

BLACK SWAMP MUTINY.

A PLEASANT ANECDOTE CONNECTED WITH THE WAR OF 1812.

Marching Prisoners Across Ohio—Sergeant Raper's Trying Position—A Scotchman's Idea of Honor in War—Captor and Captive Meet Later in Life.

A day or two before the battle of the Thames, Raper's company was told to march up the lake some fifteen miles to prevent the landing of the British from their vessels, and the engagement took place during their absence. This circumstance rendered it necessary for his company, which was now the strongest, to be put in charge of the prisoners taken by Commodore Perry and Gen. Harrison and march them across the state to the Newport station in Kentucky.

His superior officers having been taken sick, the command devolved upon him. It was a responsible undertaking for so young an officer. The company consisted of 100 soldiers and the prisoners numbered 400. Their route was through the wilderness of the Black Swamp, which at that season was newly covered with water. In their march they became bewildered and lost.

HONORABLE PRISONERS OF WAR. For three days and nights they wandered about in the swamp without food, and became so scattered that on the morning of the third day he found himself with a guard of only twelve men, and 100 prisoners. Seeing their weakness the prisoners mutinied, and refused to march. No time was to be lost; Raper called out his men, commanded them to make ready, which they did by fixing bayonets and cocking their guns. He then gave the prisoners five minutes to decide whether they would obey him or not. At the expiration of the last minute the soldiers were ordered to present arms, take aim, and—before the word "fire" had escaped his lips, a large Scotch soldier cried "hold," and stepping aside, asked the privilege of saying a word to his companions; it was granted, whereupon he addressed them as follows:

"We have been taken in a fair fight, and are prisoners; honorably so, and this conduct is disgraceful to our king's flag, not becoming true soldiers. Now," said he, "I have had no hand in raising this mutiny, and I propose that all who are in favor of behaving themselves as honorable prisoners of war shall rally around me, and we will take the others in hand ourselves, and the American guard shall stand by and see fair play." This speech had the desired effect, the mutiny was brought to an end without bloodshed, and Raper delivered his prisoners at Newport. They had among the prisoners two Indians, whom Raper forced at the point of the sword to lead them out of the swamp.

After Raper's arrival in Newport he was offered a commission in the regular army. Such was his love for his mother that he would take no important step without consulting her. The answer was characteristic of the noble mothers of that day. "My son, if my country was still engaged in war and I had fifty sons I would freely give them all to her service, but, as peace is now declared, I think something better awaits my son than the camp life of a soldier in time of peace."

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE. In 1819 Raper became a minister in the Methodist church, and while traveling in Indiana, upon the first visit to one of his appointments, a fine, large man approached him, called him brother, and said: "I know you the moment I saw you, but I suppose you have forgotten me. I am the Scotch soldier that made the speech to the prisoners the morning of the mutiny in the Black Swamp. After we were exchanged as prisoners of war, my enlistment terminated. I had been brought to see the justice of the American cause and the greatness of the country, and I resolved to become an American citizen. I came to this state, rented some land and opened up a farm. I have joined the Methodist church, and, praise God! the best of all is, I have obtained religion! Not among the least of my blessings is a fine wife and noble child. So come," said he, "dinner will be ready by the time we get home." And the two soldiers, now as friends and Christians, renewed their acquaintance, and were ever after fast friends.

At another time Raper met with a singular accident while riding to one of his appointments. Swimming his horse over a creek, the horse became entangled and sank, but with great effort he managed to catch hold of the limb of a tree overhead, where he was enabled to rest and hold his head above water. While thus suspended, the thought rushed upon him: "Mother is praying for me, and I shall be saved." After resting a moment he made an effort and got to shore, his horse also safely landing. His mother, ninety miles away, that morning awoke suddenly in fright with the thought upon her, "William is in great danger," when she sprang for some time in intense supplication for his safety, until she received a sweet assurance that all was well. When they met and related the facts, and compared the time, they precisely agreed.

