It looks as though society notoriety is not to be the fate of one Washington woman whose name for some inscrutable reason for the last halfdozen years has been omitted from all published accounts of gatherings in which she has taken part. An overmastering curiosity finally prompted her to institute an investigation into the matter. She found then that, so far from the omission having been intentional on the part of the correspondents, it arose from the fact that she was personally unknown even by sight to them. Having satisfied herself on this score, the incognito shortly thereafter ordered her carriage, and, calling for a friend, took her for a drive. The little excursion, planned for pleasure, had a most disastrous termination, as the horses, taking fright, ran away and, getting beyond the control of the coachman, the vehicle was overturned and both ladies injured, the owner of the carriage quite seriously. In the midst of her pain as she was being carried home there flashed through her mind the thought that the runaway would be given space in the papers. Then, as the turn-out was her property, her name would of necessity figure in the account. The following morning a detailed account of the accident appeared in the paper, but by a strange fatality that has for so long ruled her elimination from print, her name was not mentioned. That of her companion was several times repeated in the article, which wound up by stating that "a friend who was in the carriage at the time was also injured."

HAD A PASS.

But Found That Plenty of Cash Had to Go With It.

Somebody connected with one of the steamboat lines plying between New York and Boston gave a country cousin of his a pass to Boston from New York. It entitled the bearer to "one first-class passage." I stood just behind the owner of the pass as we lined up in front of the ticket office to secure staterooms. The passholder wanted the best on the boat, and was visibly annoyed when the purser said the best rooms were all gone. All that he could offer was No. 77 and "two dollars, please!"

"But I've got a pass!" remonstrated the owner thereof, with an expression of pained surprise.

"Two dollars, please!"

"Well, say, you'll hear from this," but he paid the money under protest. Then he went down to supper determined to get square. He jordered raw oysters, Irish stew, a beefsteak, lemon pie, ice cream, chocolate cake, and a pint of wine. When the intelligent waiter presented him with a check for \$4.30 he almost fainted.

"But I've got a pass!" he gasped. "That pass is to travel on, not to eat on or sleep on," said the waiter, sardonically.

This was dreadful, but the pass holder paid the check in a dazed sort of way, and I offered him a cigar we reached the deck. He smoked a long time and then said:

"Cousin Harry said this was going to be a free excursion, but it has already cost me more than a first-class railroad fare to Boston, and we're not yet twenty-five miles out of New

A PECULIAR STONE.

It Is Called the Devil's Looking Glass and Dazzles the Eyes.

"One of the most peculiar of stone formations is the 'devil's looking glass,' on the Nolochuchy river," said a traveler to a reporter. "It is a pali-sade which rises abruptly from the river to a height of about 200 feet. It is perfectly smooth and about 100 feet wide. When the sun is at a certain stage it throws a shadow over the water and reflects the sunbeams as a mirror would, dazzling the eyes of the beholder, sometimes almost blinding him with its brightness.

"To go upon the river in a skiff and look down into the water is to see an image reflected, but always distorted. It is this which gave the name to the formation, and there are several interesting legends connected with it, some of which are devotedly believed by the mountaineers. One of these which is generally given credence is that every night at midnight, when the moon shines, the devil goes there to bathe and make up his toilet, using the rock, with the reflection of the noonlight, as a looking glass."

Paris Press Ethics.

A Paris boulevard paper publishes the following dialogue between a member of the cabinet of ministers and a newspaper man who is paid by the former under the condition that he must keep up the appearance of opposing the minister. Says the jour-nalist: "Can I call ----nalist: "Can I call you 'canaille' or 'dirty hog?" "Of course," answers the minister, "but make a change once in a while in your epithets; put me down as a 'bandit,' for instance. But never venture to denominate me as a 'chequart' (bribe taker); that is the only epithet that makes a bad impression upon the public."

The Rector's Announcement. In one of the smaller cities of New England there was an Episcopal church, which had two mission chapels, commonly known as the East End mission and the North End mission, from the parts of the city where they were respectively located. One day the rector gave out the notices, in his most distinguished, high-church tone, as follows: "There will be a service at the North End mission at three o'clock and at the East End at five. Children will be baptized at both THE NEW OFFICE BOY.

He Was Scientifically Lazy, and It Ran in the Family.

J"Doesn't that new office boy of ou ,s seem to be rather lazier than usual?" inquired Judge Crabtree.

