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THIRD DISTRICT. Grattan and O'Neill—L. J. Hayes.

FOURTH DISTRICT. Ewing, Verdigris and Deloit—G. H. Phelps.

FIFTH DISTRICT. Chambers, Conley, Lake, McClure and Inman—George Rokley.

SIXTH DISTRICT. Swan, Wyoming, Fairview, Francis, Green Valley, Sheridan and Emmet—H. C. Wine.

SEVENTH DISTRICT. Atkinson and Stuart—Frank Moore.

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

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

CITY OFFICERS. Mayor, O. F. Biglin; Clerk, N. Martin; Treasurer, John McHugh; City Engineer, John Horn; Police Judge, H. Kautzman; Chief of Police, Charlie Hall; Attorney, Thos. Carlon; Weighmaster, Joe Miller.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, E. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney McGreevy; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben Johnson; Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Wilcox; Constables, John Horvick and Ed. McBride; Road overseer dist. 36, Allen Brown dist. No. 4, John Enright.

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) 9:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Children) 9:30 P. 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 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.

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

K. OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. 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 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.

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF THE REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3rd Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Ed. Ed. ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G. BLANCHE ADAMS, Secretary.

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

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in each month in the Masonic hall. C. F. BRIGAN, 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. MCCUTCHAN, G. M. S. M. WAGERS, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY. Arrival of Mails. P. M. V. H. R.—FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at 5:15 p m.

FROM THE WEST. Every day, Sunday included at 9:58 a m.

PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Passenger—leaves 9:30 A. M. Arrives 9:07 P. M. Freight—leaves 9:07 P. M. Arrives 7:00 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

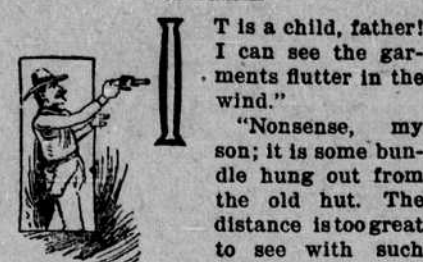
O'NEILL AND CHELSEA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p m.

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 NIobrARA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:00 p m.

O'NEILL AND CUMMINGSVILLE. Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 11:20 p m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p m.

WAIF OF THE RANGE.



It is a child, father! I can see the garments flutter in the wind. "Nonsense, my son; it is some bundle hung out from the old hut. The distance is too great to see with such distinctness, even with this long range glass. But even granting it were a child, we would feel little interest in its fate, for that old structure with its mud walls and thatched roof is occupied by one of the meanest Mexicans it was ever my fortune to run across. You see I was past the place last year." Father and son had paused on the summit of one of the lesser mountain ranges that makes the Argenta region look as if it was set up on edges. On the higher ridge that marked the western horizon the sinking sun for the moment hung like a silvery ball, soon to drop out of sight until another day should be ushered in from the peaks far to the east.

Mr. Mayburn had come from New England several years before, hoping to better his health and his fortunes on a sheep ranch, but ill-fortune had seemed to follow him, though for the first season he had prospered. Encouraged thus, he had sent for his wife and children to join him. Within a month after they had arrived the depredations of a band of cattle thieves had left him without stock, without home, and his wife and little girl missing. A few days later a party of cattle men discovered their dead bodies some miles to the north in the track of the merciless marauders. Nearly heart-broken, the disappointed rancher started with his only earthly left, his boy Harry, on a wandering trip wherever his fancy led him. He was at this time on a horseback ride to lower California, intending to settle down there if he found the country all he expected.

"It is high time for us to be looking up a camping-place for the night," he said, handing the glass back to Harry, who found it hard to turn his gaze from the distant view. "I think we shall find plenty of grass for our horses, and water half a mile below here. It will be a well-sheltered spot for us to stop."

Harry had again raised the glass to his eyes, and was looking more intently than ever across the broken landscape to the distant range where the lingering rays of the setting sun shone clearest. The half-ruined wall of a primitive-looking dwelling stood out with remarkable boldness against the clear September sky, like a lone sentinel on the bald ridge of barren soil and rock. Lower down the range was skirted by a heavy growth, and off to the right a river glimmered on the scene like a broad band of molten silver. But one object in the long, wide stretch of country held his attention.

