

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

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State Auditor.....John F. Cornell
Attorney General.....C. J. Smyth
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Supt. Public Instruction.....W. R. Jackson

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Associates.....T. O. Harrison and T. L. Norvall
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Judge.....M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill
Reporter.....J. J. King, of O'Neill
Judge.....W. H. Westover, of Rushville
Deputy.....John Maher, of Rushville

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O'NEILL
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Receiver.....Elmer Williams.

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Clerk of the District Court.....John Skirving
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Deputy.....Mike McCarthy
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Coroner.....Dr. Trueblood
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FIRST DISTRICT
Cleveland, Sand Creek, Dustin, Saratoga, Rock Falls and Pleasantview.....J. A. Robertson
SECOND DISTRICT
Shields, Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Wildoulaide and Iowa.....J. H. Hopkins.

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 one year—D. H. Cronin. For one year—C. W. Hagenick. 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 McHugh; City Engineer, John Horriky; Police Judge, H. Kautzman; Chief of Police, P. J. Biglin; Attorney, Thos. Carlson; Weighmaster, D. Stannard.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP

Supervisor, R. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney McGreevy; Clerk, J. Sullivan; Assessor, Ben Orling; Justices, M. Castello and Chas. Wilcox; Constables, John Horriky and Ed. McBride; Road overseer, dist. 26, Allen Brown; dist. No. 4, John Enright.

OLDIERS RELIEF COMMISSION

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; H. H. Clark, Atkinson.

S. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Services on 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) 7:30 P. M. Class No. 3 (Children) 3:30 P. M. Mid-week services—General prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will be made welcome, especially strangers. E. T. GEORGE, Pastor.

A. R. POST, NO. 86

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, C. M.

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. DOBBS, Sec. J. C. HARNISH, H. P.

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 R. and S.

O'NEILL ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F.

O. O. F. meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall. CHAS. BRIGHT, H. P. H. M. TITZLEY, Scribe.

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH

Meets 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. HARRY DOWLING, Sec. J. J. KING, W. M.

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710, M. V. O. F. A.

Meets on the first and third Tuesday in each month in the Masonic hall. NEIL BRENNAN, V. C. D. H. CROBIN, Clerk.

A. O. U. W. NO. 153

Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Masonic hall. C. BRIGHT, Sec. 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.

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

Recalled by the Transfer of Billy Bowlegs' Last Refuge to Private Owners.

Up to a few years ago, says the Atlanta Journal, all that was known of that vast inland sea on the southern border of Georgia called the Okefenokee swamp was that it had once been the stronghold of "Billy Bowlegs." Even those who had heard the euphonious name often enough to form some idea as to the topography of the swamp received an entirely erroneous impression of its character. They regarded it as a mere waste of malarial waters, like the everglades of Florida or the Dismal swamp of Virginia. Within the last two years, however, the invasion of capital into the recesses of its cypress and magnolia groves has revealed a wealth of natural resources unsurpassed, and shown that instead of being an impenetrable swamp, the Okefenokee is a great inland sea of very much the same type in the quality of its water as Lake Superior.

Away back in the early days of the century, just prior to the Seminole war, General Clinch of Georgia marched into Florida and penetrated the everglades with a regiment of soldiers, his purpose being to induce the Seminole chiefs to sign a treaty relinquishing their possessions to the government. He pitched his tent in the heart of a swamp, and invited the Indian chieftains to a conference at which they were to sign the papers ceding the land to the United States. The chief of the Seminoles at that time was a half-breed named Smith—a man of strikingly handsome appearance, over six feet in height, and as straight as an arrow. This leader, together with two of his sub-chiefs, was standing in General Clinch's tent listening to the reading of the deed which took away their lands. At the conclusion of the reading the two sub-chiefs, who could neither read nor write, made their marks. Turning to Smith, who stood in contemplative mood, gazing with fixed eyes upon the papers before them, General Clinch asked: "You can write your name, Smith?" "Yes," he replied quickly, "but this is one time when I intend to make my mark."

Quick as thought the powerful half-breed whipped out a long, keen knife, and, lightning-like, buried it to the hilt in the heart of one of the subchiefs, then in that of the other, and finally in the breast of the government agent, killing the three almost instantly.

The soldiers about General Clinch flew to arms, and were in the act of making Smith their prisoner when he calmly called to them to look outside the tent. Doing so, they found the camp completely surrounded by a band of at least 3,000 Indian braves ready to obey their chief's command. Smith did not order the massacre of the company, but without as much as harming a hair of the head of General Clinch or any of his soldiers, marched them to the edge of the swamp, and in parting said:

"Now, General Clinch, you and your soldiers may go, but I warn you that if ever a white man places his foot upon our lands again he had better beware of the Seminoles."

