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Sheridan	Atkinson
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Swan	Swan
Scottville	Scottville
Lake	Deloit
Padlock	Jackbird
Chambers	O'Neill
Atkinson	Chambers
Saratoga	Saratoga
Steel Creek	Frank
Ewing	Ewing
Innoola	Innoola
Anellia	Anellia
Middle	Middle
Page	Page
O'Neill	O'Neill

CITY OF O'NEILL.
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 10 years—Ben DeYarman. For one year—Fred Gatz.
SECOND WARD.
 10 years—Fred Gatz. For one year—Barrett Scott.
THIRD WARD.
 10 years—Barrett Scott. For one year—Hillard.

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GRATTAN TOWNSHIP.
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WELLS RELIEF COMMISSION.
 Meeting first Monday in February, and at such other times as may be necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; Mark, Atkinson.

ATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
 Masses every Sabbath at 8 o'clock. Rev. Casady, Pastor. Sabbath school every following services.

MODIST CHURCH. Services Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, immediately following school. Preaching every evening at 8 o'clock. Epworth devotional meeting Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock. P. Ellis, Pastor.

BYTERIAN CHURCH. Services Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. School at 10 a. m. Rev. N. S. Lowrie, Pastor.

R. POST NO. 86. The Gen. John Bull Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska, will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic hall. S. J. Smith, Com.

HORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in town hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

HILZ, Sec. A. H. GORRETT, N. G. BENTLEY, R. S. DARR, P. S. E. H. THOMPSON, Treas.

FIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. J. C. Harnish, H. F. Evans, Sec.

OPP—HELMET LODGE, U. D. G. Meets every Monday at 8 o'clock in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren invited. E. M. Grady, C. C. Evans, K. of R. and G.

WILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Wm. S. A. H. Corbett, C. P.

LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH. Meets every 1st and 3rd of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Edith Butler, N. G.

FIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Meets first and third Thursday nights of the full of the moon. J. C. Harnish, Sec.

T-CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A. Meets first and third Tuesday in Cronin, clerk. R. J. Hayes, V. C.

U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Cronin, Sec. G. W. Meals, M. A.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY.
 Arrival of Mails
 From the East, 6:15 p m
 From the West, 9:35 a m
 Pacific Short Line, 9:35 a m
 Every day except Sunday at 9:25 p m
 O'Neill and Chelsea, 7:30 a m
 Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a m
 Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p m
 O'Neill and Padrock, 7:00 a m
 Monday, Thurs. and Friday at 7:00 a m
 Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:30 p m
 O'Neill and Niobrara, 7:00 a m
 Monday, Thurs. and Fri. at 7:00 a m
 Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p m
 O'Neill and Cumminsville, 1:30 p m
 Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 1:30 p m

IMAGINATION'S POWER.

A Cavalryman Who Thought His Boots Were Filled With Blood.
 "During the war I belonged to a cavalry regiment, and our company was ordered to dismount and make a charge upon the rebel General Bate, who with his men were entrenched behind breastworks at the battle of Stone River," said a gentleman. "We charged, but the bullets came so thick and fast that every man of the company who was not wounded turned and made tracks for our own breastworks. I was a fleet runner, and made better time in that race than ever before. About 100 yards from our breastworks I felt a ball strike my leg near my boot top, and in less time than I can tell it I could hear the blood 'goosh, goosh,' in my boot leg, yet I never slackened my speed, although I went with a limp. I tumbled over the breastworks and lay gasping for breath. One of the boys said: 'Al, what is the matter?' I replied that a bullet had struck me in the leg, and that I was bleeding to death.
 "Two of my comrades came up and began searching for the wound. The boot was drawn carefully from my foot, when out fell a minie ball. It had passed through the leather, but had not even broken the skin. A swollen place about the size of a hickory nut, where the ball had struck it, was all the wound that could be found, but I never could imagine why I could feel the blood slosh around in my boot leg, when the skin was not broken."

SHE WAS STUPID.

