

Land Swindlers in Southwestern Iowa.

The Sioux City Journal states that many swindlers have been perpetrated in connection with property located in Northwestern Iowa.

A more remarkable instance came to light some time ago. A gentleman of New York had bought a tract of land in Iowa to look at his possessions.

St. Louis, Mo., where he found that splendid sheet of water known as Jordan Lake, covered the location of his supposed real estate.

Valley's "Advance."

The Omaha Herald copies approvingly Valley's platform for the Democratic party, and characterizes the movement set on foot by that democratic party as a grand advance all along the line.

Valley's platform respects the new Amendments to the Constitution as "irrevocable," but denounces "the manner of their adoption."

He recognizes the principle of universal suffrage for white and black.

He declares in favor of "Free Trade," and the ultimate support of the government by "direct taxation," without a tariff.

He believes in acquisition and annexation, but is against the San Domingo scheme "upon the score of its notorious corruption and jobbery."

He arraigns Grant's administration for its "corruption and favoritism," and denounces Congress for its "Ku Klux legislation."

This is the boasted "advance," and what does it amount to? If that democratic party adopts such a platform, what issue is presented on which it should be advanced to power?

The amendments, and negro suffrage, are all right, what is to be gained by a change of administration? Practically only two points are left: no tariff—that is, the support of the government by direct taxation—and opposition to corruption.

Democracy would make a queer fight on such a basis. For years they have been quarreling with the "odious" direct taxes imposed by the Republican party to meet the demands of the war.

They have talked about the "spies" who were meddling with every man's business to ascertain his income, and the "army of tax collectors" who were "beating out the substance of the people."

Well, we have just got rid of all this, thanks to an honest and economical handling of our financial affairs, the debt having been so reduced that "direct taxation" is almost entirely dispensed with.

Would it be wise to abolish the tariff in order to get another Internal Revenue law?

And so as to "corruption," which Valley's platform is an avowed foe. When did the Democracy ever give us a specimen of their economy? They ran Johnson's Administration, but the "whiskey ring" gobbled up half the treasury.

Is it in New York-city and State? Is it proposed to send Tweed's gang to Washington to illustrate the beauties of economy and purity?

We are inclined to think this "advance along the line" will fail to elicit the confidence of the people. "Free Trade" and Democratic "Economy" are not wanted by the country.

Assassinations and Negro Suffrage are to be maintained, who will do it best, the friends of the enemies of those measures and principles? Why trust a copperhead, or a rebel, to do what is so important to him, on his promise to do it, when you have the tried and true man who fought for the Union, who believes in equal rights, who have reduced the debt and saved the Union?

These are questions which honest and sensible men will ask themselves, and when the Democracy "advances" under the lead of Vallandigham & Co. they will be found on the other side.—Omaha Republican.

New Advertising compels Attention.

A writer in All the Year Round says: The truth is, in this world sheer labor and industry always make themselves felt. This is a theory that would be dear to Mr. Carlyle as representing something real and genuine.

The test of vitality in seeds. While in conversation a short time ago with a most excellent, lively, successful farmer, L. D. Votaw, he said to me that by placing almost any of the larger seeds and grains on a hot pan or griddle, where the vitality was perfect, the grain would pop or crack open, with more or less noise.

Where the vitality is there genuine, where lost, it lies invisible in the vessel. This is a very simple test and will be of much value, if authenticated by extensive experiments.

Kindler is the looking glass than the microscope for the former reveals our defect to ourselves only—the latter to our friends.

While settling a woman's estate at Worcester the other day, an item of six dollars was allowed her daughter for attending her funeral.

How the Hill.

The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will soon be spent. The sun, though it may be up to mid-heaven, will pass swiftly down the western sky and disappear.

What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on the next world, but he must have a light to guide him.

That is a long journey to travel without light, without a guide, and without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when men will begin the journey.

There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveler.

