

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

STATE

Governor.....Silas Holcomb
Lieutenant Governor.....J. E. Harris
Secretary of State.....Wm. F. Porter
State Auditor.....John B. McCreery
Attorney General.....C. J. Smythe
Com. Lands and Buildings.....W. V. Wolfe
Supt. Public Instruction.....W. R. Jackson

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Representatives First District, J. B. Strode
Second, H. D. Mearns; Third, W. Maxwell;
Fourth, W. L. Stark; Fifth, K. D. Sutherland;
Sixth, W. L. Green.

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JUDICIARY
Chief Justice.....A. M. Post
Associate Justices.....T. O. Harrison and T. L. Norvall

FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT
Judge.....M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill
Reporter.....W. H. Westover, of O'Neill
Deputy Reporter.....John Maher, of Rushville

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O'NEILL
Register.....John A. Harmon
Receiver.....Elmer Williams

COUNTY
Judge.....Geo McCutcheon
Clerk of the District Court.....John Skirving
Deputy.....O. M. Collins
Treasurer.....P. Mullen
Deputy.....Sam Howard
Clerk.....Bill Bethea
Deputy.....Mike McCarthy
Sheriff.....Chas Hamilton
Deputy.....Chas O'Neill
Supt. of Schools.....W. R. Jackson
Assistant.....Mrs. W. E. Jackson
Coroner.....Dr. Trueblood
Surveyor.....M. F. Norton
Attorney.....W. R. Butler

SUPERVISORS
FIRST DISTRICT
Cleveland, Sand Creek, Dustin, Saratoga,
Rock Falls and Pleasantview.....J. A. Robertson

SECOND DISTRICT
Shields, Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Wild-
owdale and Iowa.....J. H. Hopkins

THIRD DISTRICT
Grattan and O'Neill—Moses Campbell.

FOURTH DISTRICT
Ewing, Verdigris and Deloit—L. C. Combs

FIFTH DISTRICT
Chambers, Conley, Lake, McClure and
Inman—S. L. Conger.

SIXTH DISTRICT
Swan, Wyoming, Fairview, Francis, Green
Valley, Sheridan and Emmet—C. W. Moss.

SEVENTH DISTRICT
Atkinson and Stuart—W. N. Coats.

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

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

SECOND WARD
For two years—Alexander Marlow. For
one year—W. T. Evans.

THIRD WARD
For two years—Charles Davis. For one
year—E. J. Mack.

CITY OFFICERS
Mayor, H. E. Murphy; Clerk, N. Martin;
Treasurer, John Mack; Engineer,
John Horlisky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman;
Chief of Police, P. J. Biglin; Attorney,
Thos. Carlson; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP
Supervisor, R. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney
McCreery; Clerk, Sullivan; Assessor Ben
Johnson; Justices, M. Castello and Chas.
Wilcox; Constables, John Horlisky 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. Hold: City Engineer,
John Horlisky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman;
Chief of Police, P. J. Biglin; Attorney,
Thos. Carlson; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.

S.T. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH
Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock.
Very Rev. Casper J. Foster, Sabbath school
immediately following services.

METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday
Services—Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 8:00
p. m. Class No. 19:30 a. m. Class No. 2
(Epworth League) 7:00 p. m. Class No. 3
(Children) 9:30 p. m. Mid-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. 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.
W. H. MASON, 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. 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.
E. J. MACK, K. of R. and S.
J. P. GILLIGAN, C. C.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F.
Meets every second and fourth
Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.
OAS. BRIGHT, H. P. H. M. TITZEL, Scribe

RUEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3rd
Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.
AUGUSTA MARTIN N. G. MARIA MEALS, Sec.

GARFIELD LODGE NO. 95, F. & A. M.
Regular communications Thursday nights
or before the full of the moon.
J. J. KING, W. M.
O. O. SNYDER, Sec.

HOLT-CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A.
Meets on the first and third Tuesday in
each month in the Masonic hall.
NEIL BHENNAN, V. C. D. H. OROVIN, 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, N. M.
J. H. WELTON, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRECTORY
Arrival of Mails
F. E. & M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST
Every day, Sunday included at 9:40 a. m.

FROM THE WEST
Every day, Sunday included at 10:04 a. m.

PACIFIC SHORT LINE
Passenger-leaves 10:00 a. m. Arrives 11:55 p. m.
Freight-leaves 10:00 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 1:30 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 NIORARA
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 11:30 p. m.
Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p. m.