"He's the laziest boy we ever had," answered his partner. "I caught him this morning setting his lips right and then putting mucilage on them so that he could whistle "After the Ball" without the intolerable muscular exertion of holding the proper pucker."

"Well, I hope we shan't have to resort to artificial respiration to keep him from dying on our hands as we had to with the last one," returned the judge. "By the way, what's this boy's name?"

"Tommy." "But his last name?"

"Cregow." "Oh, I see-it runs in the family. knew a man named Cregow when I first came to the city who was undoubtedly Tommy's father. This man Cregow had to be carried on a stretcher when he went to the circus. He used to show the greatest ingenuity in avoiding exertion of any man I ever knew. For instance, he was an inveterate smoker, but, of course, with his disposition, his pipe went out frequently. The labor of scratching matches to relight it was simply dragging him down, and he saw it. So he moved into a house where the elevated road ran close to the second-story windows, and there he used to sit near one of them all day long, smoking and resting. When he found his pipe out he would simply reach out of the window with a match and let a passing train rub against it, and there he was. Ingenious man. Might have made his mark in the world if he hadn't been so lazy. I'll ask Tommy to-night, when he ungums his mouth, how his father is getting along."

A FUNNY SHOE STORE.

Illustrating the Old Jingle, "One Shoe Off and One Shoe On."

A company of idlers on a hotel piazza were telling such yarns as are commonly spun in such places, when one of them offered to wager that he had done something as a boy in Tennessee that no other member of the party had ever done or heard of.

"What was it, colonel?" asked one of the crew.

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without ever having them both on at

"Explain."

"Well, you see, it was this way. The shoemaker was slow and I was in a hurry. A boy who has never had a pair of shoes finds it hard to wait. Come Saturday night the man had one of them done, but told me I should have to wait a week for the other.

"'Well, give me that one anyhow," said I, and I carried it home. I wore it all that week, and all the next, for the fellow didn't keep his word any more than shoemakers generally do; and by the time the second one was done the first one needed repairing.

"And so the thing went on. That shoemaker was so slow and the leather was so poor and I ran about so much that somehow I never once had both shoes on together, and by and by they were gone entirely."

TAKEN BY LIGHTNING.

A Portrait Taken on a Window-Pane by

"Did you ever hear of a photograph being taken by a flash of lightning?" inquired Samuel L. Goodnow, of Charleston, S. C., of the newspaper

"While traveling through the western part of the state about a year ago I came across a remarkable phenomenon at a farm house where I passed the night. On a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows was a distinct and what was said to be an accurate likeness of a former master of the house, who had been dead a number of years. The portrait presented the appearance of a photograph negative. The people told me that a few years before his death the man, while standing by the window during a severe thunder-storm, was stunned by a sudden flash of lightning and the theory had always been that his features were photographed on the window-pane at that time. Those who were acquainted with the man before his death told me the picture was an exact likeness of him.'

Catching Monkeys. Most of the monkeys that travel with shows and organ-grinders come from the isthmus of Panama. These animals are captured by the natives in rather a curious way. They take a cocoanut and cut a hole in it large enough to admit a monkey's paw. A string is then attached to the nut. The monkey is a very inquisitive little animal, and when he sees one of these nuts he inserts his paw through the hole to find out what is inside. When the paw is closed it cannot be withdrawn, and as the monkey has not sense enough to open his paw, the nut is dragged by the string, and the monkey with it, to within reach of the captors, who throw a net over the monkey and in that way secure him.

Much the Better of the Two. Grant Allen relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker. A sheik looked at him sadly and shook his head. "Murray good," he said, in a solemn voice of warning; "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?" "No, no! Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen; "why do you object to Baedeker?" The sheik crossed his hands, and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker bad book," he repeated; "Murray very, very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown;' Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"

