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SOLDIERS' RELIEF COMNISSION Regular meeting first Monday in February of each year, and at such other times as a deemed necessary. Robt. Gallagher, Page, chairman; Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary; i. H. Clark Atkinson.

T.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) 7:90 P. M. Class No. 3 (Childrens) 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 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. SMI2H, Com.

LIKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers cordially w. H. Mason, N. G. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

GARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets on first and third Thursday of each w. J. Dobrs Sec. J. C. Harnish, H. P

K. OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D.
Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p.
m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern
cordially invited.

E. J. MACK. K. of R. and S. O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 80, I. O. O. O. F. meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. OHAS. BRIGHT, H. P. H. M. TITLEY, Scribe

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d
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 degular communications degular communications 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 Tudsday of each month in 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. MCCUTCHAN, N. M.

> POSTOFFICE DIRCETORY Arrival of Mails

F. E. & M. V. R. R. —FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at..... 9:40 p m

PACIFIC SHOET LINE.

Passenger-leaves 10:07A. M. Arrives 11:55 P.M.

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O'NEILL AND PADDOCK.

Departs Monday. Wed. and Friday at...7:00 a m
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at.. 4:30 p m

could get passes over the Northern. I s'pose the chief quartermaster fixed it O'NEILL AND NIOBRARA.

Monday. Wed. and Fri. at....7:00 a m
fuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at... 4:00 p m for you, though?" And the brown eyes searched questioningly the young officer's face.



Newton Lambert has more than once

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

deference which the old non-commis-

sioned officers seemed to delight in

showing to young graduates, Lambert

was unprepared for the hail-fellow-well-

met nature of his reception by the en-

listed men and the absolute impassive-

ness of his one brother officer. That it

was utterly different from the customs

obtaining elsewhere in the regular serv-

ice he knew very well. In visiting class-

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,

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 insignifi-

cence. Long years afterwards Lambert

mander. Sergt. Burns also noted that

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 flerce-

ly 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 si-

lence 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 sus-picion possessed him that this might

be some game at his expense-some

prank such as od cadets played upon "plebes." He compromised, therefore,

between his preconception of a strict-

y 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-

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 slow-

ly released. Capt. Close unquestionably had a powerful "grip."

from Quitman.'

et through-"

"How'd you come?" he asked. "Kind

"The general kept me over a day

or two to let me see New Orleans. He

told me that you would be notified, sir.

"Oh, yes. That was all right. There

was no hurry. I didn't know as they

I hope you got the letter?"

all the government freight it can get now. They'd have given you a pass in a in the course of his years of service been minute. I suppose you want to quartermaster and commissary?"

> wistfully into the blue. "I? No, indeed, sir. I don't know anything but a little tactics. What I most want"-with a glance around and an apologetical laugh-"is a chance to wash off the cinders-and something to eat. I'm hungry as a wolf."

again the brown eyes looked almost

The captain looked troubled. "I've had my grub; so've the men, 'cept those that come back late in the night-been up to Buckatubbee with the marshal. Did you try over at Toog'loo?"

"Everybody was asleep over there. I left my trunk at the railway station and walked out."

"Why, I told the sergeant to send a mule in last night on the chance of your comin' by the 'Owl.' Didn't anybody meet you?"

'There was a mule, but no body,' laughed Lambert, "except a darky asleep in a freight car. The mule was lying in the dirt, and snapped his headstall when I tried to raise him."

"What became of him? He didn't get away, did he?" asked Close, in great anxiety.

but the idea of a corporal chaffing him "He didn't try to," answered Lamon the cut of his clothes and-the idea bert, in some amusement. "Like the of a two months' recruit being a coreminent head of the late unpleasantporal, anyhow! Never in the tales told ness, all he asked was to be let alone. I of the Fire zouaves of '61 had he heard left him browsing in the public square."

"And the bridle an' saddle, too? Great Peter! That's bad. Some lousy nigger's got him by this time, or his trappin's at least, an' he'll swear the Freedman's Bureau gave him the hull outfit, and it'll be stopped against my pay. Sergeant!" he called; "wish you'd go right down town an' catch up that mule

used to go over this meeting in his mind, "I can't go, sir," promptly answered Sergt. Burns, his hand going up in unand for two years, often importuned, accustomed salute in deference to the he would convulse his brother officers by vivid description of it. But there presence of the new officer. "I'm busy came a time when they no longer with them ration returns. Here, Finney, you go."
"Go where?" said a young soldier laughed and he no longer told the story save to those he loved and trusted ut-

squatting at his tent door and greasing Aroused by some unusual chatter a pair of shoes with a bit of bacon-rind. He hardly deigned to look up. among the men, the first sergeant of

company G, smoking a pipe while work-"The captain wants you to go and get ing over a ration-return, stuck his head that saddle mule he sent up last night. out of his tent and saw a young gen-Jake must have gone asleep and forgot tleman in a light-colored suit, courtehim." usly raising a drab derby in his kid-

"Would it be possible to send a wagon for my trunk?" interposed Lambert at gloved hand, while he stood erect with soldierly ease before the company comthis juncture, appealing to his superior. Close hesitated and made no immediate the men were tittering and reply. It was the sergeant who took all of them looking on. One glance the responsibility:

"I'll 'tend to it, if you please, sir. The wagon's going up in ten minutes to haul some grain. Be lively now, Fin-ney. Drop them shoes and start." And Finney, conscious, possibly, of some change in the military atmosphere, gathered himself together and van-

Meantime, in his anxiety about the government property thus placed in jeopardy, the captain seemed lost to all thought of the newcomer's comfort. It was Sergt. Burns who came forward with a camp stool and proffer of further

"If the lieutenant can put up with such rations, I'll send something from the cook-fire, sir," said he, doubtfully, looking at his commander very much as though he thought it high time for that official to suggest something better. Lambert said he should be most grateful if that could be done--and if there were no objections; and he, too, looked expectantly at the senior officer

"I guess that's about the best we can do," said Close, slowly. "Tain't what you've been accustomed to, but it's what I always eat. Send us up something, sergeant—enough for two; I'll take another snack with the lieutenant."