This hero of the Black Swamp died in 1852, closing a life of great usefulness. Father Finley says of him that he was an eloquent preacher, a sweet, melodious singer, was filled with the spirit of kindness, while his conversational powers were superior, replete with a fund of useful incidents gathered from practical life in camp, pulpit and cabin.—Howe's "Historical Collections of Ohio."

A Practical "Bull." When the rebels in 1798 wished to testify their abhorrence of the Hon. John Bessford they diligently collected a vast number of the notes issued by his bank, and, with much shouting and glorification, burned them publicly in a bonfire. I forget how many thousands of pounds these true sons of the Green Isle thus presented to their enemy—as a token of their hatred.—The Spectator.

LOVE IS LIFE.

When you are dead I do not care to live. For what should I desire in life but such delight as comes to me with love I give. And take? Of that deep joy there is no moon. The life that ends with your dear love is all I care to hold; so let me fondly trust That when death comes to you my final call I'll hear and journey with you back to dust.

They tell me of another life, quite free From power of pain, filled up with lasting peace. Void of sensation, but for you and me We crave no joys where life and sense shall cease.—Sedora Clarke.

STORY OF A QUEEN.

A book bearing on a bourgeois family of Marseilles has just appeared—a family of whose daughters two became queens, another a duchess, and a fourth the wife of a marshal of the empire.

The recent death of Count Francois Clary, ex-senator of the empire, naturally brings up remembrances of this Clary family, which—except, of course, the Bonapartes—was, on the whole, the most distinguished of the new families created by the French revolution. Its founder was also Francois Clary, a wealthy merchant of Marseilles, who died in 1794, before the social fortune of his family had been dreamed of. He had two sons, one of whom succeeded to the business, and four daughters.

Of these, one married Baron Antoine de St. Joseph, a remarkable economist, who belonged to a family of magistrates, and had distinguished himself by travels and commercial combinations. He lived at Constantinople for ten years as head of a commercial house, and finally projected a commercial alliance between Russia, Poland and France, to develop French commerce with the Black sea. The idea was warmly taken up by Catherine the Second, and was adopted. Timber and other merchandise were brought by the Dnieper, the Black sea and the Mediterranean to Marseilles in three months, which, by the old route of the Baltic and the ocean, would have taken three years to arrive. Antoine amassed a large fortune, and in 1786 was made a baron.

One of his daughters married Marshal Suchet, Duc d'Albufera; the other, the Admiral Duc Decres, Napoleon's minister of marine. Francois Clary's third daughter, Julie, married Joseph Bonaparte, and was queen of Naples and of Spain. The fourth daughter, Desiree, married Bernadotte, and did queen of Sweden. His niece—the sister of the just deceased Count Francois Clary—married the Prince de Wagram, son of Marshal Berthier; and since then the Clarys have become allied with the Murats, the Nels, the Turcoms, the La Croix-Lavals and other distinguished families, both of the Imperialist and the Legitimist aristocracy.

Baron Hochschild has recently published a little book, "Desiree, Reine de Suedet et de Norvege" (Paris: Plon, 1888). As the author had seen much of a queen's circle at Paris when he was a boy—his father being Swedish minister there under the Restoration—and, as he was subsequently for many years her chamberlain, he is able from her conversations and letters to tell us much which is new and interesting.

Bernardine Eugenie Desiree Clary was born in 1781, and was early sent to a convent school; but her education was arrested by the suppression of the convents, and soon after her return home her father died. She had but slight recollections of her child life at home, except when chance brought up some incident. On one of these she liked afterward to dwell. There came, one day, to her father's house a quartermaster sergeant, with a billet for quartering soldiers. As her father hated the row and disturbance which soldiers generally made, he sent him off with a letter to his colonel asking for an officer or two instead. The sergeant thus turned off was Bernadotte.

