

THE QUEST.

I looked at life—"Give me the gift you hold" Fighting, she offered me a crown of gold.

"Nay," I besought, "The boon I crave is higher" Smiling, she handed me a brand of fire.

I spoke to death—"Unfold your mystery!" And held life's torch above my head to see;

When lo! there shone beyond death's prison bars The glimmer of eternal stars.

—Margaret Lippincott in Traveler's Record.

"FROM THE HOSPITAL."

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, "I know I could depend upon the hospitality of my flock to entertain this excellent young divine, seeing that my own house hold is in so disorganized a condition, owing to the exigencies of cleaning house."

It will be only for a night or two, and we all know what is promised to those who receive the angel unawares."

And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and looked smilingly around upon the members of the Young Ladies Aid association, while a very perceptible murmur of assent rose up from the aggregate collection of curls, bangs, frizzed hair and crimped lace.

Not a damsel in the number but would gladly have extended her gracious hospitality to the Rev. Felix Amory, who was to preach sermon in aid of "Home Helps and Missions" at the village church upon the coming Sunday evening.

"I'm sure," said Miss Lida Larkspur, promptly anticipating the crisis, "papa would be most happy to receive the gentleman!"

While the other ladies looked indignantly at Miss Lida, then at each other, and whispered, "Hold things!"

"Most kind of you to promise it, I'm sure," said Mr. Dibble, and so the matter was settled, not at all to the general satisfaction.

And Lida Larkspur went home and issued orders that the parlor curtains should be washed and ironed, and a pound cake of the richest nature concocted.

While Kate Duer, the doctor's sister, who was as fond of young clergymen as Lida herself, and would in no wise have objected to varying the monotony of her home life with a spice of ecclesiastical novelty, returned to her crochet work with a yawn and a general impression that life was a bore.

"We are to have a young lecturer from the city in the church on Sunday evening," she said to her brother when he bustled in to dinner.

"Eh?" said Dr. Duer, swallowing his scolding soup; "are we? By the way, Kate, there's a new case of smallpox on the railway embankment."

"Dear me," said Kate, who was composing a refreshing salad in a carved wooden bowl; "I hope you will keep well vaccinated, Hugh."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that!" said the doctor, "only the other patients in the hospital object to such a case."

"I should think it very likely," said Kate with a little sneer.

"I must try to isolate him somewhere," said Dr. Duer thoughtfully. "In one of those stone houses by the river perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had the disease, I know."

Then Dr. Duer tasted the salad and pronounced it first rate.

Pitcherville was all on the qui vive that day when the double shotted piece of tidings down on the tongue of popular rumor through the town. "An actual smallpox case in their midst and a young minister coming all the way from New York to appeal to their sympathies on behalf of home missions."

"I wonder if it is contagious?" said old Mrs. McAdams, looking very round-eyed through her spectacles.

"Contagious?" said Mrs. Emmons, "it ought to find its way into every house in our village."

"What?" cried Mrs. McAdams, "the smallpox?"

"No, certainly not," said Mrs. Emmons; "the sympathetic movement in favor of home missions."

"Then every one laughed. Mrs. McAdams looked puzzled, and Mrs. Emmons drew herself up and remarked that "it was very irrelevant to laugh at sacred things."

Miss Lida Larkspur, whose father did not believe in vaccination and who had a mortal horror of the disease against which the famous Jenner waged so successful a warfare, was much troubled in her mind.

"I've always had a sort of premonition that I should fall a victim to the smallpox," sighed she; "I only wish pa would let me be vaccinated!"

Betsy: "and I ain't been vaccinated these seven years or more."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Printemps. "If you go across the pasture you'll get them before he does. Hurry, now."

Kate Duer was standing in her doorway watching the storm roll grandly over the mountain tops, when the weary and bewildered traveler opened the gate and came hesitatingly in.

