to look for the

elk herd, which was sighted before night.

before they slept, and as Jake was con-

sulted, he so managed that he was to be

of the party. They were to go in three

squads inclosing the band in a triangle,

in which rode Big Face with Inkpaduta

Big Face had made no attempt to

possession, in fact, he had carried it

play, evidently proud of owning such a

hunting parties, were mounted, and cir-

Before daylight the next morning the

Cloud, or Makpeahotoman.

piece of property.

would only shoot small shot.

the Little Sioux.

he had brought with him.

by a stratagem.

ing meal.

habit of doing.

Indians had.

feeding.

big one.

had gone to hunt for elk.

doing at that season of the year.

termined to carry out at once.

traps were also all in their places.

been made for the gun.

from the southeast. not pursue him. It was plain that the berd should be He made his way to a settlement sixty driven toward this last party, who were miles distant, and tried to raise a party to rush in upon their front and turn to go and hunt Inkpaduta's band, and them about. This would bring the whole drive them out of the region; but he could not find half a dozen men within hunting party upon them. In one respect the plan was perfect. a circuit of thirty miles who had interest enough in his cause to make it their own But he found one adven-

At about sunrise the big drove was seen by Inkpaduta's party, and Boyer observed, with no little satisfaction, that turous fellow, who went back with him theelk were coming directly toward him. to his trapping grounds on the Ochev-They came right on without seeming edan. Upon reaching the dugout, they

rounded without difficulty. Two par-

ties converged, one from the north, an-

other from the west, and the third, in

which was Jake, moved slowly forward

to see the hunters, who had spread a little and lay close along the backs of their inside the door was the identical pack There were more than two hundred

elk, and Boyer said it was a splendid sight to see them come on, the bulls in the lead, "an acre of branchin' horns," as he expressed it, "movin' down swift like the front of the wind in a blizzard."

When the foremost elk were within gunshot the Indians straightened up. and with loud vells dashed their ponies at the face of the herd. But instead of turning the whole bunch spread out like a fan and went by like a shot, scattering continually as they sped on.

The Indians whirled their ponies and gave chase, having fired several ineffective shots, and as each selected his game the maneuvers drew them rapidly apart. This was precisely what Boyer had hoped for, and he followed Big Face, keeping him all the time in view. The Indian soon overtook a fat cow elk whose calf got in her way and impeded her progress. Big Face rode alongside, shoved the muzzle of his gun almost against the cow's side, and killed her in-

He had fired one barrel before, and with a whoop he now circled his pony about, sprang to the ground and stood over the dead elk, evidently satisfied with his morning's work.

This was not what Boyer wanted at all, for there were still other Indians in sight. In fact, nearly the whole party was by this time racing along in pursuit of the herd.

But, knowing that he had not a moment to spare if he would allay suspicion and catch Big Face with unloaded gun. he drew up alongside. Quickly dismounting, he stepped in front of the Indian and covered him with the light rifle, which he had not unloaded

"Give me my gun or I'll shoot," said the trapper, sharply.

Big Face saw that he was tricked, and that Boyer had the best of him. Like all of his kind he was a coward at heart. and with a sickly grin of fear he laid the ill gotten rifle against the elk's body and stepped back. "Now, let go that pony and walk off!"

commanded Jake, with a meaning gesture. The Indian obeyed, and hurried away toward the retreating elk at a pace the meaning of which Boyer knew well. Jake's first move was hastily to load his recovered rifle with heavy charges, having kept balls in his pockets that vould fit the bore. Then fastening his small rifle to the saddle of the pony he had ridden, and tving that animal to the lariat dragging at the neck of Big Face's pony, he mounted the Indian's horse, turned and rode northeast toward the

the nearest white habitations. Just as he started he looked back over his shoulder and saw Big Face making frantic gestures from the top of a knoll about a hundred rods away. But the young bucks assisted him in unpacking whole party, elk and all, had passed out of sight into the valley of the Stony, and That evening and the next morning | the last that Jake ever saw of the band. as he spurred his pony in the opposite direction, was the outwitted Big Face wayred blankets, some ammunition and ing his arms. beads, Jake came into possession of all

