LIAL DIRECTORY HIS LAST



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eding first Monday in February ear, and at such other times as besary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, Im. Howen, O'Neill, secretary; Atkinson. RELIEF COMNISSION.

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



TATTOO. O LONG AS POETS and historians continue to weave pretty stories of personal valor, and they will do it as long as a spark of patriotism burns in the human breast, no class of heroes will find greater fa-

heroic feats will bring the fire back to the veteran's eye surer, than the brave little fellows who sounded the reveille or beat taps. Bugle boys and drummer boys have figured often and conspicuously in the annals of war. And nowhere in history have we more or brighter examples of this kind than in the records of the Civil War, on both

sides-Confederate and Union. The story of Harry Baldwin's un-swerving loyalty to the old flag, and his fearlessness of death for the cause he had so nobly espoused, affords a bright example of this kind. He belonged to a New York regiment-I am sorry that I have forgotten its number, though that hardly matters as long as I remember the main facts of his adventures-and he was the life and heart

of his older comrades. In truth, our little drummer boy was looked upon with so much favor, and he had shown such clear-headed ability on certain dangerous occasions, that when the commander felt anxious to learn certain particulars in regard to the en-emy he delegated Harry to go upon the hazardous mission.

"Keep your eyes open, my boy, as I know you will, and I will risk you to go where I would not dare send any scout of mine, but I must warn you to never forget that you are in the enemy's country, and that a shi de mistake will cost you your life. I snall not put you from my thoughts until I see you safely back here with the news I am so anxious to have

Feeling, as every true soldier should, the importance of his perilous under-taking, Harry started forth on his reconnoissance. It was already growing dusky in the deeper forest, and soon the shades of night would enable him to push his way into the vicinity of the Confederate army with greater safety. He knew very well that it lay encamp-ed behind the low mountain range that ran for ten miles or more north and south, with here and there a broken link affording passage to the other side. I say he knew they were there, but had E. J. Mack; Justices, E. H. S. M. Wagers; Constables, Ed. Perkins Brooks.

His clothes covered with dust, and his limbs aching from the day's hard marching, the drummer boy moved somewhat wearily through the moun-tain gap, while the shadows fell deeper and darker around him. It was a wild, lonely place, though he gave little heed to his surroundings other than to watch them closely for some indication of the enemy that he felt might be lurking uncomfortably near.

Still nothing occurred to excite his suspicions, until a gradual lifting of the shadows ahead told him that he was approaching the other side of the range, and that it behooved him to move with even greater caution than hitherto. Thus his surprise may be imagined when, as he was silently crawling around a jagged arm of one of the foothills, he found himself in the midst of a squad of Confederate infantry.

Discovered by them before he could beat a retreat, he was captured in the twinkling of an eye, to be dragged away toward the headquarters of the south-ern commander, charged with being a spy

After seeing that he was securely bound, hands and feet, he was placed under a strong guard, to await trial in the morning. A long, tedious night it ittle girl planted herself squarely be-

knowing that some important movement was on foot. And while he wondered what it meant, his thoughts would go back to that other army and that other chieftain, who, by now, must have ceased to look for him. He wondered how his failure to return would be received. And then his thoughts took a longer flight, going back to that old home in the Empire State, and to the

loved ones he could not hope to see again. Perhaps the tears glistened in his eyes as he thought of it all; but there was no sign of fear in his de-portment when, at the fated hour, he was led forth to die. "By Jove! he's sure to break down be fore the signal is given," said the sergeant who had charge of the squad

to place him in position for the closing act in the awful drama. Harry heard the words, and suddenly lifting his head, he said:

"Give me a drum, sir, and I will play a tattoo while you shoot me.

"Did you ever?" exclaimed the officer. "I swear 'tis a pity to shoot him like this. But orders are orders, though you may get nim a drum, Sawyer. He will forget while he plays."

