THE QUEEN OF DREAMS.

All day, where clouds flock through the sky. She has peaks of snow and caverns of fire, Glittering eastles and dungeons dire. And giants and dwarfs and monsters rare Follow her beck through the lucid air Amid the wavering train she dwells, Where the wind forever sinks and swells Singing its marvels, low or loud, Through opal vapor or sunset cloud. But at night, when shadows on earth lie deep, * And weary mortals are wrapped in sleep, The wild Queen comes, with her mystle power, To east her spell on the perished hour. She bids a faded moonlight fall

Yellow cace more on but or hall, And conjures back their fickle grace To the grief bowed form and the wrinkled face Hope that was starved and love that was slain In her wondrous presence revive again; Earth smiles in her tender, unknown light, And this world waste is a garden bright, Where the heavy bordens of wrong and care Restless and sad, for her increy pray Those spirits who pine for a vanished day; The livelong night to the darksome skies Like smoke from fire their prayers arise;

"O come, sweet Queeen, and bring us again The delight of old and the old time pain; "For no gift to our hungering souls can seem One-baif so fair as a fleeting dream;

"And this desolate life holds naught so dear As the echo of bygone hope and fear."

— Harper's Weekly

THE HAND OF FATE.

On a cold, blustering night in March a young girl, apparently not more than 16 years of age, slowly wended her way along a country road, situated about five miles from the little village of Oakdale. Her appearance betokened extreme poverty. She was dressed in an ill fitting suit of rusty black, and her shabby black bonnet was drawn tightly over a thin, pallid face, which was lighted up by a pair of piercing black eyes that seemed to penetrate the darkness with almost supernatural brilliancy. Her long black hair had become unfastened by the fierceness of the storm and hung in frozen strands almost to her waist. Everything sround her seemed to be touched with the winter's frost, and the snow lay piled in huge masses as far as the eye could reach. As she pursued her journey her heart sank within her, her head reeled as if in a drunken stupor, her weary limbs began to fail, and at last nature refused to do its work, and she succambed to the pitiless cold and sank in an exhausted and unconscious condition

to the ground. Down the road with rapid strides came farmer Hawkins and his dog Nero, and as he hurried along he stumbled over the kitchen, where she found Mrs. and luxury. the prostrate form. In an instant he was on his feet trying to arouse the motionless abject before him, while the dog barked vociferously as if imploring aid. In a few moments a lantern was seen in the distance, and a rough voice called out, "Who's there?" "Tis I, your master," responded the farmer, as he recognized the voice of his hired man, fand for God's sake make haste, or it will be too late." Fritz approached, togother they lifted the inanimate form, and in a few minutes arrived at the old farm house. It was long past the usual hour for supper, and Rath Hawkins, being alarmed at her husband's protracted absence, was seated in her old fashioned rocker by the side of the open fireplace in the comfortable kitchen of the old homestead knitting, while every now and then she would cast furtive glances toward the window, and strain her ears to listen if she could catch the welcome

sound of her hysband's footsteps. The logs burned merrily and cracked and splittered on the irons, and threw a cheery reflection in all directions about the room. The table was still set, and with a bountiful supply of food. The delicious home made bread, the print golden of butter, the ruby quinces and dulyseing custards and the pretty blue and white china offered an inviting prospect to the two men as they passed the window on their way to the sitting

