DAM	
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Lieutenant Governor	J. E .Harris
Secretary of State	Wm. F. Porter
State Treasurer	John B. Meserve
State Auditor	John F. Cornell
Attorney General	C. J. Smytne
Com. Lands and Buildin	gs V. Wolfe
Supt. Public Instruction	a W. R. Jackson
DECENTS STATE	UNIVERSITY.

II. Gere, Lincoln; Leavitt Burnham; J. M. Hiatt, Alma; E. P. Holmes, J. T. Mailaieu, Kearney; M. J. Hull Representatives First District, J. B. Strode Second, H. D. Mercer, Third. S. Maxwell, Fourth, W. L. Stark, Fifth, R. D. Sutherland, Sixth, W. L. Green.

CONGRESSIONAL. Senators-W. V. Allen, of Madison; John M. Thurston, of Omaha. JUDICIARY.

FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Judge M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Nelli
Reporter J. J. King of O'Nelli
Judge W. H. Westover, of Rushville
Reporter hn Maher, of Rushville. LAND OFFICES.

O'NEILL. ..... John A. Harmon. ..... Elmer Williams. COUNTY.

Judge... Geo McCutcheon
Clerk of the District Court John Skirving
Deputy O. M. Collins
Tressurer J. P. Mullen Treasurer J P. Mullen
Deputy Sam Howard
Clerk Bill Bethea
Deputy Mike McCarthy
Sherif Chas Hamilton
Deputy Chas O'Neill
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Assistant Mrs W. R. Jackson
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Surveyor M. F. Norton
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Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Wil-nd Iowa-J. H. Hopkins. THIRD DISTRICT. Grattan and O'Neill-Mosses Campbell.

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For two years—Alexander Marlow. For one year-W. T. Evans. For two years—Charles Davis.

year-E. J. Mack. Mayor, H. E. Murphy; Clerk, N. Martin Tressurer, John McHugh; City Engineer John Horrisky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman Chief of Police, P. J. Biglin; Attorney Thos. Carlon; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.

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McGreevy; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor Ber
Johring: Justices, M. Castello and Chas
Wilcox; Constables, John Horrisky and Ed
McBride; Road overseer dist. 26, Allen Brown
dist. No. 4, John Enright.

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.

ST.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 8:00
P. M. Class No. 19:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep
worth League) 7:00 P. M. Class No. 3 (Childrens) 3:00 P. M. Mind-week services—Genera
prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will
be made welcome, especially strangers.
E. T. GEORGE, Pastor.

A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. Joh O'Neill Post, No. 86, Department of No brasks G. A. R., will meet the first and thir Saturday evening of each month in Masoni B. J. Shith, 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. Dobrs Sec. J. C. Harnish, H. P.

OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. n. Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern ially invited. J. P. GILLIGAN, C. C, E. J. MACK, K. of R, and S.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 80. I O.O. F. meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall Chas. Bright, H. P. H. M. TTTLEY, Scribe

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH, meets every lat and & CA OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3 Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, AUGUSTA MARTIN N. G. MABIA MEALS, See

GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F.& A.M. Regular communications Thursday nights on or before the full of the moon.

J. J. King, W. M.

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. OF A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in

each month in the Masonic hall.

NEIL BRENNAN, V. C. D. H. CRONIN, Clerk A. o. U. W. NO. 153, Meets second and fourth Tudsday of each month is

Masonic hall. C. Bright, Rec. S. B. Howard, M. W.

INDEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA, meet every first and third Friday of each month. J. H. WELTON, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRCETORY

Arrival of Mails

Every day, Sunday included at..... 9:40 p n PROM THE WEST very day, Sunday included at......10:04 a

PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Pacific Short Line.
Passenger-leaves 10:05a. M. Arrives 11:55 P.M.
Freight—leaves 9:07 P. M. Arrives 7:00 P. M.
Daily except Sunday.
O'NEILL 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.