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"Young feller 'n the sleeper all I know of."

"Got him," answered the conductor, as briefly as possible for a man long attuned to the southern drawl and whose "got" was more like "gawt."

"Reckon we might as well git, then," he continued, returning to the colloquial present indicative of a verb of manifold meaning and usefulness. "Tell Hank, will you?—Let 'er go, Jack," he shouted to the engineer, with a wave of his lantern. A yelp from the whistle was the answer; the fireman crawled out from a warm corner in the baggage car and shambled drowsily forward to the cab.

Sudden jets of steam flew hissing out on the frosty air. One after another the three cars lunged sharply forward and then slowly rolled forth into the night. The conductor clambered up the rear steps with parting wave of his lantern, slammed the door after him and came up the narrow aisle to look at his passenger. Before he had time to speak, however, his attention was attracted by a succession of yells from the track to their rear. Giving an angry yank at the bell rope he whirled about and hurried to the door. The train came willingly to a sudden stand, and Lambert, stowing his hand luggage on the empty seat before him, heard the following lively colloquy, as did everybody else who happened to be awake and within a radius of 200 yards:

"What d'you want?"

"Come back hyuh, I say."

"What d'you wa-want? I ain't goin' to back in that now."

"Hyuh's a trunk."

"Wha-at?"

"A tru-nk."

"Why in hell didn't you sling it abawd fust off?" he sung out the conductor, disgustedly. "Ain't you fellus got any brains? Back up, Jack!" he shouted forward, signaling with his lantern again. "Somebody's left a band-bawx, by crimony!" And so, growling volubly, the custodian of the "Owl" swung himself out from the steps, hanging by the left hand to the iron railing and holding extended his green and white lantern with the other. A couple of stalwart negroes came panting forward to meet them, the offending trunk on their shoulders; and went stumbling up the sloping embankment towards the slowly-backing baggage car. The light from the lantern fell on the new canvas cover and on the fresh brown finish of the straps and handles, then on the inscription in bold black letters at the end:

I. N. LAMBERT, U. S. Army.

At sight of which the conductor checked the half jocular, half resentful tirade he was composing for the benefit of the stationmaster and abruptly asked:

"Whuh's it goin'?"

"Tugaloo, suh," said the rearmost negro.

"Well, hump it abawd, 'n be quick about it." Then, raising his voice, he shouted across the platform: "Shuah you ain't gawt a feedin'-bawtle or a cake o' soap or s'm' other truck to fetch me back again, Hank? Dawg gawn 'f I reckon we ever will get to Quitman 't this rate!"

The darkies about the coffee-stand gave a guffaw of sympathetic rejoicing over the official's humor. The conductor was evidently more popular than the station master. One of the trunk bearers came lunging in at the front door of the car, and, humble yet confident, appealed to Lambert:

"Little somethin', suh, fur totin' de trunk. Bin los', mos' like, 'f it had 'n bin fr us. Thanky, suh. Thanky."

And the negro's eyes danced, for the douceur handed him by the young owner of the vagrant baggage exceeded his hopes. He strove, indeed, to turn and renew his thanks at the rear door, but was collared and hustled unceremoniously off the car.

"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?" asked the conductor, finally, and with that odd emphasis expressive of doubt as to a passenger's knowledge of his own intentions so often heard in our thinly-settled districts. Lambert interpreted it to mean "Anybody else, perhaps, but not you." He was already cogitating as to whether or not the conductor had intended some covert sneer in his recent reference to "feeding-bottles," for Lambert was but one-and-twenty, and youthful-looking for his years. The tone of this inquiry and the look which accompanied it after deliberate pause and study of the proffered ticket, however, were far from aggressive or discourteous, yet the unintentional misplacing of the emphasis, following an allusion equally hapless and alike unintentional, had given umbrage to the boy. "You must expect to hear no end of unpleasant things," he had been told at department headquarters, where he had received orders to go on and join his company, then in camp at Tugaloo. "Every body is mighty sore yet over the late unpleasantness. Hold your tongue and keep your temper," were the parting injunctions; and he meant to do both. All the same he did not intend to allow people to treat him with discourtesy—certainly not a conductor of a public

railway. Lambert was on his dignity in a moment. He looked the railway man straight in the eye and replied, with all the calm and deliberation he could master: "My ticket would seem to indicate that such was my intention," and almost immediately regretted it, for the conductor looked up in sudden surprise, stood one instant irresolute, then saying: "Oh! All right," turned abruptly away, walked up beyond the stove, and roughly shaking the elbow of a snoring passenger, sung out: "Coatesville," and let himself out with an emphatic bang of the door.

