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ATTAN TOWNSHIP. John Winn, Treasurer, John K. D. Cronin, Assessor, Mose Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Perkins, Perkins Brooks and Will had overseer dist. 26, Allen Brown John Enright. RELIEF COMMISSION. Meeting first Monday in February, and at such other times as necessary. Hold. Gallagher, Page, Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; Atkinson. CATHOLIC CHURCH. Every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday School. Sabbath school following services. DIST. CHURCH. Sunday services—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. 1:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Episcopal). Chas. No. 3 (Catholic). Mind-week services—General singing Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will welcome, especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor. POST NO. 86. The Gen. John Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska, will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic hall. S. J. SMITH, Com. RY VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. N. G. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec. FIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. J. C. HARNISH, H. P. HELMET LODGE, U. D. Meets every Monday at 8 o'clock in P. M. hall. Visiting brothers invited. T. V. GOLDEN, C. C. CARY, K. of K. and S. ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Scribe, H. M. UTTLEY. LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF THE ELK. Meets every 1st and 3rd of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Jessie A. BRIGHT, N. G. R. ADAMS, Secretary. FIELD LODGE NO. 95, F. & A. M. Meets every Thursday night in the hall of the moon. Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M. CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in the Masonic hall. D. H. CHRONIN, Clerk. T. V. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in side hall. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W. WORKMEN OF AMERICA. Meets every first and third of each month in Masonic hall. GEO. MCCUTCHAN, G. M. AGENTS, Sec. POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY. Arrival of Mails. M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Sunday included at 5:15 p.m. FROM THE WEST. Sunday included at 9:30 a.m. PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Leaves 9:35 A. M. Arrives 9:07 P. M. Leaves 9:07 P. M. Arrives 7:00 P. M. O'NEILL AND CHELSEA. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a.m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p.m. O'NEILL AND PADDOCK. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a.m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p.m. O'NEILL AND NIORARA. Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a.m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p.m. O'NEILL AND CHEMUNVILLE. Monday, Wed. and Friday at 11:30 p.m. Tuesday, Thurs. and Friday at 1:00 p.m.

IVORY SOAP - IT FLOATS - FORTY MILLION CAKES YEARLY. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

An English Divine Who Put an End to an Original Swindle. A curious case was discussed in an English court recently, says the Jewelers' Weekly. It involved a question whether intentional deception was practiced in labeling a watch and chain as "Gold Watch and Chain." The obvious meaning of the wording, and one to which no exception can be taken, was that both the articles were of gold. A clergyman passing the store in the window of which they were displayed saw the sign: "Gold Watch and Chain, price £1, 11s. 6d" (about \$7.50). Considering the bargain uncommonly cheap, he opened overtures for a purchase. Before, however, putting upon it the final clinch, he demanded a written guarantee that the quality of both watch and chain was exactly as represented. Thrust into an ugly position the dealer was forced to confess that the sign's phraseology was deceptive; the chain was not gold. The admission in this instance was frank. The indignant clergyman made some strongly pertinent remarks. Angered at being entrapped and remonstrated with, the store-keeper threatened to eject his inquisitor. But he made a sad error in enraging the clerical customer, who, it appears, had passed the university with flying colors as a finished athlete.

"Look here," said the old gymnast, "I don't want to take advantage of you, but if you lay a finger on me I'll trim you round the shop. You may take some persons to be old women, but you are in the wrong box this time." Further the would-be ejector did not venture. A policeman was summoned and the dealer arrested. The magistrate fined him, after which he coursed his way home, a sadder and a much wiser man.

ALL FOR NOTHING. If the Lady Had Her Purse What More Could She Want. An English lady, walking down the Lung'Arno in Florence, missed her purse. The suspicious movements of a man in front made her boldly demand the stolen property. Too amazed to refuse the thief handed over the purse. Indignant at such broad-day robbery, the lady stopped an elegantly dressed gentleman and, in excited tones, began to pour out her grievance. Merely waiting to hear "that man stole my purse," the gallant Italian rushed after the thief, who promptly took to his heels. They had a good run before the thief could dodge his pursuer. The sun of a summer day did not help the polite Florentine to keep cool; so, red-faced and out of breath, he turned back to meet the English lady with profuse apologies. "Madam, I am very, very sorry. I did my best, but your purse is gone." "Oh, no!" she replied, sweetly, "I have my purse. I got it back from the man." "Got your purse back! Per Bacco! What did you want, then?" "Want! Why, I want justice." It was too much, even for proverbial Italian urbanity, and, almost choking with sudden wrath, he gasped out: "Justice! To think I should have run myself into a perspiration for justice!" She shut him out.