In 1794, after her father's death, her elder brother was arrested. Her sister-in-law was in despair, for the revolutionary tribunals were terribly expeditious. She resolved, therefore, to go and see the Deputy Abitte, and not wishing to be alone, took Desiree with her. There was a crowd of people in the waiting room, and owing to weariness, heat and emotion, the little girl fell asleep. When she woke up at the noise of a door being shut, she found herself in total darkness except for a lantern shining from the adjoining room. As it turned out her sister had hesitated to awake her when she went in to see the deputy, and then, being in a great hurry to deliver the order for her husband's release, had left her, thinking she could easily find her way home.

"Meanwhile, I was somewhat frightened, not understanding at all my situation, when I perceived that I was no longer alone. At the movement which I made, a man who came out of the deputy's room, approached me, and, looking at me with surprise, asked how I came to be there all alone at that hour. When I explained to him what had happened, he reassured me about the fate of my brother and added: 'A little lady like you cannot go alone in the streets at night, so I will walk home with you.' On the way home we talked so much that we became very good friends. As he went away, I said that my mother would certainly like to thank him herself for the care he had taken of me, and begged him to call upon her. 'Then you will present me to your family one of these days?' he said. 'With pleasure,' I replied, 'meanwhile I should like to tell them the name of the gentleman who has protected me this evening.' 'That is perfectly right—you may tell them that my name is Joseph Bonaparte.'"

The call was made the next day; Bonaparte soon became intimate with the Clary family, and before many weeks had passed was engaged to marry Desiree, so soon as she should reach the age of 16, she being then only about 13. Joseph often spoke about his brother Napoleon, who had just drawn attention to himself at the siege of Toulon. When soon after he came to Marseilles he was taken to

see the Clarys. Napoleon was at that time full of noisy gaiety and quite a good fellow.

"His arrival," Queen Desiree related, "soon brought about a change in our plans for the future. We had not known each other long when he said: 'In a good household one of the married pair ought to yield to the other. Now, Joseph, you have an undecided character, and it is the same with Desiree, while Julie and I know what we want. You would do better, then, to marry Julie; and Desiree,' he added, taking me on his knee, 'she shall be my wife.' And that is the way that I became betrothed to Napoleon."

Joseph and Julie were married soon after; and before Napoleon's departure from Marseilles, Mme. Clary had consented to his marriage with Desiree so soon as she should be 16. Napoleon and Desiree at first wrote often to each other; but of this correspondence there are preserved only the drafts of some of her letters. He was taken up with his affairs at Paris, and his letters to his fiancée became less frequent.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had fallen in love with Mme. de Beauharnais, and his letters to his brother showed more indifference to his little Desiree—or his Eugenie, as he preferred to call her.

At the same time he had a little pique because, in 1795, during a journey in Liguria, she, either offended by his apparent neglect, or alarmed at reports of his intimacy with Mme. de Beauharnais, had for a time ceased writing to him. He asked Joseph in one letter whether one passed the river Lethe in going to Genoa, and advised him not to give the portrait which he had sent "to one who seemed to have forgotten him, unless she asked for it again." Desiree, however, was not so inconstant as Napoleon imagined. She told afterwards how much she had suffered from his abandonment of her. When Napoleon married Josephine, Desiree, who was only fourteen, wrote him a touching letter, such as an older person would probably not have written:

"After a year of absence I thought I was nearly happy, and was hoping to see you again soon, and become the happiest of women in marrying you. But your marriage has made all my felicity vanish. It is true that I was in the wrong toward you; but you would have found me again so tender, so constant, that I was daring to flatter myself that you would pardon me everything. The day of your leaving Marseilles was very painful for me; but at least I had the hope of being one day married to you. Now the only consolation that remains to me is to know that you believe in my constancy, after which I desire only death. Life is a frightful torment to me since I can no longer consecrate it to you. I wish you all sorts of happiness and prosperity in your marriage, and hope that the wife you have chosen will render you as happy as I purposed to do, and as you deserve. But in the midst of your happiness do not altogether forget Eugenie and pity her lot."

