

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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SECOND WARD. For two years—Alexander Marlow. For one year—Jake Pfund.

THIRD WARD. For two years—Charles Davis. For one year—Elmer Merriman.

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SOLDIERS RELIEF COMMISSION. Regular meeting first Monday in February of each year, and at such other times as is deemed necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page chairman; Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; H. H. Clark Atkinson.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Very Rev. Cassidy, Pastor. Sabbath school immediately following services.

METHODIST CHURCH. Sunday services—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Class No. 1 9:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Epworth League) 6:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Children) 3:30 P. M. Mid-week services—General prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will be made welcome, especially strangers. E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor.

G. A. R. POST NO. 86. The Gen. John O'Neill Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska G. A. R., will meet the first and third Saturday evening of each month in Masonic hall O'Neill. S. J. SMITH, Com.

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend. S. SMITH, N. G. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

CARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. W. J. DOBBS Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. P.

O. F. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. T. V. GOLDEN, C. C. M. F. MCCARTHY, K. of H. and S.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows hall. Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

BLANCHARD LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH. Meets the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month in Odd Fellows hall. ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. BLANCHARD, Secretary.

CARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Regular communications Thursdays nights on or before the full of the moon. W. J. DOBBS, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F. A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in each month in the Masonic hall. O. F. BIGLIN, V. C. D. H. CRONIN, Clerk.

A. O. U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall. C. BRIGHT, Rec. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

INDEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA. Meet every first and third Friday of each month. GEO. MCCUTCHEAN, G. M. S. M. WAGERS, Sec.

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FROM THE WEST. Every day, Sunday included at 9:55 a. m. PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Passenger—leaves 9:35 A. M. Arrives 9:07 P. M. Freight—leaves 9:07 P. M. Arrives 7:00 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

O'NEILL AND CHELSEA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p. m. O'NEILL AND PADDOCK. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m. O'NEILL AND STORRARA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p. m. O'NEILL AND CEMMINVILLE. Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 11:30 p. m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p. m.

STORY OF BOLD BILLY.

HERE HE CAME from and how he happened to wander into Satan's Camp no one could tell.

He was a boy of about fourteen, freckle faced, wild-eyed, and so very timid that he would jump if spoken to suddenly in a loud tone of voice.

In fact, to confess the whole truth, he was none too well supplied with "gray matter," although he was not an outright fool.

Satan's Camp was the wickedest town of its size in the territory. It was the boast of its inhabitants that more men had been killed in Satan's Camp than in any other town of its age west of the Rockies.

Not a very "healthy" place for a timid, half-witted lad to stray into. And it happened that the first building he entered after striking the town was "Murphy's Hole," the most disreputable gambling den and gin-mill in Satan's Camp.

A tough gang always loafed around Murphy's, and it was on hand when the boy appeared.

"Whoop!" cried Red Hutch, as his eyes rested on the lad, who was hesitating near the door. "What's this I see? Is it a kid? Wall, I'm durned if a kid ain't come in hyer!"

Then he pounced on the unoffending boy and dragged him forward into the middle of the room.

There the boy was quickly surrounded by the ruffianly crew, who began to make sport of him.

If ever a boy was frightened it was the one in the clutch of Red Hutch. "Wot's yer name, kid?" demanded the ruffian, as he gave the lad a savage shake. "Speak up lively!"

"Bub-bub-billy Bub-bub-bolden," was the reply that came through the chattering teeth of the unfortunate wail.

Billy Bolden, eh? Wall, that's a nice name for a kid like you to wear around! Billy Bolden—Bold Billy. How is that for a handle, pard?"

"It's great!" shouted Red Hutch's sycophants, "Hooray for Bold Billy!" From that hour the boy was known in Satan's Camp as Bold Billy.

Before he escaped from Murphy's he was nearly frightened out of his wits for he was made to dance to the tune of pistol-shots, while the ruffians roared with laughter.

Shaking like a leaf he finally succeeded in getting out of the saloon, and then ran as fast and as far as he could.

Finally, overcome with terror and exhaustion, he fell in a fainting, quivering heap beyond the limits of the town, and there Old Grim found him.

Old Grim was a grouty hermit who lived beyond the limits of Satan's Camp.

He was something of a mystery. He had been there when the first prospector "struck yaller" at the spot where the camp stood, but the discovery of gold had not seemed to affect the queer old man in any way.

He lived on in his secluded fashion, and the people that came to the mushroom camp grew to know him by sight, but no other way.

He would have nothing to do with them. Old Grim's clothes were in rags, and it appeared like a wreck of better times.



"WOT'S YER NAME, KID?" He spoke kindly to the boy.

