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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, (Epworth League) 10:30 A. M. Class No. 3, (Children) 10:30 P. M. Mind-week services—General prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will be made welcome, especially strangers. E. T. GEORGE, Pastor. C. 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 brethren 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. DOBBS, Sec. J. C. HARRISH, H. P. K. OF P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Meets on every Monday evening in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. ARTHUR KOYENDALL, C. C. E. J. MACK, E. of R. and S. O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30. I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows hall. CHAS. BRIGHT, H. P. H. M. TITLEY, Scribe. EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH. Meets first and third Friday of each month in Odd Fellows hall. AGNES T. BENTLEY, N. G. DORA DAVIDSON, 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. 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 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, 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 DIRECTORY. Arrival of Mails. F. E. & V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. Dry day, Sunday included at... 9:40 p.m. FROM THE WEST. Very day, Sunday included at... 10:04 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 PADDOK. Departs Monday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a.m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p.m. O'NEILL AND NIORARA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a.m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:00 p.m. O'NEILL AND CUMMINSVILLE. Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 11:30 p.m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:00 p.m.



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"Where's the jail?" asked Lambert of his subordinate. "Round there behind the next corner, sir, where the bell is." Three or four prominent citizens came strolling out of the saloon near the post office, their hands in their pockets and quids of exaggerated size in their cheeks. The bell, under the impulse of unseen hands, was still violently ringing; otherwise an almost Sabbath stillness pervaded the town of Tugalo. At the corner lay a gaunt quadruped, blood trickling from its nostrils and from a shot-hole in the side—sole indication of recent battle. The jail door stood obliquely open to the declining sun. The barred windows were tightly closed. "Put a stop to anything they're at," repeated Lambert to himself. "But what are they at? How on earth can I find out?" Like those of the jail behind it the windows of the little meeting house were closed, and apparently boarded up from within. The double doors in front were tightly shut and decorated in one or two places with bullet holes. The bell kept up its furious din. "Hammer the door with the butt of your rifle," said the lieutenant, annoyed to see that such of the populace as began to appear were looking on in unmistakable amusement. "Guess they're all down in the cellar, lieutenant," said a tall civilian. "Want any of 'em? Reckon they'll come up if you'll tell Squire Parmelee to shout. Don't seem to see him, though." And the grinning countryman was presently joined by one or two of his friends. Lambert simply did not know what to make of the situation. Sergt. McBride was going around hammering at the door with a rifle and muttering about "darned fools inside." A corporal with two men had explored the two rooms of the primitive building used as a jail, and now came out to say there was nobody there, which seemed to tickle the fancy of the rallying populace. Still the bell kept up its deafening clamor and Lambert was waxing both nervous and indignant. The absence of the civil officers of the law—the deputy marshal or sheriff—rendered him practically powerless to act. He could not pitch into the people for standing around with their hands in their pockets and looking amused. There was nothing hostile or threatening in their manner. They were even disposed to be friendly—as when they saw Lambert take a rifle with evident intention of battering in the door, they shouted to him in genuine concern: "Don't do that, lieutenant. Those fellows will be shootin' up through the floor nex'. The squire'll be along presently. Let him do it." Presently the squire did come, still "white about the gills," as a sergeant muttered; and him Lambert angrily accosted: "What do you want us to do, Mr. Parmelee? We've been here several minutes with nobody to report to."

great trouble 'restin' those three scoundrels: the marshal's been after 'em a month, and he ought to have met us here, 's I telegraphed him. We fetched 'em here at four o'clock this mornin', an' not a soul in Tugalo knew anything about it, an' the soldiers ought to have stood by us until the marshal came. 'Stead of that, they went on to camp and left us all alone, and just as soon as these people found out who were jailed an' saw we had no soldiers to guard 'em, why, I couldn't do nothin'. They just took my horse and—they'd have hung me, I s'pose, if I'd been fool enough to stay. I just 'scaped with my life. You've just got here, lieutenant. You don't begin to know what a hell-hole this is. These people are the worst kind of rebs. Capt'n Close—even he wouldn't believe it, but I reckon he does now, after the tongue-lashin' them fellers gave him—" But Mr. Parmelee's description of the situation was interrupted by the coming of Capt. Close himself. Dressed precisely as when Lambert had last seen him at camp, with no more semblance of rank or authority than was to be found in a weather-beaten pair of shoulder-straps on his cheap flannel blouse, without sash or sword, but with a huge army "Colt" strapped about his waist, the commander of the company came strolling around the corner of the jail, looking curiously about its door and windows as though in search of signs of the recent affray. "Thought you told me they'd shot the door into tooth-picks," said he. "I don't see no signs of bullets."



