Chas. H. Gere, Lincoln; Leavitt Burnham, maha; J. M. Hiatt, Aima; E. P. Holmes, lerce; J. T. Mailaieu, Kearney; M. J. Hull,

CONGRESSIONAL. Senators-Chas. F. Manderson, of Omaha; W. V. Allen, of Madison. Representatives—First District, J. B Strode Second, D H. Mercer; Third, Geo. D. Mikel-john; Fourth — Hainer; Fifth, W. E. And-rews; Sixth; O. M. Kem. JUDICIARY.

Judge Post and T. L. Norval
FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
Judge M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill
Reporter J. J. King of O'Neill
Judge A. L. Bartow of Chadron
Reporter A. L. Warrick, of O'Neill

LAND OFFICES. O'NBILL. Register......John A. Harmon.
Receiver.....Elmer Williams.

COUNTY. Judge... Geo McCutcheon
Clerk of the District Court... John Skirving
Deputy... O. M. Collins
Treasurer... J. P. Mullen
Deputy... Sam Howard
Clerk... Bill Bethea
Deputy... Mike McCarthy
Sherif... Chas Hamilton
Deputy... Chas O'Neill
Tapt of Schools... W. R. Jackson
Issistant... Mrs. W. R. Jackson
Jasistant... Mrs. W.

SUPERVISORS.

FIRST DISTRICT. Cleveland, Sand Creek, Dustin, Saratoga, Rock Falls and Pleasantview—J. D. Alfs. SECOND DISTRICT.

Shields, Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Willowdale and Iowa—J. Donohoe. THIRD DISTRICT.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Ewing, Verdigris and Deloit-G. H. Phelps FIFTH DISTRICT.

Chambers, Conley, Lake, KcClure and Inman—Geo-ye Eckley. SIXTH DISTRICT.

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

CITY OF O'NEILL. Supervisor, E. J. Mack; Justices, B. H. medict and S. M. Wagers; Constables, Ed. Bride and Perkins Brooks.

For two years.—D. H. Cronin. year—H. C. McEvony. For two years—Alexander Marlow. For

e year-Jake Pfund. For two years—Charles Davis. For one ear-Elmer Merriman.

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

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, R. J. Hayes; Trearurer, Barney McGreevy; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben Johring; Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Wilcox; Constables, John Horrisky and Ed. McBride; Road overseer dist. 26, Allen Brown dist. No. 4, John Raright.

SOLDIERS' RELIEF COMNISSION. 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.

T.PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Very Rev. Cassidy, Postor. 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 (Childrens) 3:00 P. M. Mind-week services—General prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will be made welcome, especially strangers.

R. T. GEORGE, Pastor.

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

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. E. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially

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. W. J. Dobrs Sec. J. C. Harrish, H. P

M. OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern cordially invited. 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' Hail.
Scribe, Chas. BRIGHT.

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

GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M.
Regular communications Thursday nights

M Regular communications Thursday income on or before the full of the moon.
W. J. D Bs, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710. M. W. OF 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 Tudsday 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 DIRCETORY Arrival of Mails

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

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'NELL AND CHELSEA.

Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 am

Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at.. 1:00 pm

O'NEILL AND PADDOCK.
Departs Monday. Wed. and Friday at .. 7:00
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at .. 4:30 O'NEILL AND NIOBRARA.

Departs Monday, Wed, and Fri. at....7:00

Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at...4:00 O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE.

ives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at ...11:30p arts Mon., Wed. and Friday at1:00 p



HE room had been very still for a long while; only the even, monotonous splash of the outgoing tide, and now and again a restless, unconscious movement of the dying woman in the bed, disturbed the awe-some stillness

of the night. In the big arm chair by the bed side, in the light of the lamp, sat a gaunt woman, angular and haggard, with thin, compressed lips, yellow skin, light eyes, and dead-straw colored hair drawn tightly back from her forehead and twisted in an uncompromising knot at the nape of her neck.

She had watched for many weary nights now beside the bed, but still her eyes were wide and watchful, and her attitude alert. She counted each fluttering breath of the girlish form beneath the sheet, she noted each quiver of the unconscious eyelids.

The night wore on, and, with the coming of the gray dawn, a wind arose, moaning round the little house, and shaking the fastenings of the sick room window.

The dying woman stirred; she moaned, then slowly opened her eyes. Great sad, blue eyes-like a child's in trouble. She fixed them upon the watcher in the chair with a pathetic ook of entreaty.

"Hepzibah!" The pale lips just formed the whispered word. The gaunt woman rose hastily and

"Hepzibah—you have been very good A painful pause, breathing was so dif-

ficult. "Am I dying, now?" The woman bending over her made no response, but tears gathered in her hard eyes, her thin lips quivered.