room door. "Mercy's sake, father, what have you there?" exclaimed Ruth, as she sprang from her seat, and, opening the door, saw the men with their unconscious burden. "Do not waste any time in asking questions, wife, but bring some brandy as soon as possible," he replied. With careful hands they deposited their unbidden guest upon the settee and drew it in front of the fire. Hastily divesting himself of his outer garments, the farmer endeavored to resuscitate the young girl. Meanwhile Ruth had returned to the goom with the brandy, and with kindly hands moistened the lips of the young girl, and succeeded in forcing a few drops down her throat, while the farmer was busily engaged in rubbing and slapping her hands. At first all their attempts to bring the girl back to consciousness seemed fruitiess, but at last a faint flush overspread her features, she opened her eyes, and in pitiful tones begged that she might remain during the night. The farmer had scarcely noticed the girl, but now he looked anxiously at her. "We shall keep her, shan't we, father?" asked Mrs. Hawkins. "Of course, wife, of course, did you ever know me to turn any one from my door? Saint or sinner, rich or poor, they are welcome to stay; but how goes the supper, wife? I am as hargry as a wolf." "All ready, father," was the reply, and as she spoke she placed the steaming coffee urn upon the table. What shall I call you?" asked Mrs. Hawkins as she placed a sancer of custard upon a chair by the side of the settee. "Call me Lena," replied the girl, as she tried to partake of the food that

The hospitable couple watched the stranger curiously, trying to solve the mystery that hung around her. Those white hands had never scrubbed or scoured, and there was a certain grace giout every assycment which impressed one with the idea that she was of gentle birth, a girl whom no ordinary sorrow struck 8 and then 9, and still they | days after her funeral I started on my | ing to be elegant?"-Wide Awake. had made a homeless wanderer. The

was offered to her.

sat gazing at the girl as she lay quietly. When the clock struck 10, and its last climes had died away, the girl timidly inquired if she was keeping them from their rest. "Do not mind me," she said: "I can sleep here very comfortably."

It had been a query with Mrs. Hawkins where to put the new comer ever since she had asked to stay. The garret was first thought of, then the west room; but now, lighting a fresh candle, Mrs. Hawkins led her guest into the parlor and through it into the best spare room, and turning down the lavender scented sheets and shaking the downy pillows of the tented bedstead, she said in motherly tones: "Sleep here," and going back to the kitchen murmured dreamily: "For in so doing you may entertain angels unawares.'

About midnight the storm, which had been gathering all its forces during the evening, burst violently forth. The old farm house fairly rocked with the wild gusta of wind, while the snow fell fast and furious. It was no wonder that the poor girl hid her head beneath the blankets and thanked God for the shelter she had found; and when, after hours had passed, the storm gradually abated, she fell into a refreshing slumber. The next morning she was awakened by a tapping at the door, and the voice of Mrs. Haw kins inquiring if she might come in.

"Certainly, ma'am," replied the girl in a faint voice. Entering the room, and approaching

the bed, Mrs. Hawkins found her guest much better, but still suffering from the effects of the physical strain to which she had been subjected during the previous "Lie still, my dear," said the kind

raise herself on her elbow. "I will bring you something to eat, and, perhaps, by noon you may be able to get up." In a few moments Mrs. Hawkins re turned, bearing in her hands a tray cov ered with a snowy cloth, on which were temptingly arranged some nicely but

hearted woman, as the girl attempted to

cup of coffee. "Now, dear, eat a good breakfast, and we will soon have the roses back in your

tered teast, a poached egg and a delicious

Placing the tray on the side of the bed Mrs. Hawkins left the room, and after she had cleared away her breakfast dishes and finished her usual work, she again returned to the chamber and found that Lena had caten heartily of the food placed before her and was sleeping soundly.

"Poor child, I will let her sleep," said Mrs. Hawkins to herself; "she is in need of it," and lifting the tray she stepped softly out of the room.

In the afternoon Lena awoke, and on hearing the clock in the parlor strike 3, she was astonished to find that she had slept so long. Hurriedly dressing herself, she soon made her appearance in Hawkins darning her husband's socks. and the farmer taking his accustomed afternoon nap in the rocking chair by the fire. At the sound of footsteps the farmer awoke with a start, and straightening himself up, inquired of the girl if she was better. "Much better, I thank you, sir, and I will not intrude upon your hospitality any longer," replied the girl, holding her bonnet in her hands "I am afraid you will have to content yourself here another night," said the farmer, "for the roads are impassable. The snow has drifted so high in some places that it would cover a little body like you; but won't your friends be alarmed by your absence?" "My friends," replied the girl, sadly. "I am trying to find them, and if you will allow me to tell you my story, perhaps you can assist me, as they live somewhere in this region." Placing a chair near her own Mrs. Hawkins requested the girl to be seated, while they listened

