Silas Holcomb R. E. Moore J. A. Piper J. S. Bartley Eugene Moore A. S. Churchill C. H. Russell H. R. Corbett TATE UNIVERSITY. Lincoln; Leavitt Burnham, latt, Alma; E. P. Holmes, laieu, Kearney; M. J. Hull,

RESSIONAL. F. Manderson, of Omaha

First District, J. B Strode er; Third, Geo. D. Mikel-dner; Fifth, W. E. And-UDICIARY.

.Judge Post and T. L. Norval H JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
H. J. J. Kinkaid, of O'Neill
J. J. King of O'Neill A. L. Bartow of Chadron A. L. Warrick, of O'Neill ND OFFICES.

O'NEILL.

COUNTY. Geo McCutcheon trict Court ... John Skirving O. M. Collins J. P. Mullen

J. P. Mullen
Sam Howard
Bill Bethea
Mike McCarthy
Chas Hamilton
Chas O'Neill
W. R. Jackson
pr. Trueblood
M. F. Norton
H. E. Murphy UPERVISORS.

Frank Moore
Wilson Brodle
W. F. Eisele
George Eckley
L. B. Maben
A. S. Eby
A. C. Purnell
D. G. Roll
John Dickau H. B. Kelly R. J. Hayes R. Slaymaker
R. H. Murray
S. L. Conger
John Hodge
Wm. Lell
E. J. Mack E. J. Mack
George Kennedy
John Alfs
James Gregg
F. W. Phillips
A. Oberle
Hugh O'Neill
D. C. Biondin
John Wertz
H. C. Wine
T. E. Dooilttle
J. B. Donchoe
G. H. Phelps
J. E. While
A. C. Mohr

TY OF O'NEILL. E. J. Mack; Justices, E. H. M. Wagers; Constables, Ed. erkins Brooks. NCILMEN-FIRST WARD. Bars.-D. H. Cronin. For one

Evony. second ward. ars-Alexander Marlow. For ke Pfund. THIRD WARD. rs-Charles Davis. For one

Merriman. CITY OFFICURS.
F. Biglin; Clerk, N. Martin;
John McHugh; City Engineer
ky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman;
olice, Charlie Hall; Attorney,
; Weighmaster, Joe Miller.

ATTAN TOWNSHIP.

, R. J. Hayes; Trearurer, Barney Elerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben stices, M. Castello and Chas, stables, John Horrisky and Ed. bad overseer dist. 26, Allen Brown ohn Enright.

S RELIEF COMNISSION. neeting first Monday in Febru-year, and at such other times as seessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; Atkinson.

ICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Cassidy, Postor. Sabbath school
following services.

DIST CHURCH. Sunday 28s-Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 No. 1 9:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep ue 6:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-M. Mind-week services—General ting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will deome, especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John Post, No. 86. Department of Ne. R., will meet the first and third rening of each month in Masonic S. J. SMIIH, Com.

RN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. ets every Wednesday evening in s'hall. Visiting brothers cordially

C. L. BRIGHT, Sec. ELD CHAPTER, R. A. Mon first and third Thursday of each

J. C. HARNISH, H, P P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. fention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. if Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern nyited.

JARTY, K. of R. and S. L ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. F. meets every second and fourth each menth in Odd Fellows' Hall. Scribe, Chas. Bright.

LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS EBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. ANNA DAVIDSON. N. G. E ADAMS, Secretary.

ELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. ar communications Thursday nights be the full of the moon.

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

CAMP NO. 1710. M. W. OF A. Ion the first and third Tuesday in thin the Masonic hall.
Lix, V. C. D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

J. W. NO. 153. Meets second fourth Tudsday of each month in HT. Rec. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

ENDENT WORKMEN OF

AGERS, Sec. MCCUTCHAN, G. M.

POSTOFFICE DIRCETORY Arrival of Mails

L&M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. V. Sunday included at......5:15 p m Sunday included.

O'NEILL AND PADDOCK.

