

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

SPOTTER'S WARNING.

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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 Beckley.

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

SEVENTH DISTRICT. Atkinson and Stuart—Frank Moore.

CITY OF O'NEILL. Supervisor, E. J. Mack; Justices, E. H. Benedict and M. Wagers; Constables, Ed. McBride and Perkins Brooks.

COUNCILMEN—FIRST WARD. For two years—D. H. Cronin. For one year—H. C. McEvoy.

SECOND WARD. For two years—Alexander Marlow. For one year—Jake 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 Horvick; Police Judge, H. Kautzman; Chief of Police, Charlie Hall; Attorney, Thos. Carlow; Weighmaster, Joe Miller.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, J. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney McGraw; 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. Officers: President, J. J. Hayes; Secretary, Wm. Bowen; O'Neill, Secy; U. H. Clark, Atkinson.

S. 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—First, 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, (Children) 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 W. 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 brethren 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. W. J. DOBBS Sec. J. C. HARRISH, H. P.

K. O. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. T. V. GOLDEN, C. C. M. F. MCCARTY, K. of K. 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 REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3rd 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 on or before the full of the moon. W. J. D. Sec. E. H. BENEDECIO, W. M.

HOLD 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 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. E. M. WAGERS, Sec.

QUEER, white face, ghastly as death, glared in at the window of Carl Manning's shanty. Carl looked up from his book instinctively. He had heard no sound, but he felt the presence, and just then the moon broke clear from behind a cloud and he saw the ghastly face distinctly.

"My God! How horrible!" he cried involuntarily, and then, as the face disappeared as suddenly as it came, he caught his hat from the peg by the door and rushed out into the darkness after it.

Carl had been at Little Gulch only a short time, but even a trifling story was long enough to learn the story of that ghastly apparition. A miner's daughter had been cruelly murdered here in the Gulch years ago, and on every gusty, moonlight night her face was seen at some shanty window, and here Carl paused in his hurried race, for he remembered the end of the tradition.

"To see that face means death or trouble," he whispered in the darkness, and then he grasped his stout stick tighter. "There's always trouble in the world," he muttered philosophically, "and if it wasn't for Kitty I should say that death was welcome."

He caught his hat just as an eddying gust raised it deftly from his head, and then seeing how foolish was his search in this shadowy darkness, turned slowly from the task he had undertaken and went back to his book in the little shanty.

It was a copy of Poe that he was reading, and as he picked it up again he was amazed to find that the page where he had stopped so suddenly had been completely torn across the middle. He stared at it vacantly at first, but then there it was, the beautiful rhythm of "Annabel Lee" torn in a jagged line, as if by hasty fingers, and search where he would in the humble cabin the other half of the page was nowhere to be found.

Carl sat down with his back to the window and began to ferret the matter out. "It was bad enough for her to scare me half out of my senses," he soliloquized, "but to come in while I was searching the place over for her and tear my book is a little too mean for anything." He looked at the injured volume ruefully and shook his head.

"Not another to be found within a thousand miles, I'll wager," he muttered, bitterly, "and to think that 'Annabel Lee,' the prettiest poem in the whole copy, should be the one she chose to damage!"

And then he began thinking over the story of the murdered maiden. She had been foully killed by a jealous lover, they said, and now no man at the Little Gulch but dreaded her acts of ghostly vengeance. It was a romantic story in its way, and the more he thought of it the more it came to him that "Annabel Lee" was not so inappropriate after all, and might bring some comfort to the fitting spirit. For Carl was sure it was none other than the ghostly visitor at his window who had entered his cabin in his absence, and now, yes, there was another presence in the casing, but for a moment he found it absolutely impossible for him to turn around and face it.

But it was not necessary for him to



A Face Glared In at the Window. look this time, for his visitors were each and all most tangible and moreover they were eager to make known their presence.

Carl sprang to his feet in amazement when a half dozen rough-clad miners slouched through the door and stood in a threatening group before him. He knew instantly why they had come, and then, curiously enough, the warning of the dead girl's face flashed suddenly upon him.

"Too bad she couldn't have peeped in at me sooner," he muttered beneath his breath, "for then at least I could have had my weapon and been ready for this gang of ruffians."