Monday, Wed. and Fri. at....7:00 a n
Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at...4:00 p n O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE.
Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays a ...11:30pm
Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at.....1:00pm



It was sun-up and snapping cold when the brakeman shouted "Tugaloo," and gratefully Lambert stepped from the train and felt free air. Mr. Potts was sleeping soundly, doubled up in one of the seats. The only wakeful bipeds in sight were the conductor and his trainman. Unseen hands forward had shoved the trunk out upon the frosty boards. The sun was just peeping over a low wooded ridge before them. The track wound away among some desolate fields where tiny flakes of cotton still clung to the brown and withered stalks. In a cloud of steam the train pulled away, leaving Lambert and his trunk to look after each other as best they might, and as the cloud lifted the young officer

looked curiously around him. He was standing on a rude wooden platform whose shrunken planks left black, gaping seams between their upper faces, now, at least, beautiful in their thick coat of sparkling white. Except where the footmarks of the trainmen marred the smooth expanse, and where in two or three places the planks were gone entirely, this gleaming sheet stretched the length of the platform to where the white bulk of his trunk stood on end at the eastern edge. The charred and blackened relic of a flight of stairs led from the platform to the sloping ground some five feet below, but not even a hand-rail warned the unwary against a breakneck plunge into space. Part of the platform itself had been burned away, and some charred and blackened posts, sticking bolt upright from the ground in the shape of a narrow rectangle, showed that a wooden building of some kind had formerly stood along the rear of the rickety staging. Midway along its length, on the southern side, a shed with a sloping roof had been loosely thrown together, and the ends nearest him, boarded in and pierced for a door and a couple of black stencil the legend "Ticket Office." Under the shed were a couple of It was not until the vagrant stood erect

wounds in every bale. The red soil, showing here and there through the scant and withered herbage, was seamed with mule and wheel tracks, and a few rods away a brokendown farm wagon lay with a spokebristling hub close by its shattered axle, while the tire, rolling away from the general wreck, seemed to have crawled off to die by itself, and leaned rusting against one of the charred timbers. The southward view was limited to a long, low ridge of ugly, white-flecked cotton stalks. Eastward the sun was breaking a pathway through the fringe of trees along another ridge, and a faint line of mist, rising sluggishly in the intervening low ground, with the hollow rumble of the train crossing an invisible bridge, told of the presence of some slow-moving stream. Westward the track came into view around a thinlywooded hillside, with a clearing here and there, in which some low cabins were scattered.

With this cheerful outlook to greet him at three points of the compass, Lambert turned him to the north. There was a siding with a switch at each end, but, as three or four rails were missing opposite the west end of the platform, it stood to reason that the railway company found the other all that was necessary to the traffic of so bustling a place as Tugaloo. A brown freight car stood on the siding with wide-opened doors, and some household goods loomed in plain sight. "There is more honesty in this community than the United States marshal would give us to believe.' thought Lambert, as he recalled the extract from a recent report which was shown him at department headquarters. He laid his satchel and sword upon the platform, and, wrapping his blue circular about his shoulders, took a few steps forward and a peep into the interior of the car. From the midst of bedsteads, bureaus and cheap old-fashioned furniture, a quantity of bedding had been hauled out upon the floor, and from the midst of the bedding a woolly head protruded—that of a negro fast

Beyond the car stood a dusty open quare bordered on three sides by dingy wooden structures, some of two stories, but most of them only one in height. A wooden sidewalk framed the square in some places, and in others only indications of its former presence were to be seen. The sidewalk was bordered by a rude railing, to which, it was evident, horses and mules were tethered during business hours, for at one of the rails.

even now, sprawled upon the soft, hoofrawed dust, a long-eared quadruped was half hanging by the bridle rein, while the dilapidated saddle had worked around during the night until it settled upon the animal's side.

