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A. R. POST, NO. 88. The Gen. John G. O'Neill Post, No. 88, Department of Nebraska G. A. R., will meet the first and third Saturday evening of each month in Masonic hall O'Neill.

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F.
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Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. W. J. DOBBS Sec. J. C. HAINISH, H. P.

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Conventions every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. T. V. GOLDEN, C. C. M. F. McCarty, K. of K. and S.

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Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 11:30 p. m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p. m.

A MOUNTAIN IDYL.



USAN STEBBINS was by all odds the best looking girl on Grassy Lick, without being remarkably beautiful; for beauty is not a noticeable characteristic of mountain women, old or young, and how she had ever come to marry Lem Skaggs was a wonder to me, for Lem was by all odds the homeliest man on the Lick, and homeliness is a characteristic of mountain men. I knew Lem quite well, and when I asked my question he blushed and grinned.

"She was tuck by my good looks," he laughed.

"Didn't you court her pretty hard?" "Did I?" and he drew a long breath as of relief at the thought of its being over. "Well, I should say I did. Why, I come mighty nigh mortgagin' the farm to git her things she didn't seem to want when I give 'em to her."

"What did you give her?" "Everything, Colonel. It got so bad 'rds the last the folks at the store told me of I'd lump my dealin' they reckoned they could let me have 'em at wholesale prices."

"She couldn't stand your liberality, Lem. That's what got her."

"Not a bit uv it," he continued. "All the time I was takin' her all sorts uv things, she wuz makin' eyes at every feller that come along, and sorter expectin' me to keep up my end uv the swingle tree, just case I kinder seemed to hanker after doin' it that a-way."

"But you kept at it?" "I reckon not," he laughed. "All uv a sudden I sot in fer Mary Finnel, and give the store folks a rest on buyin'."

"Then what happened?" I inquired, with a hope that I would now get some information.

"Well," he said, "she kinder swapped eends on t'other fellers, and swung 'round my way, but I wuzn't givin' a inch, and I didn't have no talk with her for mighty nigh two weeks, and then one evenin' as I wuz passin' her house on my way to Mary's, and she knowed I, I seen her hangin' on the gate lookin' out into the future, er somethin' uv that sort that I seen a picter uv onc't an agent wuz sellin'."

"What about Mary?" says she, standin' thar before me lookin' sweet-er'n peaches and roses.

"Hang Mary," says I, clean forgittin' my manners, and I retch out both hands fer Susan.

"Oh, Lem!" says she, and—well, Colonel," he laughed, as his honest face reddened beneath its saffron hue, "I reckon you're old enough to know the balance."

"I wouldn't be surprised, Lem," I replied, blushing just a shade myself as a memory or two came slowly back from the rosy past.

He looked up smiling.

"And say, Colonel," he said, "I wuzn't any purtier that night than I wuz before."

"Come off, Lemuel," said I, slapping him on the back, "it was so dark Susan couldn't see you."

WILL VIRTUE BE REWARDED?

A West Point Cadet Who Compelled His Colonel to Obey the Regulations.

The establishment of the color line in the West Point summer encampment recently gave rise to a good story on the commandant of cadets, Colonel Samuel Mills. The regulations prescribe that everyone crossing the color line or passing the colors should salute by lifting his cap with the right hand and placing it upon his left shoulder.

Colonel Mills neglected this important ceremony not long ago and the sentry on duty promptly stopped him and compelled him to obey the regulation.

The commandant next day sent for this cadet, a third class man, who, by the way, comes from Indiana, and talked to him long and earnestly. The young man refused to divulge the substance of the interview, but the general opinion is that the cadet will be given corporal's chevrons in the fall, when changes are made in the officers of the battalion.

She Was Equal to Him.

Of all the expedients devised by debtors, whether by Micawber or Murgers few have been more simple and effectual than that of a Mrs. Martin in San Francisco coal delivered at her residence. The coal dealers had not yet received their pay for previous tons, so they instructed their driver to take the coal to her house, go to the door, present the previous bill, and refuse to deliver the coal until the bill was paid. He did so. The lady looked a little surprised, but an ominous glitter came into her eye when she heard her ultimatum. But she repressed her feelings, and suavely invited the coal man to "step into the parlor while she went to get the money." The coal heaver was rather grimy, and did not seem exactly to fit the furniture, but he accepted her invitation, stepped into the parlor, and Mrs. Martin disappeared. Many minutes passed. The coal-heaver became impatient, but the lady did not return. Finally he heard the crash of coal. He looked out of the window. To his horror, he saw his coal being unloaded by another man. He tried the door, but it was locked, and the grimy coal-heaver grimly sat down and waited. After the coal was unloaded the lady appeared and let him out. There was a triumphant twinkle in Mrs. Martin's eyes as she told him to "call again with the bill."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wildcats are quite numerous in Connecticut this year. Several cases have been reported where travelers have encountered them on the highways.