Minnesota settlements which were then

the beaver, mink and muskrat skins the It was a daring stratagem which had secured him his rifle and a "pony for damage," and one which a man less After the swap had been completed to hardy and keen witted would never have the satisfaction of all parties, Jake proplanned, and certainly could not have posed to Inkpaduta that he and a picked number of his men should ride over to succeeded in carrying out. his tence on the Ochevedan-a little more

Inkpaduta and his men evidently gave the big elk herd a long chase, without any notion of what had happened in their rear. If any of them had seen Big Face and Boyer near the dead elk they must have thought the white man had stopped only told the chief, and since he had traded | to take charge of his game. At any rate they did not overtake Jake, who pushed rapidly on to Lake Shetek, where at a settlement he was safe from Indian as-

men and kill him-Jake-two big elk, he Later, he joined Williams at Fort Dodge, having passed through Inkpaduta's country in the night. After that he trapped west of the Big Sioux, as he and evidently took all the trapper had considered the lake region "unhealthy" said in sincerity. He consulted his bucks for him. - Frank Welles Calkins in The and found them all eager to go, as the white man had described the berd as a Youth's Companion.

## Sir Edwin Arnold.

Any one who expects to see in Sir Edwin Arnold a man who suggests the wild romance of his poetry will be disappointed. He is quite small, with a very said, had no gun, but an old musket that thin face, the most striking feature of which is a long nose, which gives him a somewhat Jewish cast of counte-That night, when they were alone in nance. His beard is iron gray and thin, and he brushes it out from his chin. My should have got out of sight he was to impression is that he is bald, but I cannot speak with certainty on this point, for he pack what furs he could on the pony left wore a skull cap all the evening Sir Edwin is an amiable gentleman and a make haste for the nearest settlement on clever journalist as well as a poet. It Next day, at noon, the hunters were was, however, his poetry that made him famous. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, by the way, owns the original manuscript of the "Light of Asia," which was presented to A plan of the hunt was determined on him by Sir Edwin a short time after the book was published. - Boston Transcript.

Clews to Crimes Through Conversation. "To my mind there is no field for the silent, mysterious detective who never says anything to anybody except the and one of the chief's sons, Roaring story book writers," remarked a man who is old and experienced in police conceal the rifle, which was still in his work. "I have made lots of cases, and every one of them I made by talking. with a good deal of flourish and dis-You can't get people to tell you anything without talking to them. Wherever I go I always try to get into conversation with people, especially with children. Children are very close observers, they cling the region where the elk had been always remember what they see, and as seen. There was a keen wind blowing a rule tell it accurately."-Washington

### TENDING THE BABY.

HOW THE ROSES PALE AND DIE UPON THE MOTHER'S CHEEK.

The Jolly Fun John Had Playing and Romping with His Heir-Getting an Insight Into the Daily Worries That Fall to Many Women-Here's a Lesson.

How the mother's arms and back ache after caring for this pink and white tyranny, so helpless and yet so exacting. Our homes are not all provided with cook, nursemaid and housemaid. Not to disguise the fact, a majority of the little ones are nurtured by the mother. who combines all these offices in her own patient person. If the domestic machinery runs smoothly, in many homes, it is because the house mother is the pivot upon which swing so many activities. It is of those homes without wealth, yet with refinement, that I write, where sums in addition and subtraction, mostly subtraction, must be done every week. It is here the babies gather. The storks seem to be fond of these humble homes, for they never forget them. The heroisms of life are largely by the firesides. The angels of the children see and tell the Father on high. These mothers who have so much to do and bear, with a narrow income at their disposal, need our sympathy.

JOHN'S DAY OF SOLID FUN. I believe the majority of men think the care of a haby he hild's play. They come home from shop and office and see the rosebud fresh, in its dainty white, and think what an easy time Kate has, with such a cherub to play with. It surely cannot be work to toss and rock and sing to this little man, with shining eyes. And yet the house mother looks tired. The tears are almost at the eyes, the mouth trembles, and John, stupidly kind, wonders what it is all about.

But his eyes are opened at last. He has the influenza and must stay at home from the office. What jolly fun it will be to play with that son and heir. Kate shall go to her cousin's for the day. Leo can see to the kitchen. And so the good wife departs, with many cautions and warnings to John, as to colie, food and naps, the baby meanwhile crowing lustily as the mother gives it a good-by caress. John wonders why Kate grows old so fast, she is really fading. Poor woman, she has not been out on a jaunt like this for months.

