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CITY OF O'NEILL. Mayor, E. J. Mack; Justices, E. H. Met and S. M. Wagers; Constables, Ed. Wade and Perkins Brooks.

COUNCILMEN—FIRST WARD. Two years—John McBride. For one year—Ben DeYarman.

SECOND WARD. For one year—Gait.

THIRD WARD. For one year—Elmer Merriman. For one year—M. Wagers.

CITY OFFICERS. Mayor, R. B. Dickau; Clerk, N. Martin; Auditor, John McHugh; City Engineer, Horriky; Police Judge, N. Martin; Police, Charlie Hall, Barney, Bender; Weighmaster, Joe Miller.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, John Winn; Treasurer, John Clark; Clerk, D. H. Cronin; Assessor, Mose Bell; Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Justice; Perkins Brooks and Willie; Road overseer, dist. 3, Allen Brown; dist. 4, John Enright.

DIERS' RELIEF COMMISSION. Regular meeting first Monday in February each year, and at such other times as may be necessary. Postor, Sabbath school; man; Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; Clerk, Atkinson.

PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Cassidy, Pastor. Sabbath school; following services.

THODIST CHURCH. Sunday services—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Class No. 2 (Ep. League) 8:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child.) 9:30 P. M. Mind-week services—General meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will welcome, especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John O'Neill Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska, will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic Hall. S. J. SMITH, Com.

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

ARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. J. C. HARNISH, H. P.

OF P. HELMET LODGE, U. D. Conventions every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brethren invited. CHAS. DAVIS, C. R. and S. G. GALLAGHER, K. of R. and S.

WELL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. O. U. F. Meets every second and fourth of each month in Odd Fellows hall. Scribe, H. M. UTTLEY.

EN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d of each month in Odd Fellows hall. JESSIE A. BRIGHT, N. G. MARGIE ADAMS, Secretary.

ARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Regular communications Thursday nights before the full of the moon. T. EVANS, Sec. A. L. TOWLE, W. M.

D. L. CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F. A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in month in the Masonic hall. FREDER. V. O. A. H. COBBETT, clerk.

O. U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall. O. F. Biglin, M. W.

DEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA, meet every first and third day of each month. GEO. MCCUTCHAN, G. M. M. WAGERS, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY. Arrival of Mails. F. E. & M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at 8:15 p. m.

FROM THE WEST. Every day, Sunday included at 9:30 a. m.

PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Leaves 9:30 A. M. Arrives 9:07 P. M. except Sunday. Arrives 7:00 P. M.

O'NEILL AND CHELSEA. Leaves Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p. m.

O'NEILL AND PADDOCK. Leaves Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m.

O'NEILL AND SIOUX. Leaves Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p. m.

O'NEILL AND CUMMINGSVILLE. Leaves Monday, Wed. and Friday at 11:30 p. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Friday at 1:00 p. m.

AWARDED... World's Fair... PRICES' CREAM BAKING POWDER... MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

AT THE LIBRARY. Why Overcoats, Bundles and Wraps Are Barred. One of the most rigidly enforced rules in the Newberry library in Chicago, is: "No overcoats, bundles or outside wraps can be worn or carried up stairs." Just at the left of the entrance is a large check-room where bundles, wraps and coats can be checked. Even casual visitors must remove their overcoats and have them checked with their hats and bundles before they can examine the beautiful building.

Some persons who do not understand the reasons for this rule have become indignant when the man at the foot of the stairs quietly and firmly insists that overcoats, hats and bundles must be checked. In the Newberry library are thousands of rare and costly books. Admission is free. No one is barred from the pleasure of the greatest reference library in the country. But men and women who are professional book thieves infest libraries. It is an easy matter for them to slip a rare volume under an overcoat or wrap, stick it in a pocket or hide it inside a paper-covered bundle. Librarians know these tricks, and the librarian of the Newberry library, to guard his books, compels patrons to check their overcoats and bundles.

THE young women in charge of the check room are gowned in black, as are all of the young women employed in the library. They attend the check room in turn. Whether they are afraid of contagion or plain Chicago dirt is not in evidence, but before the young woman in charge is fairly ready for the day she slips a large easy glove on her left hand. The mate lies on the table, and before she takes the proffered coat she slips her hand in the right glove and then places the coat in a cubby hole. After she has given the owner of the coat his check she returns to her table, removes the right hand glove and resumes her reading.