to her story. "My mother," said she, "was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, who was left a widower at her birth, leaving him with two children-my mother and a son 10 years of age. When she was 16 years old my father secretly wedded her against my grandfather's wishes, and although she wrote to that relative repeatedly begging for forgivenness, her letters were returned unopened. After two years of unalloyed happiness I was born. and for ten years my parents' union was a happy one until the fatal day came which deprived my mother of one of the kindest of husbands and me of one of the most indulgent of fathers. One day a large sum of money was found missing from the safe in the office in which my father was employed as bookkeeper, and he being the only one who had access to the safe, and some of the stolen money being found in his desk, he was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. My mother, firmly believing him innocent, converted every thing of any value into money to obtain lawyers, hoping to save him. She appealed to her father, but he would not listen to her, and her letters were again returned unopened. She wrote to her brother, but with the same result, and she was finally obliged to see my father sent to prison, strongly protesting his innocence to the last. For four years my mother managed to eke out a scanty subsistence with her needle, with what little assistance I could give her, but at last care and sorrow did their work and she was finally forced to give up in despair, and eventually became a victim to quick consumption. For nine long weeks she was confined to her bed, gradutily wasting away. A little while before her death she called me to her bedside, and, placing a letter in my hands. exacted a promise from me that immediately after her death I would sell what little furniture we had, go to my grandfather's and deliver the proceeds into his hands. As the tears atreamed down my cheeks she took my hands in hers, and with a beavenly smile on her countenance, bade me good-by and asked me to meet her in heaven. Her last

loved so dearly. "With the assistance of some kind neighbors and the sale of what little furniture we had I procured enough money to pay for a decent burial, and three with a deep sigh: "Isn't it always fatigu

moments were spent in breathing words

of affection for the husband she still

journey to find my grandfather. I had only sufficient money to buy my railroad icket and a little more, but the landlady with whom we lived and to whom I had sold the furniture prepared a little lunch or me and saw me safely on the cars. After a journey of six hours I reached my destination. As soon as I alighted I inquired of the man at the station the way to the Brinwood farm.

"'You will have to take the stage, miss," eplied the man. 'I don't see any of heir folks down today and here it comes now.' Assisting me to get in, he bade ne good night, leaving me to wonder what sort of people I should meet and how they would treat me.

"A half hour's ride brought me to a targe, old fashioned house, standing in the center of a lovely lawn, with an abundance of trees and a carriage drive on both sides of the house. Handing my fare to the driver, he helped me to dismount, and a few moments brought me to the house. In answer to my ring at the bell the door opened, and a good natured colored girl inquired whom I

"'Your master,' I replied. 'Will you walk in and be seated and I will call him,' said she, ushering me into a large, comfortably furnished room on one side of the spacious hall. In a few moments an elderly gentleman appeared and asked me my business with him. I drew the letter from my pocket, and, handing it to him, told him that was for my grandfather. Adjusting his spectacles, he read the envelope carefully, and in a tone of surprise exclaimed: 'My dear miss, the gentleman to whom this letter is adiressed has been dead for fourteen years. They say he died of a broken heart, caused by the disappearance of his only daughter, who ran away and got married. At all events he never forgave her, and forbade her name to be mentioned, and finally died, leaving everything to his only son, with the condition that if he should seek out his sister the property should go to an institution. The son, not caring to live in the old house after his father's death, sold it to me and moved about three or four miles from the village of Oakdale, a distance of twenty miles, but it will be impossible for you to get there to-night, as there are no more trains, but I will call my daughter and she will find you a bed for

"A few minutes later he returned with a very prepossessing young lady, whom he introduced as his daughter. After I had joined them at supper she desired me to follow her into the hall up stairs into the prettiest room I had ever seen. The pale yellow carpet, with its bunches of roses; the carved cherry bedstead, with its dainty hangings; the dressing bureau, with its pretty cover of satin and lace; the pretty little willow racking chaireverything gave evidence of refinement

the night.'

