CONGRESSIONAL.

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

LAND OFFICES.

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

COUNTY. Udge. Geo McCutcheon
Ulerk of the District Court John Skirving
Deputy O. M. Collins
Treasuror J.P. Mullen
Deputy Sam Howard
Ulerk Bill Bethea
Deputy Mike McCarthy
Sheriff Chas Hamilton
Deputy Chas U'Nell
Supt. of Schools W. R. Jackson
Assistant Mrs. W. R. Jackson
Coroner Deputy M. F. Norton
Alloruey W. R. Butler

SUPERVISORS.

Cleveland, Sand Creek, Dustin, Saratoga, Rock Falls and Pleasantview; J. A. Hobertson SECOND DISTRICT.

Shields, Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Wil-owdale and lowa—J. H. Hopkins. THIRD DISTRICT.

Grattan and O'Neill-Mosses Campbell. FOURTH DISTRICT. Ewing, Verdigris and Deloit-L. C. Combs

FIFTH DISTRICT. Chambers, Conley, Lake, McClure and

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.

For two years.—D. H. Cronin.
year—C. W. Hagensick. 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; Treasurer, John McHugh; City Engineer John Horrisky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman; Chief of Police, P. J. Biglin; Attorney, Thos. Carlon; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, R. J. Hayes; Trearurer, Barney McGreevy; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor Ben 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; ii. 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.

M ETHODIST CHURCH. Substitution of the control of t

G. A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John 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. C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

GARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall. W. J. Dobes Sec. J. C. Harnish, H. P

K. OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern cordially invited. J. P. GILLIGAN, C. C. E. J. MACK, K. of R. and S.

O'NEILL, ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I O'O, O, F, meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall OHAS. BRIGHT, H. P. H. M. TTTLEY, Scribe

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH, meets every lat and ad 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 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.
NELL 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. GEO. MCCUTCHAN, N. M. J. H. WELTON, Sec.

POSTOFFICE DIRCETORY

Arrival of Mails

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

PACIFIC SHORT LINE.

Passenger-leaves 10:0\(^1\)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 am
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at.. 1:00 pm

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 NIOBRARA.

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

CAPTAIN CHARLES KIN [Copyright, 1894, by J. B. Lippincott Company.]

Lambert's nerves were tingling a he should find his company commander a miser, a recluse, and something of a mystery, had all been foreshadowed. But that discipline should have been abandoned in "G" company was quite another thing. Farnham, the captain proper, was an officer who had held high command in the volunteers-too high, indeed, to serve with equanimity under the field officer now at the head of the regiment, who had had no war service whatever. Farnham was within a few files of promotion to majority, and therefore despised company duty. So long as his company had been stationed in the city, furnishing guards and orderlies for the various officers then quartered there, he remained with it, and occasionally saw a portion of it on Sunday morning. Then, after two years of this demoralizing service, came the months of detachment duty up in the interior, and Farnham's friends in court were glad to get him out of such a mire as that. Ever since June, therefore, Close had been alone with the men and they with him, and no one in authority had the faintest idea how things were going. Inspectors were also un-known in those days, and so long as reports and returns were regularly received at headquarters, and no complaints came in from the civil authorities of negligence or indifference on the part of their military backers, all went smoothly. Now, there had not been a few instances where civil and military officials had clashed, but "Capt. Close and his splendid company" had teen the theme of more than one laudstory report from the marshal on the score of what he heard from his deputies. The general commanding, indeed, had been much elated by high commendation from the highest power in Washington, all due to services rendered in running down Ku Klux and breaking up moonshiners by Capt Close, of company G, -th infantry. "It's just exactly what the old duffer's cut out for," said the adjutant general of the department; "but I'm sorry to have to see young Lambert sent into such exile."

He could hardly have been sorrier than Lambert was himself, as that young officer went briskly up the des-olate road along the "branch." He had never seen a landscape so dismal in all his life. How on earth was he to employ his time? No drills, no roll calls, exposed himself fearlessly among the no duties except the sending forth of dying. He said he had had a light atdetachments at the call of this fellow Parmelee; no books except the few in in the season and couldn't take it again. his trunk; no companions except this At all events, he did not. He was probheavy, illiterate, money-grabbing lout ably the only officer who remained who did not know enough to offer him a longer than a week at the stricken post seat or a cup of coffee after his long night ride; not a soul worth knowing mearer than Quitman-and only the inebriate Potts there! Certainly Mr. Newton Lambert felt at odds with fate this sunny December afternoon. He had tried to persuade himself that the laughable stories about Close were grossly exaggerated; but now that he had met that officer the indications were in favor of their entire truth.