Wounds of the heart—especially at that early age—are soon healed; but although Desiree forgave Napoleon, she always kept a little grudge against Josephine, who had taken him from her. Sixty years afterward she says: "For a man of genius like Napoleon to let himself be seduced by an elderly coquette of notably doubtful repute, proves him without any experience of women. Even after his second marriage, Josephine made herself talked about, and it was not without good reason that her husband required her to join him during the Italian campaign, and that on his return from Egypt he determined to separate from her."

Mme. Clary and her daughter continued to live in Rome while Joseph Bonaparte remained there as ambassador. Here Gen. Duphot paid court to her.

Whatever might have happened—and there were serious obstacles in the shape of an illegitimate child of Duphot—his death put an end to everything. The arrival of an embassy from the French republic caused a crowd to assemble in the neighborhood of the palace and make manifestations against the papal government. On the evening of Dec. 27, 1797, the papal troops interfered and fired on the mob. Joseph Bonaparte, Duphot and Adj. Gen. Shercock went out to stop the conflict. Duphot was simply massacred by the soldiers; the others had barely time to re-enter the house. His body was afterward recovered and brought in. Desiree left Rome with Joseph Bonaparte immediately afterward. Her stay there had been so short that she had not even had time to go to St. Peter's, and her sore recollection of Rome was the terrible scene she had witnessed from the top of the staircase of the French embassy, when the mangled body of Duphot was brought in.

On her return to France, her beauty, her wealth, and her connection with the Bonapartes brought her numbers of admirers. One of the proposals for her hand is charmingly told. After his return from Iceland, in 1806, Prince Napoleon came to Stockholm accompanied by the Duc d'Abrantes (son of Junot), who asked for a private audience of the Queen Dowager Desiree. When it was over, Hochschild found her thoughtful and dreamy. "To think," she said, "that I could have married his father! That was a time when Junot proposed to me, but he was awkward about it, and asked Marmont to do it for him. Ah! if Marmont had spoken in his own name—who knows? I should perhaps have said 'Yes'; he was so handsome."

In 1798, Bernadotte, who was then a general of division, had been ambassador at Vienna, and was soon to be minister of war—no longer the Sergeant Bernadotte who had knocked in vain for lodgings at the door of the Clary house at Marseilles, but who was now intimate with Joseph Bonaparte—proposed to Desiree. She did not know him well, but, as she said, "he was something different from the others I had refused, and I consented to marry him when they told me that he was a strong enough man to hold his own against Napoleon." The marriage took place on Aug. 17, 1798. Napoleon was in Egypt, and used no influence in the matter. When he heard of it he wrote to Joseph: "I wish happiness

to Desiree if she marries Bernadotte, for she deserves it."

The Bernadottes settled in Paris, and the next year after their only son was born, who was afterward known as King Oscar I. Happy both as a wife and mother, Desiree saw Napoleon after his return from Egypt without embarrassment, and their relations always remained cordial. Bernadotte being a good general had frequently to be absent, and Desiree would have passed a lonely time had she not, in addition to her child, had the society of her sister Julie. The letters of Bernadotte to his wife, written when he commanded in La Vendee, are interesting, because they show him rather as a paternal friend and counselor—he was twenty years older—than as a husband, although there is occasionally noticeable a little marital jealousy. Bernadotte himself gave no cause to his wife to be jealous, which seems to have plagued Mme. Recamier, to whom he was apparently devoted. "Explain to me," she said one day to Mme. Bernadotte, "how it happens that whenever your husband chances to be alone with me in the woods he always talks about politics."

The proclamation of the empire, and the promotion of Bernadotte to be marshal, made little impression on his wife. She had seen so many extraordinary things since she was a child that everything seemed natural. So, also, when he was made prince of Pontecorvo—though she feared for a moment that it would be her duty to settle in Italy, according to the wish of a deputation from the little principality, until she was told that it was merely a title, without responsibility. When Bernadotte was sent as governor to Hanover, and afterward to Hamburg as commander-in-chief, they were separated for a long time, but they were in constant correspondence, and she was able to keep him informed of everything going on in France.

