

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.

Silas Holcomb, Governor; J. A. Piper, Lieutenant Governor; J. S. Bartley, Secretary of State; Eugene Moore, Auditor; C. H. Churchill, Treasurer; C. H. Russell, Superintendent of Public Instruction; H. M. Corbett, State Printer; Leavitt Burnham, State Geologist; H. A. Hatt, State Engineer; M. J. Hull, State Forester; J. H. Holmes, State Veterinarian.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Senators: F. Manderson, of Omaha; J. C. Sweeney, of Madison. Representatives: First District, J. B. Strode; Second, Geo. D. Mikol; Third, W. E. Anderson; Fourth, M. J. Keom.

JUDICIARY.

Supreme Court: Samuel Maxwell, Chief Justice; T. L. Norval, Justice. District Courts: M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill; J. J. King, of Chadron; A. L. Bartow, of O'Neill; A. L. Warrick, of O'Neill.

COUNTY.

County Court: Geo. McCutcheon, Judge; John Skirving, Clerk. Justices: O. M. Collins, J. P. Peterson, Sam Howard, Bill Bethea, Mike McCarthy, Chas. Hamilton, Chas. O'Neill, W. R. Jackson, Mrs. W. R. Jackson, R. J. Trueblood, M. F. Norton, H. E. Murphy.

SUPERVISORS.

Frank Moore, Wilson Brodie, J. F. Eisole, George Eckley, L. B. Mabon, A. S. Eby, A. C. Purton, D. G. Roll, John Dickau, H. B. Kelly, R. J. Hayes, R. Slaymaker, R. H. Murray, S. L. Conger, John Hodges, Wm. Leil, E. J. Mack, George Kennedy, John Alf, James Gregg, F. W. Phillips, A. Ober, Hugh O'Neill, D. C. Biondin, John Wertz, H. G. Wine, T. E. Donohoe, J. B. Donohoe, G. H. Phelps, J. E. White, A. C. Mohr.

CITY OFFICERS.

E. J. Dickson, Clerk; N. Martin, John McHugh, City Engineer; Police: Judge, N. Martin; Police, Charlie Hall; Attorney, J. C. Weighmaster; Joe Miller.

ATTN TOWNSHIP.

John Winn, Treasurer; John R. D. H. Cronin, Assessor; Mose Justice, M. Castello and Ohs, Justices; Perkins Brooks and Will Wood, overseer dist. 26; Allen Brown, John Enright.

RELIEF COMMISSION.

Meeting first Monday in February, and at such other times as necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Pres.; Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; J. Atkinson.

ST. CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Cassidy, Pastor. Sabbath school following services.

DIST. CHURCH.

Sunday School—Teaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Class No. 2 (Episcopal) 6:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-Mind-week services—General) 7:30 P. M. All will welcome, especially children. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

POST, NO. 86.

The Gen. John Post, No. 86, Department of N. A. R., will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic hall. S. J. SMITH, Com.

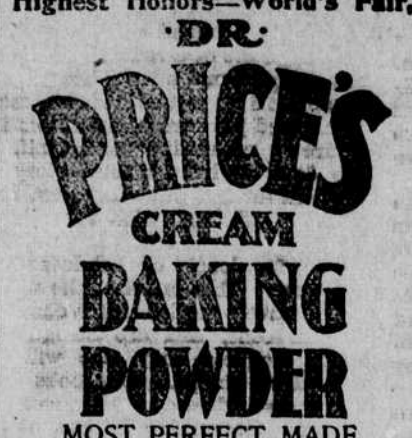
VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meeting every Wednesday evening in hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

WELDON CHAPTER, R. A. M.

Meeting first and third Thursday of each month in hall. J. C. HARNISH, H. P.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR.



PRICE'S 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.

A CLOWN'S ASSISTANT.

How Unconscious Pierrot Saved a Woman's Life. Apropos of the success which Pierrot is meeting with in this country, thanks to Mlle. Pilar-Morin, Aime Lachaume, Vance Thompson, and others, a little story was told to me the other day by a girl who played with Pierrot in France some eight years ago. She was just a clown's assistant, the butt of his jokes. It was her duty to get in everybody's way. It was at the Hippodrome. A female acrobat, who, it was said, was dying of consumption, was doing a difficult feat up among the lights on the trapeze, while Pierrot swung on the edge of the net. Several times the performer called to the small white figure below. But Pierrot paid no attention. He was paid to act as a small edition to a clown. Pierrot was 10 years old and not used to grewsome confessions, so when the flying trapeze lady, with glowing eyes and crimson cheeks, slid down the rope, seized him by both shoulders, and thrust him before her to her dressing-room, he cried, "Do you bamin what you have done?" she asked him. "I am alive. I might have been dead but for you. I am aportrinieri. Sais-tu? I will starve in a month, because I can climb no longer. Comprehend tu? I would have jumped to-night—do you know what I am saying?—jumped from the trapeze; they would have said, 'an accident'; there would have been a collection for the old mother; but you—you hung on the net like a bee to a flower. You saved my life, wicked one. If I had jumped I might have killed you."