But life's evening star is in a good hope of heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the sun of righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radiance across the darkness of the grave into Immortal's land.

A thousand would not purchase it, yet it is offered without money and without price to him who will patiently and thankfully receive it.

Whimsical Extracts of Wills.

From the will of General Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, 1782: "I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive; and that one of my eyes or fingers be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further desire that my wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

From the will of the Rev. Dr. Appleby, of St. Hill's, 1783: "I desire that my body be laid in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat and breeches without lining and pocket; no shoes (having done walking), and a wig that may be comfortable."

From the will of the Mariner of Bristol, 1785: "My executors to pay, out of the first money collected, to my beloved wife, if living, one shilling, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy hazle nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

Legend of the Passion Flower. It is said that certain Jews, sailing in Jerusalem the death of Christ, saw for the first time, the flowers which are said to have sprung where drops of his blood had fallen, and with the scene of his wondrous passion and death still fresh in their memory, gave to this beautiful flower a symbolic meaning.

The authors are supposed to represent the three kings who came to adore the infant Jesus. The rays represent the glory of our Lord. The purple figure, sometimes found with red spots upon it, is a type of the crown of thorns.

The petals, ten in number, are the representatives of the ten apostles who were faithful to their Heavenly Master. The three spirals, forming the Calyx, are emblematic of the Trinity.

This mystical conception has caused the passion flower to be held in esteem, almost amounting to veneration, in Catholic countries; and the blossom is found entwined, in many cases, with the most beautiful legends and borders of old manuscripts of the sacred writings.

The Chronophor. An interesting object is the chronophor, or instrument from which all England is supplied with the correct time. Sixteen of the most important cities in the Kingdom are in direct communication with the instrument, which is in itself in direct communication with the Observatory at Greenwich.

At 9.58 a clock every morning all the work is suspended, in order that there may be no interference with what is called the "time current," which precisely at the striking of the clock, flashes the intelligence of the new start with which it is in communication.

And not merely at these large towns, but at every postoffice throughout the Kingdom; the clocks at 9.58 a clock are on the lookout for the signal which is being received along their line, and the clocks are adjusted accordingly.

Messrs. Dent, Benson, and all the principal watch makers in London, receive the time every hour from this chronophor. Fine guns at Newcastle and at Shields are also fired at 9.58 by batteries connected with the chronophor, the clock attached to the telegraph part of a second.

Glory Trained to Ashes. Paris is ashes—now a fair of history is the scene. Every eye whose consumption is the whole city lived with women with bitter tears.

The sorrow is deepened when we remember that the hands of the Frenchmen themselves have applied the torch that has consumed the most opulent splendor of the world.

Vengeance has not a significance emphatic enough to express the punishment that should be, with a timely softening mercy, dealt out to the crimson-handed wretches who could thus deliberately destroy the accumulated glory of centuries.

The most magnificent palace in the world, the Tuilleries and the Louvre, is burned to the ground. The splendid heart of Paris, centre of its glory, is in ashes.

There is a certain amount of glory in the world's richest trophies of art, some of the noblest triumphs of its genius.

The palace was commenced in 1564, as a residence for Catherine de Medicis, but on account of the prediction of one of the astrologers that she should die there, she caused the process of the erection to be stopped.

Henry the Fourth, who died in 1610, was the first monarch who took up his regular residence there. About this superb structure, long the residence of kings, cluster the grandest, as well as the most interesting, memories of France—mighty recollections mingled of its transcendent glory and its deepest shame.

The Louvre, in truth a part of this regal residence, was the crystallization of the richest architectural thought of the world. Louis XIV appealed to all the architects and Free Masons of Europe to send in plans, and the one selected was that of the eminent Louis Le Vau, of the Mystical order.

His galleries contained the finest collection of paintings in the world, and some of the richest jewels ever gathered on the earth. There stood in its halls, the works of Raphael and Titian, Guido and Correggio, Rubens and Van Dyke, Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, David and Veronese, and many others of that rare genius, whose touch is a divine inspiration, and whose works are among the ripest glories and achievements of the human race.