At this time she lived quietly in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, and enjoyed the society of sisters, nieces and other friends, who, for political and various reasons, did not care to frequent the gayeties of the Tuileries and St. Cloud. Although her relations with Napoleon were always pleasant—he even gave her one of the three splendid fur cloaks presented to him by the Czar Alexander at the interview at Erfurt—her antipathy to the Empress Josephine and to Queen Hortense kept her from the Tuileries except on official occasions.

After the battle of Wagram, Napoleon openly showed his dislike to Bernadotte, but a partial reconciliation was patched up, and the latter was appointed ambassador to Rome in order to get him out of the way. Before he had started for his post, however, he was elected crown prince of Sweden. His wife received the news with perfect indifference; she had never interested herself about foreign countries except Italy and Spain, and would probably have been puzzled to tell where Sweden was situated. "I thought," she said, "that it was like Pontecorvo—some place of which we were merely going to take the title." She was in despair when she found that she was to go and live there and be separated from her family and friends. Nevertheless, she resigned herself, and arrived at Stockholm soon after her husband.

Although she was touched by the old king's reception of her, yet she could not resist the temptation of returning to Paris; especially as none of her French ladies were willing to stay in Sweden. Bernadotte did not oppose her departure. We do not know his exact reasons; he may not have felt sure of his position in Sweden so long as the dispossessed Prince of Vasa was alive and the political relations of the continent were unsettled; but we know that he felt sure that the empire of Napoleon would not endure for long. He may have had some ambition to be Napoleon's successor; at all events, Bourrienne says that the Emperor Alexander gave him to understand at the interview at Abo, in 1812, that the fall of Napoleon would not necessitate the return of the Bourbons, and that if Frenchmen should offer him supreme power he could count on the assistance of Russia.

The crown princess, under the name or countess of Gotland, returned to her old hotel in Paris, which she continued to occupy for thirteen years. She received not only her old friends but all the Swedes of distinction who passed through Paris. She was in constant correspondence with her husband, informed him of what was going on, and was on several occasions intermediary between him and French political men. Her position in 1818-19, after Bernadotte had alienated French sympathy by taking part against Napoleon, was a difficult one. The person whom she saw with most pleasure, outside of her intimate circle, was the queen of Westphalia, "who was," she used to say, "a good-hearted woman, always ready to sacrifice herself to duty. Although our husbands were in opposite camps, she never ceased showing to me her sympathy and friendship."

When, after the restoration, Louis the Eighteenth had expressed a desire to be agreeable to her, she thought she might interfere in favor of her sister, the ex-queen of Spain. But the king was inexorable.

The old king of Sweden died in 1818; but the new queen constantly saw reasons for adjourning her departure for Paris. She said, one day, speaking of music: "I was playing the overture to the 'Caliph of Bagdad,' when the death of the king was announced to me; since then, I have never touched my piano, thinking that when one is queen one ought not to play badly." In 1822 she went to Aix-la-Chapelle to meet her son Oscar, who was then traveling on the continent, it not having been considered best for him to enter France. She had not seen him for twelve years, and found him a handsome young man. The few days they passed together probably hastened her departure for Sweden. She then went to Brussels to meet her sister, Julie Bonaparte, who had obtained especial permission to come there for the marriage of her daughter Zenaide with her cousin Charles.

As she wished to prolong her stay

there, the queen of Sweden wrote to Mme. de Recamier to use her influence to that end with her friend, Mathieu de Montmorency, then minister of foreign affairs. Before returning to Paris, she went to Switzerland and stayed some time at Frangins. While there she received the news of the betrothal of her son with the Princess Josephine de Leuchtenberg, the eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais. The marriage by proxy took place at Munich; and, at the same time, Queen Desiree left Paris so as to meet her daughter-in-law at Lubeck and arrive at Stockholm with her. Josephine was at that time barely 16 years of age, and took with her her favorite doll.