Two days later, when asked at Quitman what sort of a fellow the new lieutenant seemed to be, Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, himself a soldier of large experience and no little ability—a man who had fought his way from the ranks to the command of the remnant of a regiment that laid down its battered arms among the very last, a man not five years ahead of him in the practical details of his profession—Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, promptly said: "He's a dam little fool," and never dreamed how much he should one day deplore it.

"Newt" Lambert, as he was known among his intimates, was far from being a fool. He had seen very little of the world, it is true, and until this December night, next to nothing of the sunny south, where at this particular period in our national history it was not every man who could so conduct himself as not to fall into error. More especially in the military service was an old head needed on young shoulders, and a strong head between new shoulder-straps, for army life so soon after the great war was beset by snares and temptations it rarely hears of, and many a fellow, brave and brainy both, in the days that tried men's souls 'twixt Big Bethel and Appomattox, or Belmont and Bentonville, went down in the unequal tussle with foe far more insidious than faced him in the field, but which met him day and night now that peace had come. It was at a time when the classes graduating from the military academy were being assigned mainly to the staff corps and to the artillery and cavalry regiments. Lambert fancied that he should prefer the associations and much prefer the stations of the artillery to those of any other corps, but an old friend of his father's, himself a veteran gunner, advised the young fellow to seek his fortune elsewhere. "If you are commissioned a lieutenant of artillery," said he, "it may be 20 years before you see your captaincy." And, though this was within three years after the reorganization of the army in '66, not one of Lambert's contemporaries who trusted to luck and applied for the artillery had yet come within hopeful range of the double bars. Lambert amazed them all when he asked for the infantry arm and took his commission thankfully.

He had been detailed for summer duty at the Point, as was then a custom, so that his leave of absence of three months did not begin until the 28th of August. He had been assigned to a regiment whose ranks were sadly depleted by the yellow fever, and which was still serving in the south. "You won't have to hoof it out to Idaho or Montana, anyhow," said a sympathetic friend, "and you'll have no end of fun at New Orleans."

But Lambert's company was not at New Orleans. Under recent orders it had been sent up into the heart of the country, where some turbulent spirits, so it was alleged, had been defying the civil officers of the general government, and by the time the short southern winter set in more than half his regiment, together with three or four others, had been distributed by companies or detachments all over the gulf states, and experienced officers were scarce as hens' teeth. The duty was unwelcome and galling. Lambert's captain lost no time in getting on staff duty, and G Company went into camp at Tugaloo under command of its first lieutenant. Arriving at New Orleans, Lambert reported himself at the headquarters of the general commanding, who knew the boy's father, welcomed the son for old friendship's sake, and told his chief of staff to keep him there a week or so, that he might see something of the southern metropolis and of his friends down at the barracks before going to his exile "up the road." Dining the very next evening at Capt. Cram's, with Waring and Pierce, of the light battery, and perhaps rather ruefully agreeing with them that he had "made a beastly fluke of it, going into the doughboys," Lambert was asked: "Who's in command of your company now?"

"Our first lieutenant," said he. "I don't know much about him—Brevet Capt. Close."

Whereupon Waring laid down his knife and fork. "Angels and ministers of grace!" he exclaimed. "Well, if that isn't the oddest contre-temps I ever heard of!" And then they all began to laugh.

"You evidently know him," said Lambert, somewhat nettled and a trifle ill at ease. "Why did you ask me about him? Somebody told me he had been commissioned for heroism—special bravery in action, or something of that kind—during the war."

"Gospel truth," said Pierce. "Close is the most absolutely fearless man I ever met. Nothing even Waring could ever do or say would ruffle him." And then, though Mrs. Cram declared it a shame, she, too, joined in the general laughter. Close was evidently a celebrity.

And now, as Lambert found himself within a few miles—though it might be several hours—of his destination, he was thinking not a little of the officer to whose presence he was so soon to report his own, and whose companionship and influence, for good or for ill, he was bound to accept for the simple reason that, so far as he could learn, there was absolutely no one else with whom he could associate—except, possibly, the "contract doctor."