"You are a little surprised to see we 'uns," the foremost of his visitors said coarsely, as he noticed Carl's evident agitation. "You thought you'd kivered your stoops, you dog, an' that we wuz all so trackin' in the Gulch 'at we wouldn't find out you wuz a spotter."

Carl recovered himself instantly and leaning back, now perfectly composed, placed his elbow on the rude pine mantel.

thoroughly frightened of the darkness. "There's no use talkin' to us to-night," the man Johnson said, with a perceptible shudder, "for we've seen the Spirit of the Gulch, an' one an' all we've had our warnin'."

Then as if the courage of his crowd rested alone on prompt activity, he drew a long, black rope from his pocket and looped it over a convenient rafter. Carl Manning braced himself and looked the man squarely in the eye as he finished his ominous contrivance.

"Call me what you will," he said quietly, "I came out here in the interests of the mine to learn exactly what you were doing. If you were honest you would not fear me, but as you are only a pack of thieves and murderers you tremble at my presence here and have brought your gang of six to one to shoot me down or hang me."

Then he folded his arms and raised his head and his voice rang out determinedly: "Do your worst, you pack of ravening wolves! Lay your plans to destroy my work—plot your brave schemes to take my life—prepare the noose, the rope, the knife, have everything ready to add one more murder to your list, and then—then lay your hands upon me—if you dare!" And his eyes glared at them savagely with the fury of an angry tiger.

Hardly had his voice ceased to echo through the shanty when one of the ruffians sprang forward with a shout and snatched his pistol from the table. "He is unarmed! Take him by force!" he shouted, viciously, and the whole gang surged forward together as if to tear his limbs asunder.

"Stand back!" Carl's voice rang out boldly, then quick as lightning his arm shot forth and a blow felled the nearest brute to the floor. Then, just as he recovered himself for a second attack, his eyes were drawn irresistibly toward the window, where once more the ghastly face of the girl peered in upon the scene before her.

"Look there!" Carl whispered tragically, as he pointed toward the window. "There is the ghost of your murdered girl! How dare you think to slay another?"

As if expecting and dreading this very apparition, the men turned, almost with one accord, and glanced in fear at the narrow window. There was a shriek from one, a curse from another, and, seeing his chance in that moment of horror, Carl sprang forward and wrenched his pistol from the leader's hand, and for a second the whole place belled with the rapid emptying of its chambers.

Springing over that jumble of writhing forms, Carl hurriedly collected his papers, and then remembering, even in his danger, the volume of poems, he snatched the book from the table and thrust it into his pocket. Then he picked his way carefully across the rocks, a few stray bullets keeping him ominous company, and by running all ways in the shadow, was soon far away from the little shanty.

"There is a train at eleven," he whispered to himself, "that will take me east of the Mississippi," and then he stopped running, almost too suddenly, as another vision came swiftly upon him.

"Kitty!" he called tenderly; "Kitty, darling, is it you, or am I still in the land of spirits?"

Without a sound the young girl hurried toward him and threw herself into his outstretched arms. "Take me with you," she sobbed frantically. "Take me with you or they will kill me too," and Carl, almost without a thought of what he was doing, half led, half carried her to the station.

A year later in their Eastern house, Carl Manning and his wife sat down for their after-dinner chatting. "So old Tom Johnson was not your father, after all," Carl said over and over, as though the repetition of the words were something more than ordinarily pleasant. Then he took her on his knee and his face assumed a thoughtful expression.

"Well, I am glad I did not kill him, any way," he said softly, "although the owner of the mine says I might just as well have done so, for I crippled every man of them that evening." Then he smiled more tenderly into her eyes as he added in a lighter tone: "But what I am sorry for, little one, is that I did not wait to solve the mystery of that woman's face, for as I live, it was she that saved me!"

Without a word Kitty slid down from his knee and began ransacking in her box of treasures. "Will this help you any to lay her ghost?" she said, merrily, and then she unfolded before his astonished eyes the half of his poem, "Annabel Lee," and tried to smooth out the jagged edges.

In Hard Luck. In Chicago recently, Richard Burns, said to be a dangerous man, was arrested and ordered to leave town. He was before Justice Underwood and was asked to explain why he did not depart according to orders.