The next morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, I thanked them for their kindness and started on my journey to find my uncle. For nearly two days I journeyed along, sometimes getting a lift from one of the farm wagons, and occasionally a meal from some of the kind hearted people whom I would ask to direct me. Towards night the cold grew intense, and I became so weak from want of food, that I could go no further. and-and-but you know the rest."

As the farmer listened attentively to her sad story his face grew pale, and, striving to conceal the agitation which convulsed his entire frame, he demanded in husky tones the name of the uncleshe was trying to seek.

"John Hawkins," replied the girl, as she regarded the farmer with amazement. As soon as he could sufficiently control his emotions to speak, he stretched out his arms and clasped her to his breast, and in broken accents exclaimed: "Truly the hand of Providence has directed you hither, for 'tis I, your uncle, who brought you to this house, and our home shall be yours, and you shall be one of us. Embracing first one and then the other, she drew the sacred letter from her pocket, and handed it to her uncle.

As he took it from her hands he pressed it to his lips and said: "My poor child, as soon as your grandfather died I made every effort to find my sister, and traced her as far as London, where I learned the story of your father's misfortune. There all traces of her were lost, and I concluded she had changed her name and gone to America. At all events, I had given her up for dead, and now, after eighteen years, she has returned to me in the form of her daughter."-Rosa F. Huyler in New York Mail and Express.

He Stood Corrected.

She was a little girl and she came to a sleepy father and stood at his bedside-a flower of purity and innocence-holding in her arms an exceedingly measly looking pup.
"Can't I keep this nice little doggie?"

she asked. "No, take him away," murmured the

father, drowsily.

"But," said the little one, "it isn't a him, but a she, and his name is Fanny.' -Minneapolis Star.

The Coming American Congress. This continent contains a population estimated at 140,000,000, of whom 100,-000,000 live in North America. It is expected that nearly all of the nations on the continent will be represented, or at least 125,000,000 of people. These figures alone show the vast importance of the project, and it will be the first time that the nations of the western world have met in joint convention to discuss their mutual interests and political and commercial relations.

They Learn Early.

A pretty fan was presented to a little girl four years ago, and she, wishing to show her new treasure, hung it on her finger and held it out at arm's length. A lady on entering the parlor was attracted by the peculiar attitude of the little girl, and finally said to her: "Isn't it very fatiguing to hold out your arm in that way so long?" Said little Elsie

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

HOW A SLAVE ACQUIRED HIS FREE-DOM AND HIS WEALTH.

A Georgia Negro Bought Himself, Became Wealthy and Then Failed-He Was a Useful Citizen and Had the Friendship of All-A Tale of Slavery Times.

Here is the story of the life of Solomon Humphries, a most remarkable negro, who lived in Macon during the pioneer days of the town, and who was in his day not only the wealthiest negro in the south, but commanded the respect and esteem of all the white people.

Sol belonged to a rich planter, one of the old time sort, who lived in Jones county, which adjoins this. Being allowed more privileges than the other hands, and having more intelligence than the average negro, Sol managed to make an odd "thrip," and every one was laid up for the purpose of purchasing his freedom.

This was done in 1825, two years after Macon was made a town, and, with a nest egg of money given to him by his kind master, he came to Macon and opened a little store on the east side of the river, that being really the town in those days. Although he could neither road nor write he was a natural mathematician, working his sums mentally. His politeness, neatness and good business habits soon began to have good effect, and he became one of the largest merchants in the country.

"SOL" IN BUSINESS. In those days there were no steamboats here, and freight was brought up the river on flat towboats from Darien, then an important seaport. These boats) were manned by negroes, six on a side, who handled the oars with singular skill. When they neared the bend in the river near Macon these dozen hands would strike up with a song, and on a still clear night the musical strains from these loud lunged singers came floating over the water as sweetest music. They would remain here a few days to unload the goods for the merchants, and then return to Darien with some four to five hundred bags of cotton on each boat. The bulk of the goods and cotton belonged to Solomon Humphries.