BROTHER JONATHAN GONE. Genuine or Typical Yankees Becoming Scarce as the Buffalo. To people who have not visited the United States it is perhaps not generally known that the typical Brother Jonathan, with his grotesque appearance and strange accent, is becoming almost as scarce as the buffalo, but such is nevertheless the case. During the last forty years a great change has taken place in the manner and appearance of the American people. To-day we find that the true, native born Americans, descended from several generations of American ancestors, are a mere handful among the bulk of America's population.

They are far outnumbered by people of foreign birth and parentage the Irish, Germans, Swedes and Italians taking the lead. The enormous influx of immigrants during the last forty years has completely changed the American type, until the people of the United States are now found to be mainly composed of German-Americans, Swedish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, etc. Indeed, there are parts of the United States where little or no English is spoken, where settlers of a non-English speaking race have made their home, who read newspapers printed in their own language, and conduct their public meetings in their own tongue. These people, however, are not looked upon as foreigners, for as soon as they become citizens of the United States—which is possible after a four years' residence in the country—they have all the rights and privileges of native born Americans.

There are many other national peculiarities which might be quoted as reasons for abandoning the custom of calling all Americans "Yankees," but I believe I have said enough to show what a great mistake it is and why so few citizens of the great republic really deserve the title. A Bottomless Pit. A wonderful natural cavern was discovered in Lafayette county, Georgia, in 1891. It has the usual complement of "rooms," "galleries," "domes," "pits," etc., but its sole title to being something out of the ordinary in the cavern line is a well-like abyss in one of the rooms, which, as far as anyone knows, may once have served as the chimney of hades. It is known locally as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large size have been thrown into it with a hope that they would be heard to strike bottom after awhile, but, according to reports, "there were no reverberating sounds borne back to the ear by which its enormous depth could be gauged."

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder... World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

CHAMELEON SPIDER. An Insect Which Changes Its Color at Will—Its Delicate White Web. "It has always been a hobby of mine," said T. L. Grimshaw of Raleigh, N. C., to a reporter, "to collect strange bugs and insects during my travels, and I think I have succeeded in getting together a pretty choice collection. Of the whole assortment I think the chameleon spider, which I got last summer on the coast of Africa, is the most valuable. The capture of the insect was highly interesting to me. One afternoon, while tramping along a dusty road, I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a white flower with a blue center. Stopping to examine it I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower.

"The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried, my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white. I shook the net and again the spider changed color, this time its body becoming a dull greenish brown. As often as I would shake the net just so often would the spider change its color, and I kept it up until it had assumed about every hue of the rainbow.

A BOGUS BILL. Out of Which the Mice Had Cut the Bad Mark. Not long ago a \$20 note was sent to the United States treasury for redemption. Accompanying it was an affidavit saying the owner had put it in a cigar box where mice had got at it and nibbled it. The note was a counterfeit. Not only that, but it had been through the treasury at some previous time and had been stamped with the word "bad" in letters cut out of the paper. But the alleged mice had almost obliterated the letters by nibbling around them. It was a queer way for mice to behave, to say the least of it. A detective of the service was sent to look the matter up. He investigated the case fully, and reported that it was all right—in short, that the note had been submitted for redemption in good faith.

The owner, it appears was an old German sailor of respectable character. Nevertheless, he would go on an occasional spree. Waking up one morning after a night of dissipation he found all his money gone except this note of \$20. Somebody had doubtless passed it off on him. He noticed nothing wrong about it, and had put it into the cigar box in which he kept not only his ready money, but also bird seed for his pet canary. Mice attracted by the bird seed, visited the box and incidentally chewed up the note. On finding it partly destroyed the sailor forwarded it to the treasurer at Washington. The case is interesting, chiefly as an illustration of the way in which appearances of fraud may sometimes mislead.

A DELIGHTFUL MEETING. But She Hadn't Thought It Best to Be Too Explicit. "Fancy meeting you here, dear!" "It's quite too delightful, isn't it?" They kissed one another rapturously—a short peck on both cheeks. I had taken down the young lady in the white gown at a dance supper, and I knew she was from Chicago. I stood behind her in the corner when the young lady in a blue gown floated up, and I couldn't help hearing. I wish I could, for the young lady in blue stepped back a pace or two and said, in tones of astonishment: "Why, you've got on your wedding gown!"

"Yes, I only wore it twice, you know, and nobody knows it here. I had new sleeves put in and—" Here her eyes rested upon me, and my face must have expressed the fact that I had been addressing her for the last half hour as an unmarried woman. "Perhaps I had better get you—er—an ice or something," I ventured miserably, trying to wriggle around a palm, but she turned to her friend brightly and remarked, without the slightest embarrassment: "So perfectly ridiculous, isn't it? But Mrs. Blank (the hostess) didn't think it necessary to tell any of the men that I had taken my maiden name after getting a divorce. I was married last February, you know, and divorced in Springfield. That's how I happen to be wearing my wedding gown."

