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A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John 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 S. J. SMITH, Com.

LIKHORN 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.

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a. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern cordially invited.

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O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F. meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hail. Scribe, CHAS. HRIGHT.

LIDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d
Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall,
ANNA DAVIDSON, N. G.
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HOLT CAMP NO. 1710. M. W. OF A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in each month in the Masonic hall.
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A. O. U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tudsday of each month in

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.

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F. E. & M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at......5:15 p m FROM THE WEST.

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PACIFIC SHORT LINE.
Passenger—leaves 9:35 A.M. Arrives 9:07 P.M.
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Departs Monday. Wed. and Friday at.. 7:00 a m
-Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at.. 4:30 p m

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Departs Monday. Wed. and Fri. at....7:00 a m
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at...4:00 p m O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE. res Mon., Wed. and Fridays at ...1:30p rts Mon., Wed. and Friday at1:00 p

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY A GIRL OF MEXICO.



dimly lighted by rows of smoking, flickering lamps; rough benches bordering the bare adobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans with fiddle and guitar are playing something which evidently for music

The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd that fills benches and floor. And this is the "ball room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phoenix, N. M.

In the doorway stands a tall, fairhaired young fellow, well tanned, yet seeming light skinned among the Mexicans and cow punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression of amusement and partly of languid interest. A year ago this man would have laughed in your face had you told him that he, Harry Woodhall, leader of the cotillions and one of the distinctly eligible young fellows of London, would in a year's time be taking a passive part in the festivities of a New Mexican dance hall.

It had all come so suddenly that it had seemed like some wierd nightmare from which he awoke to find himself fighting for health in the arid region of the new world. The recollection flashed across him now as he stood at the bar of the Legal Tender. First, that bad cold caught at the Wellbrokes. ball, when he had taken Lady Grace to her carriage in a pouring rain without so much as a cap over his head. Then the long siege of pneumonia, and after that, like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, had come the warning of his physician: "It's Egypt or Western America old man if you don't want to shuffle off the mortal coil. You can't stay in England and live." Then had come the partings, the voyage, the few aimless weeks in Denver, and then a letter from Bob McQueen asking him to come down and help raise pigs and alfalfa in the Pecos valley. He had found a jolly, congenial lot of young Englishmen there, and after some months of ranch life he had just decided to put some money in the ranch and settle down. There is a saying that Englishmen come West on account of one of three things: "Busted health, wealth or reputation." None of this crowd, at least, was in the Pecos valley on account of the last cause, and the two former were certainly no dis-

This resolution to settle down had not been an easy one to make. A man may flatter himself that he has torn up every root that binds him to the old life, but when the time comes to put aside the last hope of return he will find that there is one root still drawing life from that hope, and then, perhaps, comes the hardest wrench of all. At any rate, Woodhall had that day ridden into Eddy with McQueen, and had drawn from the bank the money which was to buy his share of the ranch outfit. On their way back they had stopped at Phoenix, a collection of saloons, dance houses and Mexican huts just outside the limits of the town. Their Mexican foreman, Gongorez, had met them there with the ranch wagon, relieved their horses of the supplies and gone on ahead of them.

Although Woodhall had been in the valley seven months, he had never before seen Phoenix in full blast. This interesting condition occurred every Saturday night and lasted until Monday morning. The roulette wheel and faro layout, together with the Mexican games, were operated in the barroom. which opened directly into the dance hall. By this simple arrangement the



"DID YOU KNOW OF THAT?" Mexicans could lose their money in the

barroom, while the cow-punchers obtained their "load" and then worked it off in the quadrille.

"Bob," said Woodhall, lazily turning to McQueen, who was watching the for California this afternoon." faro, "do they ever have any good looking girls here?"

"Sometimes a pretty Mexican girl shows up, but good looks don't last long in Phoenix," was the reply. "They say that Gongorez, our foreman, hasby jove, old chap, did you see the dealer hold out the nine spot just then?" "No; but everybody is too full to notice those little things, I suppose. Come,

I've enough of this. Let's move on." The truth was that Harry Woodhall had just been undergoing that last and worst wrench. He had been tearing up the root that had been feeding on hope, and the process had left him in a reckless state of mind, when nothing seemed to matter. The money, which he carried in a belt around his waist, seemed a weight that was dragging him down down, away from everything, and the

thought nearly maddened him. McQueen had gone for his horse, leaving Woodhall alone on the steps of the "Legal Tender." A low voice at his elbow startled him.