Monday, Wed, and Friday at. 7:00 a m
Fuesday, Thurs, and Sat, at. 4:30 p m 

It looked as if his enemy had

CIAL DIRECTORY TRET'S GREAT LEAP.



more than a babe when Mrs. Ferguson died. The girl was small, but still she was

wonderfuly developed.

She had the nerve of a man, and her strength and quickness were really as-

tonishing. Sometimes she would laughingly inrite me to feel of her muscle.

Old Ferguson was a reserved man, rather sullen and suspicious toward

Still, he seemed to be educated, and l wondered why he lived there in that lonely mountain hut, so far from civilzation.

There was something strange about it. One time I asked him:
"Why don't you move to Bozeman or

Helena? What is your idea of living here where nobody can find you?"

He shot me a queer look. "Mebbe that's what I want," he

grunted. "What?"

"Nobody to find me."

If I had not known him well, I might have taken that as a hint; but I knew I was always welcome at Ferguson's.

"You seem to forget Little Tret," I expostulated. "It is scarcely right to bring her up here without any advantages

"Waal, I dunno 'bout that," he re-turned. "Gals brought up in big places don't alwus turn out for the best; an' thar hain't no temptations fer Tret hyar. She kin enjoy the free air, the sunshine, the birds an' flowers, an' I won't hev ter watch fer snakes all ther time—human snakes, I mean." "But her schooling-

"Say, Swift, you'll muddle me all up, an' get me ter thinkin o' things as I don't keer to. I wish you'd drop it." And he would never talk on the sub-

ject again. In the course of time I came to surmise there was a mystery connected with old Ferguson's life, and that he lived in that secluded spot for a reason. But I never questioned him.

I knew it would be useless. In time, however, he partly revealed

He had an enemy-a deadly foewho had hunted him for years.

He did not explain why the man was his enemy; but I came to suspect that the dead Mrs. Ferguson had something to do with it. "Ther onery whelp'll find me ag'in

some day!" the hermit declared. "When he does thar's goin' ter be a reckernin'. I had not seen Ferguson and his

pretty daughter for six months. Passing that way, I sought the secluded cabin. The door was open and swinging in

the breeze. Something looked wrong about the place. I sprang from my horse, but no one

met me at the door.

Then I hurried into the cabin.

There was a huddled figure sitting on stool in one corner.

As I entered the figure moved, and a naggard, ghastly face, with wildly-glaring eyes, looked up at me.

There was no recognition in those Yet Ferguson was before me.

"For God's sake, what is the matter, man?" I cried aghast. He mumbled something I did not un-

I leaped forward and caught him by

the shoulder, giving him a fierce shake, "What's happened? Tretty-" "Gone!"

"Gone where? Dead?" "Worse!"

I saw the man was almost perished from exhaustion and hunger. First I gave him a little watered



STILL CLINGING TO THE OPEN UMBRELLA.

whisky, and then I made him eat some "Now tell me what has happened?"

His shaking hands fumbled in his pockets, and he brought out a scrap of dirty paper.

On the paper, scrawled by a lead pencil, were these words. "I've found you at last, Harris! You stole the mother, now I will steal the You'll never see your girl again, and Ben Raven has his revenge.

She's mine, and you know what I mean "Explain it!" was my demand. "How came you by this?"

"Found it hyar." "When?" "Week ago. Was away six hours. Came back—found that—Tret gone! I've hunted everywhar! I'll never see

my little girl ag'in!"
I knew Ferguson was an expert trailer, and he was familiar with the mountains.

But I did my best to give him new life and courage. I kept at him till he was in much bet-

ter shape than when I found him. Then we went out to search for the

kidnaped girl. The reader may not believe in luck, but I do. I have seen too many strange freaks of cards not to believe in it.

Luck was with us that day Old Ferguson had scoured the mountains all about, and he did not believe his child was within hundreds of miles of his cabin.

We were riding through a ca about twenty-five miles from the cabin. At our left ran a strong, deep stream. On either hand the walls of the can-

yon rose perpendicularly. A sudden scream caused us to look up. On the opposite side of the stream, far up the face of the canyon wall, was

a big black opening.
In the blackness of this opening a figure suddenly appeared.