The baby for the first half hour is an angel. What fun it is to dandle him about. Now he drops off in a nap and John will read the paper. Dut just as he is deep in the leading article, oblivious to babies, there is a moan, then a cry and John comes to his senses. How he cries, how red in the face he gets! What does possess the child? He takes him on his knee, he rocks him, he tumbles him, and now at last he walks with him, but still he cries, his little lips looking so grieved. Leo comes in and inquires about dinner. Mistress always profuse perspiration. The "sweat" the doctor ordered is his, in the order of nature. He is finally summoned to a "picked up" dinner. What a contrast it is to the inviting board of Kate. How does she get time to attend to it? he asks himself. But how that baby cries! In fact he yells lustily at last. Leo puts her head into the door to inquire if he has had his milk. Zounds! John had forgotten it entirely. Kate had charged him to warm it at 11. The baby was hungry; the poor little fellow was suffering from any empty stomach. He got his milk and now is asleep, with a little shadow on his bright face.

"KATE HAS THIS EVERY DAY." John's conscience troubles him. He is always cross when he is hungry No wonder the little colt cried. Now he takes up that article again, feeling a little misused with his dinner of "scraps." He has forgotten all about the blessed heir when he hears a little moan. The dinner came too late, and a forenoon of crying, with no nourishment, will have its effect. And now the cherub cries Mercy, what a voice! He has the colic. He twists and wriggles and rolls John gives him catnip tea, and he is easy for a minute, then he begins again, and finally he takes him up and marches up and down the house, singing at the top of his voice, "My heavenly home is bright and fatr." His back aches, man as he is, his arms are tired and his head buzzes like a machine. What does possess the child! He certainly will cry himself to death. After an hour and a half of this play the baby drops into an exhausted sleep, and John lays him down. He does not read the paper as he sits down. He has it wrong side up, but he says to himself. "Kate has this every day," and then he does a good deal of thinking. He is a sensible man. He has found out how

much play there is in minding a baby When Kate comes home rested and looking younger than she has for years, with news and chat of her visit, a very humble man receives her. There is pity and admiration mingled in his glance. The baby receives his attention every day after this, at odd moments, when at home, he takes him and becomes quite expert in tending his son and heir

Such is the mother's experience with her baby. Let us not allow, because of her great love to her child, the roses to pale and die upon her cheek .- "A Country Parson" in Good Housekeeping.

As to Hand Shaking.

George Bancroft is said to be particular to remove his gloves before shaking hands. The point is a good one. Just introduce the fashion of ungloving before shaking, and shaking will soon subside. If there be one pre-eminently disagreeable and distressing fashion in America, it is our universal and eternal hand shaking. Its origin, we believe. runs back to our savage ancestors, who clasped hands in sign of peace instead of war. Is there any reason for swearing a treaty of peace with every Tom. Dick and Harry of your acquaintance whom you chance to meet in the street? The custom is a terrible fag on health. -St. Louis Glob-Democrat,

#### ALL ABOUT BUTTONS.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING A VERY USEFUL ARTICLE.

The Greeks and Romans Did Not Have Them-We Are Indebted to the French for Their Invention-In the Olden Times When the Dudes Wore Dazzlers.

The word button (French bouton, from bout, an end or extremity, and bouter, to push or place), is less correctly applied to an appendage of dress than to a tiny projection or collet intended to be pressed by the thumb or finger for a specific purpose, of which the aptest illustration is furnished by the terutilizing the bouten for hanging anything thereby, or fastening anything thereto, is of comparatively modern date, in short, neither the term nor the article was known to the ancients. The dress of the Greeks and Romans needed not the presence of buttons, ample substitutes for which were found in the clasp. As evidence of this fact, it may be cited that among all the paintings and mosaics discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, no single illustration of the button has over been brought to light. Nor did the simple costume of the Anglo-Saxons require those accessories, which nowadays we could ill afford to dispense with.

