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 State Auditor, John E. McCreery
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 Rock Falls and Pleasantview—J. A. Robertson
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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. K. Murphy; Clerk, N. Martin;
 Treasurer, John McHugh; City Engineer,
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 Chief of Police, J. B. Higgins; Attorney,
 Thos. Carlin; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.
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 Wilcox; Constables, John Horvathy 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
 deemed necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Pres.
 chairman; Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary;
 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—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 8:00
 P. M. Class No. 1 9:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Ep-
 wald League) 7:00 P. M. Class No. 3 (Child-
 ren) 3:00 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. 86. The Gen. John
 O'Neill Post, No. 86, Department of Ne-
 braska 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. J. C. HARRIS, H. P.
 W. J. DOBBS, Sec.
K. O. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D.
 Conventions every Monday at 8 o'clock p.
 m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren
 cordially invited.
 J. P. GELIGAN, G. 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. TITZEL, Scribe
EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
OF EBEKREY. Meet every second and
 Friday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
 AUGUSTA MARTIN N. G. MARIA MEALS, Sec.
GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 98, F. & A. M.
 Regular communications Thursday nights
 on or before the full of the moon.
 J. J. KING, W. M.
 U. 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 BRENNAN, 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, 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
 P. M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST.
 Every day, Sunday included at 9:40 a.m.
 FROM THE WEST
 Every day, Sunday included at 10:40 a.m.
PACIFIC SHORT LINE.
 Passenger-leaves 10:05 A. 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 a.m.
 Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 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 NORBARRA.
 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.



BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING
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III.
 Newton Lambert has more than once
 in the course of his years of service been
 heard to say that of all the odd sensa-
 tions he ever experienced that which
 possessed him on the occasion of his re-
 porting for duty with his first com-
 pany was the oddest. Accustomed
 during his four years of cadet life to be-
 have with punctilious respect in the
 presence of officers, young or old, and ac-
 customed also through his two months'
 detail at the academy that summer to be
 treated with even the exaggerated defer-
 ence which the old non-commissioned
 officers seemed to delight in showing
 to young graduates, Lambert was unpre-
 pared for the hail-fellow-well-met
 nature of his reception by the enlisted
 men and the absolute impassiveness
 of his one brother officer. That it was
 utterly different from the customs
 obtaining elsewhere in the regular ser-
 vice he knew very well. In visiting clas-
 mates already on duty with their bat-
 teries among the New York and New
 England forts, as well as during his
 brief stay at the barracks, he had noted
 the scrupulous deference of the veteran
 sergeants when addressing their offi-
 cers. He could understand awkward-
 ness and clumsiness among the recruits,
 but the idea of a corporal chaffing him
 on the cut of his clothes and—the idea
 of a two months' recruit being a cor-
 poral, anyhow! Never in the tales told
 of the Fire Zouaves of '61 had he heard
 of anything much more free-and-easy
 than the manners of this camp of regu-
 lars. Never in his wildest dream had
 he figured such a specimen of the com-
 missioned officer as he found in Capt.
 Close. In the contemplation of this
 character the go-as-you-please style of
 the enlisted men sank into insignif-
 cance. Long years afterwards Lambert
 used to go over this meeting in his mind,
 and for two years, often impromptu,
 he would convulse his brother officers
 by vivid description of it. But there
 came a time when they no longer
 laughed and he no longer told the story
 save to those he loved and trusted ut-
 terly.
 Aroused by some unusual chatter
 among the men, the first sergeant of
 company G, smoking a pipe while work-
 ing over a ration-return, stuck his head
 out of his tent and saw a young gen-
 tleman in a light-colored suit, court-
 eously raising a drab derby in his kid-
 gloved hand, while he stood erect with
 soldierly ease before the company com-
 mander. Sergt. Burns also noted that
 some of the men were tittering and
 all of them looking on. One glance
 was enough. The sergeant dropped pen
 and pipe and came out of his den with
 a single bound, buttoning his blouse
 and glaring about him as he did so.
