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rayo., H. E. Murphy; Ciers, N. Martin; Prosenter, John al., uigh; City Surmeer, John al., uigh; City Surmeer, John French Jourse, H. Laucaman; Hat of Police, P. J. Biglin; Plancey, Tuos. Carlon; Weighmaster, D. g. annard.

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. OLDIERS' 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. Howen, O'Neill, secretary; H. 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.

METHODIST CHURCH.

services—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 8:00
P. M. Class No. 19:30 A. M. Class No. 2 (Epworth League) 7:00 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. me, especially strangers. E. T. GEORGE, Pastor.

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 E. 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. Dobris Sec. J. C. Harrish, H. P

K. OF P.--HELMET LODGE, U. D. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern cordially invited. ARTHUR COYKENDALL, C. C. E. J. MACK. K. of B. and S.

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

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS
OF REBEKAH, meets every 1st and 3d
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 night O ARF I Market Strategy 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

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

r. B. & M. V. R. R.—FROM THE EAST. day, Sunday included at..... 9:40 p FROM THE WEST vary day, Sunday included at.....10:04 a

PACIFIC SHORT LINE.

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



escaped yesterday, I'm told."

"Yes, suh. The same family, suh; Col. Scroggs' brothers. I can't discuss Col. Scroggs' brothers. I can't discuss assertive, semi-interrogative remark in them just now, but if the colonel should disdainful and truculent tone. "Ah ome here to see you before Capt. Close hope you've got that money at last." gots back, if you'll take my advice like hell. Good day, suh."

And, pulling off his hat and sticking man had by this time cautiously withspurs to his mud-covered steed, Mr. drawn. He could hear her eager breath-Potts galloped away along the Tugaloo ing and the patter of her hands among road into the gathering darkness.

before Lambert bethought him of the no time fo' nawnsense." lantern he had purposed buying, even if he had to send to Cohen's on a Sun-German "striker" set two of them wait too long already. alight in his tent, with empty whisky washed the labels-as candlesticks.

One thought led to another. The pro posed purchase reminded Lambert that all the money in his possession was now the \$20-bill borrowed of Close, and this reminded him that he wanted five dollars in small currency-"shiuplasters,"



The rain dripping from bit and boot

as the miniature greenbacks were called at the time. Since hearing Murphy's story he better understood the straits to which his neighbors were reduced, and he had determined that the aid he had proffered in one way should, despite madame's high-spirited rejection, be rendered in another.

At eight o'clock he had secured the amount he needed through the good offices of the first sergeant, and he was wondering how soon he might expect the visit of Col. Scroggs and what could be its purpose, when all of a sudden the clatter at the other end of the camp told him of the return of the detachment sent out the previous night; but it was Sergt. McBride, not his company commander, who met him at the tent door.

"The captain's compliments, an' he'll fooled him."

"Stopped over where, sergeant? Not alone, I hope?" "No, sir; the sheriff was along, an Mr. Scroggs-or Col. Scroggs-and a young fellow they called Potts, who met us across the track on the Quitman road. The captain said you wasn't to worry about him, but we didn't get

the parties the sheriff was after, and the captain thinks he knows who threw us off the scent." Manifestly nothing was to be done but await the captain's return, and nine o'clock came without him. Lam-

bert had determined to investigate the butter market, however, and time was not hanging heavily upon his hands by any means. Throwing a light-blue overcoat, such as was worn by the rank and file, over his uniform, he sallied forth just after nine o'clock, and made his way around the camp until he reached the road, and followed it to the gap among the rose-bushes whence had rolled the tin pail on the previous night. All was dark and still. Setting the pail just within the hedge, he patiently waited. Presently voices -feminine voices-became faintly audible. "Elinor" had evidently been pushed forward en reconnoissance, and, after her recent nerve-racking experiences,

didn't like the detail. "I tell yo' dey ain' no one 'bout, Mis' Katie. I done felt fur de pail, an' 'tain't day-h," was her protest. At this Lambert saw fit to give a low whistle, at sound of which Elinor, with prodigious rustle of skirts, bolted back towards the house, and her unseen companion, after emphatic and scornful reference

name were among the prisoners who to "bawn cowuds," came nurriedly forward, but paused at discreet distance. "You're theh, ah you?" was the semi-

For an answer Lambert reached in you'll listen to him. He wants to speak and shook the pail. The combination about that arrest and square things: of "shinplasters" and small coin within and—well, I know a gentleman when I gave a reassuring rattle. Eagerly the see one, just as I know a rough—like girl bounded to the hedge. He could that soldier you were examining. The just discern the slender little form and colonel was conductor of our train the tumbled head of hair as she dropped night before last. Now I've got to ride the enfolding shawl and stooped to take the prize-which the unprincipled young

the rain-laden branches. Soon after nightfall the rain ceased "Whuh on earth" (who on earth can d the wind died away. For the first spell the word as a real southern girl the since he had turned in the night says it?) "did you hide that pail? Ah've

Silence a moment. "Look hyuh, Mr. Yankee! Ah'm not day. Burns sent some candles over accustomed to being made a fool of, from the company stores and the young 'n Ah want that money. Ah've had to

A sound as of something shaking in bottles—off which he had deferentially a tin vessel, but further away, towards a broader gap in the dark hedge.

