T.PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Services every Subbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Very Rev. Cassidy, Postor. Sabbath school
immediately following services. Prince.

I turn

No. 19:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep

And to specification of the specification o

lests every Wednesday evening in ows hall. Visiting brothers cordially C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. J. meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

E NO. 41, DAUGHTERS H, meets every 1st and 3 onth in Odd Fellows' Hall, Anna Davidson, N. G.

LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. aunications Thursday nights all of the moon. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M. O. 1710, M. W. OF A and third Tuesday in a sonic hall.

D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

153. Meets second ay of each month in T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

WORKMEN OF MCCUTCHAN, G. M.

DIRCETORY Mails

ROM THE EAST. led at.......5:15 p m at ... 9:58 a m

there was a gaping wound in his side, LINE. and he was covered with blood. Arrives 9:07 P.M. Arrives 7:00 P. M. crept toward me.

light. lying around in the shade, licking their wounds or sleeping. Not one of them saw Prince move,

although my heart stood still with fear that they might. When he was near enough he licked my face and whined very softly.

"Good boy!" I repeated. "If you were man you could set me free." PRINCE.

RY

ground.

though you are in the camp of your

own ladrone followers!" I cried, hoping

He hissed some words I did not catch.

"You are the most pitiful coward it

and now you mean to hang me like a

"Si, senor," he returned exultantly,

"Only three," I corrected. "My dog

"The dog is dead; you will soon be so

where several of his bandit followers

were gambling.
I had heard how brutally Diaz, the

outlaw, treated those unfortunate

feared the fate in store for me.

I could expect no mercy.

with rifles and revolvers.

of my ability.

tance of us.

in a moment.

himself free.

the ground.

forgotten me.

of torture.

me a start.

0

ound me securely.

rifle.

vain.

enough to fall into his hands, and I

He believed me a spy-an officer of

He had come upon me at sunrise as I was cooking my coffee over a fresh-

Mexicans swarming over the ridge.

My command to halt rang out on the

morning air, and then they opened fire

I had no protection, and so I stood

up there in the open, one to twenty,

and worked my Winchester to the best

Prince made a terrible scattering

among the curs that had attacked him.

He did not seem to consider them big

enough game for him, and so, flinging

them to the right and left, he broke

through and went leaping at the throat

of a man who had fallen and rolled

down the bank to within a short dis-

Prince had the fellow by the throat

In vain the poor wretch tried to tear

I brought down three others with my

The Wincshester dropped from my

nerveless fingers. I sunk helpless to

I saw them rush upon me with exultant yells, and I knew when they

Now I was doomed to die by hang-ing-Diaz himself had said it.

I tried to taunt him into killing me

He left me and sat down where he

could watch the men who were gam-

bling on the big scarlet blanket they

I saw him light a cigarette and puff

at it in a lazy way, seeming to have

I knew it was a part of his scheme

He would soon find time to remind

me that my minutes were numbered.

I turned on my side, choking back the

And then I saw something that gave

A short distance away lay Prince,

"HURRY, PRINCE, HURRY."

stretched on the ground as he had fall-

en; but his eyes were wide open, and I

would have sworn he moved his tail a bit when I looked at him.

enough for my voice to reach him.

his eyes suddenly closed.

ute more to live."

are all fools!"

ing.

"Prince!" I whispered, just loud

Again that movement of his tail, and

One of the outlaws was approach-

"Senor," he said, as he came up, "the

"Tell him I shall live to see him

hang!" I returned, a sudden strange

sensation of defiance coming over me.

Then he went back to the others.

I watched Prince again.

"Fool!" sneered the man. "Gringoes

Slowly his eyes unclosed. The Mexi-

cans were now at the most exciting

point in their game; they had begun to

Prince was far from dead, although

He moved. Then, inch by inch, he

Good boy! Good dog!" I whispered.

His tail moved with a wiggle of de-

The outlaws' dogs-lazy curs-were

chief tell me to say you have ten min-

groan that rose in my throat.

had spread on the ground.

in a passion, but my efforts were

Then a bullet scored my skull.

His life was soon ended.

"like a cur you hang! You keel four of

to arouse him still more.

my men. Car-r-ramba!"

disposed of the fourth."

how you like it to hang."

cur!"

the law.

were free, even

The outlaws were quarreling mere flercely than before. I felt that they (By Lieut. R. A. Swift, U. S. A.) oon might be trying to cut each other's ANUEL DIAZ came and looked down at What an opportunity for escape! me as I lay bound and helpless on the

If my hands and feet were free! But a short distance away lay my Winchester. "Gringo dog!" he How I longed to have it in my hands snarled, showing and be able to use it then and there!
A sudden thought came to me.

his white teeth. Then he kicked I turned on my face. me contemptuously. Prince licked my hands, which were "You would not ound behind my back. dare to do that if "Chew it, boy-chew it!" I panted.

'Set me free!" He did not understand at first, but I am sure the truth that my hands were helpless by the cords, finally dawned on him, for he actually gave a nibble at my bonds. has ever been my fortune to meet!" I continued tauntingly. "All greasers are cowards! I fought you like a man,

Then I encouraged him. He seemed to understand that was what I desired.