"Hammer the door with the butt of your rifle."

ened to shoot him. What sort of a sand-heap were you raised on, anyhow? Why, 'f a baby in the town I come from had shown as little grit as you and your folks have, its own mother would have drowned it in the mill-race." The effect of this unexpected tirade was remarkable. The knot of civilian listeners, who had come to get such fun out of the situation as the circumstances would permit, and who had been indulging in no little half-stifled laughter, were evidently amazed at this new side to the Yankee officer's character, and stood silent and decidedly appreciative listeners to his denunciation of the luckless Parmelee. The soldiers, who had for some months been tasting the comforts of military service under civil control, and trudging all over Chittomungo county, day in and day out, on the mysterious mission of "servicing process," were evidently tickled that their commander should at last have seen for himself what they had more than half suspected all along—that Parmelee was an arrant coward, who had held his position and made his record for efficiency in enforcing the laws only when a big squad of regulars was at his back. As for Lambert, whose sole knowledge of affairs in the south was derived from the accounts published in the northern journals and inspired almost without exception by "carpet-bag" politicians, and who fully expected to find himself pitted against a determined array of ex-confederates engaged in the slaughter of federal officials, white and black, the young New Englander began to look upon the whole affair as another practical joke devised by his new associates simply "to test his grit or gullibility." This, at least, was his first impression, until the sight of the main body of the company swinging into the square under command of the first sergeant, and another look at Close's burning brown eyes and Parmelee's hangdog face convinced him that so far as they were concerned there was no joke. But how about the chuckling natives now augmenting their number every moment? Certainly there could be no doubt as to the contempt they felt for "the squire," as they facetiously termed Parmelee, or the ridicule which Close's appearance had excited until he had well-nigh finished his denunciation of the civil officer. Then for an instant there was almost a ripple of applause. They watched him as, in his uncouth, ill-fitting, unsoldierly garb, the commander strode angrily back and began searching the wall and window-shutters of the jail for signs of bullet marks. Meantime, gradually recovering con-

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lar of the meeting-house began to parley. The bell ceased ringing, and humble voices were heard asking who were outside. A brusque order in Close's gruffest tones to "Come up out of that hole and account for your prisoners," seemed to cause unlimited joy. There was sound of unbarring doors and scrambling on wooden stairs, and presently the portals opened an inch or two and cautious peeps were taken. The sight of the blue uniforms was enough. The defenders, white and colored, to the number of six, dusty but uninjured, came gladly forth into the afternoon sunshine. "By gad, fellows, we had hard work stadin' off that crowd till you come," began the foremost, another of the Parmelee type. "There must ha' been half Chittomungo county in here, and the bullets flew like—"

But here a guffaw of derisive laughter from across the street, the crestfallen face of Parmelee, and the quizzical grin on the sun-tanned features of the soldiers, put sudden check to his flow of words. There stood Close, glowering at him. "Flew like what, you gibberin' idiot? The only bullet-hole in the hull square that hasn't been here for six weeks is the one in that wretched mule there. You dam cowards run for shelter an' let your prisoners loose; that's plain as the nose on your face. I don't care for the prisoners—that's your business; but what I want's our mule. Lieut. Lambert," he continued, addressing his silent junior, "I'm as ready as any man to fight for the flag, but for six months now I've been sittin' here furnishin' passes to back up these fellers makin' arrests all over the country, because there was my orders. I haven't seen a nigger abused. I haven't seen the uniform insulted. I haven't seen a sign of kuklux; nothin' but some contraband stills. I've obeyed orders an' helped 'em to make arrests of people I don't personally know nothin' about, an' you see for yourself they don't lift a hand to hold 'em. I'm tired o' backin' up such a gang of cowards, an' I don't care who knows it. March the men back to camp, sir. I'm goin' after that mule."

With the going down of that evening's sun Lieut. Newton Lambert had finished his first day of company duty in the sunny south, and found himself commanding the temporary post of Tugalo. The responsibility now devolving upon him was the only thing that enabled him to resist an almost overwhelming sensation of depression and disgust. Marching at route step back to camp, he had held brief and low-toned conference with Sergt. Burns and learned something of the circumstances that led up to the events of the day. "Old man Potts," said the sergeant, was a character. He owned a place half-way over towards Quitman and so near the county line that nobody knew whether he rightfully belonged to Quitman or to Chittomungo. When he was "wanted" in one he dodged to the other. Two of his sons had been killed during the war, and the two younger were prominent both as citizens and "sky-larkers," for "there was no mischief or frolic going on that weren't mixed up in." Sergt. Burns didn't believe in kuklux thereabouts, but the colored folks and the deputy marshals did, and so the soldiers were kept "on the jump." Old man Potts had "cussed" Parmelee off his place two weeks previous, but had ridden in to Quitman and reported himself to Brevet Lieut. Col. Sweet, commanding the two-company garrison there, and said any time he or his boys were "wanted" just to say so and he would come in and account for himself and them to an officer and a gentleman, but he'd be damned if he'd allow that sneak Parmelee on his premises. Then he had had high words with the marshal of the district himself. His boys had harmed no one, he said. They were full of fun, and perhaps of fight—he wouldn't own 'em if they weren't; but they did not belong to the kuklux—if there were anything of the sort around there at all—and they only fought when interferred with. They might have expressed contempt for Parmelee, but that wasn't law-breaking. The marshal told him that very serious allegations had been laid both against him and his boys, as well as against friends with whom they forgathered, and warned him that arrest would follow if more "outrages" occurred; and the result was that only the interference of Col. Sweet prevented a shooting scrape on the spot. Ever since then Parmelee had had some one watching the movements of Potts and his boys. There was a young lady over

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