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Supervisor, John Murphy; Justices, E. H.
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For two years—Ben DeYarman. For one
year—David Stannard.

SECOND WARD

For two years—Fred Gatz. For one year—
M. Mullen.

THIRD WARD

For two years—J. C. Smoot. For one year—
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Treasurer, David Adams; City Engineer,

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP

Supervisor, John Winn; Treasurer, John
Dwyer; Clerk, D. H. Cronin; Assessor, Mose

SOLDIERS' RELIEF COMMISSION

Regular meeting first Monday in February
of each year, and at such other times as

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Vern. Rev. Cassidy, Pastor. Sabbath school

METHODIST CHURCH

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.
Immediated followed by Sunday school.

Y. M. C. A.

Bible study and veneration
meeting every Monday evening in
lecture room, M. E. church.

G. A. R. POST NO. 88

Gen. John
O'Neill Post, No. 88, Department of Ne-
braska G. A. R., will meet the first and third

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Wednesday evening in
the Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially

CARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M.

Meets on first and third Thursday of each
month in Masonic hall.

K. O. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D.

Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m.
in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F.

Meets every second and fourth
Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

OPEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH

Meets every 1st and 3rd
Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

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

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

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F. A.

Meets on the first and third Tuesday in
each month in the Masonic hall.

A. O. U. W. NO. 153

Meets second
and fourth Tuesday of each month in
the Masonic hall.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY

Arrival of Mails
P. E. & M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST.

FROM THE WEST

Arrives every day except Sunday at 11:35 p. m.
Departs 9:55 a. m.

PACIFIC SHORT LINE

Arrives every day except Sunday at 11:35 p. m.
Departs 9:55 a. m.

O'NEILL AND CHELSEA

Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:00 a. m.
Arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:30 p. m.

HEROIC TESTS OF ANTIDOTES.

Doctors Have Deliberately Placed Their Own Lives in Jeopardy.

There is no difference of opinion among doctors as to the heroism displayed by Dr. William Moor, the specialist on therapeutics, who has discovered that permanganate of potassium is an antidote for morphine poisoning, and proved it the other day when he counteracted the effects of what ordinarily would be a fatal dose of morphine by swallowing his new found antidote. Some of the doctors who were present left the room. Those who remained had the opportunity of congratulating him upon his discovery and self-confidence. Such cases are not uncommon. Almost all successful physicians have at some time placed their lives in jeopardy to experiment on themselves. Drugs, poisons and narcotics are the favorite subjects of experiments, and physicians boast that many obscure heroes have laid down their lives in the interests of science because their calculations failed. A Brooklyn physician, while traveling in France with his wife, was forced to go through the cholera districts some years ago. He had a new theory of his own for the cure of cholera, and his wife was in a fever of dread over the chance of infection. This man inoculated himself with the germs of cholera, and then, with two paid attendants, isolated himself from the rest of the world and put his theory into practice, having left minute directions for his treatment before delirium set in. In a week he was cured. Shortly after his wife was stricken and he confidently applied his remedy. His wife died and he never again tried his discovery. To this day he does not know whether his experiment was a success or not. But it was none the less heroic.

CUT OFF FROM CIVILIZATION.

An American Family Which Hears From the World Twice Yearly.

G. B. Greig, from Fanning island, was in San Francisco recently. This is one of a little group that lies in midocean about half way between Honolulu and Samoa, being situated between three and four degrees north of the equator. It is the property of the Greigs, who are Americans. Here members of this family lead an ideal life, apart from all others of their kind, save a hundred natives, who do their work. Once only in six months do they hear from the world, and then a little sailing vessel comes laden with mail and books and provisions and even newspapers six months old. It is always summer in Fanning; always warm enough so that one can swing in a hammock all night with no covering save the clear sky.

"It is not generally known," said Mr. Greig, "that Fanning island is a British possession. It is the property of our family, who work it for copra and guano. It is a coral islet, with a fine lagoon, which has been entered by several war ships, American, British and also Japanese. The island has a circumference of about thirty miles. It was annexed to Great Britain in 1859 by Admiral Richards. The place would make a first-class naval coaling station. The proposed cable across the Pacific ocean, from Australia to British North America, will probably cross Fanning island. In that event we will feel quite in the world."

That Boy Daniel.

As a boy, Daniel was not over fond of labor. On one occasion his father returned from a short journey and found certain work undone. Summoning the boys, he asked sharply: "Ezekiel, what have you been doing?" "Nothing, sir," was the reluctant reply. "Well, Daniel, what have you been doing?" "Helping Zeke, sir," was the prompt and cheerful answer, and the father's anger was lost in his mirth. On another occasion Daniel was put to mowing, but complained that his scythe "was not hung right." "All right," said his father, "hang it to suit yourself." Thereupon Daniel hung the scythe upon a tree, remarking: "There; that is hung to suit me." And he mowed no more that day.