SURVIVAL OF NEW NOVELS. Percentage of Books That Gain Enduring Fame Is Extremely Small. It is said that the American publishers have in press over two hundred new novels which are likely to be issued between now and the holidays.

The statement is easily credible. In 1890 they issued 1,118 novels; in 1891, 1,105; in 1892, 1,102, and in 1893, 1,132. This average of three novels put on the market for every day in the year includes imported books issued by English houses and published in New York by their resident agents, but it does not include the publications of the "minor cheap libraries." The English publishers issue about the same number of novels yearly as the American.

In 1893, an average year, they issued 935 new novels and 393 reprints. The interesting question of what becomes of all this mass of "literature" is answered only in part by the five-cent counters. Many of these books must fall to obtain the honorable if humiliating usefulness of the five-cent counters offers to those for whom the dollar shelves are no longer tenable. They do not circulate at all. A few copies are sent to the newspapers. The author distributes complimentary copies among his acquaintances, and he is fortunate if he finds even among his intimate friends those who can recall the title of his work within six months after its publication.

That "among nine had if one be good there's still one good in ten" is a comforting thought, but it hardly applies to contemporaneous fiction, for hardly one in a thousand and certainly not one in a hundred of the novels published stands the only sure test of merit as a novel—that of survival. Only in rare instances do they outlive their first year. The man whose book actually lives ten years may set himself down as a genius whether the critics think so or not. Only once or twice in a generation do writers appear whose stories have enough of universal human nature in them to survive their generation.

And this is all as it should be. It is well enough for the most worthless of all worthless books to be written if it really represents an aspiration to produce something worth the attention of the world, but it is better still that swift and merciful oblivion should cover failure. In novels as in everything else the fittest should be the survivors. And in the long run they always are.

JOSEPHINE WAS MERCIFUL. She Tried to Prevent the Execution of the Duc d'Angouleme. Mme. Bonaparte learned with intense sorrow of the determination taken by her husband. In the main his measures and his convictions had been kept a secret, but she confided both to Mme. de Remusat, and the first consul himself had told them to Joseph. On the 20th of the decree for the duke's imprisonment and trial was dictated by the first consul from the Tuilleries, and in the early afternoon he returned to Malmaison, where at three o'clock Joseph found him strolling in the park, conversing with Talleyrand, who limped along at his side. "I'm afraid of that cripple," was Josephine's greeting to her brother-in-law. "Interrupt this long talk if you can."

The mediation of the elder brother was kindly and skillful, and for a time the first consul seemed softened by the memories of his own and his brother's boyhood, among which came and went the figure of the Prince of Conde. But other feelings prevailed; the brothers had differed about Lucien's marriage and the question of descent if the consular power should become hereditary; the old coolness finally settled down and chilled the fast hopes in the tender-hearted advocates for clemency. To Josephine's tearful entreaties for mercy, her husband replied: "Go away; you're a child; you don't understand public duties." By five it was known that the duke had arrived at Vincennes, and at once Savary was despatched to the city for orders from Murat, the military commandant. On his arrival at Murat's office, from which Talleyrand was in the very act of departing, he was informed that the court martial was already convened, and that it would be his duty to guard the prisoner and execute whatever sentence was passed.—"Life of Napoleon," by Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, in the Century.

Napoleon's Death-Bed Statement. When Napoleon was on his death bed a maladroited attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will, wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Angouleme seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting sixty assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asserted that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.—"Life of Napoleon," by Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, in the Century.

Telling Evidence. Tom Wolfe was sentenced to a term of two years three months in the penitentiary by a Connersville, Ind., court the other day for burglary. The conviction of Wolfe depended largely on whether a man of his build could have crawled through a seven-inch transom. Prosecutor Smith procured a window sash the size of the one in question and demonstrated his theory before the jury by getting down on the floor and wriggling through the hole. He convinced the jury and clinched his case.

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FISHING FOR STURGEON. It is Good, Hard Work to Pull One of Them In. The fishermen along the river at Essex and Saybrook are now engaged in sturgeon fishing. Few are aware of the methods used to catch this monster of the waters, for a monster it surely is, often weighing 600 pounds or more.

and, like the swallows, all go—or seem to go—in one day.—Harford Courant. The officer arrested you for being drunk," said the judge, severely; "very drunk indeed."

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