"No, you need not tell me. I know I I can feel it. Hepzibah—you have been so good to me. There is something that—you—must—do—for me—when I am gone——" Hepzibah bent over her, waiting,

The dying girl raised one feeble hand, pointing toward the old bureau in the corner of the room.

"There-in the third drawer on the left—a packet—letters—will you bring them to me?"

Hepzibah brought over to her a little bundle, tied round with faded pink ribbon.

The dying woman fingered it lovingly, wistfully..

"They are Jack's letters-my Jack, Hepzibah! For when I am gone, I trust you to burn them for me, Tom must never know. Poor Tom-he has seen a good husband to me; but I loved Jack first-only he was so wild-I did not know that he cared for me. Andhe went away in a temper-and I married Tom. But when Jack came back from sea, last time, I—I found out how much he cared. It was terrible-and I loved him so! Then he was drownedmy poor Jack-

A weak sob choked her broken whis-"Promise you will burn them, Hepzi-

bah, for Tom's sake---"Dear, I promise,"

patient with me. When I am gone you will be good to poor Tom."

A dull red flush overspread the woman's face. She turned her head into the shadow

"I will do what I can, Nelly," she responded, in a smothered voice. "Call Tom now, I fell I am soon-

going. I feel so cold—so numb!" Hepzibah hastly left the room. She was back in an instant, following by a stout, ruddy-faced man of about 50. He stepped softly to the bed, and took the dying woman's hand in his big

"Come, Nell, my lass, you must bear



"YOU'LL PROMISE TO BURN THEM." a brave heart. We'll have you better 800n." There were tears in his cheery

Nellie looked at him with a faint smile; she raised the big red hand in which her own was imprisoned to her lips. Then, exhausted by her recent efforts, she closed her eyes and seemed. to sleep. Presently she started violently; her eyes opened in terror. "The letters! You will burn them,

Henzibah---' Tom turned to Hepzibah wonderingly. He thought the delirium had returned.

"What letters does she mean?" he asked. Hepzibah was silent; she averted her

eyes. Then-"She means her dead mother's letters," she replied in a steady voice.

The dying woman looked her gratitude for the saving lie. There was silence again, and a solemn sense of waiting in the room. At last Nellie made a

faint movement with her hand. Hepzibah comprehended instantly; lost paradise.—Ex.

she stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain and opened wide the sash So Nelly looked for the last time upon her little world.

Nelly's big, sad eyes took in all the beauty of the morning, then they gen-

"I am coming, Jack-dear-" she

So Nelly Thurgood, Tom Thurgood's young wife, died, and was buried in the little churchyard by the sea; and the tide came in, and the tide went out. through the long summer days and nights, and peaceful order reigned in the little cottage, for Hepzibah was a notable housekeeper, and Tom was grateful to her in a dull, impersonal way. His heart was buried in the newly made grave on the cliff side, and nothing seemed real to him but that.

Hepzibah watched him from under her white eyelashes and kept silent; but his pipe was all ready for him when he came indoors, and his favorite food simmered on the hob.

Hepzibah's hair grew brighter as the days went on: her cheeks had a comely flush; she began to take thought of her dress. She bought a blue gingham gown in the village, and a muslin handkerchief for her neck. Her voice took a softer note, she began to sing about

But Tom would sit in the churchyard through the long summer twilights, and when he came into supper his feet dragged wearily, and his eyes were dull

"You should not grieve so," said Hepzibah softly, one night after supper. She was knitting in the firelight; her head was bent over her work.

Tom woke up from a dream; he looked at her with seeing eyes. "Ah, it's well to say that to a man whose heart is breaking!"

His voice grew husky; he turned his head away to the fire.

"But you shouldn't grieve as one without hope. Time must soften things a bit-you have your life before

"She was all I had-my Nellie. The apple of my eye. What good's life to

me now? Such pretty ways she had, too," he went on, musingly; "such tender, loving ways-" Hepzibah's needle flashed in the fire-

as fond as Nellie," she said softly, with pray well for me." her eyes on her knitting.

There was a long silence in the room. The fire flickered; a cinder fell on the hearth. Hepzibah could hear her heart throbs; she slowly lifted her eyes to the man's face.

He was not looking at her at all, but at a china shepherdess upon a little table against the wall. His eyes were troubled; he was trying to remember. "My Nellie did not keep that on there. No, it was on the mantlepiece, here,

that she had it." He brought the ornament over, dusting it with his handkerchief.

them, Hepzibah," he said. But Hepzibah had slipped out of the door into the summer darkness. She rested her arms on the little gate,

We must keep the things as she left

and stood looking far out to sea. Her face shone white and ghostly in the dimness. She shivered in the warm whispered tensely, "why will you not pert examined the property and report-

Jack, you do not want him-and I-oh, to discuss the terms. my God!" A great tearless sob choked her; the

face hardened.