"Is it the Senor Woodhall?"

He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many colored serape which only half con cealed the well-carved and graceful lines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and as Woodhall stood there staring at her a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, born of his recent fierce struggle with the last

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her. "What is it?" "Will the senor come with me a lit-

Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the "Legal Tender" the dance and game went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that Woodhall's horse was gone, cursed him for an unsociable brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding-looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they, had ridden two or three miles southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed.

At last a soft little hand within his led him-for it was quite darkthrough a passageway into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle 'Will the senor rest?" and then after

a moment's pause, "I will return soon." She was gone before he could prevent Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he

carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned. "It may be all right," he muttered. "but a little search won't hurt any-

thing." The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand, he dropped to his knees and peered into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump on the surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More frem curiosity than any other motive, he grasped a corner of the bedclothes and jerked them back. Great heaven! There was in the very center of the bed, with its cruel claws working, lay a full-sixed tarantula, one of the most poisonous creatures alive. A slight noise at the door caused him to turn. There stood the girl, her eyes big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider. Without a word Woodhall raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at it. For a moment the girl tried to speak, but could not. Then

slowly and painfully she whispered: "You thought I did it?" Woodhall bowed his head in grim

On the instant, before he could stop her or even realize her purpose, she had sprung to the bed, grasped the horrible thing and placed it in the bosom of her dress. As it stung her she cry, and fel across the bed. At the same moment he became aware of an evil face at the doorway-the face of Gongorez, the ranch foreman. In an instant Woodhall had covered him and commanded him to enter, which he did in a sullen, half-scared way. At last Woodhall

saw the whole plot.

"Gongorez," he said, in a strange, harsh voice, "this is your daughter?"

A nod.
"Did she bring me here at your command?" "Yes, but it was easy. She had seen the senor and loved him."

"Did you know of that-stand back, you hound!" for suddenly Gongorez had on it; it was fixed like a stanchion. seemed galvanized into activity and had started toward the bed, muttering: "Corpo di Dios, no!"

"Then," said Woodhall, in a voice that seemed to him hollow and far away, "we will watch her together."

And standing there these two, the fair one with revolver in one hand, the other clasping the girl's, the dark one crouching like a coyote at bay, yet livid with horror, watched the girl until the last spark of life was gone. A moment later a sharp report rang galloped away—alone.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast, pale and very quiet.

"Fellows," he said finally, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid I'm not suited to this sort of life. I don't think that I could ever be contented Mr. Mansan Migg, the beet-root sugar here, and-in short, I'm going to start magnate. A peculiar fact in connec-

And he did, in spite of all they could say or do.

The last thing he said to McQueen as the train pulled out was: "You had better get another foreman, Mae, for I don't think Gongorez is coming back."

A Truthful Maid.

The difficulties of ladies with inexperienced maids is illustrated by this incident, related by a New York paper. "There's no coal, mum," said Bridget, "and the fires are going out."

"No coal! Why didn't you tell me before?" "I couldn't tell you there was no coal.

mum, when there was coal!" answered Bridget.

He Was Too Fresh.

Magistrate-You say this man assaulted you. How did it happen? Colored Citizen-I brushed agin him, an' he sayed I was "too fresh," an' then Westminster Gazett.e. he "salted" me, sah

WHAT A LETTER DID. How a Southern Congressman Made a

"Speaking of stenographers," said a

gentleman well known in Washington, who for a number of years represented a Louisiana district in congress, "I once had a secretary, an unusually careful and competent fellow, too, whose slip in a typewritten letter to a constituent of mine cost me that gentleman's friendship, valued much more highly than I can express.

"This is the way it came about: At a time when I was well nigh submerged with committee duties I received a letter from the head of one of the most influential and widely respected families of the state. His residence had just burned down, he wrote me, the loss coming at a moment when it affected his financial matters to no inconsiderable extent. Could he not presume upon our many years of friendship to the extent of asking a loan of \$250, until the insurance companies should settle his claim? I was deeply moved to learn of his misfortune, and immediately dictated, along with a number of other letters, the following lines to him:

'My Dear Str: 'I am greatly pained to hear of the calamity which has come upon you. I regret I have not \$250 in available funds at present; will send check in a day or two.

