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Regular meeting first Monday in February of each year, and at such other times as is deemed necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Fargo, chairman; Wm. W. Brown, O'Neill, secretary; H. H. Clark Atkinson.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

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Sunday services—Frothing 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) 3:30 P. M. Mind-week services—General prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will be made welcome, especially strangers. E. T. GEORGE, Pastor.

G. 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. 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. W. H. MASON, N. G. O. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

GARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M.

Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. W. J. DORIS, Sec. J. C. HARRIS, 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. J. P. GILLIGAN, C. C. E. J. MACK, K. of R. and S.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F.

O. O. F. meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. CHAS. BRIGHT, H. P. H. M. TITLEY, Scribe

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH

Meets every first and third Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. FLO BENTLEY, N. G. KITZIE BRIGHT, Sec.

GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M.

Regular communications Thursday nights on or before the full of the moon. W. J. DOBBS, 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. C. W. HAGENSICK, V. C. D. H. CHOSIN, Clerk

A. O. U. W. NO. 153

Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall. C. BRIGHT, Sec. S. B. HOWARD, M. W.

INDEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA

Meet every first and third Friday of each month. GEO. MCCUTCHEAN, G. M. S. M. WAGERS, Sec.

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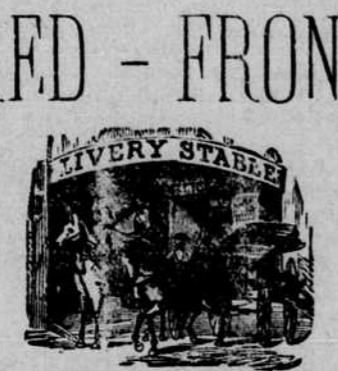
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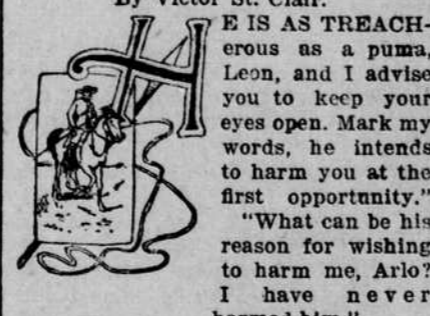
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LANCE AND LASSO.

By Victor St. Clair.



ERIS AS TREACHEROUS as a puma, Leon, and I advise you to keep your eyes open. Mark my words, he intends to harm you at the first opportunity.

"What can be his reason for wishing to harm me, Arlo? I have never harmed him."

"Jealousy, Leon; jealousy. I saw his eye kindle with the venomous light of a snake's yesterday, when you beat him in throwing the bolas. You did do wonderfully well after so little practice."

"It was an accident, Arlo. I could not do it again if I should try a thousand times."

"Well, accident or not, it came in at the right time, and it is no wonder Tippto envies you your victory. But beware of him as you would of a puma."

The youthful speakers, neither being over 18, were cantering leisurely across that remarkable pampa region lying between the Parana and Paraguay rivers, the Gran Chaco. They were on the extreme southern border belonging to the vast estate of Manuel Strain, who lay claim to the ownership of more than a thousand horses, forty thousand head of cattle and nearly a hundred thousand sheep, feeding at will on his domain of pampas.

Arlo Strain was this wealthy estanciero's only son, and his companion, Leon Lyons, was an American boy, whom Arlo had met and formed a strong attachment for while he was in this country getting his education. The grandfather of Arlo had gone from the United States to settle in the country north of Buenos Ayres.

Leon had been glad to accept an invitation to visit his South American friend, and never had he enjoyed himself better than on his wild rides over the pampas. How he slept at night! And he often declared that he had never known what it was to have an appetite before!

It was then the season for "rounding up" the cattle. At first he had to content himself with seeing the gauchos, or herdsmen, as they rode down and lassoed the animals, but finally he had ventured to join his companion in the exhilarating work.

It was wonderful how these sons of the pampas performed their feats of lance and lasso, but when Arlo explained that they had been trained to it from infancy; that long lines were given them to practice throwing, and that by the time they were 4 years old they were put on the back of a spirited horse, with a genuine lasso to use, he did not marvel so much at their skill.

Arlo had acquired a good deal of that skill and Leon was fain to believe that few of the gauchos could outdo him, but when he said as much the other laughed, saying:

"Wait till you see what Tippto can do. He can throw a lance farther and a lasso surer than anyone on the estancias."

The gaucho Gulesippo, whose name had been corrupted into Tippto, was a tall, swarthy, fierce-looking native, whom few liked, but many feared. He was known to be a desperate fellow when aroused, and his passionate nature would brook little or no opposition. It was he that Arlo meant in his warning to Leon, for it had been the latter's misfortune to incur the enmity of Tippto at a game of bolas the day before, when, quite accidentally, the American had won the laurels from the boastful gaucho.

Little dreaming of what was likely

to follow the simple affair, however, Leon joined enthusiastically in the wild work of cattle-hunting on the pampas. He had never known such sport before, and feeling his blood tingle under the excitement of the mad races, he dashed hither and thither, with more pluck than prudence.