"I beg your pardon," said he, meekly; "but I think there must be something singular in my appearance. People seem to shut their doors against me, and shun me as if I had the pestilence. And I cannot find the residence of Mr. Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be asking too much if I were to request permission to rest in your porch until the storm is over?"

"Oh, I understand," said Kate, quietly. "You are the smallpox patient. But I have been vaccinated and am not afraid of the disease. There is a very comfortable chamber in the second story of the barn, and you shall be carefully nursed and taken care of there, and—"

"But you are mistaken," cried the young man. "I am not!"

"Hush!" cried Kate, gently. "Do not be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. Duer's sister, and I know the whole story. Sit here and rest a little, and I will bring you some bread and milk until my brother comes."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," said the stranger, "and the bread and milk will taste delicious after my long walk. But I do not know what leads you to think that I am a victim to the virulent disease. I have lost my hat in the wind, but I never had smallpox, and hope never to encounter its horrors."

"Then," said she, "if you are not the smallpox case, who are you?"

"I am Felix Amory," said the young stranger, "the chaplain of St. Lucetta's hospital in New York. I am to preach in aid of the home mission on Sunday next."

Kate Duer burst out laughing.

"And every one has been mistaking you for the smallpox case! Oh, Mr. Amory, do come in. How could we all have been so stupid? But you see the minute that you began to speak of the hospital—"

"I dare say it was very awkward of me," said Mr. Amory. "But it's the way I have always mentioned myself to strangers. St. Lucetta's, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to the good folks here, there is only one hospital in the world, and that is the Pitcherville institute."

Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea, sliced peaches and delicate "angel cake" very much, as he sat conversing with Kate Duer by the soft light of the shaded lamp, while the rain pattered without. And when the doctor came it was cozier yet.

"The smallpox case?" said he. "Oh, that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry since this morning. And doing very well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry that you have had such a disastrous experience."

"All's well that ends well," said the young clergyman, leaning back in his seat with an expression of ineffable content on his face.

Miss Lida Larkspur was quite indignant when she heard that Mr. Amory was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

"Just like Kate Duer," said she. "To maneuver to get that poor young man into her hands, after all. But if a man rushes around the country, telling every body that he comes from a hospital, what can he expect?"

"The most awkward thing I ever heard of in my life!" said Mrs. Printemps, vindictively.

But this was not Mr. Felix Amory's last visit to Pitcherville. He came in autumn, when the leaves were red and then in the frozen beauty of winter. And the last time he asked Kate Duer "if she was willing to encounter the trials of a minister's wife."

And Kate, after a little hesitation, said that she was willing to try.

And Miss Lida Larkspur declared that "any one could get married if they were as bold about it as Kate Duer."—Waverley Magazine.

Beauty and the Climate. The Boston woman, considered as a type, affords most entertaining study to the observer who is disposed to view things from a humorous standpoint. She is interesting because so different from the female of our species elsewhere. Unquestionably, she is not beautiful. You may promenade Washington and Tremont streets for half a day, and never see one really pretty girl. Venture into the shops and you will find not a few, behind the counters. But they are not of the indigenous breed. They come, almost without exception, from "down in Maine," or from Irish-American parentage—a cross nearly always productive of pretty faces and good figures. In society, which is a sort of caste by itself, there are some handsome women, but not very many. In the population at large beauty in petticoats is singularly lacking.

Doubtless, the climate has much to do with it. Here it is winter eight months in the year. There is no vegetation until the 1st of June, to speak of, and it is mostly gone by the beginning of October. The sun is not generous with the rays it sheds upon the soil of Massachusetts. Such conditions are not favorable to the cultivation of loveliness. In the warm parts of the earth things bloom spontaneously; girls are more apt than not to grow up pretty, their complexions are clear and good—at any rate in youth—and their figures are rounded with the lines of grace. It ought to be as natural for a woman to blossom into beauty, even if she fades afterward, as for a flower. And under favorable circumstances it is so. In this region, however, even the young girls, at that age when they should be loveliest, are plain and angular.—Bessie Bache in New Orleans Picayune.

