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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, 10:30 A. M. Class No. 3, 11:30 A. M. Mind-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 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. O. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

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

K. O. P. F.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Conventions held at Grattan and Chadron in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. T. V. GOLDEN, C. C. M. F. MCCARTHY, K. of K. and S.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 80, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows hall. Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

EUDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d Friday of each month in Odd Fellows hall. ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. BLANCHIE ADAMS, Secretary.

GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Regular communications Thursday nights on or before the full of the moon. W. J. DOBBS, Sec. E. H. BENDICT, 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. CHONIN, Clerk.

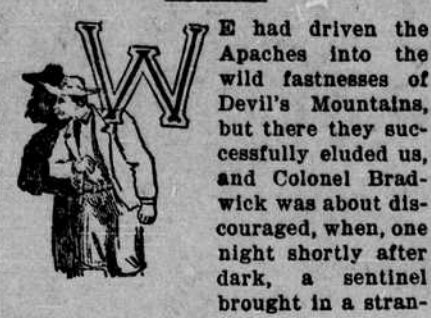
A. O. U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall. C. BRIGHT, Sec. T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

INDEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA, meet every first and third Friday of each month. S. M. WAGERS, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY. Arrival of Mails. F. E. M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at 5:15 p. m. FROM THE WEST. Every day, Sunday included at 9:38 a. m. PACIFIC SOUTHERN LINE. Passenger—leaves 8:35 A. M. Arrives 9:07 P. M. Freight—leaves 9:07 P. M. Arrives 7:00 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

O'NEILL AND CHESLEA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 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 NIORARA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p. m. O'NEILL AND CUMMINVILLE. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 11:30 p. m. Arrives Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p. m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p. m.

MAN WITH A SHADOW.



He had driven the Apaches into the wild fastnesses of Devil's Mountains, but there they successfully eluded us, and Colonel Bradwick was about discouraged, when, one night shortly after dark, a sentinel brought in a stranger.

He was at least six feet and three inches in height, and he could not have weighed more than one hundred and forty pounds, but still he did not seem to be a man who was suffering from a disease, as his step was steady, though catlike, and his voice natural if restrained at times.

This stranger had a wild, haunted stare in his eyes, which combined with a manner of glancing nervously over his shoulders at intervals, made it seem that he was in constant dread of something. When he was presented to the colonel he dropped the butt of his long rifle on the ground and made an awkward salute.

"Well, my man," said Colonel Bradwick, curiously, "what are you doing in this Apache-infected section of the country?" "Wa-al, kunnel," was the drawled reply, "thar be some things as is wuss'n Paches, though you may not believe it. My name's Saul Tropp."

"What is your business, Saul Tropp?" "It's mostly keepin' under kiver when the sun shines an' layin' low moonlight nights." "Well, you seem to be in a bad section of the country for such a business. The sun shines every day, and there is not much cover for a man. There is more moon here than in any other part of the world. What do you want in this camp?"

"Reckoned I'd like ter be sociub, ef you hev no objections. Out hyar a man don't find much of anything to be sociub with, an' when white folks come along he feels as tickled as a dorg with two tails." "Are you acquainted with these mountains?" "Are I? Wa-al, I should say I are! I know 'em durned nigh from one end to 'other."

"Then you may prove of service to us. We are hot after Red Hand's butchers, and they know the section so well they have twice given us the slip when they were cornered." "Can you and will you assist us in tracking down the red d—s?" "Wa-al, I'll try it, but I warn ye, kunnel, I'm not a very 'greeable galoot ter hev around. I hev spells, an' wen I hev spells, I'm wuss'n thunder. Arter I hev about one o' them yar spells, you'll reckon you kin git along without my aid, an' not hafe try."

For all of this warning, the colonel engaged the man, and then he directed me to have a good watch set over the fellow, as he might prove crooked. Jeff Shaw, however, informed me that he knew Tropp by reputation, and the man was straight enough, though there was not a doubt but he was crazy. "He lows he's allus follered by a shadder," explained Shaw, who was a guide and scout. "Notice how he keeps lookin' over his shoulder uvry now an' ag'in? Wa'al he's lookin' for the shadder."

he seemed all right once more, and we went onward. "I reckon I'd best go now, kunnel, fer I'm shore you're good an' sick o' me an' my spells by this yar time. I hain't even so much as found one 'Pache sign' fer ye, so I reckon I'll skip."