A Trusting Juryman. Some people are too trusting for this world. At a recent trial the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jury put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried!" cried the juror; "why he acknowledges that he is not guilty."

Arrested the Joker. A Y. M. C. A. young man of Indianapolis put on a false beard and fixed himself up in order to terrify his roommate. Then he went out on the street to await his friend's coming. The consequence was that the joker got arrested and had a hard time to establish his identity.

FELT GUILTY. A Slick Case of Flim-Flam by an Innocent Operator. "Talking of flim-flam games," said a quiet little domestic woman, who was dining with some friends at a restaurant, "I must tell you how I flim-flammed a strange milkman out of a dollar's worth of milk."

"Why, Mrs. Blank," echoed her friends, "you didn't do it on purpose, surely?" "Not exactly, and the funniest part of it is that the man never knew he was flim-flammed, or else he did not have a very good bump of locality. It was this way. I had promised to help furnish edibles for a church supper, and I had agreed to send oyster steaks sufficient for a certain number of guests. When I was cooking the oysters I found that three gallons of milk that had been ordered had not come. A milkman was just passing the house, and I sent out for him and he had enough, and measured it out. I went upstairs and got a dollar bill, which I crumpled up in my hand while I assisted in disposing of such a lot of milk. Then I made some remark to the man about the occasion for which the unusual supply was needed, and he went away."

"And you did not pay him?" "No. All that afternoon I was conscious of something in my hand which I clung to, as they say a woman does to a receipt, only to throw it away in the end. When I found time to look it was the dollar bill, and you can imagine how I felt. Of course I supposed the man would miss it and return for his money, but he never did. Now when I see a milk wagon I feel guilty, almost as if I had done an intentional wrong, for it really was a very slick case of flim-flam.

SENATOR PALMER. The Aged Virginia Lady Not Anxious to Claim Relationship With Him. Senator Palmer of Illinois, belongs to a family which for longevity can scarcely be equaled by any other in the country. The senator's grandfather was born in 1747 and fought in the revolution. His father was a soldier in the war of 1812 and he himself fought in the rebellion. Senator Palmer is, moreover, the oldest of four living generations of Palmers, all bearing the name of John M.

"My grandfather," said Senator Palmer one night last week—and Senator Palmer is second to no man in Washington in telling good stories—"was born down here among the fish and oysters of Northumberland county, Virginia. There are plenty of Palmers down there yet, and my friend, Colonel Jones, has had a great deal to tell me of them. He went to see an old lady one time when I was expected down to make a speech, and when he discovered that her maiden name had been Palmer he told her there was a man up here in the senate of that name whose grandfather was born down there. The old lady remembered that branch of the family perfectly, and claimed kin at once. She could even detect in me some unmistakable family traits.

"But aunty," said Colonel Jones, "Senator Palmer fought in the Northern army." "That staggered the old lady, for she is as loyal to the lost cause as anybody in all the South, but once she had claimed kin she wasn't going to back down.

"Well, honey," said she with a sigh, "there's always a black sheep in every family." A Reminder to Uncle Mark. Mark was growing old and had seen a great deal of the world. The result was that he was rather given to relating stories of his vast experience that were courteously doubted by the younger men. One night a young fellow told a story that was especially wonderful, and some one turned to the old man with the query: "Doesn't that remind you of your younger days, Uncle Mark?" "Well," said the old man, "it does remind me of a story I heard when I was a boy." "What was it?" asked the other. Uncle Mark looked solemn. "It was a darned lie," he said.

Instrument of Fate. An old man who believed "what was to be would be," lived in the West, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested by savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that one of the family had it out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die until his time came anyhow. "Yes," said the old fellow; "but suppose I met an Indian and his time had come; it would not do, no how, not to have my gun."

New Medical Treatment. A doctor, whose home is near Frankfort, Ky., presents a new medical treatment, which consists in exchanging liquid for aerial draughts. Live in a perpetual draught, so he preaches, and you will never catch cold. And his practice is in keeping with his precept. At his establishment all his patients, many of whom are constantly subjected by day and night to strong currents of air, and when they go out generally disperse with hats and bonnets.

Dangers in Target Practice. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the late commander of the forces in Ireland, once told Father Healy that he found "blind shooting" prevailing to a deplorable extent among the Irish militia regiments, and that he intended to insist on a greater attention to target practice. "For goodness' sake don't do that, your royal highness!" exclaimed Father Healy; "if you make the militiamen good shots, there won't be a landlord left in the country."

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