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Regular meeting first Monday in February
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PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Very Rev. Cassidy, Pastor. Sabbath school
immediately following services.

METHODIST CHURCH. Services
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mediately followed by Sunday school. Preach-
ing in the evening also o'clock. Prayer meeting
Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Epworth
League devotional meeting Sunday evening
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G. A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John
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PLATON VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O.
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at Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brethren cordially
invited to attend.
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O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I.
O. O. F. meets every second and fourth
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Scribe, O. L. BRIGHT.

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
OF THE REBEKAH. Meets every first and
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Every day, Sunday included at 9:45 a. m.

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Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m.
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p. m.

O'NEILL AND NIORARA.
Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a. m.
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p. m.

O'NEILL AND COMMISSIONSVILLE.
Arrives Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:30 p. m.
Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:30 p. m.

FORGOT ABOUT SHOES.

Young Love Fixes Plans to Go House-keeping, and All Is Well.
"YOUTH is so sweetly simple, and love is greater than all the wide, wide world."

What are the prosaic things of life to two young hearts when they throb in unison? Nothing. And nothing is a great snap. For is nothing else what they have to go on? And do they not go? Well, we should smile! He had loved her, oh! so tenderly, for as much as a year. And she had loved him always, always.

He was 21 and she 18, and he had \$10 per week. Great heavens, how they did love!
"Precious darling," he murmured, one evening as the pale moon hung its golden crescent in the blue, blue sky, "let us fly!"

"The dear, silly angels thought they had wings."
"Where to, Algie?" she whispered eagerly, forgetful of her syntax, or prosody or whatever it is that governs a final proposition.

"Where we may be made one, darling," he said ecstatically.
"But, Algie," she hesitated, "we have no money, have we?"

"Darling," he whispered, "I have \$10 a week."
"Ohi Algie," she whispered, "forgive me for doubting you. That will give us theater tickets twice a week, soda water and candy, won't it, and what more could heart wish?"

"Precious darling!" he exclaimed, kissing her rapturously.
And so they were married.

SURE TO BE ACQUITTED.

Assault Was an Election Row and Did Not Amount to Much.
"What's your defense?" asked the attorney who had been sent for to defend a man charged with murder.

"It was a mistake," said the prisoner.
"How a mistake?" asked the lawyer.
"Well, I hit him with a brick, but I didn't mean to kill him."

"Did you throw the brick at him intending that it should hit him?"
"NO; I didn't throw it at him at all. I kept it in my hands and just pounded him on the head with it."

"But you meant to hit him?"
"Sure I did, but I didn't mean to kill him."
"Um! Well, I don't believe I can get you off on that plea. What was the trouble about?"

"I was trying to convince him that he ought to vote for Mullaney."
"And wouldn't he do it?"
"Nav. He said the other man was twice as good a man and that he wouldn't vote for Mullaney for seventeen men like me, and then I hit him. And now they swear they'll hang me."

"O well, don't worry about that. I see my way clear now. If I can have the trial set for some day just before election I'll raise the cry of political prosecution, and that will pull you through all right. It's a good thing you were talking politics, though. You'd hang if it had been anything else."

Another Courtship Ended.
He had been worshipping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late, and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on his vacation and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11:30 by the clock, and it wasn't a very rapid clock. "Miss Mollie," he began tremulously, "I am going away to-morrow. "Are you?" she said, with the thoughtfulness of girlhood as she gazed wistfully at the clock. "Yes," he replied, "are you sorry?" "Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening." Then she again gazed at the clock wistfully, and he told her good night.

Saved by a Baby Incubator.
Dr. C. C. Bippus of Allegheny, was called to attend a woman who had fallen downstairs. The shock caused her to give birth to a 6-months' child. The doctor thought the child dead, wrapped it in paper and took it to his office, intending to have it buried. At his office Dr. Bippus detected life in the little body. He quickly rigged up an incubator, which he warmed by bottles of hot water. He put the baby in it and nourished it by injections of scrapings from raw beef. The youngster gradually grew stronger during the over four months of its captivity, and the other day Dr. Bippus took it out and surprised the mother, who had thought it dead, by restoring it to her.

Lawyers in Trade.
"Do you know," asked one of your nose-for-news men of the writer, "that many lawyers are engaging in their other business in addition to their profession? There was a time when a lawyer would think it a tarnish on his profession if he did anything else. But it is not so any more in this city. I know one lawyer who has an interest in a meat market, and I know a judge of the supreme court who is the owner of a barber shop. He bought the place one day before he was on the bench as an investment, and it pays so well that he is holding on to it.