By the time Harry was blindfolded a drum was put into his hand, when he instantly struck up the spirited notes which had so often given life and hope to his old regiment of gallant soldiers. No doubt the boy drummer did forget the deadly danger that menaced him as he caught up the beloved strain and sent out to hill and valley the music of which he was master. And if he for-got so did his captors for the moment. The grim phalanx stood silent and mo-

tionless while it waited for the stern command that was to end all. Moments are priceless sometimes, and the brief while that Harry Baldwin held his enemies spellbound by his last tattoo saved him his life, for suddenly the clear notes of the drum were drowned by the lusty shouts of men. Then a body of Union cavalry flung itself upon the surprised Confederates. Amazed, bewildered, confident that no small body of trops would throw them-selves single-handed upon overwhelm-ing forces, they broke and fied in wild

disorder. The flight was short but decisive, and only a few minutes later the bandage was torn from the drummer boy's eyes

triumph back to the Union army. A GIRL HERCULES.

by friendly hands, and he was borne in

Five Years Old and Can Lift More Than Twice Her Own Weight.

Up in the hills and health-giving atmosphere of Sullivan county lives a veteran of the civil war named John H. Laird, and it was the fame of his 5-year-old daughter, Jessie Maud, that dragged a World reporte rover the in-terminable hills to Hurd's Settlement yesterday. Jessie Maud, or Maud, as she is generally called, is a child over whose face and figure painters and sculptors would make silly folks of themselves. The little girl was accompanied by brothers and sisters who ranged in age from 12 down. The three older girls, May, Mabel and Alice, were sometimes tired, but Maud from the Hme she could walk alone has apparently never known what it was to reach the limit of her strength in any one day's exertions.

It was with great surprise that Farm er Laird learned the mission of the re-porter who alighted at his comfortable farm-house yesterday, but he couldn't conceal the pride he felt. In the barnyard near the entrance of the barn was coll or spool of barbed wire weighing sixty-two pounds.

"Lift it Cal," said the farmer to his oldest boy. The 11-year-old lad laid hold of the crosspins which stuck out at the end of the spool, and with a big tug, which visibly tightened the cords in the calves of his bare legs, raised it

UNDER SUSPICION.

But He Had a Decent Streak Alout Him.

I was on a Sixth avenue elevated train the other day when a woman with a big satchel to carry asked for the New Haven boat, writes M. Quad in Detroit Free Press. I offered my services to pilot her for five or six blocks and take care of the satchel, and, after looking me over with a critical eye, she said:

"Young man, you don't look so very innocent, but I think I'll trust you and take the chances."

I saw that she feared I would bolt with the satchel, and therefore took it slow and did not get a foot ahead of her. When we arrived at the steamboat dock she took out a dime and extended it to me with the remark:

"It wasn't much of a walk, but I'm not one of the stingy sort. I hope you'll make good use of it.'

"Thanks, ma'am, but I can't take your money,"I replied.

"Then what did you come along for?" "Just to do you a favor."

"I don't believe it! 'Taint at all natural!"

"Well, you see, I brought you here all right and refuse your money."

'Yes, I see it, and I'm snummed if I kin make out whether you intended to pick my pocket or run away with my satchel. Young man, you orter quit your evil ways and behave yourself." 'Yes, I'm thinking of it," I replied.

"That's right-keep right on thinkin', and if you ever come up to Connecticut inquire for Mrs. Daniel Williams, and if it's about noontime I'll ask you to sit down to dinner. I'm obleeged, even if you did intend to rob me, and if ever I hear of your being hung I'll tell folks you had a decent streak about you arter all."

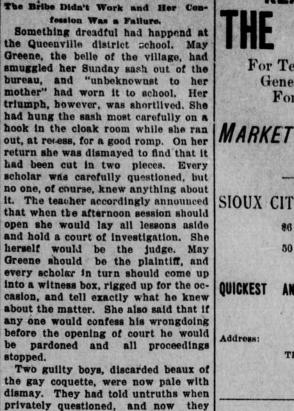
DEPLORABLE.

Condition of Huddreds of People Made Homeless by Fire.

