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Table with 3 columns: NAME, TOWNSHIP, ADDRESS. Lists names and addresses for various townships like Green Valley, Fairview, Deloit, etc.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, S. B. Howard; Treasurer, J. C. Hayes; Clerk, N. Martin; Assessor, S. F. McNichols; Justices, M. Slattery and Chas. McNeill; Constables, Perkins Brooks and Wm. Stranley; Road overseer, dist. 26, Theodore Otto; dist. No. 4, P. Barrett, sr.

JUDICIARY. Chief Justice, Amasa Cobb; Associate Justices, Samuel Maxwell and T. L. Norval. FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT. Judge, M. P. Kinkaid; O'Neill Reporter, A. L. Warrick; O'Neill Reporter, A. W. Critch; O'Neill Reporter, H. L. Laird; O'Neill Reporter, H. L. Laird.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Very Rev. Cassidy, Pastor. Sabbath school immediately following services.

METHODIST CHURCH. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Class Meeting at 10:30 a. m. TUESDAY—Young people's meeting, 8 p. m. WEDNESDAY—Children's meeting, 4 p. m. Prayer meeting, 8 p. m. THURSDAY—Ladies' aid society, 2 p. m. E. E. WILSON, Pas.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Rev. N. S. Lowrie, Pastor.

C. A. R. POST NO. 88. The Gen. John O'Neill Post, No. 88, Department of Nebraska C. A. R., will meet the first and third Friday evening of each month in Masonic hall O'Neill. S. J. SMITH, Com.

BLKHOEN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. O. H. Miltz, Sec. A. H. GORRETT, N. G. C. H. BENTLEY, R. S. D. L. DARR, P. S. E. H. THOMPSON, Treas.

CARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. W. J. DOBBS, Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. F.

K. OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Conventions every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. E. E. EVANS, K. of R. and S.

GRATTAN ALLIANCE NO. 487. Farmers' Alliance meets every second and fourth Saturday at 2 p. m. Visiting members invited. All good farmers urged to become members. JNO. FALLON, Pres. CHAS. INGERSOLL, Sec.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. G. M. CLEVELAND, S. S. WOLF, C. P.

ODEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3rd Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. ALICE ADAMS, N. G. BELLA DARR, Secretary.

CARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Regular communications Thursday nights on or before the full of the moon. W. T. EVANS, Sec. A. L. TOWLE, W. M.

DRY CREEK ALLIANCE, NO. 609, meets every second and fourth Saturday of each month at Uriah Fellows'. S. H. HOWARD Sec. U. FELLERS, Pres.

THE O'NEILL REPUBLICAN CLUB. Rooms are located over Morris & Co's drug store on Douglas street. The rooms are open at all times. Republicans are invited to visit the rooms at any and all times. Business meetings of the club the first and third Saturday evening of each month. A. L. TOWLE, President. GEO. D. RIGGS, Secretary.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY. Arrival of Mails. E. E. & M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at 5:15 p. m. FROM THE WEST. Every day, Sunday included at 9:35 a. m. PACIFIC SMOKE LINE. Arrives every day except Sunday at 9:00 p. m. Departs at 6:00 a. m. O'NEILL AND CHELSEA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p. m. O'NEILL AND PADDOCK. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m. O'NEILL AND NIOWBARA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m. O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE. Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 11:30 p. m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p. m.

HAUNTED. In that last hour where we stood, Day was gliding into night; With that tender, dying day, From my soul went all its light. Roses shivered in the breath Of the zephyr as it passed; Sorrow shrieked into my soul, "Parting time has come at last!" You are with me still, my sweet, I am haunted, and will be, Till these tired eyes are closed In death's calm eternity.

