

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

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REGENTS STATE UNIVERSITY. Chas. H. Gere, Lincoln; Leavitt Burnham, Omaha; J. M. Hunt, Fairbury; E. P. Holmes, Pierce; J. T. Mallison, Kearney; M. J. Hull, Edgar.

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JUDICIARY. Chief Justice, A. M. Post; Associates, T. O. Hildreth and T. L. Norvick.

FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT. Judge, M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill; Reporter, J. J. King, of O'Neill; Judge, W. H. Westover, of Rushville; Reporter, Wm. Maher, of Rushville.

LAND OFFICES. O'NEILL. Register, John A. Harmon; Receiver, Elmer Williams.

COUNTY. Judge, Geo. McCutcheon; Clerk of the District Court, John Skirving; Deputy, O. M. Collins; Treasurer, Sam Howard; Deputy, Bill Bethea; Sheriff, Mike McCarthy; Assessor, Chas. Hamilton; Supt. of Schools, W. R. Jackson; Assessor, Dr. Truesdell; Coroner, Mrs. W. R. Jackson; Surveyor, M. F. Norton; Attorney, W. R. Butler.

SUPERVISORS. FIRST DISTRICT. Cleveland, Sand Creek, Dustin, Saratoga, Rock Falls and Pleasantview, J. A. Robertson.

SECOND DISTRICT. Shields, Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Wildoale and Iowa, J. H. Hopkins.

THIRD DISTRICT. Grattan and O'Neill—Moses Campbell.

FOURTH DISTRICT. Ewing, Verdigris and Deloit—L. C. Combs.

FIFTH DISTRICT. Chambers, Conley, Lake, McClure and Inman—S. L. Conger.

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.

COUNCILMEN—FIRST WARD. For two years—D. H. Crodin. For one year—C. W. Hagood.

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. E. Murphy; Clerk, N. Martin; Treasurer, John McArthur; City Engineer, John Horvick; Police Judge, H. Kautzman; Chief of Police, P. J. Biglin; Attorney, Thos. Carlson; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, H. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney McCreary; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben Johnson; Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Wilcox; Constables, John Horvick and Ed. McBride; Road overseer, dist. 36, Allen Brown; dist. No. 4, John Bright.

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

S. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock. Very Rev. Casady, Pastor. Sabbath school immediately following services.

METHODIST CHURCH. Sunday services—Reading at 10:30 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Class No. 1, 9:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Epworth League) 7:00 P. M. Class No. 3 (Children) 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 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. O. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

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

K. O. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock P. M. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. ARTHUR COYKENDALL, C. C. E. J. MACK, K. of K. 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.

BLEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF THE REBEKAH, meet every 1st and 3rd 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. NELL BRENNAN, V. G. D. H. CHONIN, Clerk.

A. O. U. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall. C. BRIGHT, Rec. S. B. HOWARD, W. M.

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

FROM THE WEST, very day, Sunday included at 10:40 a. m.

PACIFIC SHORT LINE. Passenger-leaves 10:01 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 Tuesday, Wed. and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 1:30 p. m.

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

O'NEILL AND NIORARA. Departs Monday, Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 a. m. Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m.

O'NEILL AND CUMMINGSVILLE. Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays at 11:30 p. m. Departs Mon., Wed. and Friday at 1:30 p. m.



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

brain. Pardon me; have you a little brandy? or whisky?" "There isn't a drop in the house," said Miss Walton, piteously. "We had some, that had been in the cellar for years, that mother hid during the war; but—you—it was being stolen, or something—and she sold what was left."



Bore the limp shape into the nearest room.

pretty head had to come, too. There was too much of that fine, shining, shimmering tress to let go. Burns was already creaking out into the dark passage. Miss Walton was absorbed in her mother's face. Miss Katherine's round cheek had flushed as red as the invalid's was white, and both her tiny hands were madly tugging and pulling at the offending tendrils; but who could work to advantage with the back or side of one's head practically clamped to the work bench? Miss Katherine could not tear herself loose except at the risk of carrying away a square inch or more of scalp, for the strap would not yield, and its wearer could not help so long as her own hands were tugging. There was every likelihood, therefore, that the tableau on which Mme. Walton's opening eyes should gaze would be about the very last she would care to see—the bonnie head of her precious child reposing, to all appearance, on a shoulder in Yankee blue—when Lambert, alive to the desperate nature of the situation, quickly cut loose the two or three buttons of the flannel sack coat then so much in vogue, and slipping out of that and into the hall, rejoined his imperious sergeant.