In the Desert.
When Mr. David Lindsay returned from his expedition across a part of the Australian desert some time ago, he said the whole of that almost waterless country was inhabited by natives who get their water supply by draining the roots of the mallee-tree, which yield quantities of pure water. This tree, absorbing moisture from the air, retains it in considerable quantities in its roots and thus makes it possible to live in an arid region, which would otherwise be uninhabitable.

FOLLOWING PRECEDENT.

Old Bill Botts Found the Chinese Not at All Accommodating.
A good, honest fellow in his way was Bill Botts, but he had never had an opportunity to study moral philosophy as taught in the colleges and universities. He came from Biddeford, in Devon, and very likely some of his ancestors had helped Drake "wallop" the Spaniards. He had followed in their footsteps by enlisting in the navy to fight for his country whenever called upon to do so.

When he returned from a voyage to China he brought with him a present for a gentleman who had been very kind to his old mother during his absence. It was a curiously fashioned Chinese garment made of bits of a species of straw strung together.

"Plase, sur, you must excuse us being torn," he said bashfully, when he presented it, "the Chinaman wouldn't part with an alsy."

He had run across a Chinaman wearing it somewhere in the streets of Hong Kong, and the unfortunate celestial not understanding his summary request to "Hand that over here," he had simply yanked it off him.

To the suggestion that his conduct had hardly been consistent with strict honesty he replied:
"Beggin' your pardon, sur, he wuz only a haythen, an' I never heard that taking things from a haythen counted as stealin'."

"Well," replied his friend, "if many illustrious Englishmen had not acted on that assumption I don't know where the British empire would now be, so I'll keep the heathen's garments."

THE MANDOLIN GIRL.

She Was a Fraud, of Course, but None the Less Interesting.
In the corner of a New York cable car sat a charming girl. She was beautifully gowned, faultlessly gloved, bore a most becoming hat on her piguant little head, and on her lap carried a mandolin case. Of course she was the object of intense interest to the other passengers, and a man who had seen her nearly every day in the car and always carrying the mandolin put her down in his mind as the most devoted student of that musical instrument he had ever encountered. Behind him sat two shoppirls and they were discussing the interesting unknown.

"There is that mandolin girl again," said one of them. "I can't bear to look at her."
"Why not?" asked the other girl; "I think she is beautiful."

"So she is, but she is such a fraud. She clerks in a store downtown, and doesn't want people to know she is a shoppirl. So she carries that everlasting mandolin back and forth to convey the impression that she is a society girl out for a music lesson. I have known of her little dodge for more than a year, and am tired of it. I wish she would carry a tennis racket or a poodle for a change.

"The mandolin case is very convenient, however, for another girl told me that she carries her lunch, her overshoes, a comb and brush and lots of other things in it. It is not honest, though, and I feel contempt for her."

Possible.

A popular English Nonconformist minister was staying with a family in Glasgow, while on a visit to that city, whither he had gone on a deputation from the Wesleyan missionary society. At dessert, when invited to take some fine fruit which he declined, he mentioned to the family a curious circumstance concerning himself—he had never in his life tasted an apple, pear, grape or any other kind of green fruit. This fact caused considerable amazement to most of the family, but a cousin who was present—a cautious Scotchman of a most practical turn of mind—listened to the statement with great unconcern, and when the various exclamations which it had aroused subsided, he remarked dryly: "It's a great peety ye hadna been in Paradise, and there might na hae been any fa'."

A Cool Chinaman.

Coolness is a powerful weapon, even against wild beasts. The other day a philosophic Chinaman, in the Straits settlements, was walking along a country road, and sucking a length of sugar cane. Out of the woods leaped a tiger. Some people in the Chinaman's position would have bolted; others would have screamed; still others would have fainted; but John merely gave the tiger a tap on the head with his sugar cane and then calmly went on sucking the toothsome juices. The tiger was so completely upset with his unexpected reception that he fled!

Carrier Pigeons.

The carrier-pigeon, when traveling, never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted, almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two hours later it begins eating with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged, the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

A Vagrant Bit of Advice.

We do not know to whom the following vagrant bit of advice should be credited, but it is good sound sense. "When a man playfully points a gun or pistol at you knock him down. Don't stop to inquire whether it is loaded or not—knock him down. Don't be particular what you knock him down with—only see that he is thoroughly knocked down. If a coroner's inquest be held let it be on the other fellow—he won't be missed."

