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Justice: Judge Post and T. L. Norval

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Judge: J. J. King
Judge: A. L. Bartow
Judge: A. L. Warrick

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Recorder: A. L. Towle

COUNTY.
Recorder: C. W. Robinson
Recorder: W. B. Lambert

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Pleasantview	Ray	
Deloit	Ewing	
Cleveland	Brodie	
Verdigris	Page	
Inman	Inman	
Sand Creek	Atkinson	
Sand Creek Falls	Turner	
Conley	Chambers	
Fairview	Amelia	
Green Valley	Dustin	
Shields	O'Neill	
Francis	Atkinson	
Hamot	Atkinson	
Sheridan	Atkinson	
Stuart	Stuart	
Swan	Scottville	
Scott	Lake	
Bliss	Bliss	
Padlock	Jackbird	
O'Neill	O'Neill	
Chambers	Chambers	
Atkinson	Atkinson	
Saratoga	Saratoga	
Steel Creek	Star	
Ewing	Ewing	
Willowdale	Inneola	
Wyoming	Amelia	
McClure	Little	
Iowa	Page	
Grattan	O'Neill	

CITY OF O'NEILL.
Mayor: M. D. Long
City Engineer: J. H. Adams
Police Judge: N. Martin
City Attorney: Charlie Hall
City Clerk: Ed. M. Bridger
Commissioner: O. E. Davidson

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP.
Treasurer: John Winn
Assessor: Mose Shell
Justice: M. Castello and Chas. Bell
Justice: Perkins Brooks and Will Sie

DIERS RELIEF COMMISSION.
Meeting first Monday in February of each year, at such other times as may be necessary.

PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

EPHYRIAN CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

AR. POST, NO. 86.

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WARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M.

OP P. HELMET LODGE, U. D.

WELL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F.

WELLS LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

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

MOUNT CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY

Arrival of Mails	Departure of Mails
From the East, 6:15 p. m.	For the East, 6:15 p. m.
From the West, 9:35 a. m.	For the West, 9:35 a. m.
Pacific Short Line, 9:35 a. m.	For Pacific Short Line, 9:35 a. m.
Chicago, 7:00 a. m.	For Chicago, 7:00 a. m.
St. Paul, 7:00 a. m.	For St. Paul, 7:00 a. m.
Omaha, 7:00 a. m.	For Omaha, 7:00 a. m.
Sioux Falls, 7:00 a. m.	For Sioux Falls, 7:00 a. m.
Yankton, 7:00 a. m.	For Yankton, 7:00 a. m.
Sioux City, 7:00 a. m.	For Sioux City, 7:00 a. m.
Des Moines, 7:00 a. m.	For Des Moines, 7:00 a. m.
St. Louis, 7:00 a. m.	For St. Louis, 7:00 a. m.
Chicago, 7:00 a. m.	For Chicago, 7:00 a. m.
St. Paul, 7:00 a. m.	For St. Paul, 7:00 a. m.
Omaha, 7:00 a. m.	For Omaha, 7:00 a. m.
Sioux Falls, 7:00 a. m.	For Sioux Falls, 7:00 a. m.
Yankton, 7:00 a. m.	For Yankton, 7:00 a. m.
Sioux City, 7:00 a. m.	For Sioux City, 7:00 a. m.
Des Moines, 7:00 a. m.	For Des Moines, 7:00 a. m.
St. Louis, 7:00 a. m.	For St. Louis, 7:00 a. m.

TO INSURE LONGEVITY.

An English Member of Parliament's Diet at 86 Years Old.