All this has gone out in darkness and is now but a handful of blackened ashes. To the vanda hands that have thus despoiled her of her splendid robes woven in the golden deeds of genius, inwrought with the richest gems of art, France owes it to herself to deal out the swiftest retribution, if she has anything that can be called a government, or any men that respect intellectual power or venerate genius.—Omaha Tribune.

A New Political Secret Society.

A secret society has been formed in New York within the past two months, the members of which have only been organized accidentally. It is called "The Raft," and the meetings are held with closed doors.

Its members, who are already numbered close to 50,000, are chiefly of the Democratic and laboring classes. Its object is to influence elections favorable to the working classes, and, if possible, of nominating its members for municipal, legislative and senatorial honors.

Such societies have been established in almost all the large cities of the Union, and from the very large proportion of the voters belonging to the classes represented, it may yet, with united action, wield great power politically.

Horace Greeley has gone to Texas, and the following reliable account of how he started on his journey, which we find in the Star, is good:

Mr. Greeley stopped writing, drew his spectacles from his nose, put a white-brimmed hat on his head, took a few moments to adjust his spectacles, and then, overcoat, leaving the collar turned round, seized a small leather bag, and sloped for the counting room.

"Tell Sam," said he to old Mr. Jenny, "not to take any lottery advertisements, while I'm gone, and to watch the quack ads. I'm going to Texas."

The last words reached old Mr. Jenny's ears, and he struck the side-table. On approaching the carriage, Mr. Greeley stopped as if he had forgotten something. Old Mr. Jenny saw him, he rushed to his side.

"And Mr. Whitehead," said Mr. Greeley, while his eyes beamed on old Mr. Jenny, "that he had better watch Sam's letters from Boston, for he is a Catholic, and he might say something about me to the editor of the Star."

"I'll take care of that," said Mr. Whitehead, "for I'm going to Texas, as old Mr. Whitehead," continued Mr. Greeley, as old Mr. Jenny was about to rush into the office.

"I want you to watch the papers and print the extracts from the papers in Alaska, because our people expect to see them. Tell him to put them in company with the election returns from Connecticut. For I'm going to Texas, and I'll be there in a week."

Here old Mr. Jenny succeeded in getting into the carriage, and Mr. Greeley got into his carriage. Old Cleve, his brother-in-law, took a seat at his side. Two friends of the Poor Boy of the Mohawk occupied the seat opposite.

The carriage was really driven to the New Jersey railroad depot, at the foot of Cortland street. The four passengers, the rascal leather trunk, the wide-brimmed hat, and Mr. Greeley were safely deposited in the ticket office. Old Cleve paid the hack driver. Mr. Greeley stared vacantly for a moment at the ticket agent. Suddenly collecting himself, he got into the carriage, and, after a moment's thought, after another moment's rally, he fastened up a through ticket on the Pan Handle line for Cincinnati, and approached the ticket agent.

"I want that check trunked to—Cincinnati," said Mr. Greeley, hesitatingly. "For I'm going to Texas."

The friends of the Poor Boy of the Mohawk here made the philosopher good-bye, and Old Cleve and Mr. Greeley went on board the ferryboat Jersey City.

Floating sea weed is the poetic name for the untidy, crimped hair in which very young ladies indulged.

Tight lacing is said to have one advantage, though it shortens life—it suffices the face with a charming look.

Some enterprising young man has invented a pocket in the sleeves of gentlemen's overcoats, so that a lady can slip her hand in when she takes a gentleman's arm, in case her hand should happen to be cold.

The Comanche Indians are disgusted with the employment of colored troops on the frontiers, they are so hard to scalp.

Some of the Frenchmen who were expelled by Louis Napoleon in 1851, and are now living in England, are about to sue him for damages.