The Idea of Leading the Subject to His Lungs.
 They spoke at greater or lesser length upon politics, religion, wealth, military, gloves, neckties, skating, the drama, society, dancing, the public schools, the church and its mission, the probability of a continuance of sleighing, the difficulty of getting hired girls, the supply of natural gas and other topics of minor importance. Still he lingered. Instinct told him that the old man was yet awake, but he set the danger at naught and stayed.
 There was another danger which he wished to broach.
 "My dear friend—"
 It seemed a very cold and distant form of address, but he had previously decided it was the best under the circumstances.
 "I wish—to speak to you of something very near my heart."
 "Why—"
 As she stared at him the perplexity in her face suddenly gave way to intelligence.
 "Oh, yes, I know; your lungs. How are they, anyway? How stupid in me not to ask."
 He never knew what he murmured in reply. When he recovered complete consciousness he was walking home and the crisp snow was crushing noisily under his feet.

A CLEVER RUSE.

How Baron de Reinach Won Applause for Acrobatic Feats.
 An amusing story is told of the late Baron Jacques de Reinach, whose end was so tragic. Last year, at a large costume ball given in a house in the avenue d'Iena, the dancers were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a clown wearing a mask, who proceeded to perform acrobatic feats worthy of a professional. Everyone crowded round the new-comer, pressing him with questions as to his identity, but with no result, and he disappeared. Later on in the evening the clown again was seen, and this time he deigned to lift his mask. The astonishment of all was great when they recognized M. de Reinach, who, however, did not deserve the compliments that were showered upon him. There were two clowns! Baron de Reinach had engaged the services of a well-known performer at the Nouveau Cirque. He had two costumes made exactly alike, and after the professional had departed M. de Reinach appeared on the scene and reaped his undeserved laurels.

Ancient Bridal Wreaths.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verberna, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness.

Scimitar Snake.

There is a little reptile belonging to Madagascar known as the scimitar snake, that is the curling sword. Running along the back from head to tail is a blackish, horny substance, which bends with the convolutions of the snake's body as readily as would a well-tempered steel spring, and throughout its entire length it bears an edge as hard as flint and as sharp as a razor. They are not poisonous, but when one of them springs on a man, which he likes very well to do, he will soon have a leg off unless cracked on the pate.

The Persian Derby.

They enter a derby in Persia. A lot of men enter their horses and deposit the entrance fees with the shah. The race is then run after which the shah takes possession of the winner, and sticks to all the entrance money.

BRAVE ANIMALS.

The Elephant Shows Courage in the Face of Danger.
 It is said that the scent or roar of a bear in the jungle will often scare elephants beyond control. And they have the same intense nervousness shown by the horse at the sight of things unusual or out of place. A big elephant, which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock, and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was, happened to look around, and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels.
 After running some miles like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the elephant stopped and allowed itself to be turned round, and drew the bullock back again without a protest. Yet an elephant without a mahout gives, perhaps, the best instance of disciplined courage—courage, that is, which persists in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit, day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent.
 No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India, and was communicated to the writer. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.

WANTED BY BRITISH LORDS.

New York Dealers Kept Busy Shipping Wild Animals Abroad.
 There is a great demand nowadays from wealthy Europeans for American wild animals. Every year hundreds are shipped abroad by New York dealers, but there never was a finer pair of any kind sent to Europe than the young bison which left by the steamer Bovic lately.

They came from the St. Louis Zoo, where they have been on exhibition for a number of years. They were consigned to W. A. Conklin, who purchased them for William Cross, a Liverpool animal dealer, who in turn purchased them for an English lord, to be placed in his game preserve for breeding purposes. The bison came originally from the plains of Wyoming.

On their way East they got into a terrible rage and ripped and tore their boxes to bits, and the train men had hard work to keep them in subjection. When they were boxed at the St. Louis Zoo they gave considerable trouble. John C. Gray, a veteran cowboy, and James Crawley, a former lion-tamer, lassoed them around the legs and horns and then bound them tight. The male weighs fully 5,000 pounds and the female 3,000.

Mr. Conklin has a large order for bison and other wild animals to be filled for the English nobility before next fall. Some of the animals are on their way East. Several panthers from Washington state are among the lot, besides several consignments of deer, elk, mountain sheep from the Rockies, some bear from the Sierras and a large lot of other game. He has one pair of handsome panthers at his stable.

It's a Wet Day.

A stout man got on a horse-car the other day.
 "Wet day," he said to a stranger, who was sitting near him.
 "Hey," said the other.
 "Wet day," said the first, a little louder.
 "Excuse me, I'm a little deaf and hardly caught your meaning."
 "I said, 'It's a wet day,'" howled the fat man, getting red in the face, as the other passengers looked up from their papers.
 "Ah, yes, yes; how much you must pay. Five cents, that's the fare."
 Whereupon the fat man got off the car.
 "Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the seventh man within an hour that told me it's a wet day. Praps they imagine I don't know it."