"Ah'm not going up thuh. Ah told you twice befoh. You bring that pail back hyuh" (indignantly). Ah don't believe you've gawt the money at all." (tentatively). "If you had, no gentluman would keep me waiting—when we need it so much." (Symptoms of vanishing nerve, and again a tempting rattle). "Ah can't go there" (pleadingly now). "Please bring it hyuh, Mr. Riggs. Brothuh Floyd would be fuyious if he knew" (pause)-"an' we had such awful trouble las' night-all on account of some of your rascally-Oh! what's that new lieutenant's name?" (Sudden change of theme and tone).

"His name's Ike," was the response in a house whisper across the dripping rose bushes.

"Ah don't believe a wuhd you say. What's his real name?" "Ask Mr. Potts if his name isn't Ike;

and come and get your money." "Ah don't have a chance to ask Mr. Potts anything. They don't allow me in the pahlor when Mr. Bahton Potts comes. Ah'm too much of a child to be trusted with family secrets, it seems: though Ah'm not too young to find out how much we need money.-Whuh's that pail?"-suddenly coming down to business again.

Lambert gave it a shake, this time within reach of a little hand that darted bella Macomber Reynolds is the only upon his own.

'You let go that pail!" was the imperious demand from within. "I can't-till you let go my hand,"

from without. "Ah don't want your hand. Ah want-

"I didn't offer it, but, since you like it so much, here's the other." And through the darkness another hand, with soft warm palm and long, slender fingers, closed in upon the hot little paw straining and tugging at the original occupant of the handle. Instantly, with indignant force, the enfolded member was snatched away, and the stooping girl sprang to her feet, wild-eyed and alarmed.

"Wh' ah you?" she panted. "That's not Sergt. Riggs." A window was suddenly raised back towards the house; the mournful toot of a tin horn began. "Quick! Ah've got to go. Roll that pail be back by an' by, sir. He stopped over to have it out with somebody that "He's detained—on duty, but it's all "He's detained-on duty, but it's all right. Where's the buttermilk?"

Through the trees behind the girl came Elinor at top speed; one could hear the rustle rods away. "F' Gawd's sake, two others. They were talking with Mis' Katie, come quick. Mis' Walton's callin'."

But Kate was fumbling for something in her pocket and bending forward to the hedge. The next instant, with brilliant flash, the glare of a parlor match leaped out one second on the night and fell full on a laughing, handsome young face peering in from under the visor of an infantry forage cap. One second only, and down went the match, and with stifled cry bounded the youngest daughter of the household of Walton-

even the precious pail forgotten. Ten minutes later a horseman came galloping up the muddy road and inquiring for the lieutenant. Lambert recognized him as one of the deputies or assistants engaged in Saturday's affair at the jail. He handed a folded paper to the young officer, and, in low, excited tones, began some explanatory comments.

"Wait," said Lambert., "Let me read." Tearing open the paper, by the dim light of Burns' lantern he made out the following:

"Lieut. Lambert: Post guard at once around Walton place, so as to prevent any men from getting in or out. Take half the company if you need it. I'll be there in half an hour.

"B'vt. Capt. Com'd'g."

(To be continued.)

Paint your house (not red) but any color you want, and call on Hershiser & of the grass to prevent his fight away.

Gilligan when in need of paints. 45tf fur jay and exultashun!" Gilligan when in need of paints. 45tf.

PAINTERS OF ROMANTICISM'