It seems that Close had been on some detached service in connection with the freedmen's bureau, and had only joined his regiment late in the autumn of the memorable yellow fever year, when, had he so desired, he could have remained away. His appearance at the stricken garrison when the death rate averaged 20 a day, when the post was commanded by a lieutenant, and some of the companies by corporals, everybody else being either dead, down or convalescent-added to the halo which hung about his hitherto invisible head. There was no question as to his consummate bravery. Grant himself had stopped in the rear of his regiment and sked his name after its dash on the works at Donelson, and the unknown private was decorated with sergeant's chevrons on the spot. Before he had opportunity to learn much of his new luties, "the Johnnies jumped the picket" one night and stampeded everybody but Close, who was given up for lost until he came in two days later full of buckshot and information. His colonel acted on the latter while the doctors were digging out the former, and Close got a commission as first lieu tenant in a new regiment for his share of the resultant benefits. One bloody afternoon as they were scrambling back, unsuccessful, and under an awful fire, from the works at Vicksburg, the colonel was left writhing on the leadswept glacis with no shelter but the dead and dying around him, and Close headed the squad that rushed out and fetched him in. Everybody at McPherson's side could see that the rebs were firing high, when once the daring survivors of the six who started reached their prostrate colonel, but the bullets sounded just as deadly to the four who got back alive, and McPherson sent for Close and wrung his hard brown hand and looked admiringly into the sember, impassive face with its deepbrown, almost dog-like eyes. Some of the Thirteenth regulars were the next to report on Close. And these fellows, was accounted for as "paid," both for

being at Sherman's headquarters, had influence. In the midst of so rough a campaign, Close looked but little worse trifle and his thoughts were not the for wear than did his associates, and most cheerful as he went away. That when he brought in ten prisoners with only two men at his back, turned them over to the Thirteenth, and went in for more before anybody could thank him, "Uncle Billy" swore that man was one of the right sort, and asked him what he could do for him that very night. And then—so the story ran—Close said he guessed he'd like to be either a sutier or a quartermaster-he didn't know

> which-and for once in his life the popular general looked bewildered.

After Mission Ridge, where he got an other bullet through him, and one that would have killed an ox, they simply had to put Close on quartermaster duty he wanted it so much and had done such splendid fighting and so little talking for it. That was the end of him until near the end of the war. His train was captured by a dash of Forrest's cav alry, and, though most of the guards got away, Close went with his wagons. Andersonville was then his abiding place for a time, but in some way he turned up again during the march to the sea, which he made on muleback, and when congress authorized the organization of 16 regiments of infantry as a part of the regular army in '66 the great generals at the head of military affairs were reminded of Close. He wrote from somewhere far out west, saying modestly that they had told him to let them know if they could ever be of any use to him, and the time had come. He had concluded to continue soldiering, and wanted to be a quarter master. He was offered a first lieutenantcy in the infantry and accepted, though the examining board shook their heads over his ill-written papers; was applied for by the colonel whose life he had saved at Vicksburg, and who was now on "bureau duty" in the south; and on that work Close remained, despite some rumors of his unfitness, until the fever cut its wide swath in his regiment. The adjutant and quartermaster were both down when Close arrived and reported for duty. In his calm, stolid, impassive way he proved vastly useful. Indeed, at a time when men were dying or deserting by scores, when even sentry duty had to be abandoned, and when government property was being loaded up and carried away and sold in the city, it is difficult to say what losses might not have been sustained but for his tireless vigilance. He tack of the fever at New Iberia earlier and escaped. At last came the welcome frost, Yel-

low Jack's conqueror, followed by new officers and recruits in plenty, and Close's occupation was gone. He had helped to bury the adjutant, but the quartermaster proved tough, and-to Close's keen disappointment, as the boys began to say with returning health, appetite, and cynicism-recovered from his desperate illness and re sumed his duties. When December and the new colonel came, drills and dress uniforms were ordered, and Close got leave of absence and tried to get back to bureau duty, where they did not want him. Then he appealed to Farnham, and through him to Gen. Sherman. His wounds made him stiff and sore: he couldn't drill or parade. It transpire! that he had no full uniform, and his first and only frock-coat had been let out to the last shred and was still too tight for him. Then some queer yarns began to be told. He was a quasi executor for three officers who had died intestate and who had little to bequeath anyhow. He had nursed them in their last illness, and such items of their property as had not by medical orders been condemned and burned he had for sale. Under the regulations the major was the proper custodian of the effects of de ceased officers, but the major was himself almost a victim and had been sent north to recuperate after a long and desperate struggle. On an occasion when he simply had to appear in full uniform, Close turned out in plumed felt hat, sash, and epaulets which, when ques tioned, he said were the late Capt. Stone's, and so was the coat. If nobody could be found to buy them, he would but he did not mean to buy "such truck" until it was absolutely necessary.