Although no positive information has been obtained regarding Baneroff's resignation as Minister to Berlin, the report is not discredited in official circles.

Rick Pomeroy, whose wife had the good sense to quit him, some years ago, is now required to pay Anna A. Pomeroy \$20,000 in lieu of dower, and the said Anna given custody of one daughter, Mary A. Pomeroy. The decree of a court was yesterday entered at Milwaukee.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soon pain, and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to colicoid, or even castor.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil, which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates, and may be poured off. One-yolk oil is nearly as expensive as oil of olive. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Nature has assigned to sovereign remedies for human grief. Religion, earnest, firmest, first and best; strength to the weak, and to the wounded; calm; and strenuous action next.—Southey.

China is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer is made at Canton, and a whiskey distillery is in operation at Canton, and the first harvest recently came off in that city with great elate.

An Indianapolis man bought a nice coffin for his sick wife, when she up and got well. Now the coffin is on his head, and it is too short for his own use.

The mail manufacturers of the United States have determined to advance the price twenty five cents a keg in addition to that agreed a month ago.

Detroit is overrun with organ-grinders, and is trying to entice them away by hints that in Memphis they can make \$100 a day. But they don't go worth a cent.

S. calling coin from a dead person's eyes has actually been accomplished in Boston. The woman convicted of the crime was sent to the House of correction for six months.

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman who was inquiring the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; he didn't take a dollar with him."

"Case" hardened people—Printers.

There are in the world about 120,000 miles of railway, that have cost \$10,000,000,000, and give employment to 1,000,000 persons.

You might as well throw yourself down on your back and try to engrave the Declaration and laboring classes. Its object is to influence elections favorable to the working classes, and, if possible, of nominating its members for municipal, legislative and senatorial honors.

Such societies have been established in almost all the large cities of the Union, and from the very large proportion of the voters belonging to the classes represented, it may yet, with united action, wield great power politically.

Horace Greeley has gone to Texas, and the following reliable account of how he started on his journey, which we find in the Star, is good:

Mr. Greeley stopped writing, drew his spectacles from his nose, put a white-brimmed hat on his head, took a few moments to adjust his spectacles, and then, overcoat, leaving the collar turned round, seized a small leather bag, and sloped for the counting room.

"Tell Sam," said he to old Mr. Jenny, "not to take any lottery advertisements, while I'm gone, and to watch the quack ads. I'm going to Texas."

The last words reached old Mr. Jenny's ears, and he struck the side-table. On approaching the carriage, Mr. Greeley stopped as if he had forgotten something. Old Mr. Jenny saw him, he rushed to his side.

"And Mr. Whitehead," said Mr. Greeley, while his eyes beamed on old Mr. Jenny, "that he had better watch Sam's letters from Boston, for he is a Catholic, and he might say something about me to the editor of the Star."

"I'll take care of that," said Mr. Whitehead, "for I'm going to Texas, as old Mr. Whitehead," continued Mr. Greeley, as old Mr. Jenny was about to rush into the office.

"I want you to watch the papers and print the extracts from the papers in Alaska, because our people expect to see them. Tell him to put them in company with the election returns from Connecticut. For I'm going to Texas, and I'll be there in a week."

Here old Mr. Jenny succeeded in getting into the carriage, and Mr. Greeley got into his carriage. Old Cleve, his brother-in-law, took a seat at his side. Two friends of the Poor Boy of the Mohawk occupied the seat opposite.

The carriage was really driven to the New Jersey railroad depot, at the foot of Cortland street. The four passengers, the rascal leather trunk, the wide-brimmed hat, and Mr. Greeley were safely deposited in the ticket office. Old Cleve paid the hack driver. Mr. Greeley stared vacantly for a moment at the ticket agent. Suddenly collecting himself, he got into the carriage, and, after a moment's thought, after another moment's rally, he fastened up a through ticket on the Pan Handle line for Cincinnati, and approached the ticket agent.