From the western end of the hut was something suspended about half way up its height. It might be, as his father had said, merely a worthless bundle of no interest, but he could not drive the belief from his mind that it was possessed of life. He fancied that he saw it move, and once, as he gazed through the glass, he was almost certain that a white imploring face had been brought close to his own. This haunting vision was constantly before him as he and his father went into camp on the bank of a beautiful stream, and the tired horses clipped with keen relish the long, sweet grass carpeting the valley.

Finding he could not swerve his father from his unbelief, he tried to forget all about it, and an hour later both of them had lain down under their blankets for a night's sleep. It must have been near midnight when Harry awoke with a start in the midst of a dream that caused him to spring to his feet with a low cry of terror. He thought he had been to the old



"SHE LIVES!" HE CRIED. but, to find there a little girl suffering untold agony from being hung by a rope from the miserable abode, while a dozen fiends in human shape danced about her.

His father was fast asleep, while the horses, having eaten their fill of the grass, stood quietly nodding a short distance away. The very silence of the lonely scene made his dream stand out more real and terrifying. Unable to sleep, he walked down to the side of his horse, and almost before he knew it he was putting the saddle on its back. "It won't take long to ride over there," he thought, "and I will be back before father wakes. If I keep a sharp lookout no harm can arise from my trip. It would be so satisfying to know the truth." Being careful to fix the direction in

his mind, Harry rode silently on his lonely journey, which, had he dreamed was going to prove so long, he would never have ventured to undertake. The day was breaking as at last he ascended the range where he felt confident he should find the Mexican's hut. He was not disappointed, for at the edge of the forest he was gladdened by the sight of the homely building. From his position he could not see the object which had caused him to undertake what he was ready now to believe was a foolhardy journey. No doubt it had been some illusion of the gaze, and he was tempted to start back to find his father without climbing to the top of the ridge, which was steeper than he had thought from the distance.

No! He would know the whole truth after coming so far, and, resolved to move with extreme caution, he left his horse under cover of the growth and approached the place on foot. There was no moon, but in the clear starlight he could see no signs of life about the solitary hut, which looked as if it had been deserted for years. One spark of hope still burned in his heart. He had not got in a position yet to see the west end of the hut, and it was there he fancied he had seen the helpless child.

With high-beating heart he advanced, obliged to pass around huge boulders that ever and anon disputed his way. What a barren place for a home, though a fertile valley lay no more than half a mile distant on the other side.

As Harry came around on the upper side of a pile of rocks, he abruptly found himself in plain sight of the hut, and—a wild cry left his lips as he saw the object he had come so far to see! It did not need a second look for him to discover that it was a human being—a little girl not over four years of age, hanging there in mid-air like a lifeless thing! A rope was fastened around her slight waist, the other end secured at the top of the roof.

"She is dead!" he exclaimed, but he had scarcely uttered the exclamation when a low, piteous wail was borne to his ears on the still night air. "She lives!" he cried, and regardless of the danger he might be running into, he dashed swiftly up the ascent, not to stop until he was under and within reach of the swaying figure.

Another moan of distress came from the helpless little one, as with one stroke of his knife he severed the rope suspending her in the air. The next moment she lay perfectly motionless upon the ground, with him bending over her.

"Poor thing, she is nearly dead from fright and hunger. I wonder who—Oh, father, it is Alice—our Alice!"

About that time the large blue eyes slowly opened, to look straight into those of her brother, who had thus strangely found her whom he and his father had supposed dead.

"I wish father—"

Harry stopped in the midst of his speech, for upon looking up at the sounds of the hoofstrokes of a horse he saw his father riding toward the place. "I missed you, and mistrusting you had come here I followed at once. So you were right—my God! it is Alice!" It is hardly necessary to depict the joy of the reunited ones, and when the first transport of their rejoicing had passed, father and son learned that Alice and her mother had not been killed as reported, but had been carried off toward the Spanish range by their captors. Upon coming to this lonely hut of the Mexican, in a fit of cold-blooded ferocity they had shot the owner of the building and suspended their young captive in the position in which she had been found.

This could not have been accomplished very long before Harry had seen her though the glass, for she declared that it was most night at the time. Her mother, with two or three others, were still with the party, captives. "They would be likely to camp in the valley below here," said Mr. Mayburn, whose excitement hardly knew bounds. "We must push on and rescue them. I am going to turn Alice over to your care, Harry."