A Short Way With Them.

A hint on the domestic question—how to get the girls married—is contained in the following: A thriving trader in Wisconsin, with eleven daughters, succeeded, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, in marrying them all off in six months. A friend of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his success, when the latter informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony! "You can imagine, continued he, "which of the two they preferred."

Hard Task for Calvin S. Brice.

Said Senator Calvin S. Brice recently: "The remark in the bible about not muzzling the ox that treadeth out the grain always appeals to me. It reminds me of one of the first tasks I ever did. I was hired by a baker at fifty cents a day to pick the stems and tops from a quantity of dried currants. Now, that is labor which, under ordinary circumstances, would appeal to a boy, but, do you mind, the man made me whistle 'Yankee Doodle' every minute of the time I was at work."

The "Laughing Plant" of Arabia.

The "laughing plant" produces black, bean-like seed, small doses of which, when dried and powdered into toxicates like laughing gas. The person indulging in the drug dances, shouts and laughs like a madman for about an hour, when he becomes exhausted and falls into a death-like sleep which often lasts several hours and leaves the victim in an awful state of nervous collapse.

GERONIMO ON THE BENCH.

The Famous Apache Acting as a Justice of the Peace in Alabama.

John P. Clum, a postoffice inspector, who spent some time recently in the camp of the renegade Apaches at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama, reports that they have made creditable progress in the arts of civilization. Mr. Clum should be a competent judge, for he spent several years with these Indians on the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, and afterward it became his duty, in April, 1877, to assist in the capture at Ojo Caliente, N. M., of Geronimo, Francisco and other Apache renegades. Subsequently Geronimo escaped again, and after a new career of bloodshed and rapine surrendered to General N. A. Miles. This was in 1886. Later the Apache's of Geronimo's band, men, women and children, were sent to Alabama. For the first year or two the mortality among them was very great, but they have now become acclimated. Each family has a frame house equipped with a cooking range and necessary furniture, to live in. The Indians have adopted a civilized style of dress; the men weave baskets and the women wash clothes. In the matter of personal cleanliness everyone of them is compelled to bathe once a week and some of the men do so every day. A company of infantry has been formed out of the young men and their barracks is a part of the Indian village. Geronimo has been elected an alcalde, or justice, and tries minor offenses reported to him. His sentences to terms of imprisonment in the guard house seem to give general satisfaction. This once bloodthirsty chief is now content to make an honest penny by selling bows and arrows and also photographs of himself. The young children are being educated in the settlement, and the older ones attend the Carlisle school.

"GOT SOMETHING FRISKY?"

He Wanted a Horse With Lots of Soap in It and Got It.

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a livery stable and called for a saddle horse. "Something that will prance about lively and wake a fellow out of his lethargy. I can ride the trick mule in a circus, and can back anything that wears hair." They brought him out a calico-colored beast with a vicious eye, and he mounted it and dashed off before he had gone two blocks the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawn-mower. They bore him home, straightened him out and three surgeons came in and reduced his dislocations and plastered him up with raw beef.

A few weeks later he called at the stable and said if they had a gentle sawhorse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb bit and martingales and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the haymow and gallop around a little where it was soft and it wouldn't hurt him if he went to sleep and fell off, as he did the other day.

SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN.

The Gay Pink Shirt Was the Dude's Undoing.

Into the soft warm light of the reception room the heavy odors from the conservatory floated and filled the place as with a fog of flowers. Beneath the crystal chandelier, which shone in the mellow light as a suspended rainbow in an atmosphere of gold, stood a fair, pale girl, erect, imperious, beautiful. Her eyes blazed and there was but one emotion which possessed her—it was scornful irony. Shrinking away into the shadows was the object of it. It was a young man in a pink shirt; with other things to match.

He had told her of his love for her, of his devotion to her, of his worship, of the dear desire of his heart to make her his own, and in the midst of it she had stopped him suddenly.

"Enough!" she exclaimed, "Enough! I will not listen to another word." "Hear me out," he pleaded. "Hear me out." "Never," she laughed scornfully, "but I shall take great pleasure in seeing you out," and the shadows closed around that shrinking youth like the deadly arms of the octopus.

Mexico's Curse.