Our Odessa correspondent writes: 'Nearly 200 Jews, rendered homeless and destitute by the terrible conflagration at Brest-Litovsk, have arrived in this city, where they have received every attention and succor from the Hebrew Benevolent association, says London Daily News. It is now ascertained that the total number of lives lost is 137, but the search for the missing is not yet complete. The town of Brest-Litovsk consisted of sixty-four blocks, and of these forty-nine, or about 1,500 houses, have been destroyed.

The refugees here relate the following tragic incident, which shows with what fearful and sweeping rapidity the flames rushed through the wooden-built houses: The magistrate of the second district was driving from one part of the town to another, the flames roaring behind him, The coachman put his horses to a gallop, but, notwithstanding this, they were caught up at a street corner and burned to deathmagistrate, coachman and horses. One poor, half-demented creature among the refugees tells how her sister, who escaped the flames, went to seek for her only son and his three children. They were found burned to death. The poor woman lost her reason and is now in an asylum for the insane. Both Jews and Christians in this city have shown the most unstinted generosity and sympathy by sending large stores of pro-

visions and other requisites to Brest-Litovsk, the railway company carrying



BEFORE A SCHOOL JUSTICE.

privately questioned, and now they feared that they would not be able to brave them out before the awful court ordeal-especially since it had begun to be whispered around that they knew more of the matter than had at first appeared. They, therefore hit upon the following expedient. The youngest child in the school, little Annie Cork, was the pet of the county. If she now could only be induced to confess to the cutting of the sash, surely she would be pardoned on account of her popularity. She was therefore beset by the guilty youngsters, who, by dint of dire threats and large bribes, and by urging confession upon her as a duty, finally secured her bewildered

consent "to confess." When the afternoon bel lrang the askance at the awful witness-box and at the mutilated finery floating out from the teacher's desk. The judge was about to open court when in came the criminals triumphantly leading the innocent child between them. They informed the judge that Annie Cork had come to confess, and officiously placing her in the witness-box, they withdrew to their seats. The child's helpless attitude was too much for the tenderhearted judge, who took her by the | Freight east, hand and said gently: "Well, dear,

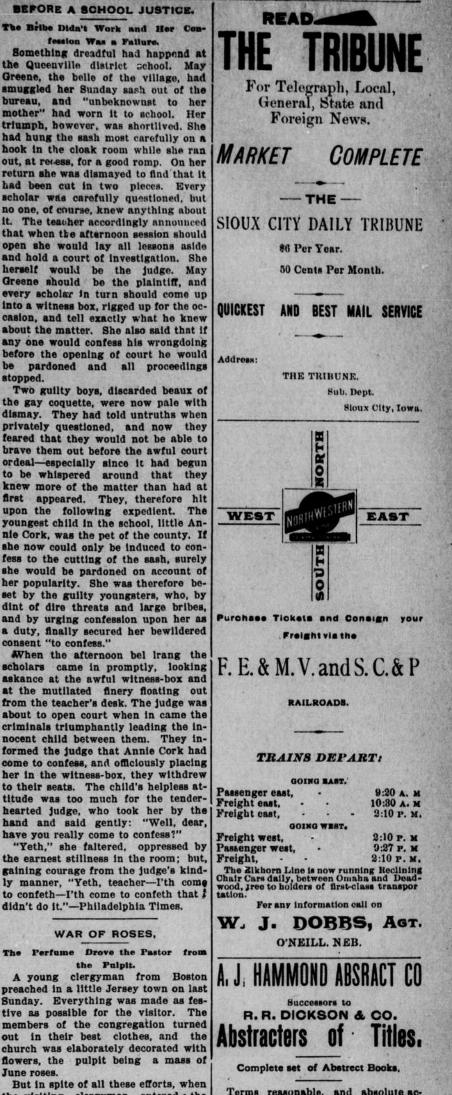
have you really come to confess?" "Yeth," she faltered, oppressed by the earnest stillness in the room; but, gaining courage from the judge's kindly manner, "Yeth, teacher-I'th come to confeth-I'th come to confeth that ! didn't do it."-Philadelphia Times.