 "Hush your d-d gab, you!" he fiercely
 growled at the nearest group. "Get
 into your coats, there!" he swore at
 another, while with menacing hand he
 motioned to others still, whose costume
 was even more primitive, to scramble
 back to their tents. In ten seconds sil-
 ence reigned throughout the camp al-
 most as complete as that which was
 maintained, for that time, at the tent
 of the commanding officer. Lambert
 actually did not know what to say in
 response to his superior's announce-
 ment. It was full ten seconds, or more,
 before he determined in what form to
 couch his next remark. He had in-
 tended to say: "I have the honor to
 report for duty, sir," but a vague suspi-
 cion possessed him that this might
 be some game at his expense—some
 prank such as old cadets played upon
 "plebs." He compromised, therefore,
 between his preconception of a strictly
 soldierly report and his sense of
 what might be due his own dignity.
 "My name is Lambert," said he. "And
 I am here for duty as second lieuten-
 ant."
 Slowly the man in the camp-chair
 laid down his work, sticking the needle
 into the flap of the tent and hanging
 the thread upon it. Then he heaved up
 out of the chair, hung the damaged
 trousers over its back and came pon-
 derously forward. Not a vestige of a
 smile lightened his face. He looked the
 young gentleman earnestly in the eye
 and slowly extended his big, brown,
 hairy hand. Seeing that it was meant
 for him, Lambert shifted his hat into
 the left, leaning his sword against the
 tent-pole, and his dainty kid—a wild
 extravagance so soon after the war—
 was for an instant clasped, then slowly
 released. Capt. Close unquestionably
 had a powerful "grip."
 "How'd you come?" he asked. "Kind
 of expected you Monday evenin'"—out
 from Quitman."
 "The general kept me over a day
 or two to let me see New Orleans. He
 told me that you would be notified, sir.
 I hope you got the letter?"
 "Oh, yes. That was all right. There
 was no hurry. I didn't know as they
 could get passes over the Northern. I
 s'pose the chief quartermaster fixed it
 for you, though?" And the brown eyes
 searched questioningly the young
 officer's face.
 "Passes? No, sir; I bought my tick-
 et through—"
 "No! Why, you needn't have done
 that. The Outpost read's 'em."

"I merely wanted some cheap truck
 for camp, and some washstand fixings,"
 Lambert answered, falling into the ver-
 nacular of his comrade with the ease of
 one just out of the national school,
 where every known American dialect
 can be heard—"things I can throw
 away when we leave."
 Close was silent a moment. "I can let
 you have everything you need, 'f you
 ain't particular 'bout their bein' new.
 They're just as good as anything you
 can buy, and won't cost you near so
 much." Then, after a little hesitation:
 "They ain't mine to give, or I'd let you
 have them for nothing."
 Lambert had precious little money
 left, even after drawing his November
 pay in New Orleans; but he had a big
 mileage account to collect, for in those
 days nothing was paid to the young
 graduate in advance, even though he
 had to find his way by the Isthmus to
 the mouth of the Columbia. He thanked
 his comrade, and by evening was put in
 possession of an odd lot of camp furni-
 ture, some items of which were in good
 repair and others valuable only as relics
 of the war. A camp mattress and
 some chairs bore the name of Tighe,
 and the soldier who carried them in re-
 marked to his chum: "They didn't burn
 everything after the Lieutenant died,
 after all, did they?" From which Lam-
 bert drew inference that the property
 in question had formerly belonged to
 an officer of that name who succumbed
 to the epidemic of the previous year.