"YOU AIN'T LYIN' NOW, LEM!"

"Good evenin'," says I, not offerin' to stop.

"Good evenin'," says she, "Pears to me you're in a powerful hurry."

"Kinder," says I, slackin' up some. "I promised to be down to Mary's 'bout this time."

"She kinder looked down at the ground when I told her that, and kicked a little rock out of the path that wuz layin' thar, and I felt like a sheep-staylin' dog fer sayin' what I had."

"I reckon you'd better by hurryin' along then, for Mary ain't the kind that likes to be kep' waitin'," says she.

"I s'pose," says I, "that you don't keer if I stop and talk to you fer a minute, do you?"

"I ain't keerin' what you do," says she, kinder sullen.

"You look like you wuz expectin' somebody yerself," says I, feelin' ez ef I'd like to choke whoever the feller wuz.

"That's what," says she, and I felt more'n ever like chokin' somebody.

"Who is it?" says I, watchin' the streaks uv a laugh 'round her mouth and eyes.

"That's fer me to know and you to find out," says she, laughin' right out.

"I reckon I'll be goin' on down to Mary's," says I, thinkin' that I wuzn't makin' nothin' hangin' 'round Susan."

"Mebbe you wouldn't ef you know'd who wuz comin'," says she, kinder reachin' over the gate.

"Well, tell me," says I, "and see ef I'll stay."

"I reckon not," says she, still a-nagin' me, "mebbe they wouldn't like it."

"Who's they?" says I.

"She give a little chuckle, and I come up to the gate and rested my hands on it to one side uv her'n."

"Pap and mother," says she. "They've gone down to the schoolhouse to preachin' and won't be back tell 8 o'clock."

"Ah! you kinder lonesome waitin' h'er by yerself, Susan?" says I, half way tryin' to pull the gate open, but she held it shet.

"I reckon I wuz," says she. "That's why I came out and hung on the gate. It's mighty still like in the house."

"You reckon you wuz?" says I. "Ain't you now?" and I chuckled to myself for ketchin' her.

"Pr'aps I am pr'aps I ain't," she sniggered, and tossed her head.

"I tried to open the gate, but she held it shet."

"Ef you want me to stay, why don't you say so?" says I, gettin' ugly.

"I reckon you kin ef you want to," says she, mighty pesky.

"Susan," says I, "what's the use uv foolin'?"

"Foolin' about what?" says she.

"About me and you," says I.

"I ain't a foolin'," says she.

"You air," says I, "and you know it."

"Ef you don't like me, Lem Skaggs," says she, bridlin' up all over, "you kin go 'long. I didn't ask you to stop, did I?"

"But I do like you, Susan," says I, gittin' skeert, and tryin' to pull the gate open so's I could git clos' enough to her to coax her.

"I reckon you like Mary Finnel a sight better," says she, holdin' the gate ag'in' me.

"I reckon I don't," says I, and I could feel the gate give a little.

"You wouldn't talk that a-way ef she wuz in hearin' distance," says she.

"Wouldn't I?" says I, and I heaved and sot on the gate, but it didn't move a peg. "You jist fetch her up here ond see ef I wouldn't."

"No, you jist go down thar," says she. "Thar's whar you started fer."

"I didn't do nothin' uv the sort," says I gittin' despriter every minute.

"You told me you did," says she, and I could feel the gate give some and then shet up ag'in."

"You oughter know, Susan," says I serious, "that I was jist a-foolin'," and I could feel the gate give a-givin' way and shettin' and then givin' way ag'in."

"An' you ain't lyin' now, Lem!" says she, a heap sight softer than any time in her life.

"Course I ain't, Susan," says I, and the gate come open about six inches.

"Ef I only thought you wuzn't, Lem," says she, lettin' the gate slip my way a leetle more every minute.

"You know I ain't, Susan," says I, givin' the gate the strongest pull yit. "You know it, and you know I never give a snap uv my finger fer any other gal in these parts, and that all the time I've been a-hankerin' after you and wantin' you fer my wife, but you kep' foolin' with me all along and bustin' my heart mighty nigh, and makin' me want to go off and chop a tree down on myself. You know it, Susan, you know it," and she h'isted her hands and the gate swung wide open.

"What about Mary?" says she, standin' thar before me lookin' sweet-er'n peaches and roses.

"Hang Mary," says I, clean forgittin' my manners, and I retch out both hands fer Susan.

"Oh, Lem!" says she, and—well, Colonel," he laughed, as his honest face reddened beneath its saffron hue, "I reckon you're old enough to know the balance."

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