IT WENT DEMOCRATIC.

Colonel Winston's First Sad Experience With a Virginia Jury.

"Washington not only has among its wonders and beauties the charming city of Tacoma," said Colonel Will Visscher, "but it has some remarkable characters, sah. There is, for instance, Colonel Patrick Henry Winston, late federal attorney in that state, who is a descendant of the old 'give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death' Henry, so dear to the memory of the schoolboy declaimer.

"When Winston began practicing law, after graduating at a North Carolina college and somebody's law office, he settled in Lynchburg, Va. His first case was the defense of a negro who was charged with grand larceny. Winston said of that case: 'I conducted it, sir, with such consummate ability, and made such an eloquent speech in behalf of my client that I felt certain of his acquittal. The case was given to the jury about noon and I went home to dinner. On the way down to the court house after the noon meal I met a mulatto whom I had seen loafing about the court room, and I asked him if the jury had come in.

"'Yes, sah,' he said, 'de jury's done come in, sah.'
"'Do you know what it did?'"
"'The man looked serious and somewhat alarmed as he said: 'Tell you, Mars Winston, dat jury's done gone Dimmericatic.'"

"My heart sank. It was shortly after the close of the war, and I knew what it meant for a jury to 'go Dimmericatic' in a negro case down there in Virginia. My case was lost."

AN INQUIRING MIND.

The Anxious-Looking Man Asked a Very Touching Question.

"And now," said the learned lecturer, who had addressed a small, but deeply attentive audience at the village hall, "I have tried to make these problems, abstruse as they may appear, and involving in their solution the best thoughts, the closest analysis, and the most profound investigations of our best scientific men for many years—I have tried, I say, to make them seem comparatively simple and easily understood, in the light of modern knowledge. Before I close this lecture I shall be glad to answer any questions that may occur to you as to points that appear to need clearing up or that may have been overlooked."

There was a silence of a few moments and then an anxious-looking man in the rear of the hall rose up.
"I would take it as a favor," he said, "if you could tell me whether science has produced as yet any reliable and certain cure for warts?"

A Race of Giant Cannibals.

Unlike as it may seem to some who read these lines, it is a fact, nevertheless, that there is an island in the gulf of California, not more than sixty miles from the Mexican mainland, which is inhabited by the remnants of a race of giant cannibals. This startling discovery was made by a West coast naturalist early in 1891, and has since been confirmed by both United States and Mexican explorers. Mr. McNamara, the scientist referred to, has a photograph of one of the men found by him on the island, that individual, although not one of the largest, being over seven feet in height. The island upon which they were found is known as the island or isle of Leri, and the original discoverer says that there is every evidence of cannibalism among them.

Writing the Scriptures.

The scriptures were first written on skins, linen cloth or papyrus, and rolled up as we do engravings. The Old Testament was written in the old Hebrew character—an offshoot of the Phœnician. It was a symbol language as written, having no vowels. The consonants were only written, and the vowel sound supplied by the voice. The words ran together in a continuous line. After the Hebrew became a dead language vowels were supplied to preserve usage, which was passing. After the Babylonian captivity the written Hebrew was modified by the Aramaic, and schools of reading taught the accent and emphasis. Then came the separation of words from each other, then division into verses.

She Squelched the License Clerk.

Just as the door of the city clerk's office was due to be closed the other night, two young ladies called and stated that they were looking for a marriage license. "This is not the place," explained the sober-faced clerk. "The clerk of the court issues them at the court house, but you are too late to get down there before he goes home." "Isn't that provoking?" remarked one of the maidens, with a pout equally provoking. "They told us that this was the place to get licenses." "It is. Dog licenses," the facetious clerk answered. "The license is for me, not you, sir," answered the girl, and a deep hush fell on the city seal.

Not Much of a Company.

A British regiment stationed in India had listened to a sermon on "the company of apostles," from its "padre," now a colonial bishop. As the officer sat at mess the sermon came up in the conversation and various opinions of its merits were heard. Presently the adjutant, a silent, saturnine man who had risen from the ranks, remarked: "To tell the truth, I don't think much of the apostles as a company—only twelve, rank and file."

"E Pluribus Unum" on Coins.

The legend "E Pluribus Unum," which appears on a number of United States coins, was never authorized by law. Its first use is said to have been upon a coin struck at Newbury, N. Y., in 1777, before the adoption of our constitution.

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