Fat Enough.

A Philadelphian citizen who was raising a fine hog in the rear of his residence was notified by the board of health to remove the animal outside the city limits. Not wishing to move and thinking the hog was not fat enough to kill, he sent word to a colored man who had a small farm in Montgomery county to take the pig to his place until it was fat enough to kill, agreeing to give one-half his carcass for his trouble. Sam took the hog home and the next morning brought half of it back to the Mananunker. "Why, Sam," said the owner, "I told you to keep that hog until it was fat." "He was fat enough for me, sah; dar's yo' haf," replied Sam.

To Find Your Future Husband.

At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg, which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it till it is hard, they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats her half and its shell to the last fragment, speaking no word while; then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed, "to sleep, perchance to dream."

WHY HE DISLIKED HAM.

He Was Surfeited With It During the Johnstown Flood.
 "If there is one thing on earth that I can't eat it's ham," said Charles A. Morton of Pittsburgh. "And I used to be a great lover of it, too. I'll tell you how I came to take such a dislike to it. It was during the Johnstown flood excitement. I was in the newspaper business at the time, and, with the other boys, I was sent up there. For the first couple of days, when there was nothing to eat, it was pretty tough, and we all swore to eat everything we could lay our hands on if we ever came within the sight of food again.
 "Well, the first day the relief train got up there it was laden with ham sandwiches, and the way we put them out of sight was a caution. You'd see a man coming away from the train with a sandwich in each hand and another in his pocket. The next day it was the same way.
 "On the third day the ham sandwiches began to pall a little, and on the fourth they had become absolutely tiresome. We had had more of it than we could stand. Still, we must eat, and there was nothing else to eat, and we had to stuff the ham into us. It got so that it was an awful dose, and many of us went without ham sandwiches until we got so hungry that we were compelled to eat. When we got away from Johnstown and got to where we could eat something we thanked God sincerely. Since that time I have never been able to compel myself to eat a ham sandwich, and I think the sight of one would sicken me. There is such a thing, you know, as being surfeited even with food."
THE GROWTH OF AN OYSTER.
 Each Overlapping Layer of Shell Means a Year of Age.
 The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover half a crown, and in twelve months a crown piece. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never to small.
 It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth. Everyone who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically termed shots, and each one marks a year's growth so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined.
 Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened. Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old.
 One to two million oysters are produced from a single parent, and their scarcity is accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster-eating animal. The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which he bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.

A WORK ROOM.

Every House Should Have Such an Apartment.
 No matter how large or how small your house may be, there should be one room set apart for a sewing room where all appliances for work should be kept, and which may be shut against all of the outside world.
 If ever such a room is appreciated it is when the dressmaker comes on her half yearly or quarterly visit, and where together you plan and work without danger of interruption.
 The room need not necessarily be large, but it should be light and sunny, and should have a large closet, fitted with plenty of roomy drawers. If there is a carpet on the floor, cover it with linen, so that the threads and scraps may be easily gathered up. Place the sewing machine to the right of the window, and have a good-sized table upon which cutting may be done. Have low, comfortable chairs, and a big family work basket. The darning bag and all the conveniences for work should be kept in this room, and not be allowed to overflow in any other part of the house.
 In this way all evidence of labor will be kept out of sight of the men of the family, who are not over and above fond of seeing too much of the domestic machinery.
 Once such a room is established, you will wonder how you ever got along with out it, and the positive luxury it affords you will more than repay you for what trouble and expense you may have had in fitting it up.

His Father Not a Worker.

In one of the grammar schools in New York is a boy who has a great admiration for his father. His father's word is law to him, though he pays not the slightest attention to anything that his mother may say. This bright young one was very much disgusted by the question put to him by his teacher when he first entered the grammar school. After giving his name to the teacher he was asked: "What is your father's occupation?" "What's that?" was his reply, in a mystified tone.
 "What is your father's business? What does he do?"
 "Do? Why he don't do nuthin'. He just bosses, see?" the boy answered in a most aggravated way.
 The boy's father is a street cleaner in Superintendent Brennan's forest cleaning department, and his son had seen him directing the men under him and so considered it an insult that any one should suppose that his father worked like ordinary mortals.

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