A prominent Englishman, Lord D., and a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining lately in Paris with the British minister, and next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle, Miss X. The conversation had drifted to a discussion of things American. It is needless to say that Lord D. made some pretty disagreeable remarks about some Americans he had met and some Yankee customs he abhorred. "Why, d'ye know," he continued with an almost unparadonable want of tact, "that at some of the places I dined in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth?" Miss X. was thoroughly provoked by this time, and she replied with apparent unconcern: "What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord." There was no more unpleasant talk about America that evening.—Harper's Bazar.

Grog. Grog, a mixture of spirits and water, was so called from Admiral Vernon, a distinguished British sailor. He always wore a program coat and was called "Old Grog" by his sailors. He introduced the ration of spirits into the navy bill of fare, and the mixture at once received his nickname.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

They Do Not Allow Their Clerks to Keep Private Note-Books. "He was the best surveyor and draughtsman in my employ," said a well-known civil engineer a few days ago, referring to a man whom he had just discharged. "I discovered a short time ago that he was keeping a private note-book, and after notifying him that he must stop it and again learning that he was continuing the practice I was obliged to discharge him."

I asked the gentleman to explain what he meant by "keeping a private note-book." "A surveyor," said he, "in doing a piece of work makes minutes as he goes along of the lines he runs, of the various points marking the bounds of the lands he is surveying and all such data as is not only necessary for the drawing of his plans, but also incidentally that which may aid him in the case of any other survey being made later on."

"This data, you see, really constitutes a sort of capital or stock in trade, for if the party owning the land ever wishes another survey of it for any purpose he will naturally apply to that same surveyor, who, having these old memoranda, can do the work easier and more cheaply than any other surveyor. Oftentimes, after many years have elapsed and old landmarks have passed away, those minutes become very valuable. "Consequently a civil engineer always wishes to keep these in his own hands, and men in his employ are not allowed to make copies of minutes of surveys which they make while in his employ. Otherwise an old employe, in leaving and setting up in business for himself, could carry away a large slice of his employer's business."

SPITTING SERPENTS.

They Are Able to Blind a Man by Projecting a Fluid into His Eyes. The African explorer, V. Hoehnel, on his voyage to lakes Rudolph and Stephanie, encountered one day, after a long rainy spell, rolled up in a corner of the basket in which the dishes of the expedition were carried, a serpent of narrow girth and about twenty-seven inches long. His servant armed himself with a long dirk to kill the serpent, but the moment he approached the basket he fell back with a heartrending cry and covered his eyes with his hand. The snake had projected into them a tiny stream of burning liquid which caused terrible suffering.

Hoehnel came up and placed himself in such a position that the wind would blow the liquid past his eyes should the serpent defend itself in the same manner it had done before. As soon as the snake caught sight of him it lifted its head and squirted two drops of black fluid upon his neck, which, however, produced no burning sensation on the skin. An Arab guide, who had heard the cries of the explorer's servant, came up, and wrapping his turban around his hand, endeavored to make a dive into the basket for the snake. A moment later he, too, fell back blinded and covering his eyes with his arm. Hoehnel did not seek to repeat the experiment. He turned the basket over on the ground, and the serpent in its flight was killed with sticks, so that the mystery could not be solved as to the nature of its peculiar squirting qualities.

The Lawyers Not in It.

The shortest and most intelligent chancery suit on record was probably one—recorded by Mr. Croake James—between Lord Enniskillen and a lady litigant. It was about a piece of waste land that promised little harvest except to the lawyers, and his lordship called upon his opponent and proposed, instead of fighting it out, to toss for it. "Come," he said, producing a sovereign, "heads or tails, ma'am?" This very sensible lady at once fell into his humor, and cried, "Tails!"—which it was. What rather spoils the story was that she had afterwards misgivings about the respectability of this way of settling matters, and selling the land in question, bestowed it on a charity.

How "SIZES" Vary.

When you speak of a man's hat being "about two sizes too large for him," you do not mean that the proper fit would be a hat two inches smaller in either circumference or diameter; with his coat, however, when you say "size" you mean an inch. The following may be of interest to those likely to get mixed on the question of "sizes" and inches. A "size" in a coat is exactly an inch, in underwear it is two inches, in a sock an inch, in a collar one-half inch, a shirt the same, in shoes one-sixth of an inch, in pants one inch, in gloves one fourth of an inch and in hats one-eighth of an inch.