The principal pest of Mexico is the scorpion. In damp or wet weather he is omnipotent, and in hotels can be seen to run up and down the walls. He is only about four to six inches in length, and is not particularly repulsive in appearance, but his sting generally results fatally. I was in a hotel at one time, where two other salesmen stopped in the same room, and as we went to go to bed I saw the scorpions chasing each other up and down the wall. I called my fellow travelers' attention to them, but they thought that they could protect themselves, and we all went to bed. I put up a shield as is common in that country, but my friends were not used to this protection, and in the morning the man who thought he was safe was dead. I never go to bed in Mexico without thoroughly protecting every exposed portion of my body.

Not Up With the Times.

Lord Houghton will inherit the estates of his uncle, Lord Crewe, who has always had great confidence in the talent of his nephew, and is said to have made generous offers toward Houghton's expenditure as viceroy. About twelve years ago, when Lord Crewe was sitting beside Mrs. Gladstone at dinner, he remarked: "Your husband takes a good deal of interest in politics, I believe."



Mrs. Judge Peck

Dyspepsia

Mrs. Judge Peck Tells How She Was Cured

Sufferers from Dyspepsia should read the following letter from Mrs. H. M. Peck, wife of Judge Peck, a justice at Tracy, Cal., and a writer connected with the Associated Press: "By a deep sense of gratitude for the great benefit I have received from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have been led to write the following statement for the benefit of sufferers who may be similarly afflicted. For 15 years I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia and

Heart Trouble.

Almost everything I ate would distress me. I tried different treatments and medicines, but failed to realize relief. Two years ago a friend prevailed upon me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle I noticed helped me, so I continued taking it. It did me so much good that my friends spoke of the improvement. I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia and

Glady Recommend It.

I now have an excellent appetite and nothing I eat ever distresses me. It also keeps up my

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

fresh and strength. I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla too much." Mrs. H. M. Peck, Tracy, California. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. a box.

AN IMPORTED FARM.

A Gifted Boston Liar Discovered It in Manitoba.

"I once saw," said a Boston tourist, "an imported farm, the soil as well as the products being absolutely foreign to the surroundings. This was in one of the coldest parts of Manitoba, where I was entertained by a family which had retained its love for milder regions and crops. The bill of fare was necessarily meagre, but some of the vegetables were so bright and green that I could not help asking how they were preserved so well. To my surprise I learned that they were cultivated in a garden patch of a miniature farm, the soil of which had been brought from warmer regions so as to insure a fertility not found in the region of ice. The vegetables themselves had been grown from imported seed and owing to the care and protection they had had they were a perfect luxury. The expense of conveying the soil in barrels such a long distance would prevent any but comparatively wealthy people from trying the experiment, but my friends had made it a hobby. The only other case of earth importing that I have met with is that done by the shah of Persia. The traditions of his country prevent his treading on foreign soil and when he makes a trip in foreign nations his attendants carry a supply of Persian soil, some of which is placed in his shoes, a practice which accounts for the great inconvenience walking always appears to his majesty when abroad.

The Gold Cure for Sore Throat.

A well-known Portlander wears a necklace, and is no dupe either. He is exceedingly sensitive to sore throat, and believes that the gold of the chain protects him from it. When he was married his wife found that he constantly wore a string of gold beads around his neck. She had little faith in their remedial property, and when the string broke one day, she was in no hurry to replace it. But her husband came home with a bad sore throat and she was so converted to this gold cure that she bought him a chain that would be less likely to break than the string of beads. He has probably worn a gold chain around his neck for at least twenty years, and you can't convince him that it is merely a whim.

Had His Wits With Him.

A man in England was once set upon by an infuriated rabble, and was soon in danger of his life. His ready wit served him a good turn. He cried out while they were dragging him along: "A guinea for the man who will take my side." A fellow near at hand, who had been cursing him, responded with: "Here you are, sir." "Hit him, boys," quickly shouted the briber; "hit him, boys. He's a traitor." "Hurrah!" yelled the mob; "let's hit him." And for an instant they left their prisoner loose to seize upon the victim whom he designated. But the instant was enough for the first victim. He ducked his head, got mixed in the crowd, and in a moment had quitted the scene.

Nailing a Thief.

Between Dallastown and Red Lyon, Pa., lives a farmer who owns a gun and a meat house. Some men got into the meat house the other night, and the farmer loaded up his weapon, but found he had no shot. He shook a paper of tacks into the muzzle, rammed a wad on top of them, and fired at the meat house marauders, who escaped without recognition. A physician of Red Lyon was called upon to pick a lot of galvanized tacks out of a young man and soothe his widely distributed but not dangerous hurts. The doctor, however, refused to touch the case unless the patient told how he came by his hardware, and now the farmer knows who was after his meat.

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