At first Billy was too frightened to tell his story, but he finally succeeded. Old Grim listened to the end, and then he said:

"It is like those human beasts down there. Come with me; I will care for you.

So he took the boy to his cabin, and from that day, Bold Billy was Old Grim's shadow—where one went the other might be found.

While Old Grim lived, the boy never again visited Old Satan's camp alone. He did not dare.

Somehow, for all of their general ugliness, the toughs of Satan's Camp had come to leave Old Grim unmolested.

They regarded him as a harmless old hermit who somehow managed to live, and they would have regarded it as a disgrace to pick a quarrel with him.

But they made sport of Bold Billy whenever the boy appeared in the place.

One day Hank Bloodgood came into Satan's Camp.

He straightway started in for a racket. The liquor to be obtained in Satan's Camp was rank, and Bloodgood was soon fighting drunk.

He had a record, and a long one, too. More than one good mau, as well as more than one ruffian, had fallen before Bloodgood's guns.

He was not destined to get out of the town without shedding blood.

The quarrel occurred in Murphy's, and Bloodgood shot Red Hutch dead.

Then he started out to run the town, and he ran it for awhile.

Satan's Camp was not a place one man could run long, however, and Bloodgood was soon obliged to get out or lose his scalp.

He got out, but on his way out of town he stopped long enough to shoot Old Grim.

Then he went on his drunken course, leaving a terrified boy weeping and walling over the body of the man who had been so kind to him.

An hour later Bold Billy came rushing into Satan's Camp.

In the greatest excitement he told them what had happened, and then he entreated them to pursue the murderer and bring him to justice.

They laughed at him.

They told him they were not fools. Bloodgood was a "killer," and there was no one who cared to follow him up.

When he found they would not go, the boy literally screamed:

"You are all cowards—cowards—cowards! Give me a gun! I will follow and capture him!"

They laughed at the boy, but he repeated over and over that he would follow the assassin if he had a weapon.

At length somebody shoved a revolver into his hand, saying:

"Here, ye hev it, kid; now see what ye kin do. If you bring Hank Bloodgood here with his hands tied behind him, we'll agree to lynch him. Eh, pard?"

"You bet!" cried the crowd. "Go fer him, Bold Billy, an' make yerself famous."

Not another word did the boy say. With the loaded revolver clutched in his hand, he hurried out of the camp on the trail of Hank Bloodgood.

"That's the last we'll ever see o' Bold Billy," some one declared. "He'd be skered ter death ter see Bloodgood. You've lost your gun, Bolly."

"Mebbe," returned the man who had loaned the boy the revolver.

At sunset a crowd of loafers were gathered in front of Saint's Rest, the only hotel in Satan's Camp.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed: "Look thar, pard! Who's them comin' down the trail?"

"Two critters, one head o' t'other," said a red-whiskered ruffian. "Hands hitched behind him, by thunder! Galoot in front is tied! See ther string that runs ter t'other one? Holy Smoke! It's—It's—why, it is—"

"Hank Bloodgood!" "Shore's yer born!"

"Who's t'other critter?" "I kinder reckon it's Bold Billy bringin' back my rev'ler," said Bolly Briggs, with grim satisfaction. "Who said I wouldn't ever see that yar gun ag'in?"

Bold Billy it was. He had taken the "killer" captive. Straight into town marched the boy and his prisoner.

Billy's face was deathly pale. Bloodgood's right hand had been shattered by a bullet.

"Here is the man who killed Old Grim, the only friend I had," said the boy, his voice weak, as if from great exhaustion. "I have brought him here tied. Now keep your part of the agreement."

He had stopped in front of Saint's Rest as he uttered these words.

Every loafer there was on his feet. "Hooray for Bold Billy!" cried one. "Durned ef he ain't done it, though I dunno how he ever succeeded!"

"Wall, I kinder reckon we'll hev ter keep our part of the contract, eh pard?" said Bolly Briggs, as he came down the steps.

"That's right!" shouted the crowd in unison.

Three minutes later Hank Bloodgood, the "killer," was swinging from the limb of a tree.

Bold Billy watched the work completed, then he swayed, put out his hands, and fell in a senseless heap.

The men hastily bent over him. "Great snakes!" shouted Bolly Briggs. "He's got two bullets in ther left shoulder! He's done some shootin', but this yer boy took him all the same!"

"Whar's Doc Seldon?" The doctor was on hand, full to the chin with bad liquor, but still able to extract a bullet.

The job was done, Bold Billy's wounds were bathed and bandaged, and he was taken to a nearby hut.