"Why should I not tell him? I shall do you no harm. Are you anywhere here to care at all? God, the life beyond-are these anything but words? How can one hurt the dead? You are asleep in the churchyard there; and I love him-and I tell you I love him!"

The man was sitting smoking moodily, gazing into the glowing fire, when Hepzibah glided in, and stood behind

"Tom, I can't bear that you should grieve so. She wasn't worthy of a love like yours." "Hepzibah!"

"The letters!" Hepzibah laid the packet on the table and crept up the staircase to her room She fell on her knees by the bedside clutching the coverlet tight over her mouth, that her deep-voiced prayer might be stifled. She shook as with the ague. The gates of heaven and

hell were open. The still hours passed by. Night waned, but Hepzibah, wild-eyed and numb, crouched by her bed, straining her ears for any sound from the room below. Anything, anything, but this deadly silence. The hours seemed eternities.

It grew unbearable. Disheveled, wan, fearful, she crept down the stairs and peered in.

Tom Thurgood sat at the table, writing by the dim candle light. He had on his rough pilot's coat; a bundle tied in a red handkerchief rested beside

Hepzibah's broken cry aroused him. He rose and came toward her. "I'm going away-back to sea again."

he said gravely. "You're welcome to the cottage and the bits of furniture. There's no home for me now-the place would kill me. Out on the brine I shall be able to forget-perhaps. Good by, my lass. I shall be gone before you are up. Go back to bed. woman. Good by; there, go."

He turned back to his writing, and the room was quiet again. Presently he threw down his pen and passed his inky fingers through his hair.

"The wind moans terribly to-night." he said. It was Hepzibah above, crying for her JONATHAN AND PREACHERS.

He Had an Experience and Knew When They Hit the Nutt.

It isn't in the traditions of the Ozark country that old Jonathan Magness was ever converted, but stories are told to show that he had a certain kind of respect for religion. The Magness family came from Kentucky. On one occasion, it is said, the Rev. John Milligan stopped at Jonathan's house for the night. The arrival was unexpected. Mrs. Magness had made no unusual preparations for supper. As the family and the guest sat down old Jonathan surveyed the simple fare for a few moments and then said abruptly:

"Help yourself, Mr. Milligan." Breakfast brought an altogether different looking array of dishes. Old

Jonathan looked it over.

"Well, old lady," he said, addressing Mrs. Magness, "it looks as if you had something for breakfast worth thanking God for."

Turning to the preacher old Jonathan "Give us a touch, Brother Milligan." And Brother Milligan promptly asked

a blessing. Three young Methodist preachers on the way to conference stopped at the Magness house for the night. After supper old Jonathan produced a Bible and a hymn book. He handed them to

one of the young preachers, asking: "Sir, will you pray in my family?" The young preacher read and sang and prayed. As soon as they arose from their knees old Jonathan handed the books to another, asking:

"Sir, will you pray in my family?" The second preacher conducted ser-vice, and then the old man called on the third. This young man took the books and went at it in earnest. He read and sang and prayed. He opened with a general appeal for all mankind, and generally narrowed down his intercessions until he got down to "poor old Father Magness, whose locks have grown gray in sin, and who is now stalking on the brink of hell." begged the Lord "to soften this old sin-hardened heart and turn the face of Father Magness Zionward."

Old Jonathan asked for no more prayers. The next morning the preachers asked what they owed. Mr. Magness said to the first: "Your bill is \$1." To the second he said: "Your bill is \$1." To the third he said: "Your "There are other women in the world bill is nothing. I'll be — if you didn't

HE MADE A GOOD BARGAIN.

The London Syndleste Bit Freely at His Very Modest Mining Property.

From the San Francisco Post: "It is the easiest thing in the world to sell a mine in London for almost any price, provided you have anything to show an expert," said Major Frank McLaugh-

"There is also a right way and wrong way to go about it. Some time ago I went to London to negotiate the sale of some mining property. Of course the first thing I had to do was to let capital know what I was there for. Then, when inquiries commenced, I simply said: 'Gentlemen, I have mining property to sell. If you mean business and want to buy send your expert out to examine the property and make a report on it. You know then what you are

"You dead woman-you Nelly," she "A company was organized. An exlavorably and a m

"'Now, major,' said the spokesman. 'we have found that the property may shimmering waves mocked her; her be worth something. What is your price?

"Two hundred and fifty thousand,"

said I. "That is more than we expected to pay. We expected to pay about two hundred. There is not much difference between two hundred and two and fifty. If you drop the fifty we will take it.'

"I had expected to get about \$100,000 for the property, so with a show of reluctance I agreed to accept their offer. When the papers were made out I was surprised to learn that they had been talking about pounds and I about dollars, but I was very careful not to let my surprise leak out, and that is the way I got \$1,000,000 for the mine."