After a few years of successful business Sol began to take life easy. He purchased a place of ten acres near town and erected thereon a fine home. The gentlemen who went by on their hunting trips never failed to stop and get some of Sol's buttermilk. His house was always open to his white friends, and frequently he gave dinners that were really royal feasts. At these dinners Sol was never known to sit at the table. The guests were seated and it was Sol's pleasure to wait on the table. The dig nitaries of the state broke bread with him, and one who was the most frequent visitor and enjoyed Sol's hospitality the most was the late Governor Charles J. McDonald, between whom and Sol a great friendship existed. According to the laws of Georgia at that time a free negro was compelled to have a trustee, and McDonald, who was then the first solicitor general of this circuit, afterward judge and then governor, held the position of trustee for Sol.

On one occasion, when Sol was on his way north to purchase goods, he was arrested in Charleston as a fugitive, and was lodged in jail, in spite of his entreaties, to wait until his trustee could be communicated with. That was before the days of telegraphy, and mailwere slower than now. There was Sol, whose credit was good in New York for \$50,000 and in Macon for as much more penned up in the jail at Charleston as a runaway negro. Governor McDonale lost no time in forwarding the proper certificates and the message that if it was necessary he would go on to Charleston and certify to his being free in porson. He was then released and proceed ed on his way to New York, being careful not to come back by way of Charles

BECOMES VERY RICH AND BUYS A WIFE. Sol's trade grew larger and larger. In 1833, when steamboats began to run on the Ocmulgee river, the consignments to him were larger than those of any other merchant. In 1838 he married. His wife's name was "Patsey," and she was also purchased by him. She was a member of the Presbyterian church in Macon. and worshiped with the whites, So great was the respect in which she was held by the pastor and members that she was admitted to the communion table. and though she was a negro, living in the south where slavery was rampant, she was shown every respect and kind ness by her white friends. But with all this there never was a time when "Patsey" or Sol attempted to overstep the bounds. Sol became a member of the church, and every Sunday morning the pair could be seen in their pew in the little church, presenting rather a strange picture to the northerner who came

Several citizens of Macon, both of wealth and enterprise, attained their early business education as clerks from Sol Humphries. One of them became the merchant prince of the state, one became president of a bank, afterward president of a railroad, and now lives in New York, an old citizen and wealthy: and still another is a prominent merchant of Savannah. These gentlemen went to work for him when they were boys. As they grew up they went in business on their own accounts.

In 1853 Sol's luck began to change. His wife died, parties for whom he had indorsed failed, and soon his wealth melted away. In 1856 he died, and though he was then only in moderate circumstances, no funeral of those times was so largely attended. All citizens of every class turned out to pay the last tribute to his memory, and a most impressive sermon was delivered by the

pastor of the Presbyterian church. Such is the story of a free negro in times when the south knew nothing but slavery .- Macon (Ga.) Cor. New York

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES.

In Case of Accident It Is Well to Know What Is Here Said. What to do in cases of emergency is

an important subject, and information on it should be either committed to memory or else so placed as to be easily available in time of need.

Burns of the eye by calcium or lime are not very common, yet it is useful to know how to treat them. In the event of lime getting into the eye or around The Boss Tailor the front of the eyelids it is well to remember, until the arrival of medical attendance, that in no case must water be used. Washing with vinegar will neutralize the caustic properties of the lime, and any fractional bits may afterwards be removed by the use of a feather or camel's hair brush lightly applied, or if neither is at hand, by linen folded to a point. Acute inflammation of the eye must be looked for after such an accident. Even with immediate medical aid the eye may be much damaged, but without it the organ may be sacrificed.