And there he lay for weeks, nursed by the ruffians of Satan's Camp—nursed with all the care and tenderness possible from masculine hands.

Doc Seldon attended the boy, and the miners and roughs fixed it so the doctor could not get a sup of liquor in the camp during the entire time.

From a street row or saloon brawl in which he had killed a man, a citizen of the place would go to his bedside of Bold Billy and play the solicitous nurse.

And they pulled the boy through. When it was all over, with Bold Billy restored to health, they were all happy that he discovered Old Grim's secret—found the hermit's cabin was built over the mouth of a rich lead—a paying vein.

Satan's Camp was proud of him. The rough and tough citizens stood by him through thick and thin, and when Bold Billy sold his mine and departed, all regretted his loss.

"He had sand in his craw," Bolly Briggs was wont to say—"wall he did! I saw it in his eyes when I let him hev my gun. Do I know what became o' him? Wall, I heard as how he went ter Frisco, got inter business, married, settled down, an' has some leetle Billies o' his own now."

SUMMER IN FRANCE.

The Most Delightful Country in this Wide World.

The people in France make a much simpler affair of every-day life than we, and thus find more time for recreation, which, indeed, is so much a matter of course with them that there is no trace of effort about their little diversions.

Where a garden is possible, it becomes furnished with a table and chairs, a much-used outdoor room, roofed with "that dome some three miles high of soft dappled gray and yellow cloud, through the vast lattice work whereof the blue sky peeps." There in pleasant weather the children play among the lilac bushes and the mignonette; there their elders resort with needlework and newspapers; and there a simple meal is often served. How well appreciated are the public gardens of Paris any fine day will show. Groups of happy people along the main walks, or in some out-of-the-way nook of the lovely gardens, seem entirely at home as they quietly make the most of their opportunities for pleasure.

A pleasant feature of some French houses is a porch before the entrance door partly enclosed with glass. One such vine-clad summer parlor, opening into its tiny Paris garden, was a most refreshing contrast to the glaring, dusty street from which it was all hidden by a high wall. With its cool summer furnishings, and large ornamental plants in green tubs, it made a delightful reception room for visitors, while a little round table with its load of work baskets and books bore evidence of the family liking for this summer rendezvous.

In a pretty country house the space between two projecting wings was roofed and fronted with glass. The room thus gained was one of the most interesting of its kind, being graced with an extensive collection of the ferns of the locality, and guarded by a pair of curious Chinese idols holding back the opened door on either side.

To the American in France it never ceases to be a wonder where so much leisure for out-of-door life is found, particularly as it does not follow that home duties are shirked to obtain it. Indeed, the proverbial French thrift is in no way better shown than in the readiness with which French women take a share in the work of the household, even in well-to-do families, and this without loss of dignity, since custom sanctions the keeping of few servants in France. And but few servants are needed, as no baking or laundering is done at home, and polished floors do away at once with dust, and that tearing-up and setting-to-rights process which we call house-cleaning. It would seem that they arrange their days, as well as their household affairs, wisely in France, and are skilled in the happy art of making the most of each one as it passes. For, however busy the morning hours may be, in most French homes the long afternoon finds household cares laid aside for a time, while rest and quiet enjoyment take their place.

Perhaps one secret of this wonderful leisure may lie in the fact that French mothers, strange as it may seem, do not consider it one of the cardinal virtues always to have cake in the house, and it really was not evident that the children suffered at all in consequence. It is, therefore, quite possible that the pleasant sight of mothers spending whole happy afternoons with their children out in the open air may be partly owing to this great lack of ambition in cake making.

The little baskets which French children carry with them to their much-loved parks and gardens are usually supplied with a generous piece of one of the long French loaves of bread, and a bar or two of sweetened chocolate. A few sons procure this quite sufficient lunch, as well as time for those pleasant little expeditions—it may be only to the nearest public garden—which they like and so well know how to arrange in sunny France.—American Agriculturalist.

He Wanted Work and Got It. Frank Matthews has been in Chicago three weeks. He has answered all the advertisements he has seen, but in no instance was he successful in securing the coveted employment. Meanwhile his slender savings had become all but exhausted. Necessity proved the mother of invention, and according to a Chicago paper, he took a great board about a foot square and marking on it in big black letters,

WORK WANTED.

he fastened it on his breast and took up his beat among the commission houses. A great many people stopped him, but none offered him work. He walked several other down town streets, the object of the same curiosity. At last one man gave him a situation.