Judging from such signs or legends as were visible over the doorways of Tugaloo, Lambert's impressions were that the vending of intoxicating drinks was the principal industry, as there were three saloons to one store devoted to general merchandise--which establishment, painted white and with an air of prosperity and a flock of cotton bales around it, bore the sign of I. Cohen, and told pathetically that the pioneers of a relentless and one-sided trade had already made their lodgment in the midst of a helpless community.

It was sunrise, and not a soul was apparently astir. A street led away northward at right angles to the main front of the square, and straggling horses ined it at intervals on either side. One of these, with a belfry, at the corner of the plaza, seemed to be a meeting house of some kind, possibly the pro tempore substitute for the county courthouse, thought Lambert, for the center of the square was still heaped with charred and blackened beams and bricks where once the ccurthouse stood.

As for the camp or quarters of his future comrades and associates, Lambert could see nothing that in the least resembled a military station, and, do what he could, the boy found it impossible to down the faintly heartsick, homesick feeling that speedily took possession of him. A dog would have been welcome as companion, but there was not even a stray dog. For a moment Lambert thought of arousing the negro, but after one glance at the wide, red cavern of his mouth and the emptied flask lying close to the frowzy head, he decided in favor of the mule.

A short walk brought him to the side of the prostrate creature, and a long pull induced his muleship to stagger to his feet, but in his struggles he snapped windows, bore over the threshold in the old headstall, and the remnant of the bit and bridle dropped into the dust. plows and some boxes. Out on the that Lambert discovered from the U. bare slope, midway between the track S. brand that he was, or had been, govand a "snake" fence that paralleled it ernment property. The saddle, too, some twenty yards to the south, a dozen turned out to be one of the old-fashbales of cotton were huddled, three of ioned, black-skirted, pigskin McClelthem partially covered by old war-worn lans, so familiar during the war days. pauling and ponchos, the others en- As the mule seemed only half awake and tirely exposed to the rain of sparks to unaware as yet of his freedom Lambert be expected from any passing engine first essayed to reset the saddle, to which when the wind happened to blow from he submitted without objection, and the track; and all of them, evidently, then to replace the bridle, to which he defenseless against the predatory would not submit at all, but with lowhands of pilferers, for jagged rents were | ered front and menacing hoof turned torn in the coarse sacking of each, and him about and jogged over to where huge fistfuls of the white staple had some wisps of hav lay scattered in been dragged from a dozen gaping front of a shanty labeled "Post Office." For ten minutes Lambert exercised his arts in vain effort to recapture that mule, and then, in sheer disgust, threw the bridle on the sidewalk, picked up an abandoned half brick, and let the mule have it in the flank. He merely twitched his scraggy hide, raised one instant the nearmost hoof, but never lifted his head. The brute was hungry from long fasting, and did not mean to be disturbed, and Lambert, who had eaten nothing since the previous day, was presently in full sympathy. Once more e looked around in search of some human being, and found himself contronting a citizen in shirt sleeves and a tangled head of hair, who, leaning out of a second-story window, was nevertheless not 20 feet away. For a moment each reg irded the other without a word. Then the native spoke: "What ye tryin' to do?"

"I was trying to catch that mule." "Want him f'r anything?"

"No; only I found him tangled in his reins, and he got away after I loosed him.

The native regarded the newcomer curiously. Lambert had slung his olue cape over the hitching rail during his brief pursuit of the ungrateful teast and his neat-fitting suit of tweed was something new to Tugaloo eyes. So was the jaunty drab derby.

"You don't b'long roun' yere, do you?"

queried Tugaloo next. "I don't; and the Lord knows I don't want to; and I'd be glad to find some way of getting myself and my trunk yonder, out to camp. Can you suggest any?"

"We-ell, you might walk. Don't reckon your trunk kin, though. Know the way?'