But Colonel Bradwick was interested in the fellow, and he would not hear it. "When I don't want you any more I'll tell you so," was all he said. Near midnight we were aroused by a terrible racket, and I looked for my shadow in the moonlight. I watched him a moment, battling like a fiend with this imaginary something, and then he reeled into the deep shadow of the mountains that rose to our right.

I knew when the "spell" was over, for I heard Saul fall heavily to the ground, uttering a dismal groan, and then all was still. In the morning we found him just where he had fell, and his own knife was buried to the hilt in his heart. It is supposed he had stabbed himself in the mad contortions of his struggle, but Jeff Shaw pointed out tracks on the ground—a trail that led to the spot and led away again. It was that of a man who toed in with his left foot, exactly as Tropp had done, and it passed within ten feet of the spot where a sentinel had been posted. That sentinel swore no living thing had passed him in the night. Some said Saul Tropp had sneaked out of the camp and returned in the night; some shook their heads and said nothing.

Deep in the darkness of a lonely ravine, amid those desolate mountains, we buried him where no shadow could ever haunt him more, for neither sunshine nor moonlight ever reached the spot to cast a shadow there.

HER FIRST OCEAN BATH.

Country Maid, Married Sister and Wicked Brother-in-Law. At first she would and then she wouldn't; but really, after all, it would be a shame after coming 600 miles to the sea not to go into the surf. This and the married sister from Brooklyn, and the mild ridicule of her wicked brother-in-law, settled it. But she shivered as she noted the effects of the hired bathing suits upon the human form divine. Some of them were just too dreadful, says New York World. You could mark her shrinking little figure coming down the sands, piloted by the married sister, to the spot where waited the wicked brother-in-law. Her freckled face was red, but not from the sun. She kept her eyes on the near foreground, certain that the 5,000 persons on the beach and pier were looking directly at her bare ankles.

"Oh, dear! let us go in quick; I want to cheer up!" she said pleadingly. "Take her other hand, George," said the married sister. "Now, don't be a fool, Mary. You're not the only one here, remember," added the old-timer, rather obscurely. "Come on!" cried the wicked brother-in-law with a grin. And they ran down, pit-a-pat, spit-a-splatter, just in time to meet a stiff roller curling in.

"Jump now!" yelled the married sister, but the wicked brother-in-law dragged her down with him, smothering a "clerching shriek of terror." When the gentle, freckled face came up again it was white instead of red, and she choked with salt water, and the smart in her eyes made the tears flow. She looked reproachfully at the wicked brother-in-law and shook him off, but before she recovered speech another wave knocked her over and buried her, screech and all. "Keep hold of George!" cried the married sister. "Go 'way, you brute!" gasped the little one. "Don't you see I'm drowning? Oh! Oh! Yeow!"

Down she went again before a wave not more than knee high. The wicked brother-in-law laughed. "I'll never speak to you again!" she sobbed, shivering "over, and cowering between the fear of the sea and the mocking crowd on the sands. "Come in here by the rope, Mary!" yelled the married sister. "Bring her in, George. What are you standing around there for?" "Never!" cried the freckled girl, getting her voice once more. "You never told me it was ice water! And that it is nasty—ugh! I've swallowed a bucketful of it—yes; and you think it's funny—don't you touch me! I'm going out! Now, you dare!"

But the wicked George grabbed her round the slender waist and bore her, kicking, struggling, shrieking, her eyes flashing fire, out to the rope to his wife. And there she remained in wild frolic, terrors soon all forgotten, until both the wicked brother-in-law and his wife had to join in coaxing her to come out. Acute Kleptomania. "When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieyes stole the sheets from under me while I slept, and I never knew it!" "Yes, and when I was in the Northwest during the boom," said the man who will never admit that America can be outdone, "I had to sleep in a room where there were four real estate agents and one of them stole a royal plaster from my back without awakening me."