"I hope the lieutenant will pardon my taking his flask. I saw it in the tent this evening, sir, and the captain didn't leave the key of the medical chest—with me, leastwise." "You did right. That was some good cognac they got for me in New Orleans. I hope it will revive her. Ought we not to send for Dr. Hand?" "No, sir," whispered Burns. "She wouldn't have him for one of her niggers—and be damned to them. I know now where Riggs had been getting his liquor, and where our coffee and sugar has been going. He's bribed these thieving servants of hers to steal that precious brandy, and those damn scoundrels broke into the cellar to-night to get more."

"Quick! Come out of this!" whispered Lambert, hoarsely, and dragged the sergeant after him to the dark and wind-swept shadows of the yard.

IX.

Sunday morning came, gloomy, cloudy, with the wind still moaning among the almost leafless branches and whirling dust-clouds from the crooked road. After a night of so much excitement camp slept late. Lambert was aroused somewhere about seven by a scratching at the tent flap, and Sergt. Burns, answering the summons to "come in," poked his freshly shaved face through a framing of white canvas to ask if he might send the lieutenant some breakfast from the cook-fire. It was barely 24 hours since his arrival in camp, and so crowded had these hours been with event, experience and novelty that the young officer seemed to feel he had been a month on duty. There lay his blue flannel blouse at the foot of his cot. Unseen hands had tossed it from the window at which on his first appearance the previous night a slender, white-robed form had been piteously crying for help. He drew it to him and searched the left shoulder strap. Yes! Even now three or four curling hairs were twining like the tendrils of a vine about its dead-gold border and across the field of sky-blue velvet—another vogue to the day. "She had time to disentangle the mass, but could not see these fine filaments in so dim a light," he laughed to himself. "Only fancy what my Merrimac madre would say if she were to hear that a pretty head—a southern girl's head—had been resting on my shoulder the very first night I got here! Only fancy what the damsel herself would say, if she had a chance to say anything! And as her mamma—well, what wouldn't she say?"

Lambert had lots to think of as he made his soldier toilet and came forth into the gloomy, moisture-laden air, for the southeasterly wind was sweeping the rain clouds up from the distant gulf, and nature looked bleak and dismal. Two items occurred to give him comfort. No sooner had he stepped out into the open space than the sentry at the other end of the camp shouted: "Turn out the guard—commanding officer!" which was unnecessary at the distance and under the circumstances, yet clearly proved that the disposition among the men was to "brace up" in recognition of the arrival of an officer who knew what discipline meant.

And then, looking suspiciously as though he had been waiting for a chance to undo the ill effect of his blunder of the previous day, there in front of Burns' tent stood Corporal Cunningham, company clerk; and the salute with which he honored the camp commander was as pregnant with good intent as it was clumsy in execution. Somebody had placed an empty clothing box by the side of the tent, covered it with canvas fly, and set this improvised table for one with the best tins the company mess afforded. Somebody else had carefully blacked the lieutenant's boots and shoes, and presently up came a young German soldier bearing the lieutenant's breakfast on the company cook's breadboard, which was covered with a clean white towel.

"Burns is one of the oaks, at any rate," thought Lambert, as the sergeant looked to see that all was in proper order. Ham and eggs, "soldier coffee," a can of milk, corn-bread and hardtack, were set before him with pardonable pride and Burns explained that they bought eggs, milk, and corn-bread of an old darkey who came over from the village almost every day. Then Lambert bethought him of his captured pail of butter, and brought it from the tent. "This does not belong to me," he said. "It rolled out from the Walton hedge last evening. Do you know who their regular customer is?"

"I don't, sir. Yet I know McBride and others sometimes had butter—good butter too, like this. The captain doesn't buy any, and wouldn't allow the company to buy any there. Not that he cared, sir; only the old lady was so uppish and made such a row when any of our fellows were seen even talking to her people that he gave regular orders forbidding it. No one from the Walton place dare set foot inside camp, and he'll make it hot for Riggs when he gets back. Murphy is less to blame, but will have to go to Ship island all the same, I reckon." "How are those two this morning?" "Riggs is stupid drunk yet, but Murphy swears he'd only gone to try to get Riggs out of trouble; he'd hardly been drinking at all. He begs to see the lieutenant, sir. He says he can explain the whole thing."

not the strength for the trouncing the fellow had deserved at her hands. The story he told was hardly credible. Lambert could have ordered him back with sharp rebuke for his falsifications, but a glance at Burns' war-worn face, clouded and perplexed, made the young commander pause. "Do you really expect me to believe this?" he asked, and Murphy answered: "I'm ready to make oath to it before the praste, sorr."

