CONGRESSIONAL. condressional, F. Manderson, of Omaha; gernon S. Paddock, of Beatrice. lepresentatives—Wm. Bryan, Lincoln: O. Rem. Broken Bow; Wm. McKeleben, Red.

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Treasurer Barrett Scott
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Deputy H. C. McEvony
Sheriff H. C. McEvony
Sheriff H. W. Dudley
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Assistant Dr. C. E. Fort
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SUPERVISORS. COUNTY. SUPERVISORS.

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year—David Stannard.

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For two years—Fred Gatz. For one year—
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Chief of Police, John Lappan; Attorney,
Thos. Carlon; Weighmaster, Ed. M'Bride;
Street Commissioner, O. E. Davidson.

· JUDICIARY.

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Seporter A. L. Warrick, of Almsworth
Judge A. W. Crites, of Chadron
Reporter H. L. Laird, of Chadron
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Register O'NEILL B. S. Gillespie
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SOLDIERS' RELIEF COMNISSION.

Regular meeting first Monday in February of each year, and at such other times as is deemed necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, chairman; Wm. Bowen, Atkinson, secretary; A. K. Haskins, Cleveland.

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

METHODIST CHURCH, Preaching Mevery Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Class Meeting at 10:30 a. m. Tresday—Young people's meeting, 8 p. m. Wednesday—Children's meeting, 4 p m. Prayer meeting, 8 p. m. Thursday—La-dies' aid society, 2 p. m. E. E. Wilson, Pas.

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

G. A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John O'Neill Post, No. 86. Department of Nebraska G. A. R., will meet the first and third Saturday evening of each month in Masonic hall O'Neill.

S. J. SMITH, Com.

L'LKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

O. H. MILITZ, Sec. A. H. GORBETT, N. G. C. H. BENTLEY, R. S. D. L. DARR, P. S. E. H. THOMPSON, Treas.

GARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. month in Masonic hall.
W. J. Dobrs, Sec. J. C. Harnish H, F.

Convention every Monday at 8 c clock p. m. in Odd Fellows' hall, Visiting brethern cordially invited. E. E. Evans, K. of R. and S.

GRATTAN ALLIANCE NO. 437.
Farmers' Alliance meets every second and Fourth Saturday at 2 p. m. Visiting members invited. All good farmers urged to become members.

JNO. FALLON, Prest.
CHAS. INGERSOLL, Sec.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I.
Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
G. M. CLEVELAND, S.
S. WOLF, C. P.

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

CARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.&A.M.

CARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.&A.M.

Regular communications Thursday nights
on or before the full of the moon.

W. T. KYALS. C. A. L. TOWGE, W. M.

PRY CREEK ALLIANCE, NO. 605,
meets every second and fourth Saturday
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Departs Monday, Wed, and Friday at ... .1:30 p m

Departs Mon, Wed, and Friday at ... .1:00 p m

PRE-EXISTENCE.

Sometimes a breath floats by me, An odor from dreamland sent, That makes the ghost seem nigh me Of a splendor that came and went.

Of a life lived somewhere, I know not In what diviner sphere.

Of memories that stay not and go not, Like music heard once by an ear

That cannot forget or reclaim it, A something so shy it would shame it To make it a show.

A something too vague, could I name it, For others to know, As if I had lived it or dreamed it, As if I had acted or schemed it.

Long ago.
—James Russell Lowell.

#### THE OAK FOREST.

A string of ten wagons slowly strag-gled along a road in Texas one drowsy day in spring. They had been going for miles and miles through a flat oak forest of a gray, weather-beaten, washed-out, sapless, soulless, desolate hue, dreary and monotonous beyond comprehension.

On the outfit of ten wagons, however, although sun and storm had bleached their signature, the taded apparel and browned complexions of the people had a warmer aspect, betokening a good hearty appreciation of life and its desirabilities.

The general drowsiness overcame the manager of this wagon show-for it was a show company-and he lay back on the seat, oblivious to everything in slumber. The managerial eye having succumbed, the front wagon-drivers relaxed upon which the horses slacked up to the slowest possible speed which would pass for motion, compelling all behind to follow suit, which they were glad of an excuse to do. The negro drivers of the heavier wagons were proficient in the accomplishment of sitting up and holding the lines while enjoying a sound sleep, and were already displaying this feat in their best style. The others succumbed, one by one, till only one person was left sitting erect with his eyes open.

This was the driver of the head wagon, a young man of twenty-six or thereabouts, the leader of the company's band.

The band leader looked around at the people on the wagons. There wasn't an eye open but his own. Backward, past the wagons, was the same as it was in front. He turned deject-edly back again and—ha! what's that? Some one approaches on horseback. The horse in front, whose ears had been flapping limply back and forth as their heads wagged at each step, now wake up and actually evince fright.

"Whoa, you fools. Did you ever see a man before?" sleepily growled the band leader, pulling up the lines. But there was some extenuation due

the horses, as the musician was candidly forced to admit on approach of the stranger. He wore no hat and his apparel, his hair and beard-which trailed the ground-the horse he rode and everything about him was exactly the color of the gnarled oak boughs. His finger-nails were as long as his fingers, and he carried a crooked oak switch.

"Halt!" he called, and the horses all stopped stock still. "What have you there?" "A tent-show."

"A tent-show, is it? and are you the proprietor?"

"No, sir. The proprietor is in the "Well, rouse him up!" roared the

old man. 'Don't set there a-tellin' me what wagon he is in!" One look into the old fellow's fiery

eyes decided the musician, and he called up the manager, who was also the proprietor. "What's wanted?" asked the man-

"If you are the proprietor of the concern just tell me what you mean by trespassing over my ground, without saying a word to nobody, just like it was your own."

supposed this to be a public road."