As General Clinch marched his men away the Indian braves enthusiastically crowded about their great chief and raising him high upon their shoulders cried out in a mighty chorus: "Osceola! Osceola!" which means "the rising sun." This was the beginning of the Seminole war, and it was in this way that the half-breed chieftain received the name by which he is known to history.

The end of his career is familiar to all. The manner in which he was enticed to Washington, where he attracted much attention and was the "observed of all observers," under cover of a flag of truce, and his confinement until his death in Fort Moultrie, at Charleston, are well remembered.

Smith's successor in command of the Seminoles was Billy Bowlegs, a chief of diminutive stature but undaunted courage. During the war which followed Billy found refuge in Okefenokee swamp, and one of the principal islands of this inland sea now bears his name.

Okefenokee swamp was, until 1890, the property of the state of Georgia. An act of the legislature, approved in October, 1889, provided for the sale of the swamp to the highest bidder, the minimum price being fixed at 12 1/2 cents an acre. When the bids were opened by Governor Gordon March 18, 1890, that offering 26 1/2 cents per acre was accepted.

A Night Favor.

A criminal whose day of execution had arrived was asked by his jailer if he had any favor to ask. "I have, sir," said the condemned man, "and it is a very slight favor indeed." "Well if it is really a slight favor I can grant it. What is it?" "I hanker for a few peaches to eat." "Peaches!" exclaimed the jailer. "Why, they won't be ripe for several months yet." "Well," said the condemned man, "that doesn't matter—I'll wait." —Tit-Bits.

The Landlord's Ox Was Gored.

Cumbuck—I was a guest of the Colorado resort hotel which was held up and robbed by a lone bandit not long ago.

Stayhome—What did the landlord do about it?

Cumbuck—He roared unceasingly for two days about its being the worst breach of professional courtesy he had ever heard of.—Puck.

Signs of Total Depravity.

Helen—I do think that man I stood in front of in the car must have been a perfect brute.

Nettie—Why, dear?

"I stood on his foot for twenty minutes and he didn't have manners enough to offer me his seat."

SUSAN E.'S FIRST SPEECH

It Consisted Only of Three Sentences, But It Went to the Point.

It is forty years since Miss Anthony first lifted her voice in public. She spoke exactly three sentences on that occasion, but they cost her an effort almost greater than the commotion her act excited. It was at the New York state teachers' convention, in the city of Rochester, says the New York Sun, and Miss Anthony was in attendance for the first time in her life. There were about a thousand women teachers there and about two hundred men. But the men were certainly a glorious minority. They gave the reports, made all suggestions, nominated committees—of themselves—and, in short, they were the convention. Not one of the women had ever raised her feeble voice in approval or protest. At this meeting several of the men loudly bewailed the fact that society did not respect teachers as it respected lawyers, doctors and ministers. They said that they were called Miss Nancys and old grandmothers, which terms they did not seem to consider respectful. They declared that the vocation of a teacher was superior in importance to that of a lawyer or a doctor. Yea! even of a minister. At this point of the discussion a strange and awful thing occurred. A woman rose and said: "Mr. President." That woman was young Miss Anthony. This is the way she tells of what happened:

"When the president stepped to the front of the platform he said: 'What will the lady have?' just as if some one had fainted or something had happened. The thought never entered the man's head, never even cracked the shell, that one of one thousand women should speak when there two hundred men there for that purpose.

"Mr. President," I said, 'I would like to speak on the subject under discussion.'

"What do you think he said? He looked down at the handful of men, who, of course, had the good seats in front, and inquired solemnly what was the pleasure of the convention! Then some gentleman arose and made the motion that the lady be allowed—allowed mind you—to speak. For half an hour they discussed that motion. Finally, by a small majority, I was permitted to say what I had on my mind. All this time I had stood there determined to keep the floor at any cost. There was a big lump in my throat, but I choked it down.

"Mr. President and gentlemen," I said as bravely as I could, 'I have listened to your discussion with a good deal of interest, but it seems to me that none of you quite comprehend the cause of the disrespect you complain of. Do you not see that while woman has not brains enough to be a minister, a doctor or a lawyer, but has ample brains to be a teacher, every man of you distinctly acknowledges that he has not any more brains than a woman?'

"When I sat down three men walked the length of the hall, shook hands with me and thanked me—I hardly know why. The newspaper accounts the next day said that I made the men very angry, but that I hit the nail on the head. But it did some good, anyway. After my plunge women were allowed to read papers, were placed on committees and took an active part in the conventions. I, myself, was asked to read a paper—which by the way, I got my friend, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, to write for me—and, in a voice somewhat the worse for having my heart in my throat, I read it before the convention. Of course the paper was good—Mrs. Stanton wrote it—but this was the cheerful way in which Father Hazleton complimented me on it:

"In matter and manner I would not have asked that your address should be different, but, madam, I would rather have followed my wife and daughter to Greenwood cemetery than have had them stand before this audience and read that address."

