ONGRESSIONAL. has, F. Manderson, of Omaha; of Madison.

tives-First District, J. B Strode Mercer; Third, Geo. D. Mikel-Hainer; Fifth, W. E. And-JUDICIARY.

...Judge Post and T. L. Norval ENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill

J. King of O'Neill

A. L. Bartow of Chadron

A. L. Warrick, of O'Neill LAND OFFICES.

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District Court. John Skirving
O. M. Collins
...J. P. Mullen J. P. Mullen
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E. J. Mack George Kennedy CITY OF O'NEILL.

sor, E. J. Mack; Justices, E. H. and S. M. Wagers; Constables, Ed. and Perkins Brooks. o years.-D. H. Cronin. For one C. McEvony.

second ward. years-Alexander Marlow. For Jake Pfund. THIRD WARD.
years-Charles Davis. For one

er Merriman. CITY OFFICERS.

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r, John McHugh; City Engineer
rrisky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman;
f Police, Charlie Hall; Attorney,
rlon; Weighmaster, Joe Miller.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. risor, R. J. Hayes; Trearurer. Barney vy; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Constables, John Horrisky and Ed. ; Road overseer dist. 26, Allen Brown 4, John Enright.

ERS RELIEF COMNISSION. ar meeting first Monday in Febru-ach year, and at such other times as ed necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, in; Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary;

TRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. vices every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. ev. Cassidy, Postor. Sabbath school ately following services.

HODIST CHURCH. Sunday rices—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 heaps of canvas bags. lass No. 19:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep League 6:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-30 P. M. Mind-week services—General meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will e welcome, especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John Meill Post, No. 86, Department of Ne-G. A. R., will meet the first and third ay evening of each month in Masonio Nell S. J. SMITH, Com.

HORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. Meets every Wednesday evening in sllows hall. Visiting brothers cordially to attend. H. N. G. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

RFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M ets on first and third Thursday of each ts on first and third Thursday of each in Masonic hall.

DOBRS Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. P

DFP.---HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern lly invited.

MCCARTY, K. of R. and S.

EILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. b. 0. F. meets every second and fourth s of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Scribe, Chas. Bright.

EN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS F REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d yof each month in Odd Fellowa' Hall. ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. NCHE ADAMS, Secretary.

BFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. equiar communications Thursday nights before the full of the moon.

. Dobbs, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

LT-CAMP NO. 1710. M. W. OF A. eets on the first and third Tuesday in month in the Masonic hall.

Biglin, V. C. D. H. Cronin, Clerk.

0, U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tudsday of each month in asonic hall. BRIGHT, Rec. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

DEPENDENT WORKMEN OF
MERICA, meet every first and third

ayor each month.

M. WAGERS, Sec.

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arts Monday, Wed. and Fri. at....7:00 a m
ives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at... 4:00 p m

ADVENTURES OF A PHYSICIAN Why He Found Himself Regarded as a

Parish on a Street Car. "I had a rather grewsome adventure the other day," said a wellknown Washington physician to a writer for the Star. "I had been up all night with a patient on whom I had performed a critical surgical operation. It was a question whether he would recover from the shock. In fact, it was touch and go, so that I could not take a minute's sleep. About 5 a. m. I got away and started for home so exhausted that it never occurred to me to think of my appear-

ance. "The horse car I boarded quickly filled up with laborers on their way to work. Though very sleepy, I was somewhat surprised to notice that several of them eyed me strangely. Those of them who sat down near me quickly moved away, and one man who took a seat next to me—I was in one of the front corners-looked at me, got up hastily and held on to the strap. Nobody else took the vacant place, though the vehicle by

that time was crowded.

'Not being used to being regarded as a pariah I was considerably puzzled. I observed the faces of two or three men who sat opposite to me and I thought that they gazed at me with an expression of horror and disgust. What could it mean! I began to feel alarmed.