Respect for his fighting ability in the field and his fearless service during the epidemic prevented any "crowding" of the old fellow, though there was no little talk about the habits he was disclosing. The bachelors and "grass widowers" of the infantry and battery started a mess, but Close declined to join. He explained that he preferred to board with a French creole family a short distance away, as he "wished to learn the language." They gave a big dance Christmas week and taxed every officer ten dollars. Close had nursed Pierce through the fever, and Pierce was treasurer of the fund. Close

the original ten and the subsequent assessment of five dollars that was found necessary, but it came out of Pierce's pocket, for Close begged off one and refused the other, and Pierce would not tell until it was dragged out of him by direct questioning months after. It transpired that Close went only once a day to the humble dwelling, four blocks away, where he preferred to board. He assiduously visited the kitchen of Company "G" at breakfast and dinner time to see that those meals were properly cooked and served, and there could be no question that he personally "sampled" everything they had. He wore the clothing issued to the men, until the colonel insisted on his appearing in proper uniform, and then had to rebuke him for the condition of the paper collar and frayed black bow that were attached to the neckband of his flannel shirt. He wore the soldier shoe, and swore that no other kind suited his foot. He had to write letters occasionally, but when he did so he repaired to the company office or that of the post quarter-master, and not one cent did he spend for stamps.

Indeed it became a subject of unofficial investigation whether he spent a cent for anything. He bought nothing at Finkbein's, the sutler's, where, in-deed, he was held in high disfavor, his war record and fever service to the contrary notwithstanding. He never touched a card, never played billiards, and never invited anybody to drink, even when his brother officers called upon him in squads of two or three to see if he would. That he had no prejudice against the practice, then as universal in the service as it is now rare, was apparent from the fact that he never refused to take a drink when invited, yet never seemed even faintly exhibarated. "You might as well pour whisky in a knot-hole," said the soreheaded squad of youngsters that with malice prepense had spent many hours and dollars one night in the attempt to get Old Close "loaded."

He had to go to town occasionally on board of survey or similar duty, and always sought a seat in somebody's ambulance to save the nickel for a six-mile ride in the tram car. When he had to take the car he would wait for some of the youngsters, well knowing they would pay his fare. Once when three of them "put up a job on him" by the declaration after they were well on their way, that not a man in the party had less than a five-dollar bill, he offered to change the five, but refused to lend a nickel unless they gave their word, on honor, that they were not

striving to make a convenience of him. But the "closest" figuring he had ever done was that which he carried out for several months at the expense of a certain bank. Most of the officers on getting their pay check towards the end of the month would take it to the nearest bank or broker and get it cashed. Those were easy-going days in the pay department. Many a time the impe cunious subs would prevail on the major or his clerk to let them have their sti-



pend a week before it became due, and it would be spent before it was fully earned. Close never spent a cent, that anyone could see or hear of, but he was on hand to draw it as early as any of the rest. He would take his check and vanish. The total footing up of his pay, rations, servant's allow-ance, "fogy," and all, was one hundred and some dollars and sixty-eight cents. They used no coin smaller than the "nickel" (five cents) in the south in those days, and it was the practice of the banks and money-changers generally to give the customer the benefit if the check called for more than half the value of the nickel, otherwise to hold it themselves. If the amount were 52 cents the customer got only 50; if it were 53 cents he was paid 55. Those officers who kept a bank account, and there were three or four, perhaps, who did so, simply deposited their check for its face value and had done with it. It was supposed that such was Close's custom; but he was wiser in his generation, as was learned later. Close took his check to the paying teller and got 100 and some dollars and 70 cents. Then he deposited this cash with the clerk at the receiving window and was two cents ahead by the transaction. When it was finally discovered and he was politely told that hereafter he would be eredited only with the sum called for on the face of his check, Close got it cashed elsewhere and deposited his 70 cents regularly as before. "But what he does it for is a mystery," said the bank official who let this sizable cat out of the bag, "for he never has more than a few dollars on deposit more than a week. He checks it out through some concerns up north."