Mysterious Affair. First Doctor—I had a very interesting case the other day. The diagnosis was all right, but the course of the disease was decidedly abnormal. Second Doctor—What course did it take? First Doctor—The patient recovered. "Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven." —Young.

BIG SLEEVES VALUABLE.

As Life Preservers for Maidens Who Daily with the Surf. For some time the hearts of the summer girls have been torn by the apparent irrepressible conflict between the prevailing style of puff sleeves and the bathing dress. Now, it is a well-known fact, that sea garments must take on a certain slightly modified form, the characteristics of land habiliments. This stern edict was carried out in regard to bathing. But the result was lamentable says Cleveland World. If the dress really got into the water—and, in spite of the funny photographs, some of the dear girls do get wet—down would come the proud fabric of the sleeves with a comical result. Then somebody devised a sort of wire birdcage arrangement, and it became very popular on land. When the sea toyed with it, however, the effect was funnier than before. Now rises a Brooklyn genius who has invented a rubber balloon affair which is to be inflated and put inside of each big sleeve.

The really useful part of the things are that they will act perfectly the part of life preservers, and the fair maiden who sports a pair of them can laugh at Neptune and the sea serpent, and at the same time be filled with the proud consciousness of looking au fait when she emerges from her plunge and walks up the beach. They have already appeared at Manhattan Beach and, needless to say, created a sensation. Thus does utility continue to be wedded to fashion. There will doubtless be discovered a use for overgrown theatre hats one of these days.

ROASTED BY BURNING BRICKS. The Horrible Death of Jacob Klein, a Brickmaker Living Near Cairo. Jacob Klein, a wealthy brick-maker, met a horrible fate near Cairo, Ill., recently. He had two large kilns of brick in process of burning, and about 3 o'clock in the morning the watchman discovered that one of them was bulging out, so that it was in danger of falling. He called Mr. Klein and was told to brace the wall. This he refused to do, when Klein sprang from his bed and said he would do it himself. Going hastily to the kilns, he started to pass between them for the purpose of seeing what the matter was, when the workmen tried to restrain him. Breaking from them, he passed in just as the lower part of the wall fell out. The red-hot bricks caught him, burying him from the feet to the waist, and holding him fast, while the flames from the kiln crept closer and closer. His cries for aid were agonizing and could be heard for half a mile, but owing to the intense heat no assistance could be rendered him. The fire department was called, but owing to the distance it was nearly an hour before they arrived and got the mass cooled down sufficiently to permit of men going to his assistance. When he was finally taken out he was dead, the flesh from his breast down being baked to a crisp. Mr. Klein had been engaged in the business since 1860.

Rewards of Heroism. Hereafter the government will recognize acts of heroism on the high seas in behalf of citizens of the United States by the award of handsome silver vases instead of gold watches, compasses, etc., as has been the custom in the past. It has frequently happened that these watches, fine though they are, have been bestowed upon mariners possessing chronometers of a much superior quality. The same is true of other navigating apparatus which it has been customary to give in acknowledgment of valuable heroic service to American seamen. The State Department officials, who have charge of this matter, have decided to substitute vases for other articles as an experiment, and if it proves successful that style of award will be adopted as the standard. The design most favored is a tall vase, embossed at the base in imitation of dashing waves, with an American eagle surmounting a shield with the American coat of arms.

Married in a Hayfield. Maude Muller was rarer outdone by a hayfield episode which took place north of Bucyrus, Ohio, last summer. J. Peifer, a justice of the peace, was working in a hayfield when he was approached by a young man, who asked if he could attend to some papers for him. The squire was willing and the young man left, saying that he would be back soon. In a short time he reappeared and drove into the field. A lady who was with him produced the papers, which proved to be a marriage license, and standing there with pitchfork in hand the squire tied the knot, the happy pair never leaving their seats in the buggy.