"It's Tret!" Ferguson shouted the words, clutching my arm. Then something astounding hap-

pened. The girl suddenly opened a huge umbrella, and, in another moment, clinging

fast to the handle, she sprang out from the opening. As she did this a man came into view, and clutched at her.

He missed. Then we saw him reeling on the verge, trying to gain his balance once more Like a flash Ferguson flung up his rifle, and fired.

With a hoarse shriek of horror the man fell outward, and came whirling He passed the girl, who was descending swiftly but steadily, still clinging to the open umbrella, which served as

Into the river I urged my horse The man had struck with a great splash, and disappeared.

The girl followed. She relinquished the umbrella and swam toward me. I picked her up.

Little Tret was saved. She told us her story as we sat before the open fire in Old Ferguson's cabin

The man had taken her to a cave which was the retreat of several rufflans and robbers.

Their booty was stored there. Amid the stuff was a big government umbrella.

The regular entrance to the cave was guarded, but they did not guard the opening into the canyon, as there seemed no possibility of any one entering or leaving that way.

Tret had heard of parachutes, and she conceived a desperate plan for es-

Raven was tormenting her when sh was driven to put her plan to the test. It happened we were passing at that

very moment. Whether Ferguson's bullet reached his enemy or not could not be known, but certain it is that Raven disappeared, and never troubled Little Tret or her father afterward.

Being satisfied his enemy was dead. Ferguson" resumed his right name of Harris, and moved to Bozeman.

There Tret attended school, and she is now one of the most cultured and charming young ladies of the place.

LOSING THE EMPEROR.

Why Napoleon Was Angry and Refused to Ride.

As to Maj. Poppleton's letter, dated March 15, 1817, it may be stated that some little sensation had recently been occasioned in the island by the reputed "losing" of Napoleon by that officer when accompanying him on one of his daily rides, says the Gentleman's

Magazine. Alluding to this circumstance Maj. P.

With regard to my encounter with his majesty, it is erroneously stated. We never exchanged a syllable. In conabout him, but left him to return to what had happened to Admiral Sir George Cockburn and he desired of me 'If we rode out again not to lose sight of the emperor, but to ride near him. In the course of a day or two he (Bonaparte) sent to me to say he wished to ride. I sent word to him that I should attend him with pleasure, but that for the future I should ride near him if I chose, not as his servant: that I should behave toward him with every delicacy possible; that I would not interrupt nor listen to his conversation, and if a wish were expressed by him to be left alone it should be complied with. horses were immediately unsaddled, his breakfast equipage was unloaded and he gave out that he was unwell. We have never ridden together since. A most terrible business was made of it all, but not a word of truth in the whole The French officers who were with him were determined at that time to misrepresent everything and to make him dislike the English. In this they completely succeeded for a length of time, but Napoleon has for some time past been of a contrary opinion and expressed himself highly pleased with myself personally. I have no doubt but that all I desired to be told him was misconstrued."

An Indignant Mother. "Look here," said a lodger to his landlady, "your daughter has been using my comb and brush again!"

"I beg your pardon," said the landlady, indignantly. "I never allow my children to meddle with my lodgers'

belongings in any way." "But I am sure she has been using them," said the lodger, "for there are long black hairs on them and she is the only person with black hair in the

"Oh, now I remember, she did hav them to comb and brush our dear old poodle," said the landlady, "but I am quite sure she did not use them for herself-she's too honest to be guilty of that sort of thing."

## Strange, but True.

Nearly all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet most of us us have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent in doing nothing at all or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing something that we ought not to do. always complaining that our days are few, but acting as though there would W. K. Vanderbilt, Levi P. Morton and