No wonder the fellows wondered what Close did with his money. A soldier servant made up his room and blacked his boots; a company laundress washed the very few items sent to her each week, and declared that the captain stopped the price of two pairs of gloves out of her wages because she were the thumb off one of them scrubag the dat off the other. The

and read the coupon-which gives a list of valuable prests and how to get them. went to theater, opera, or other diversion; never took part in any of the gayeties of the garrison; never subscribed for a newspaper or magazine, but was always on hand to get first look at those service journals which were intended for the post library. He smoked an old black brier-root pipe, which he charged with commissary plug tobacco, preferring it to all others. He chewed tobacco—navy plug—and did not care who knew it. He shaved himself, and when his hair needed trimming it was done by the company barber. He had no bills. He would be neither porrower nor-well, there was some talk about his lending money on unimpeachable security and usurious interest, but to those officers who applied, either in jest or earnest, he said he never had a

BLACKWELL'S

DURHA

I WANT

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM

AND NO OTHER

had. Then what on earth did Close do with nis money?

cent to lend and wouldn't lend it if he

Much of this was told to Lambert in New Orleans. More of it he learned later. On this particular day he was destined to have another peep into the peculiarities of this most unusual character.

He had walked perhaps half a mile revolving these matters in his mind and keeping occasional lookout for Parmelee's (which was evidently further away than he had been led to suppose), when he heard some one shouting after him. It was a soldier, running hard, and in a moment Lambert recognized in him the affable corporal who was the first to receive him that morning. This time the corporal saluted as he came, panting, to a halt. Possibly Sergt. Burns had been giving the company a 'pointer."

"Did anybody pass you, lieutenant?anybody on horseback? "No," answered Lambert, wondering

what now might be coming. "Well, cap says-er rather-the captain wants you to come back. Didn't nobody go along here a-horseback?"
And the corporal was evidently perplexed as well as nearly breathless. "By gad, I thought 'twas takin' chances

even for the two of us. Two of 'em rode

in an' sassed cap right to his face an'

were off before a man of us could draw ead on 'em.'

"Who are they?" "Some of the very crowd Parmelee nabbed last night. They must have cut across at the ford. They've finished him, I reckon, for one of 'em was ridin' his horse.'

camp, where all was bustle and suppressed excitement. Close was seated at his tent, smoking imperturbably, and listening to the tremulous words of a tall, sallow civilian who was leaning against the shoulder of a panting mule McBride, rifle in hand and equipped for field service, was closely inspecting the kit and cartridge boxes of a squad of a dozen men already formed.

"Lieutenant," said Close, "I've got to send you with a detachment over to the county jail. How soon can you get

Lambert felt a sudden odd, choky sen sation at the throat, and was conscious that his knees were tremulous. It was his first call, mind you, and it was sudden and vague. The symptoms made him furious.

"I'm ready now," he said, reaching for his handsome sash and belt, and disappearing an instant within his tent door. "Ain't you got some ord-nery things" You don't want to wear such trappin's as them. I've got a sash an' belt an' sword here plenty good enough; and you can have 'em for half what they cost."

"I prefer using these, captain," said Lambert.

"Why, you may not get back in a week.' persisted Close. "There's no tellin' where those fellows have run to. You ought to have some suitable clothes for this sort o' work—like mine.' "I've got something different, but I

thought we were needed at once.

"So you be, cordin' to what this gentleman says. It looks like they must have stirred up quite a row; but you needn't worry. There'll be no trouble once they see the regulars, and if there should be, you've got me an' the hull company to draw on." And Close's face fairly brightened up for the minute. "There's your squad ready. Parm'lee'll tell you what le wants done. Reck'lect, if there's any trouble you

draw on me." "I shall need some money, I'm afraid if we're gone any time. That's the first thing I'll have to draw for."

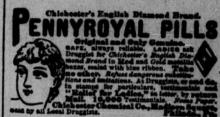
Close's countenance fell. "Ten dollars ought to be 'nuff for you anywhere here. I could get along with fifty cents," said he, slowly. Suddenly he brightened up again

(To be continued.)





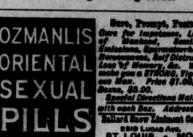
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA



errible Pains. R. E.Morse, traveling salesmen, Gal-Liniment cured me of rheumatism of three months' standing after use of two bottles. J. S. Doan, Danville, Ille., saye: I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment for years and would not be without it. J. R. Crouch, Rio, Ills., says Ballard's In ten minutes Lambert was back at Snow Liniment cured terrible pains in else would. Every bottle guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Free trial bottles at P. C. Corrigan's.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with lagrippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but was of no avail and was given up and told 1 could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Corrigan's drug store.





SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, Now York

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.