The Newspapers of Japan. It is only eighteen years since the first newspaper was published in Japan. Still 61,000,000 copies of newspapers were sold in 1884, and the increase of 1879 was double that of 1876. At present Japan has 575 daily and weekly newspapers, and its dailies number 97. It publishes 35 law magazines and 111 scientific periodicals. It has 35 medical journals and an equal number of religious newspapers. Its people read eight different story papers, and 102 papers cater to the agricultural, commercial and industrial classes. It has its Punch or Puck, and this is filled with cartoons and witticisms taking of the public men of the mikado's empire just as Puck and Judge do those of our republic. All of these papers are published in Japanese. They are read by the natives of the country, and the work upon them is done entirely by native labor. They are the outgrowth of the new civilization and they are the great educators of the people.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

THE MAKING OF CIDER.

BYGONE DAYS OF THE STONE TROUGH AND ROLLER.

Methods of the Massachusetts Farmer of a Hundred Years Ago—Primitive Press and the "Cheese"—Wooden Cylinders for Grinding—Modern Inventions.

There are some interesting facts in connection with the cider industry of the state which at the opening of the present century was a primitive business among the farmers. The fruit of which the cider was made at that time was the wild, natural apples, mostly sour and deficient of flavor. The cider was a harsh, sour drink, even as it ran from the press. The cider drinker of those days lived to a great age. As time went on, grafting was discovered, then many of the wild trees were grafted to more palatable fruit and later an budding came into use. Then an experienced bunder could change hundreds of small nursery seedlings in one day to any desirable variety. At this day, there are not more than ten or a dozen varieties of apples with which it is advisable to plant an orchard. These choice varieties are choice because they possess the requisites for success to the planter, namely, quality, productivity, vigor, growth, and color pleasing to the eye of the consumer.

THE OLD FASHIONED MILL. Here is a description of a cider mill of a well to do farmer 100 years ago. The first thing was a circular stone trough about 30 feet in diameter. The inside stones, which were set up edgewise, were about 18 inches in height, and the outside stones were 3 feet in height. The space between the stones was filled with clay, pounded in hard to prevent leaking. The width of the bottom of the trench was about 15 inches. A post was set in the center of the circle, and from that post extended a shaft of wood, which served as the axis of a stone cylinder made to turn in the trough. The diameter of the cylinder was 4 feet long and about 8 inches in diameter. At the end of the shaft, outside the trench, a horse was hitched. The animal, by walking around the stone, jammed under the cylinder the apples that were placed in the trough. A man or a smart boy had his hands full to keep the horse going and to hold the apples under the stone, as they had a tendency to slide up the sides of the circular trough. In six hours a horse and man could mash about thirty bushels of apples, if the horse did not get the blind staggers from walking in so small a circle.

After the grinding the finest portion of the pomace was shoveled into a tub and slid on two timbers to the press. A thick layer of straw was laid on the bottom of the press, with the ends reaching over a frame the size of the intended cheese. They a layer of mashed apple was laid on, and the straw was bent over the edge of the layer of apples, the form lifted up, then a layer of straw and so on until the cheese was at the desired height. The press was outdoors, with a roof over the top. The press was set high enough above the ground to allow a tub to be set under the vat to receive the juice.

"TIGGINS" AND STRAINER. The juice was bailed from the tub by a vessel called a "piggins," a wooden measure like a peck measure of today, with a wooden handle attached. The strainer and funnel consisted of a bucket of about two gallons capacity, with a wooden tube fastened on the bottom to place in the piggins. The tube was filled with straw for a strainer.

After six or eight hours of pressing the cheese would be quite compact; then the screws were raised and the sides of the cheese were cut down with a broadax. Two or three buckets of water were then poured upon the cheese, and then the screws were forced down for all they would stand. The result of all labor was about two and one-half gallons of juice from a bushel of apples, and, being exposed so much and so long to the atmosphere, was oxidized to a dark brown color, which was supposed at that time (and is today by some people) to be the only criterion of its quality.