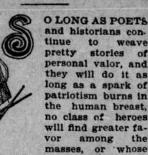
WAR OF ROSES,

The Perfume Drove the Pastor from the Pulpit.

A young clergyman from Boston preached in a little Jersey town on last Sunday. Everything was made as festive as possible for the visitor. The members of the congregation turned out in their best clothes, and the church was elaborately decorated with flowers, the pulpit being a mass of June roses.

But in spite of all these efforts, when the visiting clergyman entered . the





UST CHURCH. Sunday s-Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 No. 19:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep 66:50 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-Mind-week services-General ing Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will Come, especially strangers E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

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

N VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. be every Wednesday evening in hall, Visiting brothers cordially tend

C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

LD CHAPTER, R. A. M first and third Thursday of each sonic hall. as Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. P

-HELMET LODGE, U. D. ntion every Monday at 8 o'clock p. Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern fited.

T. V. GOLDEN, C. C.

ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. meets every second and fourth tach month in Odd Follows' Hall-Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

ODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS BEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d ach month in Odd Feilows' Hall, ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. ADAMS, Secretary.

LD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. rommunications Thursday nights ethe full of the moon. BS, Sec. E H. BENEDICT, W. M.

CAMP NO. 1710. M. W. OF A. on the first and third Tuesday in a in the Masonic hall. S, V. C. D. H. Chonse D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

t. Rec. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

ADENT WORKMEN OF IUA, meet every first and third each month.

GERS, Sec. MCCUTCHAN, G. M. OSTOFFICE DIRCETORY

Arrival of Mails

FROM THE WEST. Sunday included at... PACIFIC SHORT LINE. PACIFIC SHORT LINE. PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Party 5125 A.M. Arrives 9:07 P.M. Party 5125 A.M. Arrives 7:00 P.M. Party 517 O'SEILL AND PADDOCK. onday. Wed. and Friday at . 7:00 a m neaday, Thurs. and Sat. at . 4:30 p m

the morning. A long, tedious night it was to him, too, though his first and greatest concern was over the d i s appointment

his non-appearance would bring E TAL

upon the Union general. But it was in valn for him to berate was in valn for himself for any

which he may A BODY OF UNION CAVALRY.

CINE ST

-

have been guilty. The stern fact of his captivity remained and could not be reasoned away. He must abide by the consequence.

carelessness of

The sun was beginning to show its bright face over the crest of the mountain as the drumhead court-martial was ordered, and he was led forth to be

tried and convicted as a spy. "Rather young to be caught in such business," remarked the grim official. "Pray, what use have the Yanks for such infants as you? I was not aware they were driven to such straits for sup-

porters." "I am a drummer boy, sir," replied Harry, proudly, "and as such, I believe, W. NO. 153. Meets second have ever done m duty." "Oh-ho! so that's it? Well, you look "Oh-ho! so that's it? Well, you look

and act like a gritty one, and the boys say you resisted them last night tooth and nail. Say, it's a pity one so young and smart should be shot down like a dog. Do you want to live, my little drummer boy?"

"My life is my country's, sir. If I can serve her better by dying than living I am content."

"Bah! You do not realize that you are to be shot at sunset. There is only one hope for you. Your life shall be spared upon one condition." "And that?" asked the brave boy.

"Is that you will be our drummer. Promise to beat the drum for us as well as you have for the Yanks and your life

shall be spared." "Never!" cried the young patriot. "I would rather be shot than be a rebel." Perhaps the neart of the Confederate was touched by this display of heroism, but not sufficiently for him to mitigate

his sentence, and the little prisoner went back to his guarded tent, doomed

hind the big spool, which reached up to about midway between her knees and her thighs. Without any perceptible effort she raised the spool and held it for several seconds. If there had been any reddening of the face or puffing out of the veins the spectacle would not have been an edifying one. But there was nothing of the sort. Mr. Laird then placed stones which weighed twenty pounds on top of the spool and asked Maud to lift it again. The result was precisely the same, and all evidences of violent exertion were missing. The combined weight of the spool and stones was two pounds more than double the weight of the little girl herself. The average man weighs per-haps 150 pounds, but the man who can raise from the ground and hold in the air 302 pounds of dead weight is a great way above the average.-New York World.