THE KENTUCKY PREACHER.

How Brother Penrod Got a Congregation Willing to Hear Him. "When I give out that I will preach at the head o' Trace Fork," said Rev. Lemuel Penrod, "my friends all up an' tole me I'd never git a congregashun. They sed ther wuz never a rope of savin' grace made stout enough to drag them 'ar natives to the fear uv the spirit. "But I knowed better. Although you may think I wuz city born, an' have wore out the backs uv many coats against college walls, hits all er mistake. I wuz born an' foteched up in the mountings. I know ye don't believe hit. Hit looks unreasonable, but, suh, I'm er self-made man. I edecated myse'f. I hain't got no body but the Lord an' myse'f to thank for the work I hev done, suh. "What did I do ter get the crowd? That's what I'm swingin' er round to. Wall, suh, I got me a spring wagin' an' set six four-gallon jugs in the back part uv it. Every house I'd pass on the way ter preachin' grounds I'd lift up a jug an' pretend ter be drinkin'. Then I'd set down the jug, lift up mer voice an' shout: 'Come all ye that famish an' thirst for the blessed Spirit ter the head o' Injun, an' ye shall be filled!' The whole family all their visitors, wud take arter my wagin. I kep' repeatin' this dose in front uv every house, an' when I got ter the place fer preachin' I had the biggest gatherin' ther ever had been seen in that neck o' the woods. A revival begun at once. Forty souls war brought ter Christ, an' only one man killed durin' that blessed week!"

How the Eskimo Count.

The Eskimo count their fingers—one, two, three, four, five. Above five and up to ten they use the second hand; ten, six is "the first finger of the other hand." Above ten they employ the toes. Thirteen, for instance, is "three toes upon the one foot," and eighteen, "three toes on the second foot." Twenty they describe as a "whole man." They seldom go farther than this, but they can do so if necessary. For example, they express twenty-two by saying, "two on the second man"; thirty-seven by "two toes on the second man's second foot"; forty is "the whole of a second man." According to Dr. Nansen they cannot, or at least do not, count beyond one hundred, which is the whole of the fifth man."

Woman's Contempt for the Burglar.

What has come over the woman that she should suddenly begin all over the country to hunt, shoot, capture and scare her own burglars? Every other day some woman scares a burglar almost to death. Mrs. Sarah McGregor of Jamaica, a lone widow, frightened her burglar through a glass window recently and then shot at him, so that he bled in her front yard. The burglar was not caught. A burglar fills a man with fear. He appears to inspire contempt or indignation at most, in a woman. "You get right out of here!" is what the Widow McGregor said.

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

MARK AND THE REDSKIN.

Twain Comes Across a Jocular Untutored Savage. Charley Davis tells a good story about Mark Twain, in which the humorist was for once out-humored. Davis was then with the Forepaugh show, which happened at that particular date to be playing at Hartford. The enterprising agent thought it would be a good advertisement to get an interview arranged between Twain and the Indians then a feature of the circus. He called upon the humorist and laid the matter before him. Mark said he didn't care for Indians and was busy, and didn't see what the Indians had to do with him, anyway. "Why, the fact is," replied the circus man, with a gravity worthy of a higher life, "they have heard of you and want naturally to see you."

This didn't appear to be strange to Mr. Clemens. Still, he was indisposed to grant the request until Davis swore that a big Sioux chief had declared that he would never die happy if compelled to return to the reservation without having seen and spoken to the man whose fame was as wide as the world.

"All right," said Twain. "Run 'em in at six and let us make it short." About that hour the humorist sat on his porch and saw to his astonishment an immense cavalcade of mounted warriors coming down the street. In the place of a half dozen chiefs expected, there were not less than fifty savages tearing along like mad in exhibition of their horsemanship. They turned in upon the lawn and broke down the shrubbery and wore off the grass and devastated the whole place. The spokesman of the party was a mighty hunter and had been previously informed that Twain was distinguished for the awful slaughter of wild beasts, so he laid himself out for a game of brag. The interpreter was in the deal and, instead of repeating what the chief really said, made a speech of his own, speaking of Twain's literary achievements.