BURIED ALIVE. The guests filed slowly into the great dining hall of the hotel and sat down at their places. The waiters began their serving quite leisurely, in order to give the belated ones time to arrive and to save themselves the trouble of bringing back the dishes; the old bathers, with whom the season was far advanced, kept an alert watch upon the door each time it was opened, hoping for the appearance of fresh faces. There came only two, but very strange ones, those of a man and a woman—father and daughter. The gentleman was very tall and spare, slightly bent, with hair quite white, too white for his still young countenance; there was in his carriage and about his person the serious air of a man who had seen the worst of life. The daughter was, perhaps, about 24 or 25 years of age. She was small and emaciated, and her exceedingly pale face wore a languid, spiritless expression. We sometimes encounter people who appear too weak for the cares and demands of life, too feeble to move, to do the things we must do every day. This girl was pretty, with the transparent beauty of an apparition; she ate with extreme slowness, as if she were almost incapable of moving her arms. It was she undoubtedly who came for the benefit of the waters. They happened to be opposite me on the other side of the table, and I immediately noticed that the father had a very singular nervous affliction. Whenever he was about to reach for anything, his hand, with a quick jerk, described a sort of fluttering zigzag, before he was able to touch what he was after. In a few moments this motion annoyed me so much that I turned away my head in order not to see him. I also observed that the young girl kept a glove on her left hand while she ate. After dinner I went out to take a turn in the park belonging to the water-cure establishment. It extended to the little station hidden in a gorge at the foot of a high mountain, from which runs so many bubbling springs, hot from the deep furnace of old volcanoes. Over there, beyond us, the domes, extinct craters, raised their mutilated heads above the long chain. Chatel-Guyon begins the land of "Domes." Beyond the "domes" are two other distinct regions, the one of needle-like peaks and the other of abrupt precipitous mountains. It was very warm that evening. I was walking back and forth in the shady path, listening to the music pouring forth from the casino on a mound that overlooked the park. I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I saluted them, as in watering places one salutes his hotel companions. The gentleman, stopping immediately, inquired of me: "Pardon me, sir; may I ask if you can direct us to a short walk, easy and pretty, if possible?" I offered to conduct them myself, to the valley through which the slender river flows—a deep, narrow gorge between two great declivities, rocky and wooded. They accepted. And, naturally enough, we spoke of the virtues of the mineral waters. "Ah, yes," said he, "my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which her physicians are unable to determine. She suffers from incomprehensible nervous symptoms. Sometimes they think her afflicted with heart disease, sometimes with liver complaint, and sometimes with spinal difficulty. At present they attribute to the stomach, which is the great motor and prime regulator of the body, this Proteus-like malady of a thousand forms, a thousand modes of attack. That is why we are here. I am myself rather of the opinion that it is her nerves. In any case it is very sad." That reminded me immediately of the violent jerking of the hand, and I asked: "But is not that hereditary? Are not your own nerves a little affected?" Tranquilly he answered: "Mine? Oh, no; I have always possessed very calm nerves." Then suddenly, after a pause, he remarked: "Ah, yes! You refer to the action of my hand whenever I reach for an object? That is the result of a terrible shock I once had. Imagine, sir, this child has been buried alive!" I could find nothing to say, except "Ah!" with emotion and surprise. He went on: Here is the story. It is simple. Juliette had for some time seemed subject to disordered action of the heart. We were sure she suffered from some disease of this organ and expected the worst. One day she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. The physician issued a certificate of death. I watched beside her for a day and two nights. I myself placed her in the coffin, which I followed to the cemetery, where she was laid in the family vault. It was in the country, in Lorraine. I had wished that she should be buried with her jewels, bracelets, necklaces, rings, all the presents that

I had given her, and her first ball dress. You can imagine the state of my heart on returning home. She was all I had, my wife having been dead for many years. Stunned and half mad, I shut myself alone in my room and fell into an armed-chair, almost senseless, unable to move. I was merely a wretched, breathing wreck. My old valet, Prosper, who had helped me place Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last rest, entered noiselessly and asked: "Monsieur, will you not eat something?" I shook my head, without speaking. He persisted: "Monsieur is wrong. This will make him ill. Would monsieur like me to put him to bed?" I answered: "No; let me alone." And he withdrew. How many hours may have passed I know not! Oh! what a night! What a night! It was cold, my fire had burned out in the great fireplace, and the wind, a wintry gale, charged with icy frost, was howling without and rapping at my window with a peculiarly sinister sound. Long hours rolled away. I sat there, wide-awake, prostrated and overwhelmed, my eyes were open, but my body was nerveless, dead, and my soul was engulfed in despair. Suddenly the great hall bell rang out. I gave such a start that my chair creaked under me. The slow, solemn sound vibrated in the empty house. I looked to see the hour by the clock. It was 2 in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour? And, abruptly, the bell rang twice again. The servants, certainly, would not dare answer it. I took a candle and descended. I was about to demand: "Who is there?" Then, ashamed of this weakness, I slowly drew back the heavy bolts. My heart throbbed; I was afraid. I opened the door brusquely, and descried in the gloom a shape like a phantom, dressed in white. I recoiled, impotent with anguish, and stammered: "Who—who—who are you?" A voice answered: "It is I, father." It was my daughter. Really I thought myself mad and I shrank away, retreating backward before the specter as it entered, gesticulating with my hand, as if to ward off the apparition. The gesture has never left me. The phantom spoke again: "Have no fear, papa; I was not dead. Some one has stolen my rings and has cut off my finger; the blood began to flow and that has revived me." And I observed, then, that she was covered with blood. I fell to my knees, gasping, sobbing hysterically. As soon as I had partly recovered my senses, so dazed still that I hardly comprehended the terrible happiness that had come to me, I made her go up to my room and placed her in my armchair; then I rang sharply for Prosper, that he might rekindle the fire, prepare a warm drink for her and summon a physician. The man entered, gazed at my daughter, opened his mouth with a spasm of fright and horror, then fell back, stark dead. It was he who had opened the vault, who had mutilated and then abandoned my child, for he could not efface the traces of his robbery; he had not even taken the pains to place the coffin back in its case, certain, moreover, of not being suspected by me, who trusted him fully. "You see, monsieur, that we are very unfortunate people." He was silent. Night had come on, shrouding with its gloom the sad and solitary little vale and a kind of mysterious dread seized me at finding myself alone with these uncanny beings—this corpse come to life and this father with his appalling gestures. I could find nothing to say, but stammered: "What a horrible thing!" Then, after awhile, I added: "Let us return! The night has grown chill." And we walked back toward the hotel.

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