"You might suppose a good many things," was the angry reply, "that were a long way from being correct, Now you either pay toll before you proceed, or turn about and go back."

"Old man, you are either drunk or crazy, and I can't waste any time on you. Now you obtruct us and take the consequences. Go ahead, Wilkins!"

The procession moved on. The old man dismounted and sat down on a log and smiled a weird smile as they left. Once he was left out of sight, the musician and the manager burst into a hearty laugh, and all the rest, who had been awakened joined in.

"There was a case of craw-fishing," said the manager, and he resumed his

Presently the musician's hair began to raise, and he shouted in terrror:

"Why look at that!" Hundreds of oaks were sprouting up in the middle of the road ahead, and along both sides of them, and shooting immediately up to their normal size, but so close together that a horse could not go between. In a couple of minutes they were blocked, and had but one course to pursue; to retrace their way. They did so. The old man was

sitting on the log as before. "Old man, I acknowledge that you have got me beaten, badly beaten." said the manager.

"Get down out of that wagon," yelled the old man.

The manager complied. "Now put up your show and give the best performance you ever gave in yer life, or it will be the worse for

"There is not room enough here to put up the tent."

"How much do ye want?" "A smooth place, eighty feet square." man, pointing to one side, where the tom he brings to the house.

oaks were stepping back from the de-

sired space. "You have got this tree business down fine," said the manager, gazing

in high admiration. "Well, put up yer show," said the wizerd, a little mollified by the com-

pliment. "Here, you canvas hands! Raise the tent and get ready for a quick show; the door is to be put here. Hey, you hostlers! Water your horses at the creek a quarter of a mile back and let 'em graze awhile. Hey, you wind jam-mers! Get out your horns and play the old man a tune. Cook! Want

out. Whoop-er-up!" Thus the manager delivered himself and went to work here, there, and everywhere, while the wizard pulled out a long pipe and comforted himself with a smoke as he sat taking observations. In a few minutes the "wind jammers' ranged themselves in a line in front of him and played their usual parade selections. He praised their skill, especially that of the slide-trombonist, who

excelled all the rest in volume of tone

dinner ready by the time the show is

and came out considerably in advance at the end as well. In less than an hour the curtain rose on the audience of one, reinforced by the doorkeeper, the ticket seller and the canvas hands, and the performance was gone through. It was not as pleasant to the performers as ordinarily, for a fair audience would have rustled at first, been drawn down to quiet attention presently, applauded strong points and roared with laughter at the humor, and so given the performers spirit to do their parts; whereas, the old man sat in quiet the whole time. In fact, one or two of them gave a side scowl at him for his lack of ex-

quietly smoking.
"Now, then old man," said the manager at the close, "we have given you the whole show."

pressed appreciation, but still he sat

"Ah, yes. Well, take down yer tricks again, if that's the case, and I will give you a little show myself in

"How's dinner, cook?" inquired the manager.

"Dinner's ready. sah."
"Dinner," yelled the manager, and he escorted the old man to the table. The old man did not eat much, seeming quite unfamiliar with ordinary victuals, but that did not interfere with the appetites of the rest.

"Take down, pack up, and load!" called the manager, and the various functionaries proceeded to undo what they had done; in thirty minutes all was ready to start again.

Being all on the wagons as before, the old man observed that they might as well go on, as he could give them his performance quite as well while they were getting over the road as otherwise, so off they went, and left him sitting on a log, his horse tethered to a bough close by. He was putting away his pipe at the last glimpse they had of him.

Suddenly they heard a heavy roar in the distance. A mile or so in the rear was a huge, black, funnel-shaped cloud. The lower point of it was whirling rapidly; the two upper corners seemed to reach the skies.

"It's a cyclone!" shouted the manager. 'We're done for, boysl"

The roar increased, and it became evident that the cyclone was coming toward them. Great trees were to be seen whirling around in the funnel. Very shortly it was upon, or rather, alongside them, and then one moment of fury and it was gone, and they were uninjured. There was a cleancut path, seventy-five yards wide, right parallel with the trail, every tree in it felled.

A whish! was heard, and on the tail of the tempest, as it were, like an old Enlarged. stump with a long wisp of moss for a beard, went the old man.

"That's the first act of my show, boys," he yelled, as he passed on. A little shower fell, the clouds van-

as before. Some two or three hours after dinner the horses began to show a want of water, and the people as well, but Only First Class Hotel in City, mile after mile was passed through that quiet, level oak forest without the sign of a stream or even one of the usual stagnant, red pools. Rests were taken in the densest shade that was

encountered, which was thin enough at best, and the "outfit" moved on slower than ever. At last came the joyful sight of a running branch, and as the horses eagerly pulled the wagons into it, side by side, and drank their fill, behold!

there sat the old man on a fallen tree, as cool as usual. They passed on.

All quieted down again and they were poking along through the forest as usual when, without warning, they came right out on the brink of a cliff a thousand feet to the bottom, right over which the road appeared to lead. As they were pondering over this circumstance in a great quandary, the band leader heard a voice calling from over the cliff:

"Come, now, get down off of that if you want any dinner."

The cliff faded, the forest changed its aspect, houses and indications of civilization appeared, and right in the foreground was the second musician in rank, who had just spoken to him.

That was a great trip we had, wasn't it?" remarked the band leader, as he slowly descended from the wa-

"What, to-day's trip? Twenty miles of oak forest and nothing more. "Nothing more!"

"That was all I could see of it."

#### A Sharp Sharper.

A New York wholesale merchant says that he cheerfully puts up with the sharp practice of his travelers, who pad their own expense accounts, because the sharper the drummer is in "Well, there it is," said the old that respect, as a rule, the more cus-

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