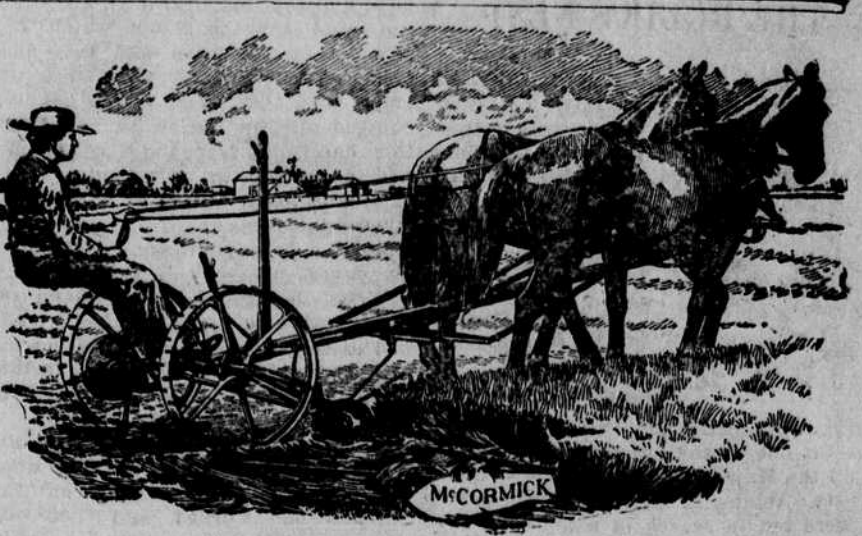
And this, in effect, was the Irishman's tale: He had known his "bunky"—Riggs—only since that worthy's enlistment in the company the previous winter, but this much of Riggs almost everybody knew; that he had been a sergeant during the war days and was serving an enlistment in the regular cavalry when deprived, for persistent drinking, of his chevrons. The troop to which he was attached had been stationed at Quitman and in this section of the south for a year or more, but was ordered to the Indian country just about the time of Riggs' discharge by expiration of term of service. Then, after a protracted spree in New Orleans, he turned up at the barracks and "took on" again in the infantry, and in the very company which, oddly enough, was so soon ordered up to the region he knew so well. Indeed, Riggs claimed when drinking to have acquaintance not only with the Walton ladies, but with some of the most prominent men in Quitman county, and frequently boasted of the good times he would have could he only get over there. Another thing about Riggs: He had twice got Murphy to go as his substitute on certain detachment or posse duty, offering as excuse that marching wore him out, yet admitting to Murphy that there were other reasons. "There are men in this section who'd shoot me on sight—get the drop on me—pick me off from the woods or fences," he had explained. Murphy believed him, and believed, too, his statement that he had powerful friends even among officers and gentlemen who had fought through the war on the southern side. "He got money when he needed it, and spent it like a gentleman," said Murphy; which, being interpreted, meant that he liberally squandered it on his comrades.

But Riggs had of late been out of money; he "couldn't hear from his friends," said Murphy, and was getting in trouble. He owed poker debts in the company and liquor debts in town. He couldn't get a drink on trust and the men were shy of playing with him; but he had always been liberal to Murphy when in funds, and Murphy stood by him now. About nine o'clock, therefore, the previous evening, he noticed that Riggs was greatly excited when an old darkey came shambling in and gave him a little note. The negro had occasionally come before, and did not seem to belong either in town or at the Walton place. Riggs stole out to the road, despite Murphy's warning, and came back in ten minutes, bidding Murphy in eager whisper to be quick and come with him. It was evident even then that Riggs had had a drink or two. Murphy reminded him of the lieutenant's orders and begged him to run no risk; and then Riggs broke out and told him that, come what might, he'd simply got to go to town, and Murphy with him. He would explain when they got out of camp, but there wasn't a minute to lose; and Murphy went along, "just to keep him out of trouble." Out in the darkness a stranger joined them, gave Riggs some low-toned orders, but refused to let him have another drink. They were stealing along the road together, trying to dodge the flickering firelight, when it suddenly flared up and must have betrayed them, for a moment later they heard Burns shouting after them. Then the stranger "lept the fence" into the Walton place; Riggs darted away and ran like a streak, so he followed Riggs.