Quitting New Orleans after a long day's sight-seeing with his friends, he

Blackwell's Durham advertisement featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and text: 'I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?'

had sought a berth in the Pullman and slept soundly until aroused by the porter after two o'clock to change cars at the junction. Now he was wide awake, and, after the first few miles of jolting and grinding through the darkness, was becoming chilled and lonesome—perhaps a trifle homesick. Twice had the conductor hustled through the train, rousing sleeping passengers and seeing them safely off at dark and mysterious stations where hardly a glimmer of lamp or candle could be seen away from the mere shanty which served as a waiting-room and office. A heap of wood was stacked up near the stove, and Lambert poked the waning embers and piled on fresh fuel, whereat a young man who had got on at Coatesville with a shotgun and a big bottle for luggage, and who had for nearly an hour been singing sentimental snatches to his own deep satisfaction, now smiled maudlin approval and companionably held forth the bottle. "S' good," said he, in loyal defense of the stimulant most courteously declined. "Bes' thing you can take these co' mawning's. Live 'bout hyuh an' where?"

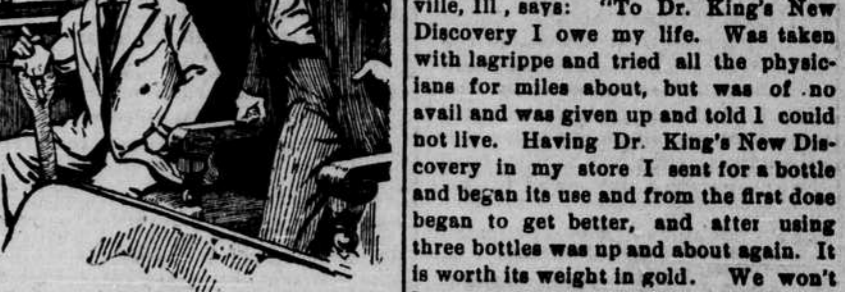
"No," said Lambert, civilly, yet hoping not to be further questioned. He busied himself again with the fire, then, rising quickly, sought his seat. But the young man with the flask was gregarious and bubbling over with the milk of human kindness. He promptly lurched after, and flopping down on the opposite seat, sending some of Lambert's belongings clattering to the floor, held out his hand.

"Scuse me, suh," he stammered. "I hope I ain't fended you. My name's Potts—Barton Potts. We ain't whos we were befo' the wah, you know. But I know a gen'l'm'n—every time. Hope —I ain't—sulted—"

"Not by any means!" protested Lambert, loudly and heartily. "Don't think of such a thing! I simply didn't feel like drinking; but I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

"That's right. That's all right," said Mr. Potts, grasping Lambert's hand and shaking it impressively. "—hello! Wha'z that?"

Lambert's sword, encased in chamois-skin, had come in contact with the stranger's elbow and gone rattling under the seat. Potts made a precipitate dive and fished it out, regaining his equilibrium after some little struggle. "Goin' to Quitman—too? That's my home. An' I'm glad—meet you. I



"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?"

"I'm going to Tugaloo." "Tu-gloo?—Tha'z no kin' of place. C'mawn to Quitman. Come to my house. What 'n 'ell's thiz?" he broke off suddenly.

"My sword," said Lambert, simply. "Sword?—sword?" exclaimed Potts. "You goin' Tu-gloo with sword? You —Yankee off'er like that—wha'z name?—Close?"

"A Yankee officer certainly," laughed Lambert. "I've never met Capt. Close." The effect of this announcement on Mr. Potts was surprising. It well-nigh sobered him. He slowly drew back until he sat erect, his head wobbling a bit in spite of his efforts at self-control. Presently he began to speak, slowly and impressively at first, then winding up in a verbal entanglement: "Missur Lam-p-ber-t, I didn't know I was talkin' to—Yankee officer—but—I'm a gen'l'm'n, suh, an' I stan' by wh-wha—I say. I mean to stan' your frien', suh; but as fo' that oth—felluh—Close—I'll see 'em 'ell first."

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Thousands of Women SUFFER UNTOLD MISERIES. BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR, ACTS AS A SPECIFIC. By Arousing to Healthy Action all her Organs.

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OZMANLIS ORIENTAL SEXUAL PILLS advertisement with text: 'Sex, Tramp, Positive Cure for Impotence, Loss of Stamina, Seminal Emission, etc.'

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