It was the agreement that he and Arlo should keep together, but it is not always easy to carry out the plans on such occasions. Thus, toward midday, as the latter dashed through a clump of date palms to head off a bunch of cattle, he suddenly missed his companion.

Knowing the importance of quick action then, he wheeled his horse and glanced hurriedly over the scene. He did not look in vain, for away to his right he saw Leon standing over the dead body of his horse.

What had happened to bring about this calamity he did not have time to consider, for at that very moment a more startling aspect was lent to the scene. From Leon's left, concealed from him no doubt by the tall grass, was one of the old bulls that were the terror of the herds sweeping furiously toward the dismounted boy. It was doubtful if the enraged animal had seen the helpless victim in his pathway yet, but that fact could not change the inevitable result, for he was sure to catch sight of him soon.

Arlo was about to shout to Leon of his peril and dash to his rescue, when the cry froze on his lips at the sight he

beheld on the other hand. The second peril was nothing less than Tippto, riding like the wind down upon the boy, with his lance poised to be hurled at his head the moment he should get near enough to be sure of his aim. A dense clump of mimosa concealed the approaching bull from the sight of the gaucho.

If Arlo failed to give his warning cry to his friend, he did not remain inactive, but urged his horse ahead at the top of its speed, and so evenly were these onsets made that it seemed certain that a triple meeting would take place at the converging point.

But Arlo realized that this must prove fatal to his friend if not to himself, and he suddenly raised his lasso, and with that quick, dexterous movement peculiar to the master of this pliant weapon, he sent the long line whirling through the air, the noose at its end settling over Leon's shoulders, just as a loud bellow from the bull announced that it had seen him. At the same moment Tippto threw his lance. Arlo turned his horse sharply to the right, and as the taut lasso jerked Leon forward upon the ground, Tippto's lance whizzed harmlessly over him.

And then, before the would-be murderer was aware of his peril, the maddened bull was upon him, goring and trampling him to death.

Having wreaked his vengeance upon the enemy that he had found in his path, the brute dashed on across the pampas, leaving the two boys unhurt. You may be sure that they were thankful for their deliverance, in spite of Tippto's awful fate.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

A Point in Dispute Which is Awaiting Settlement.

A rather sunburnt but good-looking farmer made his way up to the snake editor's desk in the Washington Star office and stood there waiting to be heard. The snake editor looked up into his kindly face with its far-away gaze and smiled a welcome in spite of himself.

"Good morning," he said, as pleasantly as if his visitor had money.

"How are you?" responded the visitor. "I'm from Montgomery County."

"Is that so?" greeted the editor.

"Yes, that's so," said the visitor, pulling up a chair and gazing far away.

"What I come in for," he went on murmuring, "was to ask you a question. You are the snake editor, they told me downstairs."

"That's right. What can I do for you?"

"I don't know. P'raps you can answer my question and p'raps you can't."

"What is it?"

"You're the man that Loudoun County's been posting on her snake crop, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, we've got snakes in Montgomery county as well as they have in Loudoun."

"Do you want to get up a competitive exhibition?"

"Oh, no," he said, gently as a ring dove's coo. "I only want to tell how we are axed on snakes just now in Montgomery and submit a question. You see, it's this way: We caught a snake on our place yesterday—or rather, we partly did, for he ain't all caught yet, and—"

"Hold on," exclaimed the editor, "how can that be?"

"It's just the way we are doing it in Montgomery," said the visitor, calmly. "We found him coming out of a hole in the rocks and there was eighteen feet of him out of the hole at the time we seen him. The rest of him was p'intin' underground towards Loudoun and, judging from where we stopped him coming out, the other end of him will likely reach clear across the river over to Loudoun. If he's all in Montgomery it's all right and we'll pull him on out but if the biggest half of him is over in Loudoun and he's a Loudoun County snake, by gum, we propose to shove him back and let them Loudouners take care of their own. The question I want you to settle is, which county ought to have the credit of the snake?"

The visitor's far-away look changed into one of pained perplexity and the snake editor asked for further time.

One Way of Arousing Lodgers.

Umpire Bill Hayes, of the Windsor, has invented a new system of calling sleepy guests. Its very simplicity is its supreme attraction.

The other night a newspaper man went to the Windsor, and being desirous of being called at an early hour, left instructions with Umpire Hayes to do the work. Satisfied that everything would be lovely, the scribe retired and slept. Early in the morning the newspaper man was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded sharply. "I've got an important message for you," said the bell boy outside.

Yawning until he sprained his face the scribe jumped out of bed, toddled across the floor and opened the door. The bell boy handed him an envelope and then went away. The newspaper man opened the envelope and found therein a slip of paper bearing the following:

"Why don't you get up?"

Would Prefer Chances of the Dark.

He—"These electric lights are very unreliable."

She—"That's so; a girl never knows what minute she's going to be kissed."

—Pick-Me-Up.

The Wolf's Approach.

Artist—"I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door."

Dealer (after inspecting it)—"Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."—Tit-Bits.

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