"Just then I chanced to glance down at one of my cuffs. It was sat-urated with blood. The other cuff I noticed for the first time was bloody also. My trousers were spotted with blood and there were fresh stains of it on my coat sleeves. My anxiety about the patient and subsequent exhaustion had prevented me from thinking of the matter, and I had not done more than wash my hands before starting for home. At once I saw what the trouble was. The people in the car could find no other way of accounting for my condition than to suppose that I had just killed somebody. They sized me up for a murderer. Unshaven as I was, and wearing an old hat, I must have looked rather tough. Not a word was said as I got off the car and made a sprint for my house, glad to get safe back and to remove the traces of imagined crime from my

TEN MILLIONS IN GOLD. A Penniless Man Earns Fifty Cents by

Handling It. A man strolled into the office of the United States express company on Sherman street early one morning and asked for work, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. He said he had not eaten for several days. He wore a clean shirt and looked bright, so the depot agent put him to work sorting freight. The man hadn't a cent. He borrowed a dime from a tenderhearted co-worker and got his breakfast therewith.

After the frugal meal he went back to the freight shed. Pretty soon a train rolled in from the West, and the express cars were shunted onto the platform

"Hop in there and help transfer that freight," shouted the agent.
In the new man hopped. He hadn't

a cent. The car appeared to be an ordinary one from the outside. The sliding door was pushed open, and seven men were seated conveniently around the interior. Over the axles and trucks in each end of the car were

"Catch hold and hustle," was the next order.

He, the penniless man, caught hold. He tossed the bags to another man a few paces off, who in turn passed them along. As each bag flew from hand to hand an ominous rattle and clink was heard.

It sounded like the beating of tom-toms to the penniless helper. Still he toiled on. An hour passed, and the last bag went the way of its predecessors, its canvas sides muffling in a measure the ringing sound as coin crashed against coin.

It was done. The agent handed the new man fifty cents. "Come around again," said he.

Away went the man and filled himself with food. The agent went into the little office where the messenger was checking up.

"That's the biggest run we've had in a long time," said he; "\$10,000,000 in gold. Whew!"

The Burro.

Donkey is in Spanish burro. In Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and in Arizons, where the donkey is as well known as the horse, he is always called by his Spanish name, on account of the fact that this section of the United States so recently belonged to the Mexicans, who as everybody knows, speak thatl anguage. The Spaniards and Mexicans also apply the term "burro" to a stupid or ignorant person, just as Englishspeaking races use the word "donkey."

He Has Struck Gold.

A contractor sinking a ten-inch driven well at Dover, Del., has hit upon the plan of substituting a rotary motion for the direct blow of the pile driver in sinking his pipes. After a pipe had been driven more than 100 feet by the pile driver the other method was applied and the pipe was sunk three feet in twenty minutes. The contractor is going to patent the invention if nobody has anticipated it.

Murder Does Not "Out." The maxim "murder will out" is disproved by statistics. In the ten years ending with 1886 there were 1,766 murders committed in England O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE.

O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE.

cases no trace of the criminal was cases no trace of the criminal was ever found that led to his apprehension. cases no trace of the criminal was

THE COCK LANE GHOST. Extraordinary Manifestations in the Arc-

tic Regions Thirty Years Ago. Apropos of the recent revival of interest in the Cock Lane ghost and the possible verity of its manifestations it may be worth while, says the New York Evening Post, to put on record certain events which took place in the early '60's at Fort Yukon, the outermost post of the Hudson Bay company in Alaska, north of the Arctic circle. At this lonely fort half a dozen from the northern isles of Scotland traded for furs under the command of Strachan Jones, post trader of the company. Once a year a party ascended the Rat river and crossed to La Pierre's house, at the head of navigation on the Porcupine river, bringing a supply of trading goods, one sack of flour, and a little tea and sugar for the commander, with the mail of the last six months, and receiving in exchange the bales of furs which had been purchased during the previous twelve months. The bateaux from the fort then returned down stream with the goods. In midwinter a courier on snowshoes brought the half-yearly instructions from the chief factor at York factory. At other times the little community vegetated among the tundra, or was busied with the hunting and trade which supplied the business and subsistence of the post. About a year after Jones relieved his predecessor strange rumors prevailed among the residents at the fort. Singular noises were heard during the still arctic night. Raps on the door were responded to, but, the door being opened, there was no one there. Utensils hung on the walls of the log huts in which the company's servants lived fell down or were moved when nobody was near them. Jones had a house to himself as commander, and around this house the uncanny doings seemed to concentrate. Jones himself preserved a dignified silence, or professed ignorance of anything out of the common. But in spite of this the noise and turmoil continued, and