Washington as a Mason. George Washington, it is recalled now that the annual convention of the Knights Templar is attracting attention to Masons, entered the fraternity before he was 21. He took the second degree when he came of age. His degrees were conferred in Fredericksburg lodge, No. 4, which was organized in Virginia under the dispensation of the grand lodge of Massachusetts. The following records are copied from the books of Fredericksburg lodge: "Nov. 4, 1752—Received of George Washington, for his entrance, £2 3." "March 3, 1753—George Washington passed Fellowcraft." "Aug. 4, 1753—George Washington raised to Master Mason."

Out of a Burial Mound. Near the battlefield of Marathon, at Kotrona, a prehistoric burial mound recently opened yielded eleven old Mycenaean vases, two of them gold, and some gold earrings. At a place called Krykella, where the Gauls were driven back by the Greeks in 279 before Christ, and over 20,000 of them slain, a bronze helmet has been found, and at Lycosura the mosaic floor of the temple of Despoina has been laid bare. In the center two lifelike lions of natural size are depicted, surrounded by successive ornamental borders.

A HUMAN HARP.

How the King of Madagascar Played Tunes with His Prisoners. The latest story that comes from Madagascar tells about Pip, the king of Lotolies, one of the local tribes which is not busy fighting the French. This king devised some time ago a human harp. He had been visiting the place of punishment in his village and witnessing the bastinadoing of his captives he was struck by the tonal differences of their groans. At once he commissioned the royal carpenter to construct a series of stocks in which he placed eight captives whose howls of pain when the soles of their feet were struck by the rod were so carefully arranged that they made a perfect octave. This seemed such a success that he had a second frame constructed for the feet of eight more wretches whose average groans ranged a full octave higher.

The harp was now complete. On it he proposed to play melodies and started in to practice the national air. His project was to regulate the length of the note by the violence of the blow. At first the scheme did not succeed at all, for the reason that the captives, hitherto used to hard hits alone, howled loudly each time, and with little difference in force. At last he arranged it, however, so that the groans became proportioned to the blows. But the instrument never got quite in tune. Incessant was the cry of some of the animated notes, others would not sound at all at the right time. The heathen king had to give it up. The records were too painful for fresh sets of prisoners, the human notes would never work just right.

STARVED TO DEATH. Terrible Fate of a Man Who Swallowed a Peach Seed. Jacksonville, Fla., Special: George Howell, aged 51, died in the county hospital Thursday morning of starvation. He starved on account of his inability to swallow food. Not even a drop of water passed into his stomach for a period of ten days. On the 16th inst. Howell was eating a peach, when, by accident, he swallowed the peach stone, which lodged in his esophagus or gullet. From that day until he died he suffered agonies from hunger and thirst and gradually wasted away until he was a mere skeleton. He begged piteously for food and water, and sometimes they were given him, but the two or three mouthfuls of this he was able to take came up almost immediately, having never found their way to the stomach any further than the obstruction. Skilled physicians tried in vain to remove the obstruction, even cutting open the stomach in their efforts to reach it. After the man died the doctors cut him open and removed the part of the esophagus in which the stone was lodged. The stone was turned crosswise in its passage to the stomach, and the sharp end had penetrated into the esophagus, clinging so firmly that it would not be forced.

The Youngest Tramp on the Road.

Roy Jones, who ran away from his home in Monticello, Ill., over two years ago, is, perhaps, the youngest tramp on the road to-day. When he was registered at the county jail at Logansport, Ind., one night recently by a policeman who had picked him up on the street, he gave his age as 10 years and his destination as New York. He had just returned, he said, from a trip to San Francisco, and in the two years of his absence from home had traveled all through the south and west. He started out with a burning desire to camp and herd cattle on the plains, and continued roving merely for the variety and excitement it afforded. Because of his extreme youth it was easier for him to beat his way than it would have been for an older person. He refused a pass home, and continued on his way east.

Applies on a Maple Tree. A clever chap at Russellville, N. Y., stirred up a lot of excitement in that town the other day. This youngster arranged a lot of green apples on the twigs of a maple tree. A number of persons were caught before the joke was found out, and one of the victims had sent for Judge Finley to come and explain the freak.

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