Mr. Isaac Holden, M. P., is 86. He appears about 60, and in the small hours of the morning, when the house of commons is having a late sitting, he looks fresher than anyone else. The Bradford Observer has lately published an interview in which Mr. Holden explains the way to live long. The normal duration of life, it would seem, is 120 years, being five times the period that it takes for the bones to harden. If people consume much lime their arteries become ossified and the capillary vessels blocked up. If their brains are cut into when they are reaching middle life it is like cutting into a sandbag. To arrive at a normal old age a man must take a good deal of walking exercise and see that the air is frequently changed in the rooms in which he lives. Starch diet produces acidity in the blood, and has to be converted into sugar of fruit before it is assimilable. A meat diet is also undesirable. The meals must be regularly taken, and eating and drinking must not go together. Mr. Holden's daily bill of fare is as follows: For breakfast and supper he takes one baked apple, one banana, one orange, twenty grapes and a biscuit made from banana flour with butter. His midday meal consists of three ounces of beef or mutton, reduced to powder in a mortar and then passed through a colander, with a half-cupful of soup occasionally poured over it. Theory is all very well, but Mr. Holden has proved his case by his health and vigor at a period when most men are, to say the least, verging on old age.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

His Wife Gets His Life Insurance, but He Bobs Up Again.

A romantic affair has just come to light in Essex. Seven years ago Henry Chaney, a sailor belonging to Wivenhoe, in that county, left England on board of the ship Ironopolis of London. The ship was wrecked and most of the crew were lost, including, as there was good reason to suppose, Chaney. An insurance on his life was paid by the Prudential company, and death allowances were also granted by the Fishermen's Aid society and the Foresters. Mrs. Chaney bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her children, whom she brought up most respectably. Last spring two of the daughters thought they saw their father in the street at Wivenhoe, while quite recently another daughter, who is now a lady's-maid in London, wrote home to say that she had met her father, and that each had recognized the other. Soon after this the missing man wrote a letter to his wife, describing the wreck of the Ironopolis and saying that he was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to Brussels infirmary, and thence to an asylum, where he was detained till last April. He then returned to London, and visited Wivenhoe with the intention of seeing his wife, but being told (which was not true) that his wife was on the point of getting married to another man, he did not fulfill his intention. In consequence of the accidental meeting with his daughter in London, Chaney has been reunited to the family from which he has been so long separated. He is now employed at a warehouse in Cheapside.

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For any information call on W. J. DOBBS, AGT. O'NEILL, NEB.

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And general blacksmithing carried on in connection. Carriage work in either iron or wood executed in the most skillful style possible. First-class plow and machine work that can be relied upon. No new experience used in any branch of work. All my men are skilled workmen.

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Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

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A SALOON Where the best WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS IS THE GLOBE, PAT GIBBONS, Prop.

A WARM SPOT.

The Pleasures of Imagination to a Poor Little Fellow.

In the process of cleaning the streets of recently fallen snow the laborers in New York found it necessary to heap the snow up in big drifts or piles at intervals along some of the more frequented streets. In the course of a day or so these drifts became black with the soot of the city, but the drifts were snow just the same. One afternoon there was a little boy found seated in the middle of one of these drifts with his hands in his pockets and his toes cuddled together.

"Why are you sitting there, my lad?" asked a passer.

"Cause I was trun down," answered the boy.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, see, I went inter de saloon on de corner to get warm, and I just got me back agin the register, or whatever dey calls it, where de heat comes out, an' dey fired me, see?"

"But didn't you get warm, and if not, why are you out here in the snow?"

"Why, yer see, boss, dis here is de warmest spot I kin find. You don't know how good it is if you haint tried it. Yer just settle down here, like as if yer was in yer easy chair at your libry, wid a fire in front of yer and, though it's cold at first, you don't know, boss, how warm it seems after two or tree minutes."

Poor chap!

SAVED!

Rescued From Death by the False Tail of His Horse.

"When I see the docked tails of the horses of the fashionable," said Armand Cherie of Detroit, as he sat in the hotel rotunda, "I recall the ludicrous escape from the Paris insurgents of 1848 of one Captain Prebois. The captain had on his person important instructions, and had just turned the corner of the Place Vendome, when a band of insurgents seized the reins of his horse and asked him to surrender the papers he was carrying. He refused. 'Down with him! Shoot him!' they cried.