YOUNG MEN AT THE FRONT. Few Venerables to Be Found Among

European Sovereigns and Statesmen. Lord Rosebery's succession to the premiership serves to call attention to the fact that whereas during the first decade after the Franco-German war, and throughout the major part of the second, the destinies of Europe were controlled by monarchs and statesmen of advanced age, their power is now vested in the hands of comparatively young men. This is, indeed, the epoch of youth. Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Gortchakoff, Prince Bismarck, M. Thiers, Depretis, Gladstone and the Danish statesman, Estrupp, have all either died or withdrawn into private life, and the same may be said of their masters. The German emperor, who is undoubtedly the man at the helm in the Teutonic empire, is only 33 years old; the prince of Bulgaria is 33, the emperor of Russia 49, while the king of Wurtemberg, the king of Portugal and the king of Greece are all young men. Still more youthful are the queen of Holland, the young king of Servia and the little king of Spain. As regards statesmen, we find young men, such as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, occupying the principal offices of the British crown. The Austrian prime minister, Prince Windischgraetz, is under 30, and Cardinal Rompolla, the papal secretary of state, is barely one or two years over that age. M. Casimir-Perrier, the French prime minister, is about 48 years of age, while M. Dupuy, his predecessor, and now president of the chamber of deputies, is about three years younger. Many other names might be added to the list, but the above will suffice to show that we are living in the golden age of youth, and that while age and experience are at a discount youth and enthusiasm are above par.

TRAPPED AND FOUGHT A BEAR. A Mountaineer's Desperate Struggle With an Infuriated Beast.

mountaineer named Jere Sands had a terrible conflict with a bear in Greasy Cove, near Johnson City, Tenn., recently. The animal had been entrapped during the night, and when Sands came upon the scene he went directly up to the bear before making an effort to shoot it. He was standing a few feet away when the infuriated beast made a lunge, broke its fetters and was upon him in an instant. Before the surprised hunter could get his gun in position the bear seized his left arm in its crushing jaws, the weapon dropped from the hand of the mangled limb and a battle of death began. In a moment the mountaineer was in the dread embrace of his an-tagonist. They fell to the ground in the struggle which ensued, and rolling over and over they went down the mountain side thirty yards and dropped off a ledge of rocks twelve feet sheer fall. The bear happened to fall underneath and during the momentary shock which followed the half dead man managed to draw from his belt his hunting knife, which fortunately had remained undisturbed, and plunged it with all his strength into the animal's neck, severing the jugular vein. This ended the battle. The bear soon released his hold and was dead, but his slayer was too badly hurt to leave the scene of the struggle. His continued absence caused his friends to go in search of him. They found the victor covered with blood and pillowed upon his shaggy victim nursing his mangled arm. The bear was one of largest ever killed in that region.

THEY DIDN'T FRATERNIZE.

The Old Circus Man Had to Give Up the

Lion and Lamb Effort. "The hardest thing to train a wild beast to do is to perform with a weak, defenseless animal," remarked A. L. Hutchins, an old circus and menagerie hand, who had deserted the arena and ring for mercantile pursuits, as a commercial traveler. remember once, several years ago, an effort being made to persuade a very docile lion to lie down with a lamb. The idea was certainly a good one but it took several lambs and also several weeks before the lion, which was willing to jump through a burning hoop, sham death on being shot, etc., could be persuaded to allow a lamb to enter his den with impunity. Twice he killed a lamb in the presence of his trainer, and the second time he nearly killed the trainer, who rather recklessly tried to get away the carcass. Finally the lion would tolerate a lamb in its den just as long as the keeper stood over it with an iron bar. But the effort was so evidently forced and the performance was so utterly lacking in smoothness and interest that it was abandoned after two or three attempts."

Men and Yellow.

"It is an odd fact," said Anson Bryson, of Chicago, "but a true one, that men, as a rule, do not like yellow. I saw this fact set forth in a paper the other day, and until then it did not occur to me that it was so. But ask your men friends what they think of dresses of yellow, and they will object if they think about the thing at all. A woman, to my notion, makes a mistake to put on a yellow dress if she is setting her cap for the average man."

The Duchess Milks. The duchess of Hamilton has had a large stable built for her cows and goes there daily, according to English papers, to milk her favorites. She also makes the butter, it is said, which is used on her table when she has guests. The stable is built of marble, and cost a large sum of money. The duchess has had gloves made especially to use when milking the cows, in order that she may not soil her fingers.

McCARTHYVILL.

A few of the farmers have already finished cultivating their corn for the first time in this vicinity.

The annual meeting of our school district will be held on the evening of the day appointed and the usual business will be transacted.

This has been the windlest spring for many a year and crops in some localities have suffered much therefrom.