The queen had had every intention of returning to Paris, but the king would not allow it. Although they had been separated from each other during nearly the whole twenty-five years of their wedded life, the king had a great respect and affection for her. He was, however, accustomed to family life, and although Prince Oscar and his wife inhabited the same palace, they all had separate suites of apartments. Gradually she accustomed herself to this life of isolation, which she felt all the more on account of her ignorance of Swedish and of the lack of French society. A southerner of southerners, she could not find the persons who surrounded her sufficiently sympathetic, and her great resource was to think and talk of her dear Paris, where her hotel stood ready to receive her at any moment.

The birth of numerous grandchildren gradually filled the void of her life; but once, after the death of her husband, she actually started to return to Paris on a frigate, commanded by her grandson, the Duke of Ostragothia, the present King Oscar. But, after getting a few leagues from Carlscrona, she felt herself unable to leave her land of adoption and returned. She afterward pretended that this was only due to sea sickness. Although she knew that she never should see Paris again, she became much alarmed by the plans of Baron Haussmann for the embellishment of the city. She could not bear the thought that the house where she had spent the pleasantest years of her life should be demolished. The Emperor Napoleon, hearing of her anxiety from his minister at Stockholm, gave orders that her house should be respected until her death. This occurred peacefully and quietly on Dec. 17, 1903, after she had already seen her grandson crowned king of Sweden.—The Nation.

The Nature of Proverbs. We probably none of us know how much we use proverbs in our daily speech; but it is certain that if they were withdrawn from the language we should find ourselves pulled up at every turn; for we may almost say that a language is not a language until it has proverbs interbedded in it. Proverbs save a deal of thinking. They often throw light upon a perplexity; solve a problem in morals; express a criticism upon current affairs; throw a beam of wit or humor upon some dark spot. As a general thing newspaper editors do not bask themselves to proverbs; being a reading and intelligent class, they generally form their own opinions and give expression to them in their own way.

Proverbs may be regarded as the gems of language, and many of the old proverbs might afford a text for an essay well worth writing and reading. "You must not look a gift horse in the mouth" was a proverb in St. Jerome's time. One of Ariosto's heroes in "Orlando Furioso" jumps from the frying pan into the fire. How telling must have been the incidents attending the original gift horse rashly criticised, or the fatal imprudence of the hapless denizens of the frying pan, to have stamped their lesson so indelibly on the world's records, and how impossible for research to get at them.

Many proverbs abound about reputation. "When all men say you are an ass it is high time to bray." "He that hath an ill name is half hanged." Precisely the same sentiment is expressed by very different forms. Thus, while one says, "They that live in glass houses should not throw stones," another expresses the same notion more quaintly. "Folks that have straw tails should not play with fire." "A bird in the hand," etc., has an equivalent in "Better one bird in the net than a flock in the air." The Scotch say, "A black hen lays a white egg," and "A wild goose never laid a tame egg," and "May the mouse ne'er leave our meal pock wif' the tear in its eye." A flavor of primitive times is imparted whenever ladies and gentlemen talk of making hay when the sun shines or advocate cutting their coat according to their cloth, or agree that it is best to wash their soiled linen at home.—Troy Times.

He Became Bearded in His Grave. Old timers of El Paso county will recall the killing of William Campbell on the Campbell ranch, sixteen miles south of this city. Mr. Campbell was buried in a grave on the ranch, and his remains have lain there undisturbed ever since. The Santa Fe track has been laid near the grave, and the widow feared its ultimate despoliation by side tracks. When the remains were taken up, and until exposed to the air, they were as perfect as at the time of burial, and, strange to relate, though the deceased was clean shaven at the time, his beard had grown to his waist, and the hair of his head had grown luxuriantly and covered his shoulders. Mr. Campbell has been in his grave just twenty-five years and nine months.—Colorado Springs Republic.

Short-sightedness and Tight Collars. Professor Dr. Foster, director of the University Ophthalmic Clinic at Breslau, has drawn the attention of parents and pedagogues to what he believes is often the cause of shortsightedness in the young—namely, that they are allowed to wear collars which are too tight for them. In 800 cases that had come under his notice the patients were suffering from a chronic complaint, brought on by a disturbance in the regular and normal flow of blood caused by the wearing of collars which were not large enough.—London Tit Bits.

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