Coret. Chamerpau, Camille, Rogier and Marithat in Their Youth. No anchorite ever disdained the lux-uries of life in better faith than the enthusiasts of romanticism, says Temple Bar. In the year 1832 a little band of artists—true bohemians, long-haired, adaverous—extravagantly dressed in all colors of the rainbow, encamped themselves in a desolate quarter of Paris. One comes suddenly from the roar and turmoil of the streets into an oasis of solitude and allence; the ruins of an old church make the place a sort of sanctuary; the houses on each side, once imposing, are dilapidated and abandoned. In one of these an ample lodging was found for those immoder ate lovers of art to whom the consider-ation of personal well-being was quite unimportant-who were more than content to breakfast on an ode and to dine on a ballad. One empty room of immense size, going rapidly to rack and ruin, seemed especially fitted for their needs and was soon turned into a temple of the arts. Could the already tumble-down place have possibly been preserved to the present day, what a mine of wealth, what priceless treas-ures it would have been found to contain, for the impromptu decorations were undertaken by hands then quite unknown but bound to emerge into the full light of celebrity. Perched upon ladders, a rose behind the ear, cigarette in mouth, the peintres romantiques are always and masterplaces of senius. On produced masterpieces of genius. On narrow panels high above his head; Corot produced two exquisite views of Italy; below him Chassereau designed a Diana bathing, where was already indicated the almost savage grace and freedom of his later works; Camille Rogier covered the ceiling with oriental fancies; Marilhat, Celestin Nanteuil, Adolphe Leleux added their daring and picturesque contributions, and, brush in hand, these artists—themselves aspiring poets-recited verses from Hugo and Alfred de Musset as a fitting accompaniment to pictorial inspiration. It was one of those scenes which merited Carlyle's fanciful description of the Stirling club, "A little flowery island of poetic intellect."

WOMEN OF THE WORLD. Four Honored and Three Gifted With

Long Life. Miss Margaret Cresswell receives \$3,500 a year for acting as postmistress in Gibraltar. The Gibraltar mail cannot be very heavy, for Miss Cresswell at the same time acts as superintendent of all the postoffices on the North African coast. The first woman who has received the permission of the minister of public instruction to attend lectures in the University of Munich is Miss Ethel Gertrude Skeat, daughter of Professor Skeat, the eminent philologist. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, former president of Wellesley college, is now in Venice. She has accepted the invitation of the American Missionary association to be one of the speakers at the jubilee of the association in Boston next October. Her subject will be "Educational Equipment for Missionary Service." Three active spiritualists in San Francisco recently held an interesting celebration on their common birthday. Each one has a great-greatgrandmother, one being 82 years old, another 85, and another 89. None has lost a whit of her intellectual ability and all three drank gayly out of teacups 250 years old as they discussed free thought and spiritualism with all their old-time keenness. Major Arawoman who was ever commissioned regularly in the United States army. She distinguished herself conspicuous ly in the late war, but now lives in a quiet little town on the Pacific coast, where she is known as Major Belle Reynolds.

Things Were Going to Turn. In front of a Dakota sod cabin sat a man about 50 years old who was ragged and forlorn and hungry-looking. A few rods away lay the dead body of a mule and beyond that was a wagon with a broken wheel. There was no smoke coming out of the cabin chimney, no fowls or livestock about and no other human beings to be seen.

"Well," queried the man as I looked about, "things look sorter lonesome "Indeed, they do, sir. What's been

the matter with you?" "Billyus fever." "Where is the wife?" "Inside the house with the same

"And the children?" "Out thar behind the haystack shak-

in' with the ager. "I see you've lost your mule." "Died two days ago, sir. Can't rightly say what ailed him, but he's gone.

"I suppose you are dead broke on top of all?" I queried. "Haven't got a red cent, sir, and nuthin' but cornmeal in the house," he

"Well, I don't blame you for feeling blue over the situation." "Who's a feelin' blue?"

"Why, I expect you are."

with my money!"

"Then you make a big mistake, stranger. Things did look a little blue last week, but three days ago I had this 'ere farm out up into 2,000 town lots and arranged with a critter to boom it, and I'm feelin' like a steer in a cornfield. Two thousand hots at \$100 apiece, six railroads to cross yeare, three big car-works a-comi n', schools, churches, factories, parks, h atels-why, durn my hide, but I jist soft yere cal-kerlatin' on startin' five banks and foundin' two or three orph an asylums

"Then I can't aid you?" "Jist a pipe o' terbacker and a nip of whisky, stranger, and you tell everybody down the road that o le Bill Johnson has founded the town o' Golden City and is goin' to plant gold watches for mile posts all over the stait. Feelin' blue? Waal, I should rayther gurgle to obsarve that he har, to keep hold





The Man who is Raising a Big Grop

IJeal farming comprehends not only the growing of the tallest grain-to-the-acre of hay; the best farming the farming that says must something more than this; for there is a harvest time, and just in crop is saved, successfully, speedily and economically, in just that gree

they are so constantly out of fix. Let's admit, that we are all trelet's admit also—because experience has proven it true—that there than the best. In harvesting machinery here it is,

The McCormick Right-hand Open Elevator Bin The McCormick New 4 Steel Mower. The McCormick Folding Daisy Resper. The McCormick Vertical Corn Binder.

Come in and let us show you these machines; they are the only hind we he



Write me for prices on Twine.

O. F. Biglin



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