When spring came the bateaux started as usual for La Pierre's house with the bales of furs, Jones commanding the party. At the nightly bivouac, to the astonishment of the voyagers, the noises continued. The man who slept in the boat as a sort of guide reported that he heard raps and a curious scratching on the mast. Men who slept around the campfire ashore declared that they heard Jones talking in the night to some one who answered in a voice unknown to any of the party. On meeting the party from Fort McPherson at the portage the voyagers naturally compared notes, and the doings of Jones' familiar were soon discussed by every campfire and at every trading post throughout the Northwest territory. A visitor at the fort in 1866 was assured of the reality of these manifestations, which remained without explanation, as Jones has retired from the post and carried his secret with him. The same visitor, while waiting the return of the officer then commanding, had the curiosity to look through a little library which in the course of years had accumulated in the commander's quarters. Among the worn novels and less dilapidated volumes of Scotch theolgy of which the collect up was a copy of Dr. Johnson's account of the extraordinary history of

were experienced by every one at the

post, even by visiting Indians.

IT WASN'T HOGS.

Was Not Foolish Enough to Overtax

the Cock Lane ghost.

Himself as a Sprinter. An old colored man had brought out a pail of water for my horse, and we were talking about the weather and the crops, when a young negro about 18 years old broke out of the woods on the other side of the road. He was bareheaded, barefooted, and had on a torn shirt and ragged pair

of dungarees, says the Detroit Free Press writer. The minute the old man saw him he called out: "Boy! I like to know what dis yere

fussin' is all 'bout!" "What fussin'?" replied the young

"Doan' you ax me what fussin', sah! I knows yo, boy! You is a nigger who done works fur Majah

"What if I does?" "What if you does? Why, sah, Ize gwine to tell Jedge Smith dat yo' has

bin chasin' one of his hogs!" "Shoo! Nebber did it! "Doan' yo' lie to me, boy! Can't I dun see yo' is all out o' breef wid chasin' dat hog! If de jedge doan't have yo' in jail befo' two days Ize a

"Look-a-here, Uncle Ben," said the young man as he came across the road, "does yo' member dat time de jedge's hogs dun got on de railroad track down dar?"

"Of co'se, sah-of co'se I does." "An' when de train cum along what did dem hogs do? Didn't dey run right down de track?"

"Of co'se dey did." "An' did dem kivered kyars cotch up to 'em? Didn't dey run two miles an' den jump into de swamp?'
"Yes, sah, dey did."

"Well, den, was you big 'nuff fule to reckon I'd be fussin' wid hogs dat could run faster'n de builgine? Reckon Ize got wings to fly wid? Does I look like a bird?" He went off up the road, turning

he had proceeded out of sight around a bend the old man shook his head in a solemn way and said to me: "I reckon I dun made a powerful mistake wid dat nigger. I said hogs, but Ize dead such he was arter a

to look back occasionally, and when

BOOMER PHILOSOPHY. Thoughts Suggested by the Cherokee

A philosopher up in a balloon over the Cherokee strip opening day would have seen a significance in the moveing picture beyond the mere event, writes Hinda Burke in the Washing-

ton Post. In that mad rush to grab lots, men trampling one another in their flerce cagerness, he would have seen a picture of the age. What are we all but "boomers," hustling for what we get, and to keep it after we have got This is an age of "hustlers" when a man succeeds not so much through his brains and worth as

through his ability to "get there." A race horse, rampant, and the motto "Never be backward in coming forward," is the cost of arms for the aristocracy of push instituted in this country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Wall street to the Cherokee strip we see the same excited throng racing, elbowing, pushing, trampling along the dusty high-And woe to the dreamer who stops to pluck a flower by the wayside. He is left behind to starve with the withered flower clutched in his