"I want that check trunked to—Cincinnati," said Mr. Greeley, hesitatingly. "For I'm going to Texas."

The friends of the Poor Boy of the Mohawk here made the philosopher good-bye, and Old Cleve and Mr. Greeley went on board the ferryboat Jersey City.

Floating sea weed is the poetic name for the untidy, crimped hair in which very young ladies indulged.

Tight lacing is said to have one advantage, though it shortens life—it suffices the face with a charming look.

Some enterprising young man has invented a pocket in the sleeves of gentlemen's overcoats, so that a lady can slip her hand in when she takes a gentleman's arm, in case her hand should happen to be cold.

The Comanche Indians are disgusted with the employment of colored troops on the frontiers, they are so hard to scalp.

Some of the Frenchmen who were expelled by Louis Napoleon in 1851, and are now living in England, are about to sue him for damages.

Although no positive information has been obtained regarding Baneroff's resignation as Minister to Berlin, the report is not discredited in official circles.

Rick Pomeroy, whose wife had the good sense to quit him, some years ago, is now required to pay Anna A. Pomeroy \$20,000 in lieu of dower, and the said Anna given custody of one daughter, Mary A. Pomeroy. The decree of a court was yesterday entered at Milwaukee.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soon pain, and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to colicoid, or even castor.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil, which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates, and may be poured off. One-yolk oil is nearly as expensive as oil of olive. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Nature has assigned to sovereign remedies for human grief. Religion, earnest, firmest, first and best; strength to the weak, and to the wounded; calm; and strenuous action next.—Southey.

China is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer is made at Canton, and a whiskey distillery is in operation at Canton, and the first harvest recently came off in that city with great elate.

An Indianapolis man bought a nice coffin for his sick wife, when she up and got well. Now the coffin is on his head, and it is too short for his own use.

The mail manufacturers of the United States have determined to advance the price twenty five cents a keg in addition to that agreed a month ago.

Detroit is overrun with organ-grinders, and is trying to entice them away by hints that in Memphis they can make \$100 a day. But they don't go worth a cent.

S. calling coin from a dead person's eyes has actually been accomplished in Boston. The woman convicted of the crime was sent to the House of correction for six months.

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman who was inquiring the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; he didn't take a dollar with him."

E. T. DUKE & CO., THE HERALD

Hardware and Cutlery, Stoves, TINWARE, ROPE, IRON, STEEL NAILS AND Blacksmith Tools, &c.

Keep on hand a Large Stock of CHAIR OAK, BUCKPATENT, CHICAGO, EMPORIA, LOYAL COOK

And Other First-Class Cooking STOVES. All kinds of Heating Stoves. Coal or Wood kept on hand.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS DONE. —MOLINE— Stirling and Breaking Plows At Not Cost for Cash.

Our prices are as low as any house in the State. [Jan 20, 71.]

FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS AND BUY THE BEST!

PATENT SEEDER PATENTED MAY 17, 1870

WHICH YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AT RUSSELL & DOON'S, West End Main street, - Plattsmouth, Neb.

All Implements WARRANTED!! THEY SELL THE CELEBRATED

Weir Corn Plow, L. & L. Champion Corn Plow, Grand Trench Breaking Plow, Patent Iron Beam Sowing Plow, A. P. Dickey Fan Mills, Europa & L. X. L. Stalk Cutters, Threshing Machines, Reapers and Mowers, Seeders, &c. &c. &c. Of the best kind and quality, and at low prices. RUSSELL & DOON, Plattsmouth, Neb. March 31st w71.

FOUNDED 1874. Garden seeds, Field seeds, Flower seeds at

J. GREENWOOD'S (Successor to M. Ten Eyck), Corner Main and Sixth Street, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Largest assortment and warranted Fresh Potatoes at Landreth's Bloomsdale Seed Farm, near Philadelphia Pa.