The other night when the country was wrapped in deep slumber some unknown rascals crept up to one of our neighbor's dog kennels and took the chain that held the dog and tied to the elevated part of the canine a large coffee pot. This done they crouched down over the dog and hissed and yelled in its ear like demons. The dog yowled and started for the barn close by and jumped through an open window on a horse. The poor horse was so frightened that it made splinters of everything within limit of its heels. Two young men who were asleep up stairs on hearing the commotion below, hugged each other in frantic delight. One struck a light and told the other to go below and find out the cause of the racket. The other took a big scantling but never put his foot on the first step. Then came an unearthly howl from below, which sent chills up their backs. As they were about to drop from the window to the ground ten feet below. one said to the other, "That must be old Beelzebub himself starting a new city below," and then they both dropped and skinned for dear life.

Sometime in the near future there will be a grand dance given by Con

Dan Murphy planted this year about one hundred acres of corn, twenty of wheat, thirty of oats, ten of rve and six of potatoes. Mr. Murphy is living on the Redbird, and some of the choicest of farm and hay land lies in this valley. DONELOGUE.

WHEELS.

They Are Never Heard in a Wealthy City of Mexico.

"In the city of Catorce, in Mexico, the sound of carriage wheels never has been heard," said a traveler, lately. "The city is located in the mountains eight miles from the railroad station. In order to reach it an extremely perilous ride up the mountains must be made. For that reason but few foreign people have ever visited the town. As a result, at Catorce is found the Mexican people in all their primitive purity. They know but little of the outside world. Its inhabitants are engaged in silver mining. Thousands of dollars of bullion is secured yearly. Miles of tunnels extend in all directions, and thousands of dollars have been expended on the mines.

"The streets of Catorce run up and down the mountains often at an angle of forty-five degrees, making the use of wheeled vehicles impossible. All transportation is done by the borros or by the Cargedores, who are able to carry great weights on their backs suspended by bands from around their on foreheads. With 300 pounds on their backs these men will move along on a trot. The only level spot of ground in Catorce is its plaza, which is very beautiful, as also is its cathedral, which is richly decorated with silver and precious stones. Catorce, which is the Spanish word meaning fountain, got its name, so the legend runs, from fourteen bandits who discovered the rich deposits of silver in 1780, and at once made it their headquarters. It is indeed a wonderful town, fabulously rich, grand in scenery, and interesting by reason of the life and habits of its

AN ENGLISH PARTY WHIP.

One of the Queer Salaried Positions in

the House of Commons. Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, in English politics, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whip's duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from 8:30 to 12:30 at night and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired, and when he will be back. If he is not paired they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, former for preference. When their party is in these gentlemen have to attend to their office from 12 to 3. Their hours of duty are therefore from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or thirteen hours, with intervals for lunch and dinner, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that -that no one is given undue preference-a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill.

Ancient Tyrian Dyers

The Tyrians were the most expert dyers of ancient times. The fabrics dyed with the famous Tyrian purple did not assume their proper color until after two days' exposure to light and air. During this time they passed through a gradation of shades of yellow, green, blue, violet and red, which the dyers understood bow to arrest and fix at any moment.

IVORY

THE PROCTER & CAMBLE CO., CINTL

July 14.

The novel in the June number of Tales From Town Topics is a sprightly affair called "An Unspeakable Siren," a title that eloquently describes the heroine of the story, Nera Mazarin, who is a strangely facinating young society girl of very startling characteristics. She is a hysterical and morbid creature, that rather repels people at first, but who grows on one, and ends by exerting a terrible spell, a good deal after the fashion of a snake. In telling his story the author provides many brilliant pictures of life in New York society, and his character-drawing of modern types is especially clever. "An Unspeakable Siren" is accompanied by a collection of short stories, sketches, poems and witticisms taken from the back numbers of Town Topics. The whole makes a bright summer volume. Town Topics Publishing Company, 208 Fifth avenue. New York City.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, Wm. Patridge & Company, plaintiff,

Wm. Patridge & Company, plaintiff,

W. P. O'Brien, McCord, Brady Company, J.
Ables & Company, R. L. McDonald Dry
Goods Company, Dempster Mill Manutacturing Company, Albert V. Vooheis, and
Lewis E. Miller, defendants
The above named defendants and each of
them will take notice that on the 2nd day of
June, 1894, the above named plaintiffs filed
their petition in the district court of Holt
county, Nebraska, against the above named
defendants and each of them, the object and
prayer of said petition being to foreclose
a certain mortrage executed by the defendant, W. P. O'Brien, to plaintiff, upon the 'ollowing described real estate situated in Holt
county. Nebraska, to-wit: The east half of
the north west quarter and the west half of
the north east quarter of section twenty-two
(22), township twenty-five (25), range fifteen
(15), west of the 6th P. M., which mortgage
was given to secure the payment of five
promissory notes; four for the sum of \$200, for
which sum, with interest from this date,
plaintiff prays for decree that the defendins be required to pay the same or that said
remises may be sold to satisfy the amount
ound due. And further, that the interest
of all of said defendants be decreed to be
ubject, junior and inferior to the lieu of
aid mortgage.
You are required to answer said petition
nor before the 16th day of Jule.