And in less than five minutes Lambert and his new comrade were seated by a little fire on which a tin coffeepot was hissing, and with a broad pine shelf upon their knees, from big tin mugs and broad tin plates, were discussing a smoking repast of pork and beans, to the accompaniment of bread and sirup | him: and creamless coffee. "It's the way I always prefer to live when I'm in the field," said Close, "and it only costs you nine dollars a month."

Lambert was too hungry not to relish even such a breakfast. He fancied he heard something that sounded greatly like a suppressed chuckle on the part of the soldier cook at his senior's remark upon the cost of living in the field, but sensations and experiences were crowding thickly upon him and of expected you Monday evenin'-out there was little time for trifles.

Through the good offices of Sergt. Burns, a wall tent was pitched that of it in the company." morning for "the new lieutenant" to the left of the domicile of the company commander; a wooden bunk was knocked up in an "A" tent in the back. and Lambert began unpacking his trunk and setting up housekeeping ..

"I suppose I can get what furniture I want in town," said he to Close.

"Depends on what you want," replied the senior, warily, "and whether you Only, Capt. Close don't seem to mind, "Passes? No, sir; I bought my tickcare to throw away your money. and—"What'd you want to get? They will "The "No! Why, you needn't have done skin the last cent out of you there at 'wo." said Lambert. And the two wh

"I merely wanted some cheap truck for camp, and some washstand fixings,' Lambert answered, falling into the vernacular 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 furniture, 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 remarked to his chum: "They didn't burn everything after the lieutenant died, after all, did they?" From which Lambert 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. Waring 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 caseand Lambert inquired if there were no possibility of finding board. 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 tbree 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 without changing a muscle of his face.

"What do they charge you extra for them buttons?" he finally inquired. Lambert said he didn't know. They were on the coat when it came from the tailor's. Would the captain kindly direct 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 instructions, 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. Par-

Close watched the erect figure of the young fellow as he stepped briskly away. So did the first sergeant. Midway 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 embarrassed, 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 soldierly style, have noticed him, but Lambert had seen enough "slouching" for one day, and his youthfu! soul was up in arms. He looked squarely at the two men nearest him as he rapidly approached, whereupon one of them nerv ously tugged at the sleeve of a third. Others, after one furtive glance, pretended 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 "standing 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 cap visor. 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

"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 slink behind their fellows. The corporal turned red, looked foolish and only mumbled inarticulately.

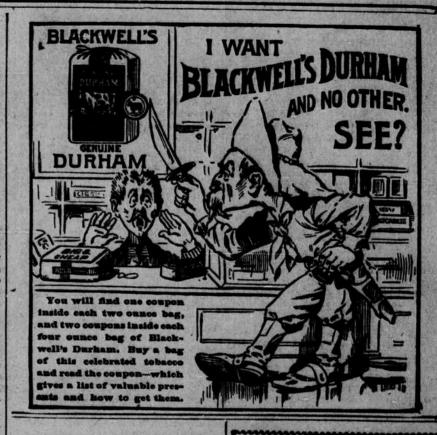
"What say you, sergeant?" inquired Lambert. "Why, yes, sir," said Sergt. McBride,

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 "Then all these men who are still

seated here know they should be up and standing attention?" asked Lambert, as coolly as he could, though his blue eyes were beginning to flash. He had heard some tittering among the gamesters, two more of whom were now getting up.

"Yes, sir; at least most of them do.

"That'll do-I am waiting for you





hanging their heads, had been tittering into each other's faces, finding their time had come, slowly and awkwardly found their feet, but not the erect position of the soldier. "So far so good," said Lambert, calm-

"Now, sergeant, explain the rest to them, as they seem to be uninstructed recruits."

There was a general titter at this One of the two was an ex-sergeant of ten years' service-one of John Berleycorn's defeated wrestlers. His eyes snapped with wrath, but he knew the lieutenant "had the best of him."

"Don't make it necessary for me to repeat the lesson," said Lambert, be-fore moving on; "especially you, sir." And the ex-sergeant was plainly the man indicated.

Up at the end of the row Sergt. Burns brought his broad palm down on his thigh with a wheek of delight, then glanced over to see how the captain took it.

The captain was carefully counting over the "greenbacks" he had just received, and, with these in hand, turned into the dark recesses of his farther tent. The episode in front was of minor importance

"You got a rakin' down, Riggs," laughed some of the men as the lieutenant was lost to sight beyond the wagon, while the victim of his brief reprimand glowered angrily after him.

"Dam young squirt!" snarled the fellow. "I'll learn him a lesson yet." "No, you won't, Riggs," was the quick rejoinder of McBride. "He was perfectly right, as you ought to have sense enough to know. I'm glad, for one, to see it, for this company has simply been goin' to the dogs for the last six months."

(To be continued.)

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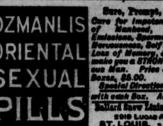


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