Seeds in Bulk or in Packages. I would call the special attention of the Ladies to our large assortment of select annual, biennial and perennial flower seeds. We have also D. M. Ferry & Co's seeds, Chicago Seed Co's seeds - West Seed Co's seeds. Call early in order to secure the best. German Knautknob, Grass by the pound or bushel. March 22d 71

Phelps Pain GEN'L INSURANCE AG'T PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

Represents some of the most reliable Companies in the United States. Office with Barnes & Pollock in Fitzgerald's Block

FOR SALE—600 acres of land adjoining Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Enquire of S. DUKE.

THE HERALD

Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT

AT FOOT OF MAIN STREET. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Hardware and Cutlery, Stoves, TINWARE, ROPE, IRON, STEEL NAILS AND Blacksmith Tools, &c.

Keep on hand a Large Stock of CHAIR OAK, BUCKPATENT, CHICAGO, EMPORIA, LOYAL COOK

And Other First-Class Cooking STOVES. All kinds of Heating Stoves. Coal or Wood kept on hand.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS DONE. —MOLINE— Stirling and Breaking Plows At Not Cost for Cash.

Our prices are as low as any house in the State. [Jan 20, 71.]

FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS AND BUY THE BEST!

PATENT SEEDER PATENTED MAY 17, 1870

WHICH YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AT RUSSELL & DOON'S, West End Main street, - Plattsmouth, Neb.

All Implements WARRANTED!! THEY SELL THE CELEBRATED

Weir Corn Plow, L. & L. Champion Corn Plow, Grand Trench Breaking Plow, Patent Iron Beam Sowing Plow, A. P. Dickey Fan Mills, Europa & L. X. L. Stalk Cutters, Threshing Machines, Reapers and Mowers, Seeders, &c. &c. &c. Of the best kind and quality, and at low prices. RUSSELL & DOON, Plattsmouth, Neb. March 31st w71.

FOUNDED 1874. Garden seeds, Field seeds, Flower seeds at

J. GREENWOOD'S (Successor to M. Ten Eyck), Corner Main and Sixth Street, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Largest assortment and warranted Fresh Potatoes at Landreth's Bloomsdale Seed Farm, near Philadelphia Pa.

Seeds in Bulk or in Packages. I would call the special attention of the Ladies to our large assortment of select annual, biennial and perennial flower seeds. We have also D. M. Ferry & Co's seeds, Chicago Seed Co's seeds - West Seed Co's seeds. Call early in order to secure the best. German Knautknob, Grass by the pound or bushel. March 22d 71

Phelps Pain GEN'L INSURANCE AG'T PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

Represents some of the most reliable Companies in the United States. Office with Barnes & Pollock in Fitzgerald's Block

FOR SALE—600 acres of land adjoining Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Enquire of S. DUKE.

WOOL WANTED

500,000 Pounds of Wool Want at ST. JOSEPH

FOR WHICH THE Highest Price will be Paid, IN GOODS OR MONEY.

Our goods will be found well worth a trial and to be in every respect as we represent—no wool, fast colors, superior finish, and as they are all wool, and no shoddy, waste or flyings used in their manufacture, we guarantee satisfaction as to their durability.

Particular goods in exchange for wool are offered, getting them at the very lowest prices. Those desiring their services, I manufacture into rags, rags, with have, I returned immediately without charges for drays to and from the depot.

Price for calling: carding, spinning and finishing—see goods in exchange for wool. Satisfaction given in all respects. Samples of our goods, when requested, will be sent to you, consisting of casimere, tweed, &c. Felted clothes, satinettes, jeans, plain and ribbed flannels, gray and white blankets, stockings, yarn, single or double, in all colors, &c.

We would invite the attention of farmers in this advertisement, would prefer wool for our goods to money, and will give you better bargains than you can get elsewhere. Give us a call, or send your wool. Factory, No. 111, Third Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Price, on Flax Walnut Table, with Outfit, \$100.00

Other styles and finishes low as any other. Geo. Buel & Co., 1