Significant, too, of the epoch stands outlined against the sky the solitary figure of an Indian, the last of his race, perhaps on a knoll overlooking the scene. To his mind he sees his ancestors avenged as he beholds the pale faced throng fighting one another for the land they fought his race to obtain. As he watches the "sooners" taking possession of the best lots in advance of the law, a look of derision breaks up the immobility of his features as he ejaculates, "White man, big fool! horse beat train, and white man who come sneak beat horse."

The philosopher in the balloon would have recognized a brother in the savage as he uttered this sage remark. For the untutored red man has recognized the one genius who can always beat even the hustlerthe sneak.

The sneak is no product of this age and country alone. He is a time-honored institution, and it will take a better invention than the express train to beat him. When Edison invents a contrivance that will come in ahead of the sneak, then he will have arrived at the summit of success

in ingenuity.

Another significant element in the picture were the enterprising females who donned pant sand bestrode their fiery steeds to enter the race. Hampered by the petticoat not one of them could have snatched a potato patch, and this we see exemplified in the every-day race of life. The question is, Where was Dr. Mary Walker on this auspicious occasion?

Pathetic Origin of a Hymn. Dr. Fawcett, author of the hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds," was the pastor of a small Baptist church in Yorkshire, from which he received only a meager salary. Being invited to London to succeed the dis-tinguished Dr. Gill he accepted, preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture wagons for transportation. When the time for departure arrived, his Yorkshire parishioners and neighbors clung to him and his family with an affection which was beyond expression. The agony of separation was almost heartbreaking. The pastor and his wife. completely overcome by the evidence of attachments they witnessed, sat weep. Looking into his face, while tears flowed like rain down the cheeks of both, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed, "Oh John, John, I can't bear this. I know not how to "Nor I either," said he; "nor savages before them. will we go; unload the wagons, and put everything in the place where it was before!" The people who had cried with grief now began to cry with joy. He wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible; and so he buckled on his armor for renewed toils in Yorkshire on a salary less by £40 a year than that which he declined. To commemorate this incident in his history, Doctor Fawcett wrote that hymn. -Christian Herald.

Greek Magistrates.

The chief magistrates of Athens were called archons. At first the office was life-long and hereditary: afterward for ten years, finally annual and elective. There were nine annual archons, and none were eligible but citizens who could prove three generations of free ancestors. Every candidate must also prove that he had no physical defect; that he had been dutiful to his parents, had served in the army and possessed property to support the dignity of the office. Bribery was punished by compelling the one bribed to dedicate to the gods a statue of gold equal in weight to his own body.

The Union Colors in the Wrong Country. A flower lately discovered in the isthmus of Tehuantepec is white in the morning, red at noon and blue at night, and is called the chameleon flower in default of any botanical name. It is probably a species of the hibiscus mutabilis. The colors do not pass abruptly from one shade to the other, but change gradually from the white in the morning to the pink and red and thence to the blue at night. The Tehuantepec tree grows to the size of a guava tree and gives out a slight perfume when the flower is of a red color.

An Automatic Gas Lighter.

A New England firm is introducing an automatic gas lighter for street lamps, which works on the principle of an eight-day clock. It is explained that the only attention the lighter requires is a weekly winding of the clock movement, and that it lights the lamp at the required time and extinguishes it at daybreak.

ADDITIONS TO ALPHABET.