"BUTTONS ALL OVER 'EM." Previous to the Norman conquest, then, outtons in this country were altogether unknown, so that here we have a distinct proof of our historical indebtedness to the French for all innovations of fashion in the matter of costume. The people of Normandy must PLATTSMOUTH. - -

mind, or they would never mayo conseived the utility of buttons in relation to dress. Nothing in nature could have suggested the button, unless, perhaps, it was that species of flower known as the "bachelor's button;" but this is scarcely probable. Rather let us say the suggestion came from the already familiar wooden knob or extremity known as the bout or bouton of their early furniture. We know ourselves how convenient it is to hang any article of dress upon a door or drawer handle, or even on the collet of a badpost, so there exists no doubt that in this way it was how the Normans bit upon the idea of temporarily attaching one garment to another, until in course of time they dispensed with the ancient clasp altogether.

Once introduced, buttons soon came to be generally adopted by all classes, though no actual reference to them is to be traced in our literature prior to the early part of the Fourteenth century. The reign of Edward I, which ushered in tight fitting garments, and possible, as may be seen in Illuminations and upon effigies of this period. The writer of "The Romance of Sir Degrevant," for example, in describing the costume of an earl's daughter, observes: "To tell her butennes was toore," i. e., hard-to count her bottons would be difficult. Even the servants of the time became infected with the craze. The habit of aping their masters in this particular is thus satirized by an old author: Now the horse clawers, clothed in prid,

They busk them in buttons as it were a bride During the reign of Edward III the buttons were set close upon one another down the front of the coal hardie (coat or tunic) of males and the gown of females. In the next century, however, they suffered a consees to that. By this time John is in a siderable decline, in consequence of the introduction of faces and points; but, by the Sixteenth century, they recovered their as cendency to such a degree that not only did they appear in greater profusion and variety than before, but the material of which they were composed included gold, silver and even diamonds.

MARKS OF DISTINCTION. In the twelfth year of Charles II buttons constituted the chief imports of the country, and were subjected to a heavy duty. Soon after this reign, however, gold and silver buttons degenerated into those of paste, which at the same time rivaled the brilliancy of the most precious gems, while steel buttons of abnormal size, highly polished, became the distinctive mark of the dandies who frequented the Mall and Birdeage walk of St. James' park in the days gone by. In proof of this, a popular caricature of the year 1777 has for its subject one of these elfeminate individuals dazzling a lady by the brightness of his steel

It is, perhaps, well for us that the prosaic age in which we live affords little encouragement for eccentricity in regard to the wearing of buttons, whether in points of size or number. And yet the button rage of the middle agescertainly found a revival between the years 1873 and 1881, during which period the Birmingham button manufacturers must have made their fortunes. Then it was that the buttons on a lady's costume resembled the stars in the heavens, for there existed no possibility of counting them. There were but-tons on the back and buttons down the front; buttons over the shoulders and buttons all the way down and across the skirts; buttons on the pockets and buttons every where; there were even buttons round the hat. In China the highest grade of literary

distinction is marked by a gold button offixed on the cap of the individual. The different grades of mandarins are likewise de noted by the color of the buttons which they are privileged to wear. So, also, in Europe a button on the front of the cap formerly represented a mark of civil honor. Thus Shake speare makes Guildenstern in "Hamlet" say On fortune's cap we are not the very button; meaning not the most highly favored. Again, George Gascoigne, in his "Woodmanship, makes a similar allusion to the courtly favor of one of his gallants:

His bonnet buttoned with gold, His comile cape begarded all with gay, Lis bombast hose with linings manife -London Queen.

The Greatest Smokers. According to population, Americans consame nearly twice the amount of tobacco that is constanted by Europeans. This comes of the great smoking of tobacco in the form of cigars. In cigar smoking there is only a partial combustion of the tobacco. The tobacco in a cigar would lead an ordinary pipe four or five times. There is another thing to consider. Cigar smoking is very expensive compared with indulgence in the pipe. The habitual smoker who buys the cheapest eigars could for the same money provide himself

bacco,-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette,

Strictly Bosiness. A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew "drummer" from New York, who, when his turn came, with fear and reluctance fished out \$200. He rapidly took \$1 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket. "What do you mean by that?" asked the gentle robber, as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer: "Mine front, you surely would

the discount. -San Francisco Argonaut.

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