Two Negroes' Subterranean Swim.

Word comes from Tallahassee, Fla., of a miraculous escape of two negro fishermen fron. a horrible death. In that section there is a creek that disappears in the ground, then flows under a high mound, and at a distance of over half a mile reappears with added force, and volume. This is a great fishing place, and scores of negroes are found fishing at the upper end of the tunnel at any time. Last week while a party of twelve men were there two of them, Bill Brooks and Josh Gill, fell into the water and were almost instantly whirled into the underground creek by the swift current. Their horrified companions tried to rescue them, but in vain, and they were swept away. The party hastily rushed to the lower end of the land where the creek reappears and waited to recover the bodies. Shortly both negroes shot through, feebly struggling in the swift current, showing slight signs of life. Several men plunged in and brought them to

shore, and they were worked over for an hour before they were out of dan-This is the first time that such an escape has been made. The negroes regard it as a special act of Providence, and revival meetings have been started there by preachers.

Tax for the Widowers.

The English government taxed wid-owers in 1695, births of children and christenings in 1783, deaths in 1783, mar-riages in 1695, and 1784, and the latter tax, in the shape of license duty, is still retained.

went back to his guarded tent, doomed to be shot as a spy at sunset. All that livelong day the little drum-mer under sentence of death heard the incessant bustle of camp life without,

A Somnambulistic Rider. Miss Mary Smiley, daughter of Theodore Smiley, who lives near Ferguson ville, N. Y., is a somnambulist and has had some queer adventures in her career as sleep-walker. Last week Miss Smiley's father presented her with a bicycle on her fifteenth birthday, and also his consent to don a bloomer costume. The young lady spent considerable time last week in practice, and after a five-mile ride the other day retired at night greatly fatigued. Shortly after midnight Mr. Smiley was awak ened by hearing some one pass out of the front door and down the walk. Looking out of the window the farmer saw his daughter, arrayed in her bicycle suit, mounting her wheel for a spin down the road. After taking quite a ride she returned to the house and was awakened by a douche of cold water. She was much astonished by her escapade.

Author of "Ben Hur" on Bloomers. Gen. Lew Wallace says the future of the bicycle depends on the woman riders. "If the use of wheels were con-fined to the men," he says, "the fad might spend itself in a season. But when the women take hold of the bicycle its future is secure." Gen. Wallace believes bicycle racing will eventually supersede horse racing, but never of course chariot racing of the Ben Hur kind. Ladies who ride will be interested to know that Gen. Wallace is an enthusiastic advocate of the fair cycler, and that he approves of bloomers, "about which there is nothing immodest, it being merely their present oddity of appearance that now excites comment. Why, in the Tyrol the women wear skirts coming just below the knee, and no one, not even an entire strang-

er, looks askance."

Potato Puff. Potato puff is delicious with creamed chicken. To one pint of hot mashed potato add one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of peper, half that quantity of celery salt, and hot milk enough to moisten well. When partly cool add the yelks of two eggs beaten well and then put in the whites beaten stiff. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven and it comes out in a golden brown merin-

pulpit he looked about him with dismay. Almost instantaneously he gave under the law. vent to a series of emphatic sneezes Then stepped down from the pulpit and, beckoning to a neighboring elder, whisperingly confessed that he could not proceed with the services unless the roses were removed. "I have rose cold," he added, by way of explanation. There was nothing for it but to divest the church of all its floral trimmings, after which the minister re-entered the pulpit and the services proceeded .- Ex.



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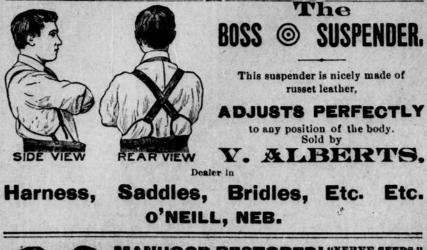


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