From the Rochester Herald: Certain facts about lightning strokes, the result of years of experiment by the United States weather bureau, have recently been tabulated. Thunderstorms reach their maximum in June and July, though reported in every month except in January, the region of winter thunderstorms centering about Louisiana. Forty such storms are the miximum average for any such section. The average annual loss of life from lightning in the United States is twenty-four persons, of loss of property, over \$1,500,000. People living in cities and thickly built towns run little danger, the risks in the country or suburbs being five times as great. For the same reason the center of a grove or forest is much safer than its edges or isolated trees, the dense growth acting to distribute the current.

Titt-You'll take part in the football game, I suppose, Mr. Tatt?

Tatt-Very sorry, but I don't know anything about the game. "Why, I thought you had taken full college course?"

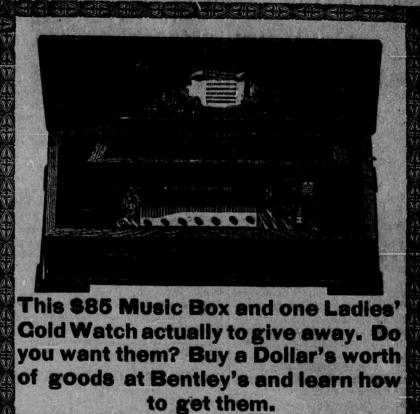
"So I have, but I went to college to study, merely."

Ode to a Turkey.

One would think you owned the town

By your strutting up and down, And your gobble, gobble, gobble all But you'll sing a different tune When, a little after noon,

I gobble, gobble, gobble you Thanks giving Day.



FORTUNE SMILES.

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

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 prince are such that in person or order by mail, and because our prices are such that no concern in the country can p saibly 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 \$8. Black or Blue Kersey Overcoats (dress style) \$6.75, cheap at \$10. Splendid extra long ulaters (cloth lining) \$4, cheap at \$7.50. Good Grey Shetland cloth Ulsters (hairy material) \$5.50, worth \$9. Chinchilla Overcoats (velvet collar) \$8,25, cost you anywhere \$6.

Same way all over the house—Shoes, Hats, Gent's furnishings Boys' Clothes, Rubber Goods, Lur 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.





EUGENIE LOST HER WAGER. Boxed the Ears of a Royal Guard, but

He Did Not Move. Nothing could be more magnificent than the appearance of everything appertaining to the court on all public occasions. The balls, especially, in the various splendid rooms, particularly in the immense "Salle des Marechaux," were a sight not to be forgotten, from the first entrance, and ascent by the As the sweet sunshine following after rain." —Mary Bradley. great staircase, adorned with flowers and shrubs, where on each step stood two of the "Cent-gardes" (the emperor's body-guard) as motionless as statues. Nothing was more remarkable than the drill which enabled these men on all occasions when on duty at the palace to remain without moving a muscle. The fatigue of this immobility is said to be so great that it could not be endured beyond a certain time; but it was so complete that to come suddenly on one of these guards in the palace was positively startling. It was scarcely possible to believe that they were alive. They were all remarkably fine men, sub-officers chosen out of various regiments, and when the war came they proved that they were not merely parade soldiers, for they figured among the best and bravest troops. One day the little prince, when a young child, in the hope of making the sentinel move, poured a whole bag of sweets into his boot, but without eliciting any sign of life from the military statue before him. This play of the child being mentioned in the presence of Col. Verly, who commanded the regiment, he declared that nothing could make one of his men move when on duty. The empress would not believe this assertion, and finally laid a wager that she would contrive to make one of the guards move. Col. Verly having accepted the wager, the em-press went with him into the neighbor-

ing gallery, where they walked backward and forward before the sentinel, the empress trying by every means to attract his attention. The guard stood as if turned into stone. Col. Verly smiled. The empress, with her char acteristic impetuosity, then went straight to the soldier, and, according to familiar speech, "boxed his ears." Not a muscle moved. The empress then acknowledged that Col. Verly had won the day, and sent a handsome compensation to the soldier, who proudly refused it, saying that he was suffi-

ciently compensated by having had his

sovereign lady's hand on his cheek!-

"Life in the Tuileries Under the Sec-

"Since God doth will that some shall dwell at ease, And others shall know hardness, this

The lot that fits each nature He for-And wherefore murmur when we must endure? Some day His loving wisdom will be

plain

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Pow World's Pair Highest Medal and Diplom

-Mary Bradley.





ats, and Trade-Marks outliness conducted for remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo,, with deex tion. We advise, if patentable or not, free charge. Our fee not due till patent is secure A PAMPPALET, "How to Obtain Patents," we cost of same in the U.S. and foreign counts sent free. Address, C.A.SNOW&CO OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.