After the "one age" of making cider, wooden cylinders, two feet in length and one in diameter, were used. These stood edgewise, with fluted edges, each flute fitted into the other with a sweep on the top. The cylinders were driven by horse power, and the horse walked in a circle of 30 feet. Each time he traveled 60 feet the "nut" on the top of the cylinder would revolve once around. The mashed apples adhered to them so that a person had to scrape the pomace from the revolving nuts opposite the hopper.

About 1830 a Salem man invented a high speed grater to lie horizontally and revolve at a speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute. It was about one foot in length and the same in diameter. That day away with scraping off the pomace. The bar on the top of the cylinder held the apples from crowding. That contrivance would grind sixty bushels in about three hours if the bar was set for fine work.

LATER INVENTIONS. About this time iron screws came into use and took the place of the wooden ones, and saw matches were attached to them. By this method a cheese put on the press in the morning would be ready to throw off the next morning, providing five or six hours were spent by two men pulling on the screws.

During the last war power presses began to be invented, first screw, then knuckle jointed, similar to Franklin's press. They required great care to prevent the cheese from sliding.

With those presses came the cloths and frames. The cloths are called cider cloths. They are three threaded and twisted very hard, with the desired space between each thread. Frames of lattice work were used between each cloth holding the pomace, and they were about four inches apart. After the pressure was taken off the layer of pomace was about one inch in thickness.

In 1884 a four screw press was invented with three speeds up and the same down that would drain a cheese in thirty minutes. The cylinders are intended to make 2,800 revolutions per minute. At that speed it will "scrape" 100 bushels in thirty minutes.

The improved mills of the present time are too costly for the average farmer to own. Only those near a dense population and who are able to buy apples of their neighbors can afford to maintain a plant to work two months in the year and be idle ten months.—Boston Globe.

Preserving Vegetables. Wife (at breakfast)—My dear, will you have some more of the stewed potatoes? I cooked them myself. Husband—No; I've had enough. Wife—What is the best way to keep potatoes, John? Husband—I think the best way for you to keep potatoes is to stew 'em.—Harper's Bazar.

GIVING TO THE POOR.

Degrading Effects of Public Charity—London's Modes of Relief.

Those who are interested to examine the economic results of giving to the poor, in England, Scotland and Ireland, will find plenty of books on the subject. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" contains a good article under the heading "poor law." See also other encyclopedias.

The Scotch are proverbially thrifty and economical, and yet they have been degraded by the poor law of 1845. In some parts of Scotland there is ten times the poverty there is in Ireland. That law gives more relief to the English, and the Scotch is regarded as a nice gift. Those who had savings in banks transferred them to others. Careful investigation, and even the labor test, did not quell the applications in any such manner as did the Irish workhouse. Matters came to such a pass that the fishermen of Wick could not get their nets mended, their former assistants saying that they could get a living easier from the parish.

In Ireland there is very little out door relief, the proportion of Scotland being almost reversed—five in door to one out door pauper. In spite of Ireland's unjust land system and high rents, the whole number of her paupers does not amount to one-half those of London alone.

The Irish will submit to every privation rather than let friends go to the work house, which is the legal mode of relief, and is not a charity.

In London many people get relief who could do without it, and consider it no disgrace. Industry, economy, temperance and self restraint would enable most of them to take care of themselves if they could. However, the law is a necessary restraint, being unavoidable or even disgraced. They therefore submit to it. If they may eat without work in some other way, they will; if not, many of them will work. Why are these people in such condition? It is a duty we owe to society to ascertain what are their thoughts, what the motives that have led them to such lives. If the result is that the vices and injustices and prodigality of the rich have in part induced such results, let it be exposed boldly and fearlessly. If injustice in the wage system and in land tenure is the cause in part, let this also be proclaimed.—Charles W. Smiley in Popular Science Monthly.