 But the principal question remaining
 unsolved was that of subsistence. War-
 ning and Pierce had told him that in all
 probability he would find that Close
 was living on soldier fare and had no
 "mess arrangements" whatever. This,
 as we have seen, proved to be the case—
 and Lambert inquired if there were no
 possibility of finding board. "Yes,"
 said Close: "Mr. Parmelee, the deputy
 marshal, lives up the road about half a
 mile, and he told me to say he'd be glad
 to accommodate you." Lambert
 lunched in camp at noon, and about
 three o'clock came forth from his tent
 buttoned to the throat in his handsomely
 fitting uniform, his forage-cap
 cocked jauntily over his right eye, and
 a pair of white gloves in his hand. A
 soldier slouching across the open space
 in front shifted to the opposite hand
 the bucket he was carrying and saluted.
 Close surveyed his trim subaltern with-
 out changing a muscle of his face.
 "What do they charge you extra for
 Lambert said he didn't know. They
 were on the coat when it came from the
 tailor's. Would the captain kindly di-
 rect him to Mr. Parmelee's and permit
 him to go thither? The captain gravely
 said he need not ask permission just to
 leave camp—even the men didn't do
 that—and gave him the needed instruc-
 tions, winding up by saying: "Got your
 pistol?" Lambert answered that he
 never carried one.
 "You'll have to, here," said Close, "or
 be out of fashion entirely. I ain't got
 one to lend, but if you've a mind to pay
 less than cost I've got one that will just
 suit you, strap and holster complete."
 In five minutes the trade was made, and
 Lambert had only eleven dollars left
 when he started to hunt up Mr. Parme-
 lee.
 Close watched the erect figure of
 the young fellow as he stepped briskly
 away. So did the first sergeant. Mid-
 way across the open space between the
 tents half a dozen of the men were
 squatting, in the bright sunshine, pipes
 in full blast, engaged in a game of cards
 that looked suspiciously like draw
 poker, a gray blanket being outspread
 and little piles of white field beans
 decorating its outer edge at different
 points. Surrounding the players were
 perhaps a dozen spectators, in various
 costumes more or less soldierly. At
 sight of Mr. Lambert in his trim frock
 coat some of the number faced half
 towards him; some, as though em-
 barrassed, began to edge away. The
 gamblers calmly continued their game.
 If the young officer had looked as
 though he did not notice them, the
 chances are that, though he passed
 within ten feet of the group, no one
 of the party would, in proper and sol-
 dierly style, have noticed him, but Lam-
 bert had seen enough "slouching" for
 one day, and his youthful soul was up
 in arms. He looked squarely at the two
 men nearest him as he rapidly ap-
 proached, whereupon one of them nerv-
 ously tugged at the sleeve of a third.
 Others, after one furtive glance, pre-
 tended they did not see the coming
 officer and became absorbed in the
 game. Ten strides and he was opposite
 the group and not a hand had been
 raised in salute, not a man was "stand-
 ing attention." Then he halted short,
 saying not a word, but the two men
 nearest knew what was lacking, and,
 in a shamefaced, shambling way,
 brought their hands up to the capvisor.
 One of these was a corporal, and two
 other non-commissioned officers were
 among the players. For a moment
 there was an embarrassed silence. Then
 Lambert spoke—rather quietly, too, for
 him:
 "Corporal, have these men never been
 taught the salute and when to use it?"
 A sergeant among the players slowly
 found his feet. Others seemed to try
 to sink behind their fellows. The
 corporal turned red, looked foolish and
 only mumbled inarticulately.
 "What say you, sergeant?" inquired
 Lambert.
 "Why, yes, sir," said Sergt. McBride,
 uncomfortably. "So far as I'm con-
 cerned, I can honestly say I did not
 see the lieutenant coming; but, to tell
 the truth, sir, we've got out of the habit
 of it in the company."
 "Then all these men who are still
 seated here know they should be up
 and standing attention?" asked Lam-
 bert, as coolly as he could, though his
 blue eyes were beginning to flash. He
 had heard some tittering among the
 gamblers, two more of whom were now
 getting up.
 "Yes, sir; at least most of them do.
 Only, Capt. Close don't seem to mind,
 and—"
 "That'll do—I am waiting for you
 'vo," said Lambert. And the two who

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