Though she had suffered untold agony in that trying position so many hours, Alice was only too glad to get away from the place, and in less than five minutes they were moving as silently as possible down the range. Mr. Mayburn proved correct in his predictions, and before sunrise they had not only overtaken the desperadoes, but surprised and routed them. Mrs. Mayburn and two captives were rescued unharmed, and a more thankful party it would be difficult to find. Knowing the dangers that still environed them, they pushed on as rapidly as possible to the nearest town, which they safely reached. Eventually Mr. Mayburn and his family reached Los Angeles, where they live now.

Turkey's Subjects and England. Probably Turkish rule in Armenia is not much worse than in Macedonia, and, if the Armenians are to be pitied, so are the Macedonians, for the Turk is a blighting curse to every subject race within his dominions. If we are sincere in our fervor for good government in Turkey we must renounce the idea of sacrificing these races to our political aim of maintaining Turkey as a bulwark against Russia. This was the doctrine of Mr. Gladstone, and roundly he has been abused for it. The contrary doctrine has been that of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery. Mr. Gladstone recognized the paramount obligation of conscience; Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, and many of their predecessors subordinated conscience to what they regarded as the exigencies of policy.

The aggregate corn crop of the south will be from 600,000,000 to 650,000,000 bushels.

THE LAW AND THE WHEEL.

Legal Status of the Bicycle According to Judicial Decisions.

The use of the bicycle for the purpose of locomotion and travel is so recent that as yet there is little adjudication as to the rights and liability of travelers employing it upon the highway, but the trend of judicial authority seems to place the wheel on a plane of equality with other vehicles. The early advent of the bicycle met with strenuous opposition, both from pedestrians and agencies of the road, the former contending that it was a vehicle and should be excluded from the sidewalk, and the latter asserting that it was an object of terror, the use of which was perilous, in that it frightened horses. But by degrees this child of adversity began to be recognized by the courts and its legal status to be established. Finally its paternity was established and it was placed in the category of carriages and vehicles. Although Blackstone, Coke and other common law jurists never experienced the sensation of a spin on a bicycle, yet, we look to the law of the mother country for the earliest cases involving the law of the wheel. The authorities, almost without exception, now recognize the bicycle as a "carriage" or "vehicle" entitled to the rights of carriages and vehicles in general, and no longer regard it as an obstruction to, or an unreasonable use of the streets or roads, but rather a new and improved method of using the same, and "germane to their principal use as a pathway." One Taylor, an Englishman, was the first to take the bicycle into court, and the case of Taylor against Goodwin is a leading one. Mr. Goodwin aprinted on a certain road in violation of a statute making the furious driving of a carriage upon the highway an offense. Upon the trial he did not deny the allegation of immoderate speed, but contended that the bicycle was not a "carriage" and that the word "driven" as ordinarily understood was not applicable to the bicycle, and that the mere fact that it had wheels did not make it a carriage any more than a wheelbarrow or roller skates. But the court was of the opinion that it was a carriage in the full sense of the word, and that persons riding it may be said to "drive" it in the sense that an engineer drives an engine, although he guides as well as propels it. Investigation discloses similar American authorities. In applying the established law of the road to the wheel, probably it is not entitled to the dignity of a carriage, and while there is no authority for the statement, it seems that the wheelman in riding on the road should be governed by the immemorial usage and custom applicable to horsemen. It has been held that there is no law requiring a man on horseback to turn either to the right or to the left hand. He should be governed by his notions of prudence. A horseman should yield the traveled track to a vehicle where he can do so without peril.

BRAVE BUFFALO FIREMAN.

How He Managed to Put Out a Fire in the Third Story Alone.

During the fire at the Gilbert S. Graves starch works on Court street, Buffalo the other morning Assistant Chief Murphy did what not one man in 1,000 would do if he could. The assistant chief saw smoke pouring from the windows of the third floor, and as no truck had arrived and it was absolutely necessary for some one to get to the seat of the trouble at once, he determined in some way to get to the third floor without waiting for a ladder. The doors and windows of the first floor were tightly closed, but the windows all over the building were guarded by horizontal iron bars. Seeing but one possible means to attain his end Murphy climbed up the grating on a window of the first floor and was just able to reach the lowest bar on the second story window. Seizing this bar he drew himself up till in the same way he had reached the window on the third floor, the bars of which he also climbed, to see a big pile of blazing material in one corner of the room. The bars over the window were of heavy iron, close together and fastened to the window casings with long bolts and screws. Murphy thrust one arm around two bars and with the other hand wrenched from its fastenings the upper bar, tearing bolts and screws bodily from the side of the building. Through the small opening thus made he crawled into the room and soon was able to see the flames extinguished. This feat is most remarkable in view of the fact that less than two years ago Murphy broke both his arms in falling through a hatchway in a building on Elk street market, an injury that will be felt by him as long as he lives.