A Once Powerful Indian Tribe. The Rev. Israel McCoy, Baptist missionary, who followed the Missions in Washington, D. C., in 1815 to 1850, who performed the first Protestant Christian marriage ceremony north of Terre Haute and founded a permanent mission in the Indian territory, saw the tribe shrink to a few hundred. In 1872 the writer of this sketch, curious to see the old Indians whose childhood, like his own, was spent on the Washash, hunted up the Indians in the Indian territory and was told that they now numbered no more than fifty families; their tribal organization is merged and they are simply Cherokee citizens. Their names are on our bright streams and fertile plains—Shenonee, Wena, Washash, Raccoon creek (Pishewah), Miami, Tippecanoe, etc.—but of all the ten thousand or more Indians who once ranged the state, not five hundred representatives remain. Victims of the white man's progress and their own lack of adaptation, they are gone and forever. The plow still turns up occasionally their stone hatchets and Flint arrow heads; but about the site of Wavata-no is in dispute, and Tippecanoe is their only battle ground that remains even a trace of its original wildness.—Indiana Letter.

Best Sidewalk for Easy Walking. It may be thought that the material of which a sidewalk is constructed is of no importance so long as a sidewalk is there. This is a great mistake. The inducement that the surface of a sidewalk has upon the ease with which a pedestrian gets about can only be realized by close observation and experiment. Take a number of sidewalks, all slightly undulating, and experiment. It will be found that a polished stone sidewalk requires fully one-half more exertion to traverse than an equal distance of granite pavement does. A brick walk gives much less fatigue, while the iron walk, cast with little projections, is, by far, the easiest of any to walk upon. My attention was called to this while making a series of walking races with a man who invariably passed me in going home. Do what I could, I could not keep pace with him on the smooth stone. One night, however, I chanced to take to the iron walk that was inside the stone, and to my surprise found that I excelled him in speed, with far less fatigue on my limbs than when being regularly distanced on the same footing.—Pedestrian in Globe-Democrat.

Erythrum or Eubach. California pyrethrum, or eubach, still holds its own as a specific against the evil bug, but the best insecticide is not a better remedy. Mr. E. S. Cannon reports as the result of some years' experience that this same eubach is a specific against that serious pest of the orchardist, the rose chafer, Macrodactylus subspinosus. We had no opportunity to test the value of this insecticide upon this beetle, but did try it on the rose chafers, with marked success. May it not be that Mr. Cannon's success, and the want of success which others report, may be harmonized in the fact that Mr. Cannon was more thorough and persistent in his work? It must be remembered that eubach is effective because of a volatile substance which is quick to escape. If the powder is left exposed, it will make the insecticide, it must be applied daily. An application today, while it will kill the insects at work, may do so to-morrow. Thus frequent applications only can give success.—Professor Cook, Agriculture College, Michigan.

Metal Ties for Railroads. Attempts have been made to a considerable extent to substitute metal for wooden ties on railroads, but it does not yet appear that the right kind of tie has been invented. Wood possesses the quality of yielding in just about the right degree, and a metal tie should come as near to the same degree of yield as possible. The way the railroads are using up the stock of available timber should be an incentive to some ingenious inventor to bring out a metal tie equal to a wooden one.—Frank Leslie's.

Capital Punishment in France. "Capital punishment may be said to be virtually abolished in France at the present day," said the public executioner of France. "Paris alone last year tried 300 men for murder, and convicted only five of them. The leniency shown to criminals in M. Grevy's time led to a reduction of my salary from \$1,500 to \$1,200. This is my entire income, for I get no fees or perquisites, and I am content."—Paris Cor. New York World.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS! OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENTS!

"Competition is the Life of Trade." and if you have not seen our latest improved goods you cannot imagine how lively trade is, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep within the mark. Ask your retailer for the JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE, or the JAMES MEANS' \$4 SHOE according to your needs.

Positively more genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior shoes upon which they make a large profit.



Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means' \$1 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate. Ours are the original \$1 and \$4 Shoes, and those who initiate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our factories in the United States.