"For heaven's sake, choke him off," said Twain once or twice. The interpreter turned to the chief and said the white hunter wanted to hear more. And on he went. Every time the humorist cried for quarter the chief was told to give another hunting story. Finally, the Indian vocabulary becoming exhausted, the chief quit, whereupon Twain made a brief reply, which was quadrupled in length by the interpreter turning it into a marvelous hunting yarn. The chief listened with stolid indifference, but when they got away he grunted contemptuously and said: "White hunter heap big liar."

HER SON RETURNED.

But Weary Raggles Was a Trifle Tardy. "Madam," he said, as she held the door open a little way and asked him what he wanted, "perhaps it so happened years ago that you had a son wander away from the family fire-side?" "Yes, it did," she replied, as she opened the door a little further. "He went out into the cold world and became a wanderer o'er the face of the earth?" "Yes, he did." "Days and weeks and months ran into years and you heard no word of him? You knew not whether he lived or died?" "As you say, I knew nothing," replied the woman as she stood in the door and looked fixedly at the tramp. "Well, ma'am," he continued, "I don't want to raise any false hopes, but—but—" "But you are just a little too late," she finished as he swallowed the lump in his throat, and tried to wipe away a tear. "My wandering son returned about two hours ago and is now taking a soak in the bathtub. Had you called early this morning, you know—" "Then the situation is filled?" "It is." "Just my luck, ma'am, but of course you are not to blame for it. I congratulate you and your wandering son and will bid you good day and try the family next door."

The Cars of William's Wardrobe.

The task of looking after the uniforms and other costumes of the Emperor William is by no means a sinecure. All these different and greatly varying articles of attire, as diversified as those at the disposal of a "star" actor, are carefully kept, systematically arranged, in large wardrobes, and at the head of the department is an official entitled the obergarderobier who has under his command two valets-de-chambre. The nautical uniforms are placed under the charge of an ex-subofficer of the German navy. Before the emperor undertakes any one of his many expeditions the obergarderobier is provided with an exhaustive list of all the dresses and other paraphernalia that will be required.

The One Comfort.

"So you don't like this country?" said the native of America. "Not a bit," replied the distinguished visitor from abroad. "You're down on the way we run things, aren't you?" "Teetotally!" "Well," the native replied, after a pause, during which the melancholy cleared from his brow, "we can be happy, nevertheless. Everybody concerned can give thanks that you don't have to live here."

one motto.

Peddler—Please, sir, perhaps your wife would be pleased if you'd buy one of my "God Bless Our Home" mottoes, beautifully colored and— Blinks, savagely—Fellow, my wife has just applied for a divorce. Peddler—Ah! Well, here is something she will like, then—"If it appears to not succeed, try, try again."

WANT TO DO LIKEWISE.

Status of William Penn Revives Interest in One of Roger Williams. The placing of a colossal figure of William Penn on the Philadelphia city hall has inspired a proposal to perpetuate the memory of Roger Williams, in the same way on the dome of Rhode Island's new statehouse. It is now recalled that the Roger Williams monument association started a fund thirty-four years ago to erect a memorial column 230 feet high on Prospect hill. Zachariah Allen in his diary of that time says with amusing ignorance of the problem presented by the convexity of the earth. "A statue on the top of this column would stand nearly 450 feet above tidewater. It would be conspicuous from Newport and Block Island, and I think from the statehouse in Boston." Thus, it was suggested would the capital of the colony which disgraced its intelligence by the banishment of Williams, be forever doomed to find his figure still within sight. The association failed to raise money enough to put up the column, but the sum was deposited in bank and has now increased to a considerable sum. There seems to be an impression that the top of the statehouse would be an appropriate place for Roger Williams and the association is advised to transfer its fund to the state if the government will agree to thus honor him and will also bind itself to erect a statue elsewhere to another great Rhode Islander, who has been neglected, General Greene of revolutionary fame.

A MODERN SAPHO.

She Jumped From a Tall Cliff to End Her Life's Woes. Some few days ago, writes an Odessa correspondent a young and pretty and elegantly attired girl of about 17 years of age, named Anna Popova, engaged a boatman at the Grafski landing stage at Sebastopol to take her to the monastery at Inker-mann. On alighting at the rocky stairway leading up to the monastery the girl gave the boatman a pouchole of 10 copecks, promising to send out by a servant the 80 copecks for her fare. The boatman waited from 11 o'clock until noon, and was going ashore to inquire for his passenger, when she suddenly appeared upon the summit of the towering rock above the monastery, making signs to the boatman below. On approaching nearer to the base of the cliff he was desired to deliver a letter which the girl flung down to him. At once divining her suicidal intention, the boatman ran into the monastery and raised an alarm.