"Promptly enough the check went, but with equal promptness it was returned to me, with no word of explanation. I own I was surprised, but concluded he must have received his insurance money, and the circumstance was gradually forgotten. But it was very forcibly recalled to my mind when next I paid a visit to my home, for he did not call upon me, as he had always been went to do. On the contrary, he shunned a meeting with me.

"Imagine my dismay upon finding that the letter I had sent him, in the most kindly spirit possible, contained these words; 'I regret I have got \$250 in available funds; will send check in a day or two.' In vain I explained, apologized, implored. To his dying day he never forgave what he termed my studied and unwarranted affront.

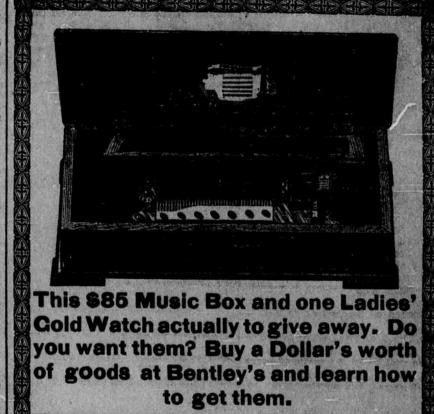
"That is what the touch of a finger upon a wrong key did for me, and for years I have never mailed a letter, long or short, without first subjecting it to the most rigid scrutiny. I tell you, sir, it pays to be watchful in this respect." Washington Star.

HAPPENED AT THE WHEEL Invisible Hands Turned it in Disobe

Good Words: "Why no," said the mate. "I can't say that we're a bit more superstitious than other folk. You get into the moors and hills and you'll find landsmen quite as foolish as any of us. I'll not deny that there may have been a time—and yet I'm not very sure. That's true enough about steam, anyway blue water isn't so lonely as it must have been when we were all under canvas. Seems to me it's loneliness that breeds superstition, and there is no loneliness like that of the high seas on a starry night. Still things do happen now and again—things there's no accounting for. Here's a case now; I wonder what you would make out of it? It was on a May night, something like fifteen years ago, and stretched out her arms toward Wood- we were coming up the channel. It stars are clear overhead, but everything about you's as black as your hat. We were bowling along with a fresh breeze that brought us a smell of old England, and everything seemed shipshape and snug, when all of a sudden the lookout sent up a yell, and right ahead of us there was a flash of lights and a looming of a big shadow, black against the very darkness. The moment the lookout shouted there was a cry of 'Hard a-port!' and I gave the wheel a whirr to set it flying. I don't expect you to believe it, but make what you like of it, the wheel stuck as if it had been spiked. I flung all my strength You can't guess what I felt at that moment, with that cry in my ears, and that big shadow rushing out of the darkness. Then two invisible hands, cold as ice, were laid on mine with a steady grip, and the wheel was sent flying hard a-starboard. We swung up into the wind, and as we did so a great ocean liner passed us at almost leaping distance. Had we gone to port we should have been cut in two. No, I told you I couldn't account for it. I've wondered, too, at times, for our capthrough the hut, and then Woodhall tain's brother was lost in the channel run down just like that, too."

> Sheep Tended by Game Cocks. London Tid-Bits: One of the most valuable flocks of Southdown sheep in the United States is the property of tion with the flock is that it is looked after, not by sheep dogs, but by six trained Spanish game cocks. They are armed each morning with spurs, and have so fierce a way of attacking any sheep that tries to run away or will not be driven that the animals are now thoroughly afraid of the birds and obey their directions perfectly. Mr. Migg's daughter brought the birds from the Canary Islands.

> How Tennyson Asked for an Apple-Mr. Sherard adds that his father used to tell him that when he was a boy he once met Tennyson at a dinner narty and that he was very frightened at his appearance. "Tennyson was at that time very sallow-almost yellowand had long, black hair. At desert the poet bent across the table and addressed my father, in front of whom he placed a dish of fruit and said: 'Evolve me an apple.' 'I did not know what he wanted me to do,' said my father."-



FORTUNE SMILES

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

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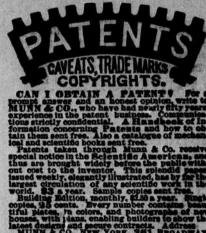
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