I would like to call attention to a remedy which possesses such wonderful therapeutic powers in the cure of almost all known wounds that it deserves a place in every household. It is called iodoform and comes in the form of a powder. It has no equal in the cure of chronic sores or ulcers, as well as cuts Surveyor and Draftsman and wounds of all kinds. Its value as a its odor, which is the only objectionable feature about it, but for the sake of a speedy cure this can be tolerated. It is used in all hospitals throughout the world and recommended by the medical profession in every land. It is an ingredient of all ulcer cintments nowadays. It is best used in conjunction with some vehicle, such as vaseline in the proportion of one drachm of todoform to one and a half ounces of vaseline. It is well to have it carefully and prominently marked "Poison, for external use only." Use it by spreading upon lint and bandage it to the wound twice a day. When removing and before applying a fresh bandage, wash the wound thoroughly with warm water and

As we are often placed in positions requiring assistance and, perhaps, thrown upon our own resources, the following may be impressed upon the memory to advantage:

This relieves pain instantly and gives time for thought and composure.

An insect in the ear may be drowned out with tepid water or killed by a few

drops of sweet oil. If anything hard gets into the ear, double a stout horse hair, place the head" on one side and drop the loop into the

object and then draw it out. In cases of poisonous bite suck the wound instantly, unless the mouth is

ear, move it about until it catches the

If the throat burns after swallowing a poison drink sweet oil. If you are falling asleep from a poison drink half a glass of water into which has been stirred a teaspoonful each of salt and common table mustard, and, after vomiting, drink the strongest coffee and keep in motion until perfectly awake. After any poison

swallow one or two raw egga. If smoke is suffocating you fall on the floor and crawl out on your hands and

In cases of insensibility, in which there is loud snoring, the person is seized with apoplexy. Raise the head, remove pressure from the neck. If the face is pale and the breathing very low, it is a case of fainting. Place the body perfectly level and lower the head. The patient J. M. Schnellbacher, will promptly revive. Nothing else is necessary.

Always remember that if you have health don't meddle with it, avoid doctoring and drugs until a real necessity for their use arises.-Cor. New York

Carnegie's Library.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's library is a suite of four rooms. One of these is a bathroom, where Mr. Carnegie can cool off an enthusiasm in a moment, or reinvigorate himself with a convenient win letic machine. Another small room is for a secretary. Here the habitable uni. verse is suspended in maps, any spot of which can be immediately unfolded for the owner's inspection. The fourth room is a luxuriously curtained alcove, overlooking the rear of the Cornelius Vanderbilt house, and across the way to ex-Secretary Whitney's portal. The library proper, a large room in the center of these, has been decorated by the Associated artists. The part of the decorators is seen in the harmonious impression of golden brown color.-New York Star.

How a Frog Utilizes a Turtle. At Heublein's restaurant on Mulberry street a large green turtle and a frog are inmates of the fountain tank. A frog cannot always remain under water, and

there is no chance for the fellow in question to reach a landing place on the side of the tank. But he has discovered that the top of the turtle's back is out of water except when the turtle dives. So be mounts the back and rides around the tank with an air of owning the whole business. When the turtle cases under the whole business. When the turtle cases under the side of \$75 to \$250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give like whole time to the business. Spare mon cuts may be predicably curpled also. A few vecanities in the way and collection of the business. Spare mon cuts whole time to the business. Spare mon cuts whole time to the business. B. F. JOHN-SON & CO. 1000 Mrdn-st. Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business expertience. Never mind about stacing stamp for return. B. F. J. & Co. business. When the turtle goes under he swims around until the back comes to the surface again, when he again mounts and continues the trip.-Hartford Cou-

Good Manners.

Good manners must have a solid foundation in kindness and self control. To be genuine, they must be the fruit of sincerity and good feeling, and their exercise must be in conformity with the working of these qualities in the heart. No art can successfully counterfeit true elegance of manners and deportment. To be real they must have roots deep below the surface in the soul and heart .- Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

How It Happened. Very tall to very bow legged man-Great Scott! Did you learn to walk too

young, or what? Bow Legged Man-Stranger, I warped my legs stooping down to avoid long legged bores who ask questions.-Judge.

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