Saved from Death by Grasshoppers. James Clone, a farmer of Stonyford, N. Y., believes grasshoppers saved him from death by an enraged bull. Mr. Clone was crossing a large, open field, when the bull pursued him. The farmer ran as fast as possible, but the bull steadily gained on him, and when nearly exhausted a small clump of bushes was passed, from which arose a large cloud of grasshoppers. The insects struck the infuriated animal in the face and it turned aside. Mr. Clone escaped from the field unharmed.

Clever Indian Horseman. An interesting illustration of the Indian's clever horsemanship was given by a young buck at Wilbur, Wash., a few days ago. Carrying in his hand an ordinary cup brimful of water, he rode on a cayuse at full gallop the length of the main street and returned without spilling so much as a drop of the water.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES.

Callender's System, Which Connects Without the Aid of the "Hello" Girl.

Romaine Callender, an electrical engineer, who has his office and laboratory in the Decker Building, Union Square, the other day exhibited and gave a working demonstration there of an entirely new system of telephone exchange which he has invented and patented here and abroad, says the New York Tribune. The apparatus exhibited forms a complete telephone exchange in working order, of a kind intended for use in a small city. To explain in detail the method of communication between subscribers, a number of ordinary telephone transmitters and receivers have been placed on the walls of the room in which the apparatus is shown, and these instruments are connected with the apparatus of the exchange proper, in the center of the room. The whole system of interconnection at the exchange is automatic, the services of operators there not being required. Subscribers make their own connections automatically by the use of a simple device attached to their transmitting and receiving instruments. By this device when a subscriber desires to connect himself with another subscriber he turns two knobs, moving indicator arms over two numbered dials, forming the proper combination of figures. For instance, if 15 were the number desired, the subscriber would move one indicator arm to 1 and the other to 5, and within twelve seconds, Mr. Callender says, the bell on the calling subscriber's instrument would ring to announce the connection with the subscriber at 15. The apparatus in which the connection is made at the central station consists of a circuit selector for receiving calls and individualizing portions of the apparatus to the calling subscriber; a numerical receiver for registering the number of the telephone with which connection is desired; a numerical separator for automatically classifying the "impulses" of the call; a numeralizer for totalizing the numbers registered by the receivers and for selecting the telephones with which connection is desired; a signaling track for signaling subscribers when a connection is made or a telephone is in use; progressive switches, mechanisms held under the control of a signaling subscriber until the connection has been effected, and a connector, by which subscribers are interconnected. All this mechanism appears as an orderly arrangement of wires, keys, brushes and various other parts, which are minutely adjusted and bewilderingly numerous. Mr. Callender, who is an Englishman, hopes that a stock company will be formed to manufacture the apparatus and operate it. He says he has already had negotiations tending toward that result. The exhibition of the apparatus will continue for a month.

DRESSED AS A BOY. Mother of a Girl Who Had Eloped Attacks Her Daughter's Companion. Walter Connell and Minnie Goodpasture, a young couple who eloped from Auburn, Ill., were captured in the timber in Ball township. The girl, who is but 15 years old, was attired in a boy's suit and had her hair cut and had been roughing it with Connell for several days. The young man was arrested on a charge of abduction. During the trial the mother of the girl, who was almost crazed with grief, attempted to assault the prisoner with an umbrella, and the audience, which was in sympathy with her, began to talk of treating Connell to a dose of tar and feathers. Connell was bound over to the grand jury and the boy's family furnished bond. Connell and the girl are members of prominent families, and there is much excitement over the case.

Huxley and Tyndall. Tyndall was, I think, one of the earliest members of the Alpine Club, but he succeeded after an unfortunate dispute, which arose in connection with his own unsuccessful attempts on the Matterhorn, and Mr. Whymper's ascent of that peak, and it was not till three or four years before his death that he again attended one of the annual dinners of the club, where he and Professor Huxley were among the guests of the evening. Both orated, but in the particular art of after-dinner speaking Tyndall was not the equal of his brilliant rival, and his labored and rather egotistical utterances contrasted unfavorably with the delicate persiflage of Huxley, who, by the way, chaffed him unmercifully on that occasion as being one of the goats and not one of the sheep—the goats who climbed the arid rocks; while the sheep—among whom Huxley reckoned himself—browsed contentedly on the rich pastures below.

Merit Let Down Easily. M. Clay Merritt, the game dealer of Kewanee, Ill., whose troubles with the law on account of having in his possession game birds out of season, has been found guilty of 161 counts in a total of 27,000, and fined \$805. Had the maximum fine been imposed upon Merritt on the total number of counts in the indictment he would have been mulcted \$675,000. State Game Warden Charles H. Blow has taken possession of Merritt's warehouse and will hold it until the circuit court meets. He charges the assistant state's attorney with crooked work and will contest the result of Saturday's trial.

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