Letters j and w Unknown to the Eng-lish Tongue Until 1650. It is a fact not so well known but that it may be said to be curious that the letters j and w are modern additions to the alphabet, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. The use of the j may be said to have become general during the time of the commonwealth, say between 1649 and 1658. From 1630 to 1646 its use is exceedingly rare. In the century immediately preceding the seven-teenth it became the fashion to tail the last i when Roman numerals were used as in this example: viij. for 8, or xij. in place of 12. This fashion still lingers, but only in physicians' prescriptions, I believe. When the French use j it has the power of s as we use it in the word vision." What nation was first to use it as a new letter is an interesting but perhaps unanswerable query. In a like manner the printers and language makers of the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representative in the shape of an alphabetical sign or character, as the first sound in the word wet. Prior to that time it had always been spelled as vet, the v having the long sound of u or of two u's together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound they began to spell such words as wet, weather, web, etc., with two u's, and as the u of that date was a typical v, the three words above looked like this: vvet, vveather, vveb. After awhile the type founders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two v's together and made the character now so well known as the w. There is one book in which three forms of the w are given. The first is the old double v. (vv), the next is one in which the

Bengalese Superstitions.

last stroke of the first v crosses the

first stroke of the second, and the

third is the common w as used to-

day.

Among the Bengalese it is said that shouting the name of the king of birds (garunda) drives away snakes. Shouting "Ram! Ram!" snakes. Shouting "Ram!" drives away ghosts. Cholera that attacks on Monday or Saturday always proves fatal; cholera that attacks on Thursday never ends fatally. The flowering of the bamboo means famine. In fanning, if the fan strikes the body it should be instantly knocked three times against the ground. When giving alms the giver and receiver should both be on the same side of the threshold. It is bad to pick one's teeth with the nails. If a snake be killed it should immediately be burned, for all serpents that are so unwise as to permit of having their lives taken are inhabited by the souls of Brahmans, which hope thus to escape and work mischief. The words "snake" and "tiger" should never be used after nightfall. Call them "creepers" and "insects." Never awaken a sleeping physician. Morning dreams always come true.

Residents of the town of Scituate, Mass., show with pride the very well in which hung the old oaken bucket that inspired Samuel Woodworth's famous poem. Some of them even contend that the self-same, ironbound, moss-covered bucket still hangs there, in spite of the lapse of nearly a hundred years. The name cituate is said to be a corruption of the Indian "Satnit," or "cold brook," from a little stream hardly a mile long which the first settlers of Scituate found refreshing, as had the

Parified by Fire.

There is no more effective sanitary agent than fire. The ancient who made his napkin of asbestos, had but to throw it into the fire when soiled. and it could not be made cleaner. And if we could but build our houses of incombustible materials the spring cleaning might be efficiently accomplished by incendiarism. London, indeed, was purified from a plague by a general conflagration. And almost the one thing which that indestructible disease germ, the bacillus, cannot stand is heat.

The Shako of the French Army. David, the painter, drew the design for the shako worn in the French army. The soldiers never liked it. but Bonaparte insisted on its being worn. It is something like a cylinder, with a visor in front, and trimmed with a plume or pompon. The design has been gradually modified, until now it is to be abolished in favor of the keps, which has a flat circular top and a straight visor.

He Was Answered.

"What did the United States senate meet to do?" he asked of the audience in the corner grocery store, while a wave of wrath rushed into his face. "What did they meet to do?"

"To chin," said a little lame man who sat away back on a soap box. And there was no more said.

The Island of Crete. Crete, or Caldna, is a very fertile island covered with an abundant growth of aromatic herbs, myrtle, orange, lemon, almond and pomegranate trees. Not long ago the people of Crete made a desperate effort to secure their independence from Turkey, but they were not successful.



Palpitation of the Heart Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Legs and Feet.

"For about four years I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath and swelling of the legs and feet. At times I would faint. I was treated by the best physicians in Savannah, Ga., with no relief. I then tried various Springs without benefit. Finally, I tried

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure also his Nerve and Liver Pills. After beginning to take them I felt better! I continued taking them and I am now in better health than for many years. Since my recovery I have gained fifty pounds in weight. I hope this statement may be of value to some poor sufferer."

E. B. SUTTON, Ways Station, Ga.

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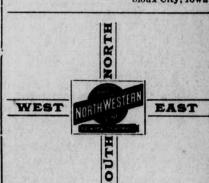
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