"Foller the track down thar a piece, n' you'll come to a path along the branch. It'll take you right in 'mongst the tents. 'Tain't more 'n a few rawds." "Thank you, my friend. You're the

first live man I've found. I suppose I can send in for my trunk?" "Reckon ye can. They've gawt mules

an' wagons enough." Lambert gathered up his belongings and trudged away. He did not mean to yield to the feeling of depression that was struggling to possess him, yet the blue devils were tugging at his heartstrings. Wasn't this just what his class, mates had prophesied would happen if he went into the infantry? Could any service be much more joyless, uneventful, forlorn, than this promised to be?

"Mark Tapley himself would go to pieces in such a place," he had heard some one at headquarters say of Tuga loo, but he meant to out-Tapley Mark if need be, and nobody should know how much he wished he hadn't been assigned to this sort of duty and to this partienlar regiment-certainly not his classmates, and, above all, not the loving mother at home. Heavens! how unlike was this bleared, wasted, desolate land to the sweet and smiling New England vale where his boyhood had been spent to the thickly-settled, thrifty, bustling shores of the Merrimac!

He had walked nearly a mile and had seen no sign of camp or sentry, but or a sudden the path left the brushwood beside the sluggish "branch," rounded a projecting knoll, and was lost in a rough, red clay, country road. A fence, with a thick hedge of wild-rose-bushes, was to his left-leaves and roses long since withered-and over the tops he caught sight of the roof and upper story of some old southern homestead at which he had a better peep from the gate-way farther along. A path of red brick led to the flight of steps, broad and bordered by unpretentious balustrades. Dingy white columns supported the roof of a wide piazza. smoke was drifting from a battered pipe projecting from the red brick chimney at the north end, and the morning air was faintly scented with a most appetizing fragrance of broiling ham. It made Lambert ravenous.

Somewhere around the next bend in the road, beyond the northward extremity of the old fence, he could hear the sound of voices and a splashing of water. Hastening on, he found himself over-looking a level "bench" surrounded on three sides by a deep bend of the stream and partially separated from the red roadway by a fringe of stunted trees and thick, stubborn bushes; and here, in an irregular square, Lambert came face to face with the encampment of the first company, outside of West Point, it was ever his luck to join. At that particular moment he was just about ready to resolve it should be the

On two sides of the square, facing each other and perhaps 20 yards apart, were the "A" tents of the company, ten on a side. At the flank farth est from the road and pitched so as to face the center of the inclosure was a wall tent, backed by one or two of the smaller pattern. Nearest the road was a second wall tent, used, possibly, by the guard-though no guards were visible—the white canvas cover of an army wagon, and a few more scattered "A" tents. Cook-fires had been ablaze and were now smouldering about the wagon. Several men in gray woolen shirts were washing their faces at the stream; others, in light-blue overcoats, were sauntering about the tents, some of whose occupants, as could be easily

seen, were still asleep. Standing at the edge of the winding road, and thinking how easy a matter it would be to toss a hand-grenade into the midst of the camp, Lambert paused a moment and studied the scene. Resting on his sword, still in its chamois case, with his cloak and satche! thrown over his shoulder, the young officer became suddenly aware of a man wearing the chevrons of a corporal who, fishing-rod in hand, was standing just beyond a clump of bushes below and looking up at him with an expression on his shrewd, "Bowery-boy" face in which impudence and interest were about equally mingled. So soon as he found that he was observed, the corwith arms akimbo and a quizzical grin on his freckled phiz, patronizingly inquired:

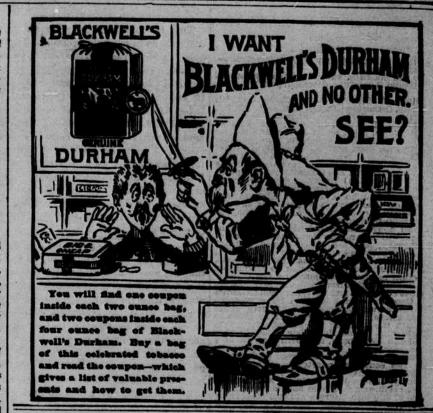
'Well, young feller, who made them clothes?"