This Is Lucid. In explanation of the hot wave the weather man says: "This storm center is what is called a 'low.' As the area of low pressure moved toward the east large bodies of heated air from the south were drawn in toward the center. But there was a reverse action about this drawing in process. The low area always exists between two 'highs,' and there is another high rushing to fill the vacuum from way up in the northwest territory." This very simple and graphic explanation illustrates the absurdity and uselessness of indulging in profanity when such a lucid explanation may be had for the asking.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Innocence in Distress. Pastor (to peasant girl)—Why do you weep so much? Peasant Girl—Because my lover has gone to the army for three years. Pastor—But those will soon be over; then he will return. Peasant Girl—Yes, but I'm afraid meantime another man will marry me.

FORTUNE SMILES.

They say fortune smiles on the innocent, yet innocent people are more euchred out of dollars on clothing, because of their innocence.

The Nebraska Clothing Company of Omaha is known from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, to some by mail to others in sight. Everyone is a staunch customer who once buys here, because we treat prince and pauper alike, whether you are here in person or order by mail, and because our prices are such that no concern in the country can possibly duplicate, and your money back any time you want it.

- All Wool Suits (guaranteed wool) \$5 worth from \$8.50 to \$10. Black Clay Worsted Suits (Sunday dress) \$7, cost everywhere \$12. Black or Blue Beaver Overcoats (velvet collar) \$4.75, elsewhere \$6. Black or Blue Kersey Overcoats (dress style) \$6.75, cheap at \$10. Splendid extra long ulsters (cloth lining) \$4, cheap at \$7.50. Good Grey Shelton cloth Ulsters (hairy material) \$5.50, worth \$9. Chinchilla Overcoats (velvet collar) \$3.25, cost you anywhere \$6.

Same way all over the house—Shoes, Hats, Gent's furnishings Boys' Clothes, Rubber Goods, Fur Overcoats, and everything a man wears, and if you're dissatisfied with anything you buy, get your money back, and this is why we sell so much and grow so fast. Mention The Frontier when you write.



THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Edited by ALBERT SHAW. THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, as its name implies, gives in readable form the best that appears in the other great magazines all over the world, generally on the same date that they are published. With the recent extraordinary increase of worthy periodicals, these careful reviews, summaries, and quotations, giving the gist of periodical literature, are alone worth the subscription price. Aside from these departments, the editorial and contributed features of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS are themselves equal in extent to a magazine. The Editor's "Progress of the World" is an invaluable chronicle of the happenings of the thirty days just past, with pictures on every page of the men and women who have made the history of the month. The Literary World says: "We are deeply impressed from month to month with the value of the 'REVIEW OF REVIEWS,' which is a sort of Eiffel Tower for the survey of the whole field of periodical literature. And yet it has a mind and voice of its own, and speaks out with decision and sense on all public topics of the hour. It is a singular combination of the monthly magazine and the daily newspaper. It is daily in its freshness; it is monthly in its method. It is the world under a field glass." Sold on all News Stands. Single Copy, 25 cents. 13 Astor Place, New York.

NERVE SEEDS WEAK. For all nervous debility, loss of memory, loss of brain power, dizziness, vertigo, headache, neuralgia, hysteria, epilepsy, and all nervous diseases. Contains no opiates. Is a natural and powerful brain tonic. Makes the pale and puny strong and healthy. Carried in vest pocket. 25¢ per box; 5 for \$1.25. By mail, please send 10¢ for a free trial. Write for particulars, testimonials and list of druggists. Address: Nerve Seeds, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma. The drummer had just arrived and was making himself as comfortable as he could under the circumstances. When one has been traveling through the southwest with a line of hardware samples for ten or twelve years, putting up at Eagle hotels and American houses, shoe isn't so bad if one gets used to it. By all accounts there was likely to be time enough to get used to it. "Well, how's trade?" demanded the drummer, after he had given Satan a cigar. "The old boy bit off the pointed end, scratched the other end along his flank to get a light, took a long whiff, made rings and replied: "Oh, so-so. Can't complain. Some better than last year. Times are picking up and folks ain't so religious when business is good." "Salvation army interfere much?" "Nah! They cut no ice with me."—Judge.

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