"Now, wasn't that nice of him?" says Miss Anthony quizzically, and then murmurs reflectively, "the world do move."

Contradicted Himself.

"Doctor," said the solicitor. "I wish you would do some advertising with our paper."

"Couldn't think of it, sir. The idea is preposterous. It's against the ethics of our profession. By the way, here is an item about a man I attended this morning. Take it down to the office, will you? And be sure to see that my name is mentioned."

It Is With Some People.

Frank, aged 8, is trying to explain to his little sister Ethel what the soul is.

"You know, Ethel, your body doesn't go to heaven; it's your soul."

Ethel—What is the soul?

Frank—Well, it's something inside you—not your heart; it's something you feel, but can't see.

Ethel—Oh, I know! You mean the dinner—Texas Stifings.

A Hereditary Trade.

Almost the sole hereditary trade in the United States is that of the deep water pilot. At most of the important seaports pilotage has been confined for generations to a few families. The Delaware pilots congregate at Lewes, where they have lived these many generations.

Has the Proper View.

The Count—What zey call the young gallant who would wed zey young ladee?

The Heiress—The suitor.

The Count—Ah! And I suppose zey zey young ladee accept zey call her zey suitor? Is it not?—Life.

NOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys.

When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate, or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder, and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pains in passing it, or bad effects following the use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention THE FRONTIER and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

What a Prominent Insurance Man Says.

H. M. Blossom, senior member of H. M. Blossom & Co., 317 N. 3rd St. Louis writes: I had been left with a very distressing cough, the result of influenza, which nothing seemed to relieve, until I took Ballard's Horehound Syrup. One bottle completely cured me. I sent one bottle to my sister who had a severe cough, and she experienced immediate relief. I always recommended this syrup to my friends.

John Cranston 908 Hampshire Street, Quincy, Ill., writes: I have found Ballard's Horehound Syrup superior to any other cough medicine I have ever known. It never disappoints. Price 25 and 50 cents. Free sample bottles at P. C. Corrigan's.

FREE BICYCLES.

The State Journal is offering a first-class bicycle free to any person who will get up a club of 100 yearly subscribers for the Semi-Weekly Journal at \$1 each.

The bicycles are covered by as strong a guarantee as any \$100 wheel and are first class in every respect. Any young man or woman can now earn a bicycle! If you find you cannot get the required number, a liberal cash commission will be allowed you for each subscription you do get. You are sure to be paid well for what you do. You can get all your friends and neighbors to take the Semi-Weekly State Journal at \$1 a year. Address State Journal, Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., and one of the most widely known men in the state, was cured of rheumatism after three years of suffering. He says: "I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. My physicians told me that nothing could be done for me, and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering. In June, 1894, Mr. Evans, then salesman for the Wheeling Drug Co., recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. At this time my foot and limb were swollen to more than double their normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave, and now I consider that I am entirely cured. For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this abstract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding la grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at P. C. Corrigan's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

PACIFIC SHORT LINE

HAS THE BEST TRAIN SERVICE

—IN— NORTHERN NEBRASKA.

Through Freight and Passenger Rates TO ALL POINTS.

If you are going on a trip or intend changing your location, apply to our nearest agent, or write to W. B. MCNIDER, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Sioux City.

The Smart Housewife Gets The Best at same price others pay for inferior brands because she always asks for

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO STARCH

"PURE" & "SILVER GLOSS" for the laundry give a gloss and finish that is unequalled. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS.



The Man who is Raising a Big Crop

—realizes that the harvest time is ahead. Ideal farming comprehends not only the growing of the tallest grain—the most tons-to-the-acre of hay; the best farming—the farming that pays—must contemplate something more than this; for there is a harvest time, and just in proportion as a crop is saved, successfully, speedily and economically, in just that proportion may be measured the season's profit or loss.

MCCORMICK

Harvesting Machines are the profit-bringing kind; they are the kind that keep down expenses; there are other kinds that don't, and are in fact a constant expense because they are so constantly out of fix. Let's admit that we are all trying to make money; let's admit also—because experience has proven it true—that there's nothing cheaper than the best. In harvesting machinery here it is.

The McCormick Right-hand Open Elevator Blader. The McCormick New 4 Steel Mower. The McCormick Folding Daisy Reaper. The McCormick Vertical Corn Blader.

Come in and let us show you these machines; they are the only kind we handle; they are the only kind to own.



Write me for prices on Twine.

O. F. Biglin.

Bless me! I can see nothing but impromptu wheels.



THE FRONTIER

For Up-to-Date Job Work.