One of our traveling salesmen who is now visiting the shoe retailers of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain Region writes from there as follows: "I am more than satisfied with the results of my trip. I have thus far succeeded in placing our full line in the hands of a No. 1 dealer in every point I have visited. He goes on to say, 'This is a splendid reason for our success, because the shoe retailers are changing their customers at retail about double the prices which the shoes have cost at wholesale. The consequence is that the people who wear shoes are paying six or seven dollars a pair for shoes which do not cost as much as our JAMES MEANS' \$3 and \$4 SHOES. Our shoes with their very low retail prices stamped on the soles of every pair are breaking down the high prices which have hitherto ruled in the retail markets here, and when a retailer puts a full line of goods in his stock they at once begin to go off like hot cakes, so great is the demand for them.'"

Now, kind reader, just stop and consider what the above signifies so far as you are concerned. It assures you that if you keep on buying shoes bearing no manufacturer's name or fixed retail price stamped on the soles, you cannot tell what you are getting and your retailer is probably making you pay double what your shoes have cost him. Now, can you afford to do this while we are protecting you by stamping our name and the fixed retail price upon the soles of our shoes before they leave our factory so that you can be made to pay no more for your shoes than they are worth?"

Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. If you desire to have us send you a copy of our catalogue, please send us your name and address, and we will gladly within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one dollar in postal card and write to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

I. PEARLMAN, DEALER IN STOVES, FURNITURE, HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

LATEST STYLES OF WINDOW CURTAINS

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER



ONLY 33.10 FOR THE WEEKLY HERALD

Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

Many suppose DEMOREST'S MONTHLY to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake. It undoubtedly contains the finest FASHION DEPARTMENT of any magazine published, but this is the case from that great enterprise which has a long and honorable record, so that each department is equal to a magazine in itself. In DEMOREST'S you get a dozen magazines in one, and you receive constant and instruction for the whole family. It contains Stories, Poems, and other Literary attractions, including Artistic, Scientific, and Household matters, and is illustrated with original Steel Engravings, Photographs, Water-Colors, and fine Woodcuts, making it the MODEL MAGAZINE OF AMERICA.

the holder to the selection of ANY PATTERNS illustrated in any number of the Magazine, and in ANY OF THE SIZES manufactured, each valued at from 20 cents to 30 cents, or over \$3.00 worth of patterns per year, free. Yearly subscription, \$2.00. A trial will convince you that you can get ten times the value of the money paid. Single copies (each containing Pattern Order), 20 cents.

Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, NEW YORK. The above combination is a splendid chance to get our paper and DEMOREST'S MONTHLY at a reduced rate. Send your subscriptions to this office.

JONATHAN HATT & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CITY MEAT MARKET.

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON AND VEAL. THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sugar Cured Meats, Hams, Bacon, Lard, &c., &c. of our own make. The best brands of OYSTERS, in cans and bulk, at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GIVE 'EM A CALL

ROBERT SHERWOOD, AGENT FOR THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE. I carry the Best Makes' Hand-Turned and Sewing Machines. For THE PRICES! Just Received, the finest lot of Infants' Shoes! IN THE CITY.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guarantee specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Etc., Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in Insanity, a leading T. Astor, Gentry and death, premature old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Insanity, Loss of Sight, Spinal rheumatism caused by over-exertion of the brain, febrile or fever-indulgence. Each box contains the month's treatment, with 50 or 60 boxes for \$25.00, sent by mail, prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. To cure any case. With each order received by us or six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee tested only by Will J. Warwick & Co., Plattsmouth, Neb.

WM. L. BROWNE, LAW OFFICE. Personal attention to all Business Entrusted to my care.

NOTARY IN OFFICE. Titles Examined, Abstracts Compiled, Insurance Written, Real Estate Sold. Better Facilities for making Farm Loans than Any Other Agency.

J. C. BOONE, BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. All work first-class; west Fifth Street, North Robert Sherwood's Store, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.