Lambert considered a moment before making reply. One of his favorite instructors at the academy had spoken to the graduating class about the splendid timber to be found among the rank and file of the army. "They are like so many old oaks," said he, and some of Lambert's chums had never forgotten it. Neither had Lambert. "This," said he to himself, "is possibly one of the scrub oaks. I assume he doesn't imagine me to be an officer, and, in any event, he could say so and I couldn't prove the contrary. Ergo, I'll let him nto the secret without letting him imagine I'm nettled."

"They were made by my tailor, corporal," said he. "He also made the uni form which I, perhaps, should have put on before coming out to camp." ("That ought to fetch him," thought he.) Where will I find Capt. Close?" "He's over there," said the corporal

with a careless jerk of the head in the





direction of the opposite wall tent. "Then I s'pose you're the new lieuten-ant the fellers have been talking

"I am; and would you mind telling me how long you've been in service?"

"Me? Oh, I reckon about two months -longer 'n you have, anyhow. You ain't joined yet, have you?" And the corporal was nibbling at a twig now and looking up in good-humored interest. Then, as Lambert found no words for immediate reply, he went on: "Cap's awake, if you want to see him." And, amazed at this reception, yet not knowing whether to be indignant or amused, Lambert sprang down the pathway, crossed the open space between the tents, a dozen of the men starting up to stare at but none to sa-lute him, and halted before the tent of his company commander.

Sitting just within the half-opened flap, a thick-set, burly man of middle age was holding in his left hand a coarse needle, while with his right he was making unsuccessful jabs with some black thread at the eye thereof. So intent was he upon this task that he never heard Lambert's footfall nor noted his coming, and the lieutenant, while paus ing a moment irresolute, took quick observation of the stranger and his surroundings. He was clad in the gray shirt and light-blue trousers such as were worn by the rank and file. An or-dinary soldier's blouse was thrown over the back of the camp-stool on which he sat, and his feet were encased in the coarse woolen socks and heavy brogans and leathern thongs, just exactly such as the soldier cook was wearing at the hissing fire a few paces away. His suspenders were hung about his waist, and in his lap seat uppermost and showing a rent three inches in length, were pair of uniform trousers, with a narrow welt of dark blue along the outer seam They were thin and shiny like bombazine, in places, and the patch which seemed destined to cover the rent was five shades too dark for the purpose. His hands were brown and knotted and hard. He wore a silver ring on the third finger of the left. His face was brown as his hands, and clean shaved (barring the stubble of two days' growth) everywhere, except the heavy 'goatee," which, beginning at the co ners of his broad, firm mouth, covered thickly his throat and chin. His eyes were large, clear, dark brown in hue, and heavily shaded. His bair, close cropped and sprinkled with gray, was years and would not be without it. J.

almost black. The morning air was keen, yet no fire blazed in the little camp stove behind him, and the fittings of the tent, so far as the visitor could see, were of the Price 50 cents. Free trial bottles at P. plainest description. Not caring to C. Corrigan's. stand there longer, Lambert cleared his throat and began:

"I am looking for Capt. Close." Whereupon the man engaged in threading the needle slowly opened the left eye he had screwed tight shut, and, as slowly raised his head, calmly looked his visitor over and at last slowly replied:

"That's my name."

(To be continued.)

From Cripple Creek. After the big fire in Cripple Creek, I took a very severe cold and tried many remedies without help, the cold only becoming more settled. After using three small bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, both the cough and cold left me, and in this high altitude it takes a meritorious cough remedy to do any good .- G. B. HENDERSON, editor Daily Advertison. For Sale by P. C. Corrigan.

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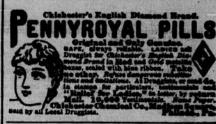
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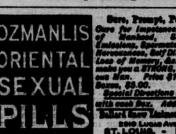
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