Difficulties of a Language.

A French gentleman, whose admiration for a party of Vassar girls considerably exceeded his ability to speak it in English, met the women at one or two day festivities, and was sufficiently impressed; but when, at an evening reception, they burst upon him in the bravery of full-dress, the admiring Gaul felt at once the handicap of his vocabulary. "I can not say," he confided to one of his hosts, "how beautiful the young ladies appear in their night-dresses."

About Quinine.

Of the 7,000,000 ounces of quinine annually produced in the world, the United States uses 3,100,000, or nearly one-half of the entire output. There are eighteen chinchona or quinine factories in the world. This comprises one establishment in Holland, two in England, two in Italy, three in France, four in the United States and six in Germany. If we are not mistaken there is some experimental work in the same line being conducted in Russia.

RELIABLE PERJURERS.

An Ingenious Form of Blackmail Carried Out With Their Help. In speaking of men who earn their living by swearing false oaths, one of their number says: "A reliable perjurer is a valuable man. There are several broken-down lawyers, who, shut out from the courts, make it part of their business to keep in contact with men who, for a consideration, will swear to a lie whenever required. The names of these people they place on their books, and whenever a dishonest litigator in want of a witness applies to them they are ready to supply the demand within half an hour."

For instance, take a swindler who is in want of money. It is quite easy for him at night time to feign to have been knocked down by a carriage or cab, and then to sue for damages. To make his case thoroughly strong he can even take his false witnesses with him, so that they may put in an appearance when the name of the driver is taken. The result of the overwhelming presence of witness generally is that the case is settled out of court.

"In this manner any number of blackmailing cases are got up which never come into court on account of the defenseless position of the victim. The blackmailer, with his accomplices, merely pays his victim a visit, during which they make a definite charge, and the usual result is they retire with the money they asked for in their pockets.

"They seldom go into the box, for their 'evidence,' as a rule, is so 'complete' that the opposing side gives way. It is quite easy to get hold of a man who is willing to swear to an ordinary lie for \$1, while, as for alibi witnesses, they can be obtained in almost any saloon for the price of a few drinks.

"Some false witnesses, however, are paid very high sums. A friend of mine abroad was once offered \$350 by a party if he would swear to a certain thing; the next day he was offered \$300 by the opposing side, who, of course, had no idea that he had already been approached.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE BURIED.

And the Supposed Corpse Leaves the Undertaker in a Hurry. Quite recently a team was passing up one of the leading streets of Kennebec, Maine, when the horses became suddenly frightened and ran away, throwing out the fellow who was riding. He was badly shaken up and his condition seemed to indicate that he was done for during his sojourn upon mother earth.

An undertaker who happened to hear of the fellow's misfortune and sad condition immediately made haste to the scene of disaster, equipped with everything necessary to care for the fellow who was supposed to have so suddenly passed away. It seems he was placed in the wagon, and then the undertaker started with his supposed corpse in posthaste for the man's home.

He had not gone far when the man recovered from his deathly (?) slumber and revived sufficiently to take in the situation and leap from the wagon and reach a small hotel they were just passing. Imagine the intense surprise of Mr. Undertaker a short time after, when he had gone but a little distance and looked around and discovered that the single indication of there having been anybody in the wagon was the manner in which the robes were left!

Truly the hard times have made business dull in every line and perhaps the poor undertaker has shared with the rest. It may seem a shame that he lost this opportunity of earning an honest dollar and performing a faithful duty.

MADAM'S FINGER-NAILS.

She Has Them Shaped for "Execution," "Exhibition" or "Escape." "Exhibition" or "Escape." This is a progressive age, and the "manicure lady" is up to date. She has among other things for finger-nail culture technical terms that may be edifying to the people who are compelled by a snarled-up skein of circumstances to wear hands as natural.

"Will madam have her nails shaped for exhibition or execution?" "Don't know what you mean."

"Ha, ha," she gurgles, and proceeds to inquire: "Does madam play on the musical instrument or the typewriter?"

If it is a key-board she must have the escape nail; if the violin or banjo or any strings she cuts the nails low, quite far below the finger tips.

The patron plunks the banjo. She takes the decollete style, and when the operator is through with her hands the flesh stands up above her finger nails like cushions.

The "exhibition cut" is for idle hands, and the nails are tinted and filed into curves as nearly like the moons at the base of the nail as they can be shaped.

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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 Redding 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.

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