Immediately he set about gnawing at the rope in a way that seemed promise a hasty release for my hands. Two of the gambling Mexicans had arisen to their feet and were confronting each other, daggers in hand. Diaz was watching them calmly, still

puffing at his cigarette. I give you a little while more to think Some of the others were urging them Then he walked away toward the spot

"Hurry, Prince-hurry!" I whispered. Without making a sound he chewed way at the cord. At last, just as the quarreling out-

laws were trying to stab each other to death, I felt the rope part! My hands were free! I did not sit up, but lay on my side

and drew up my legs so I could work at the bonds that held my feet. I soon succeeded in my desperate efforts. Free-I was free!

Still I did not rise. With all the caution I could comnand, I wormed my way toward the spot where my rifle lay.

I was cooking my content of the lighted fire.

I think his dogs must have scented Prince, my dog, and they led the outlaws to my camp.

My first warning was when five or six dirty curs came yelping down upon us. I clutched my rifle as I saw the Maricans awarming over the ridge. I secured it.

Down the slope I backed, while the fuel to the death between the two outlaws was going on.

Prince followed, and not one of all our foes saw as creep out of the camp—not a sleeping dog stirred.

We got away, and once out of sight, we made all haste to put a long distance between us and our enemies.

I knew they would attempt to trail us with their dogs, and so I was forced to take to running water to deceive them, and, in doing this, I carried Prince in my arms, big, heavy fellow though he was, with my Winchester slung across my back.

was two years before I saw Manuel Diaz again, and then I had the pleasure of attending his execution in Guadalupe, Sonora.

He was hanged. Before he swung into eternity I reminded him that I had promised to live to see that day, and had kept my word.

He smiled and replied that I owed my life to a dog that knew far more than any gringo he had he had ever seen.

He died "game," which is saying a great deal for a Mexican. Prince lived but a few days after

ding me to escape from the outlaws. His wound proved fatal. Far in the lonely heart of the Gila

mountains I made his grave, and there buried the truest, noblest comrade it has ever been my fortune to know. Poor old Prince!

Daughters of a Hero.

A tract of land comprising about 156 acres just outside the western limits of Baltimore city, in the Thirteenth district of Baltimore county, and south of St. Agnes' Hospital and St. Mary's Industrial School, was offered for sale at They said my dog was dead-poor old auction Wednesday, at the Real Estate Exchange, but was withdrawn after five small parcels, including forty-two acres, had been purchased at an average price of \$327 an acre, says the Baltimore Sun. The property is a portion of the lands owned in Maryland by the Duchess of Leeds, a granddaughtei of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and daughter of Richard Caton, after whom

the town of Catonsville is named. The Duchess died in 1874, and in her will directed that the real estate owned by her in this county should be disposed of by her executors, and the money thus secured should be used for the purchase of real estate in England, all of which, together with the English realty which she possessed at the time of her death, was bequeathed for life to the Marquis of Carmarthen which is the courtesy title of the heir to Dukedom of Leeds. The present holder of the title is the grandson of a cousin of the Duchess' husband, she having died without children.

The property put up at auction is but a part of the estates in several counties in Maryland which came to her from Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his daughter. It was offered at first as a whole, but no bids being made for this, the choice of fourteen parcels of it was next offered. The bidding for first choice was a bit spirited, and it was finally "knocked down" for \$390 an acre to Ruxton M. Ridgely. After that the prices offered became steadily smaller until the fifth purchase, when Auctioneer Kirkland announced, after a consultation with the American trustees of the estate, Anthony A. Hirst and Alexander Yearley, Jr., that the remainder of the land was withdrawn. "We ha expected to get at least \$400 an acre, said Mr. Kirkland," and not a bit of it can be secured for less than \$275 an acre."

The Duchess of Leeds was one of the three famous daughters of Richard Caton, who from their beauty and charms were often called "the three American graces." They became the wives of members of the British nobility. Louisa Catherine, the Duchess of Leeds, was the youngest of the trio. er, looks askance." Mary Caton, the eldest, was at first the wife of Richard Patterson of Baltimore, brother of Mme. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, but in 1825 became the second wife of the famous Marquis of Wellesley, elder brother of the still more famous Duke of Wellington. Elizabeth Caton was married in 1836 to Sir George William Stafford-Jerningam, Baron Stafford.

The wedding of Dr. W. L. Vroom and Miss Blanche Miller the other day in the St. Paramus Dutch church at Ridgewood, N. J., was the first wedding in the church since that of Aaron Burn and Mrs. Theodosia Prevost, 113 years

UNDER SUSPICION.

But He Had a Decert Streak Alout 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

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

looking me over with a critical eye,

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

"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

DEPLORABLE.

Condition of Huad eds 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 ascer tained that the total number of liver 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 woodenbuilt 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 provisions and other requisites to Brestis the sign of peace. After a battle par-Litovsk, the railway company carrying everything free."