W K. Vanderbilt and Levi P. Morton are firm believers in the saying that a chicken born in March is better morally and physically than a chicken whose birthday comes in any other month. Vanderbilt has a fine chicken farm at Oakdale, and the exvice president has one at Rhinebeck. Mr. Morton has six incubators and Mr. Vanderbilt has four. Sometimes they meet and compare notes, and Mr. Vanderbilt maintains that he can raise just as many chicks with his four "machines," as Mr. Morton can with his six. Mr. Morton has had more experience than his rival. He started to raise chicks according to the primeval plan of a fat and con-tented hen and thirteen eggs—a larger or smaller number would "hoodoo" the whole "setting"—and some of his early earnings were made by carrying eggs to market in a little New Hampshire town. When he purchased his farm at Rhinebeck he went in for blooded cocks as well as blooded cattle. Mr. Morton favors Wyandottes and bantams, while Mr. Vanderbilt favors Leghorus and Plymouth Rocks.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, the sugar magnate, has also a number of incupators at his farm at Wahwah, and raises high-class fowls. He entered some of them at a recent poultry show in New York, but they were not very successful. It is said that Mr. Morton was not exactly sorry. All three of the millionaires raise

chickens for market. But if Mr. Havemeyer, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Morton were not prominent men, they would hardly be considered in the race, at least as to the number of chickens they raise. Long island, New Jersey, Southern Connecticut and Westchester county are festooned with henneries. The proprietors are not men of wealth, but they are trying to acquire wealth in the poultry business.

THE FATE OF A FOOL MULE.

it Would Have a Quarrel With the Old Bull and Lost by It. There is a dead mule back in Ken tucky, a sun-colored, fool mule. For

a long time this mule and a swagger young bull have lived on the farm of the Benedictine monks, beyond Covington. When the brothers rose one recent

morning there was an unearthly sound in the pasture lot below the monastery. It was the mule and the bull fighting. The blood ran in streams from the bull's nose and mouth. The mule was unburt. He was moving on a pivot, with his heels ever toward the big, angry brute on the circumference of the circle trodden in the grass. Suddenly, with lowered head and a

bellow like thunder, the bull rushed at the mule. There was a flash of steel, a thud, and the bull was on his knees, the mule was on the kick. Time and again the bull went down before the mule's lightning feet. Once more he made the rush, then retired, seemingly beaten. The mule looked about, shook him-

self and began to eat grass. The first time his eyes had left the bull the latter saw his chance. When he had finished with the mule there was scarcely enough left to bury.

One of the monks said he was a fool like any other mule; then they killed

the bull to put him out of his misery.

Strong Perfumes. sequence of his riding at a very great rate I lost sight of him altogether, but, jurious to the sense of smell. By being perfectly satisfied as to his ultibeing perfectly satisfied as to his ulti-mate safety, I did not trouble myself glands of the nose and throat are overtaxed and weakened. Some day Longwood when he pleased. This he the person observes that the hearing did in due course. I afterward related is less acute than usual, and the sense the person observes that the hearing of smell seems defective. This is, of course, credited to a cold, and but little is thought of it. After a time, the entire head becomes affected. and there are throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal, illness. Smelling salts are a prolific cause of deafness; all strong and pungent odors, particularly those which act upon the secretory processes, should be avoided

as far as possible. On a Summer Night. The Norwegian summer-night festival is duly observed on the 21st of June. In the evenings-if evening it may be called, for one can read a newspaper at midnight quite as well as by daylight-bonfires are lighted on all the mountain peaks; the fjords are covered with all manner of craft decked with lanterns, and burning tar-barrels, discharging fireworks etc.; and all the people in the boatsfor the Norwegians are a very musical people-sing gaily. No one ever thinks of going to bed on this northern summer night, in which there is no darkness. From the boats the merry-makers adjourn to the islands. and dance and sing until morning

A Canadian National Park. There is a movement in Canada for having a national park created in the Nepigon country in order that the trout fishing may be eternally perpetuated. The movers hope to see five miles of the Nepigon river north of Lake Superior set apart and guarded and the river kept stocked

Constituted an Alibi.

with fish.

Among the Saxons a person accused of crime would clear himself by means of compurgators-that is to say, he induced twelve persons to come in and swear to his good reputation and that they did not believe him guilty.

She Was Not Musical. Teacher-Tommy, what was Nero's greatest act of cruelty. Tommy-Playin' the fiddle, mum.

Teacher—Take your place at the head, Thomas.—Texas Siftings.