"He put spurs to his horse and it plunged and reared. One of the insurgents got hold of the animal's tail, and immediately there was a loud roar of laughter. The now hilarious mob let the horse gallop off, and so Captain Prebois escaped. He rode a magnificent thoroughbred. Its noble and splendid symmetry of form had been every morning the admiration of the loiterers in the Bois de Boulogne. When it galloped off, leaving its tail in the hands of the ragamuffin who had seized the appendage, there was nothing to do but to laugh, for it was a false tail that this proud and presumably faultless horse had been wearing all the time."

Is That Diamond Genuine?

Here is an easy means of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not. Pierce a hole in a card with a needle, and then look at the hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond, only a single hole will appear. You may also make the test in another way. Put your finger behind the stone and look at it through the diamond as through a magnifying glass. If the stone is genuine, you will be unable to distinguish the grain of the skin, but with a false stone this will be plainly visible. Furthermore, looking through a real diamond, the setting is never visible, whereas it is with a false stone.

Riches to a Pauper.

An inmate of the Lambeth workhouse named Sheridan has been identified as the heir to a fortune, in real and personal property, of £300,000. This fortune was awaiting him when he entered the workhouse as a pauper several years ago, but the lawyers of the estate could not locate him until last week. A sister of Sheridan's father, a Mrs. Blake, died in 1883, intestate, leaving property aggregating £300,000 in value, and Sheridan is found to be the next of kin. Two sons whom he has not seen for some years he believes to be in America.

SHE WAS FAST.

How a Cow Was Made Prisoner in a Hollow Tree.

Owen Glacey of Summit, Wash., missed a very valuable cow last week, and spent several days in searching for her whereabouts, and had about concluded that she had been stolen when one of the children discovered the animal net over fifty yards from the house. She had wandered into a hollow cedar tree, presumably to get out of the sun, and in pushing her way for fifty feet into the log she passed through a space where it had splintered in falling with the end of the splinters headed in her direction.

Of course, when she attempted to back out her exit was effectually stopped, the splinters having sprung back. And there she was as securely imprisoned as any of the repentant sinners at Walla Walla. When discovered she had been there five days. Mr. Glacey had to cut the log in front of her before she could be taken out, nothing the worse for her imprisonment, except for her enforced fast. When we state that the cow would weigh 1,500 pounds our readers will be able to form an idea of the size of the cedar timber "in this neck of the woods."

A MAN AT HER FEET.

Why Women Are Always so Suspicious of Each Other.

"Why is it that women are always so jealous and suspicious of each other?" asks the professor in a plaintive voice of the lady with whom he had been dancing.

"Oh, because they know each other so well. Now, there's that Kate Lawson. Do you know what she told young Anderson to-night?"

"No. Please enlighten me."

"She said she had one of the most eligible young fellows in town at her feet. Such a whopper, when everybody knows she's never had a single offer."

"I can prove the truth of Miss Lawson's assertion," said the professor, in his cold, calm voice, that sounded like a brook gurgling over broken glass.

"Oh, were you the man?" spitefully.

"No," not in the least disconcerted, "she was buying her wedding shoes, and the man at her feet was the clerk, who was fitting her."

"Her wedding shoes! You don't mean to say that that girl has at last caught a husband?"

"So they say."

"Who is the unhappy man?"

"Myself."

Oldest of Time-Pieces.

The most curious of time-keepers in the world, perhaps, are those used by some South sea Islanders. Taking the kernels of the nut of the candle tree, they wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. This is placed in an upright position and the upper kernel lighted. As the kernels are of the same substance, each burns for a certain time setting fire then to the kernel below. To mark divisions of time the native ties bits of bark cloth along the string at regular intervals.

Fashions Not Made for the Old.

Elderly women often complain, with a considerable amount of justice, that the fashions seem to be intended only for the young, and that those women who have passed 40 are left more or less to their own devices. Few fashion papers contain any designs or suggestions for the attire of women of middle age, and a newspaper devoted to this object would doubtless be regarded as a boon by all those many women who are sensible enough to bear their years becomingly and gracefully.

After Willie.

Ludicrous deliverances are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here is one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will, if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's mourning."