Somnambulistic Rider. Miss Mary Smiley, daughter of Theodore Smiley, who lives near Fergusonville, 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 awakened by hearing some one pass out of the front door and dowr 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 confined 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 immod-'est, it being merely their present oddity of appearance that now excites com-Why, in the Tyrol the women ment. wear skirts coming just below the knee. and no one, not even an entire strang-

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 meringue that Delmonico might envy. That is an especially good way to serve old potatoes that have to be cut up a good deal in paring them.

WANTED TO BE A MAN. The Young Woman Who West to Chicago in Men's Clothing.

Miss Hettic Dickey, the young lady

from Delaware who recenty visited Chi-cago in men's clothing, has told the com-

plete story of her adventures. It ap-

pears that for years she has had an overwhelming desire to be a man. The impulse to see the world as a man sees it grew upon her to such an extent that she finally decided to leave home. a medical man of standing in Toronto secreted a suit of her brother's clothes in the woodshed, and soon after noon on March 24 she slipped quietly into the shed and put on masculine atth-Then she walked calmly out of the ya in front of her home to the road leading to Kiamensi station on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. It was then about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. She followed the tracks three miles without meeting anyone. Then two Then two tection, she turned aside into a field and made her way to Newark, where she took the 3 o'clock train for Baltimore. By this time her parents were searching the country for her in the immediate vicinity of their home. Reaching Baltimore, she stopped for an hour. Then she bought a ticket to Chicago, and left on the 7 o'clock train over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. All the money she had on leaving home was \$20 She reached Chicago on the night of Market She reached Chicago on the night her trousers. Her original intention was to go to Denver or San Francisco. In both of those places she has relatives. After her arrival in the Windy City she was at a loss to know where to lay her head. She was afraid to go to a lodging-house, so she concluded to walk the streets rather than run the risk of SIOUX CITY DAILY TRIBUNE being detected. For two nights she tramped the sidewalks of Chicago before finding a place of shelter. At last she found a big lumber yard near the lake, and there she spent five nights among the piles of lumber. What little food she ate during this time she purchased at cheap restaurants. In all of these she seated herself at tables alongside men. For three nights she occupied QUICKEST a corner in a box car standing on a side track of the Illinois Central railroad. One of the employes discovered her and demanded an explanation of her pres ence. She maintained her fortitude and succeeded in escaping arrest. She went on in this way for two weeks until, overcome by exhaustion, she fell ill, and was removed to the Cook County Hosital. The incessant tramping and the pital. The incessant tramping and the clumsiness of her brother's shoes caused severe injuries to her feet. Upon removal of the shoes at the hospital flesh came off with them. A diagnosis of her case was made by the physicians in charge. While making an examination of her lungs he discovered her sex. She told him her name was Hettis Dickerson, but subsequently admitted that it was Hettie Dickey, and that her home was in Stanton, Del. After listening to her narrative the doctor notified her

her narrative the doctor notified ber

parents. On April 24, one month from

LANGUAGE OF THE FLAGS.

What They Are Supposed to Represen

in Death or Life.

To "strike the flag" is to lower the na-

tional colors in token of submission,

says the School Journal. Flags are used

as the symbol of rank and command

the officers using them being called flag

officers. Such flags are square, to dis

tinguish them from other hanners A

'flag of truce" is a white flag displayed

to an enemy to indicate a desire for a

parley or consultation. The white flag

ies from both sides often go out to the

field to rescue the wounded or bury

the dead, under the protection of a white flag. The red flag is a

sign of defiance, and is often used by

revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to

be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is the sign of piracy. The

yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quar-

Won in Regular Order.

The report of Nasrullah Khan's im-

pression that, as the first race he saw at

Epsom was won by the prince of Wales.

while on the second the premier was tri-umphant, they arrange matters in this

way on the turf in this country seems

to be borrowed from what actually took

place at the races near the monastery

in the Crimea during the war there. A

purse was given by the executive to be

run for by a horse, the property of our

French allies. Some fifteen started and

finished in strict accordance with their

army rank-the race being won by the

general, the colonel being second and

the major third, but the subalterns no-

where!-London World.

which he is.

the worse for the experience.

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tal inspection of the teeth of chil

part of parents. The Countess of Ab

in her public schools, with a view to

remedying the results of neglect on the

deen has pressed the matter upon the attention of the National Council of

Women of Canada who are about to

take it in hand. The countess said that

work among the poor for many years,

she approved, and had reported that

the degeneration of the teeth of the

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children of today was quite alarming.

who had carried on dental he

had suggested this movement.

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the time of her disappearance, she wrote to her mother, describing her sufferings Terms ressonable, and curcy guaranteed, for which given a \$10,000 bend as and asked forgiveness. She reached home a week ago, and, with the exteption of a slight feebleness, she was none

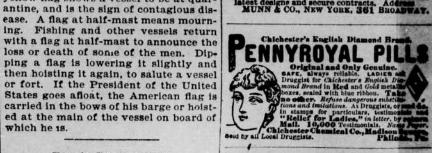
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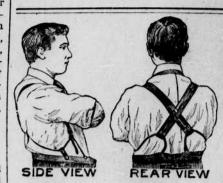
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