AMERICAN RECKLESSNESS.

A Frenchman Says We Are All Rich-Who Knows Dentists. A Frenchman who has been traveling in this country says that what struck him most in the United States was the American habit of filling the teeth with gold. About \$500,000 worth of gold is thus used every year, he says, all of which, of course, is buried. So he figures that at the end of three centuries the cemeteries of America will contain gold to the value of \$150,-000,000. "I am afraid," he adds, "that this will prove too tempting to the practical mind of the future American, and we shall see the day when companies will be organized to mine the cemeteries and recover the gold secreted in the jaws of dead ancestors." The writer then goes on and figures up the average amount of gold in the teeth of each dead person He has evidently been consulting the record of vital statistics, for he says that 875,000 people died in the United States in 1889. This would bring the value of gold in each dead person's teeth to an average of about sixtyfive and three-fourth cents, and he thinks that in well crowded cemeteries the mining of this gold could be carried on profitably despite the small average value.

CAN'T BUY THE BARGAINS.

Saleswomen Not Allowed to Take Ad-

vantage of Bargain Sales. I asked a young saleswoman who served me in a large shop the other day whether the employes of the establishment were allowed to take advantage of the "bargain sales" in buying goods.

"I can't speak for any other places, was her reply, "but I know that we're

"Why, what chance would the public have after we'd had a whack at the counter?

"There are over 600 women and girls employed here, and the cream of the bargains would be gone before the customers had fought their way through the front door. "Of course, if we're smart we can

send people here to buy for us. "One girl did this some time ago, but her friend got lost in the shuffle and couldn't crowd her way to the counter.

"So Mary Ann-she worked next to

me-got so wild that she gathered up

the things that she wanted and waved em at the woman as much as to say: Come on, why don't you?' "But the floorwalker saw the whole business, and it was 'good-by, Mary

THE OLD LOG SHANTY. It Is Giving Way to the Tenement in the Coal Region.

One charm of the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania has almost disappeared, and that is the comfortable and even picturesque log shanty of the Irish miner. The best of these were well chinked from the weather, and within their flattened logs were whitewashed and spotless. The floor was scrubbed until it was nearly as white as the walls. On one side was a great fireplace, with a large grate piled high with perhaps 100 pounds of glowing anthracite. Wrinkled old Irish women, in the whitest of starched caps, sat in front of the grate knitting stout blue woolen stockings. To the tiny breaker boys coming home on winter nights after a hard day's work these shan-ties, with their cheerful fires, were welcome resting places, where they might stand in front of the fire unrebuked while black streams ran from their grimy boots over the shining floor. The shanties have given place to formal tenements, and the Irish miners are retreating before thousands of even poorer laborers from continental Europe.

Pen and Ink Unfashionable A new fashion that is just beginning to grow in vogue is that of writing letters in pencil rather than with pen and ink, and when once it is fairly established it is doubtful whether anything but legal documents and business papers that must be preserved will ever be prepared in the old style. Letters are generally shorter nowadays than they formerly were; are more hastily written, more frequent and seldom worth keeping for any length of time. They are not the elaborate efforts of bygone days, that were often cherished for their intrinsic worth. The pencil, which is far more convenient than the pen, is taking its place in the great mass of

casual correspondence.

AN APT SCHOLAR. He Rnew Philadelphia's Strongest Pa-

triotic Point. The class in geography was reciting and there were several visitors. The subject for the day was the state of Pennsylvania. "Now, children," said the teacher, "who can bound Pennsyl-

Half a dozen hands went up and waved wildly in the air and a little girl gave the boundaries of the state

correctly. "What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?" asked the teacher. "Philadelphia!" shouted the little boy with the jersey suit.

"Now," continued the teacher, "who can tell me what building there is in Philadelphia about which no true American should think without a glow of love and patriotism? What building is there which we should all revere and which is the pride of every loyal son of the United States?"

This was a poser and no one answered for a time. Finally a boy who sat on the front row raised his hand. "Well," said the teacher, "you may tell, Sammy Einstein."