A number of monks immediately came out and entreated the girl to descend from her perilous position, while one of their number ascended the tortuous acclivity and the unhappy girl sprang from the dizzy height of over a hundred feet and was killed instantly. It is stated that the poor child was driven to the dreadful act by constant ill-treatment at home. Her father was a captain in the reserves.

PLAN OF VENTILATION.

That of Massachusetts Schools Sure to Be Excellent. The plan of ventilating school houses in Massachusetts possesses, it is asserted, possibilities of insuring first-class results, even when, from certain unavoidable obstacles, only one inlet is provided, the same being located about eight feet above the floor, and as nearly as practicable in the center of the warm or inner side of the room. Of equal importance with the inlets is the size of the outlets, or foul air ducts, as well as their location, and it is found that for a fifty-foot schoolroom the outlet duct should have an area of not less than five square feet net, this to be placed at the bottom or inner side, in case the air is to be taken from the first story down to the bottom of the foul-air shaft in the basement. The rule is that in a room with two cold or exposed sides the outlet should be as near the inner or warm angle of the room as possible, and in a room with three exposed sides, the outlet should be as near the inner or warm side as practicable, this applying equally well whether the warm air is brought in through either one or two inlets. It is desirable that the outflow of air from the room through the outlet should be a little in excess of the amount brought in at the warm-air inlet, the difference being made up by air drawn into the room through cracks and various small openings.

A Centenarian Donkey.

Herbivorous animals are generally thought to outlive carnivorous ones, and of the former class those dedicated to labor appear to furnish the largest number of instances of longevity. A few years ago a donkey died at Cromarty which was known to be at least 106 years old. It could be traced back to the year 1779, when, at an unknown age, it came into the hands of the then Ross of Cromarty, and it lived in the same family " hale and hearty," until a kick from a horse ended its career. No horse is known to have attained to anything like such an age as this, but a few have lived to ages varying from 40 to 50 years.

She Told Him the Reason Why.

"Why is it that you girls seem to think so much more of the men who come in here than you do of the women?" asked the man with an interrogation point in his mind. "Is it because the men are more agreeable?" "Oh, no," replied the saleslady, with a toss of her head. "It is because the men are such ninnies that they don't know what things are worth. If they do it doesn't matter, if you only appear to think they're awfully bright or awfully good looking."

I TOLD YOU SO. Mirandy Hanks and Betsy Swan, Talked on, and on, and on, and on: "Mirandy, surely you're not through Your washing, and your scrubbing, too?" "Yes! Mrs. Swan, two hours ago, And everything's as white as snow; But then, you see, it's all because I use the SOAP called SANTA CLAUS SOAP." SANTA CLAUS SOAP. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

MANHOOD RESTORED! NERVE REBUILT. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Slighty Emotions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infertility, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, \$3 for 3 boxes, by mail prepaid. With a 64 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Write for free Medical Book sent mailed in plain wrapper. Address N. E. V. REED CO., Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, For sale in O'Neill, Neb., by MORRIS & CO., Druggists.

Checker Barn, B. A. DRYARMAN, Manager. Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. Finest turnouts in the city. Good, careful drivers when wanted. Also run the O'Neill Omnibus line. Commercial trade a specialty.

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

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

P. D. & J. F. MULLEN, PROPRIETORS OF THE RED - FRONT. GOOD TEAMS, NEW RIGS. Prices Reasonable. East of McCafferty's. O'NEILL, NEB. RAILROADS. TRAINS DEPART: GOING EAST. Passenger east, 9:20 A. M. Freight east, 10:30 A. M. Freight east, 2:10 P. M. GOING WEST. Freight west, 2:10 P. M. Passenger west, 9:27 P. M. Freight, 2:10 P. M. The Elkhorn Line is now running Reclining Chair Cars daily, between Omaha and Deadwood, free to holders of first-class transportation. For any information call on W. J. DOBBS, AGT. O'NEILL, NEB.

In Combination!! By Special Arrangement!!! THIS JOURNAL with the Greatest of the Magazines, The Cosmopolitan. Which was the Most Widely Circulated Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the World during 1894. AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE. NO HOME is complete without the local paper and one of the great illustrated monthlies representing the thought and talent of the world. During one year the ablest authors, the cleverest artists, give you in THE COSMOPOLITAN 1536 pages, with over 1200 illustrations. And you can have all this, both your local paper and THE COSMOPOLITAN, for only \$1 a year—much less than you formerly paid for THE COSMOPOLITAN alone, when it was not so good a magazine.