When at safe distance from camp Riggs slowed up and told what he had agreed to do. At Cohen's store was a box containing some expensive wine and cordials which had been prescribed for Mrs. Walton two weeks before by their old family physician and ordered sent from New Orleans. It was one of the sad cases common in the south in those hard times. Miss Walton, who wrote the order without her mother's knowledge, had no money to send, and the firm had none to lose. She explained that the wine was needed at once, and the money would be at hand in the course of ten days. The wine was sent, care of Cohen & Co., with instructions to collect first; and not until this night had there been money enough to pay for it. Now "a gentleman," whom Riggs knew well, had brought them help; but he himself could not go to Tugaloo because of certain past events with which he was intimately connected, and none of the Walton servants dared go, because of the tremendous stories in circulation concerning the events of the day. The gentleman had come a long distance at big risk to see the lady, Riggs declared, and must get away that night.

In this dilemma Riggs was called on for help. His chivalric nature was aroused—presumably; or possibly "the tiger had tasted blood"—and needed more. Riggs had got the gentleman's last drink, and the money for more was now in his hands. But the gentleman had stipulated that a reliable man must go with him to fetch the precious packet in case Riggs "got full"; and Murphy was the man. "We got the box, sorr, (To be continued.)"

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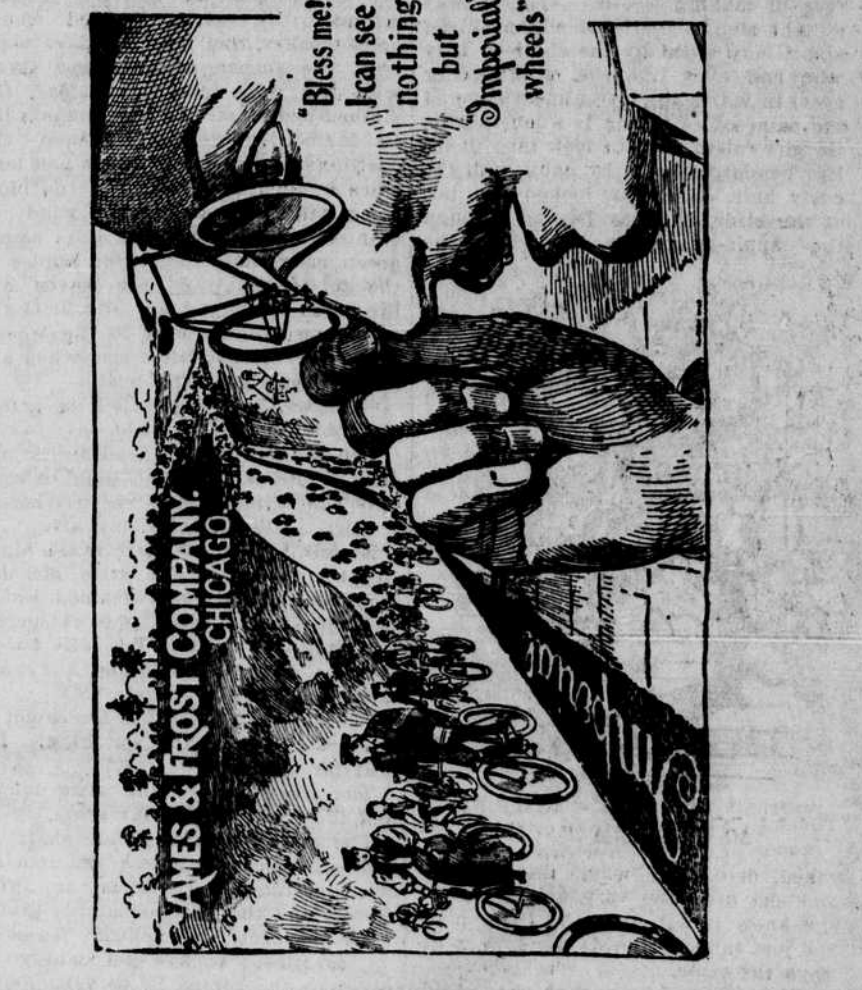
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