Dated at O'Neill, Neb., this 4th day of June, 1894.

R. R. DICKSON.

NOTICE-TIMBER CULTURE.

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.
O'NEILI, NEB., May 23, 1894.
Complaint having been entered at this office by H. W. McClure jr, against Thompson Huffman for failure to comply with laws as to timber-culture entry No. 6431, dated April 13, 1889, upon the SEM NWM section 21, township 25, range il west, in Holt county, Nebraska, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that Thompson Huffman failed to plant any trees, tree seeds or cuttings the third year after entry; also has failed to cultivate or improve said tract in any manner, except to break about two and one-half acres the first year and plant four or five rows of cottonwood cuttings across one side of said breaking the second year fiter said entry since the date of said entry, and that the land that was broken is now wholly neglected and grown up to grass and weeds; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 7th day of July, 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

46-4

John A. Harmon, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
O'Neill, Neb., May 22, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that Freddie Schimmelpfennig has filed notice of intention to make final proof before register and receiver at his office in O'Neill. Neb., on Saturday, the 7th day of July, 1894. on timber culture application No. 6625, for the nw quarter of section No. 23, in township No. 31, range No. 10 w. He names as witnesses:
James Barnes, John R. Pointer, Charles M. Roy, of Scottville, Neb., and Charles Wrede, of Leonia, Neb.

JOHN A. HARMON,
Register.

NOTICE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF HOLT COUNTY Mutual Loan and Trust Company, of Omaha,
Nebraska, a corporation, plaintiff,
A. W. Baldwin, and wife, Etna J. Baldwin,
formerly Etna J. Dowell, S. H. Coleman. C.
H. Toncray and Mrs. A. B. Betts, defendants.

fendants.
To the above named defendants and each of

fendants.

To the above named defendants and each of them:

You will take notice that on the 9th day of June, 1894, the above named plaintiff filed its petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of said petition being to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, A. W. Baldwin, and wife, Etna J. Baldwin, formerly Etna J. Dowell, to C. H. Tonoray, and assigned to the plaintiff, upon the following described real estate situated in Holt county, Nebraska, towit: The northeast quarter of section twelve (12) township thirty-one (31), range ten, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of \$500, dated August 30, 1890, due in three years; interest at eight per cent., given by said defendants. Baldwin and wife, to Tonoray and assigned to plaintiff. Plaintiff alleges that there is due it upon said note and mortgage, the sum of \$1,000, with interest from this date, and prays for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due; also prays that the interest of each of said defendants be declared to be subject to the lien of plaintiff's mortgage.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 25rd day of July, 1894.

Dated June 11, 1894.

R. R. Dickson,

R. R. Diekson, Attorney for Plaintiff,

GOOD TEAMS, NEW RIGS East of McCafferto's. O'NEILL, NED. **DeYarman Bros**

FOR CLOTHES.

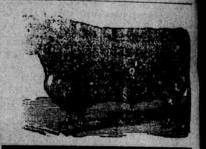


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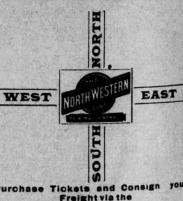
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Fresh, Dried and Salt Meats Sugar-cured Ham, Breakfast Bacon, Spice Roll Bacon, all Kinds of Sausages. . . .

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F. E. & M. V. and S. C. & P RAILROADS.

TRAINS DEPART:

1:45 P. Mo

GOING BAST. 9:35 A. M. 10:45 A. M. Passenger east, Freight east,

GOING WEST. Freight west.

Passenger west, 6:44 P. M. Freight, 6:44 P. S.
The Elkhorn Line is now running Reclining Chair Cars daily, between Omaha and Dead-

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

C.A.SNOW&CO OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.