"Der mint!" shouted Sammy, umphantly. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

He Had an Experience With Laughing Gas and Will Never Forget It.

"Does it hurt very much to have tooth pulled?" inquired a Boston ierald man of a dentist.

"That depends," was the reply. "If the affected tooth happens to be a molar, with the roots at right angles with each other or if it is decayed so as to leave the nerve un-covered or if it is worn down even with the gums, so that it is necessary 'o dig the flesh away in order to get a good hold with the forceps, then the chances are that you will kick a little."

Then the tall man trembled from head to foot, and in a shaking voice said: "What do you think of that one?" accompanying his words by opening his mouth to its fullest ex-tent and indicating with his finger the seat of his trouble.

The doctor took up a small instrument with a little round looking glass at one end, and, returning it into the cavern that yawned before him, made a careful inspection of the interior.

"That looks like a stubborn old fellow," remarked the doctor, as he replaced the instrument upon the working table.

"What would you advise?" timidly inquired the tall man. "Laughing gas," replied the dcctor.

"Will I be oblivious to the pain?"

"Entirely so." The tall man settled himself in the operating chair, and the doctor inserted between the patient's teeth au old champagne cork. Then he placed a funnel-shaped piece of rubber over the tall man's mouth and nose, and teld him to breathe heavily. Gradually consciousness gave away under the influence of the gas, but not until the man to be operated upon had suffered the sensation of being smothered under an old-fashioned

feather pillow. The tall man was now in dream-land. He first imagined that he was on his way to the world's fair and when the train was on a down grade and going sixty miles an hour the wheels left the track. The airbrakes broke and the cars rushed along at a terrible speed. It was with the greatest difficulty that the dreamer kept in his berth. Tremendous jolting was caused by the wheels running over the ties. The suspense was something awful; the wreck of the train was inevitable. The car was filled with the shrieks of the terrified passengers, mingled with the crash of glass and the rattle of the train. Suddenly there was a deafening report and a tremendous concussion, and the cars appeared to

crumble away. The tall man found himself in total darkness, but suddenly, to his horror, he discovered a streak of lurid flame through the wreckage, which told him that he would be roasted alive if immediate succor did not reach him. He could hear voices directly over him, but do as he would not a sound could he utter. The flames were making rapid progress toward the place where he was confined, and their hot breath was beginning to singe his whiskers Then came the erash of an axe directly over his head. The first blow struck him squarely in the back of the neek, and he felt that his time had surely come. The next one cut off his left ear, and the third opened a saucer. The fire had now crept up to his feet, and the left one slowly roasting, when another blow from the axe, greater than all the rest, knocked his head clean from his body. He experienced a singular buzzing in his ear; there was a gleam of light in the distance and with a

bound he returned to consciousness. The doctor was standing over him, holding a double tooth in his for-"That was an old stager, and no mistake. How he did hang! It took all my strength to dislodge him.' and the doctor wiped his dripping

forehead with his handkerchief. "Where a-a-am I?" were the first words of the tall man. "Why, right here in my office," responded the doctor. "You would

have had a tough time if you hadn't taken the gas. "Well, if it had been rougher than it actually was I would now be a corpse," and the tall man paid the \$1.50, and went out into the street feeling as if he had been walking in

a treadmill for a week.

Traveling Incog. First American-Have a good time

abroad? Second American-Fine. I traveled incog. Went where I pleased and escaped the vulgar curiosity of

the gaping crowd.
"Eh? How did you travel?" "Incognito, I said. I didn't let 'em know I was a rich American. Just pretended I wasn't anybody but an ordinary English lord. - New York Weekly.

Shifting the Responsibility.

"But I don't see how you ever collected that \$5,000 insurance on his life when you had previously managed to get him on the pension list for injuries received during the war," observed the friend of the family.

"The hand of Providence was in it," said the widow, with a gentle sigh of resignation.

Luther's Plan of Education In 1528 Luther and Melanchthon

drew up a scheme of popular education which was followed in the German schools for seventy-five years. The first class learned to read, write and sing; the second class studied Latin, grammar, music and scrip-tures; the third, arithmetic. Latin and rhetoric.