

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

STATE

Governor... William H. Morrill
Lieutenant Governor... J. E. Harris
Secretary of State... Wm. E. Porter
State Treasurer... John B. Meserve
State Auditor... John F. Cornell
Attorney General... C. J. Smythe
Com. Lands and Burials... J. Y. Wolfe
Supr. Public Instruction... W. R. Jackson

REGENTS STATE UNIVERSITY

Chas. H. Gere, Lincoln; Leavitt Burnham, Omaha; J. M. Hatt, Alma; E. P. Holmes, Pierce; J. T. Mailaud, Kearney; J. J. Hull, Edwar.

CONGRESSIONAL

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

JUDICIAL

Chief Justice... A. M. Post
Associate Justices... T. O. Harrison and T. L. Norvall

LAND OFFICES

Register... S. J. Weekes
Receiver... H. H. Jenness

COUNTY

Judge... Geo. McCutcheon
Clerk of the District Court... John Skirving

FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT

Judge... M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill
Reporter... J. J. King, of O'Neill

LAND OFFICES

Register... S. J. Weekes
Receiver... H. H. Jenness

CITY OF O'NEILL

Supervisor... E. J. Mack; Justices... E. H. Benedict and S. M. Wagners

COUNCILMAN

For two years—D. H. Cronin
For one year—C. W. Hagensick

CITY OFFICERS

Mayor... H. E. Murphy; Clerk... N. Martini

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP

Supervisor... R. J. Hayes; Treasurer... Barney McGreevy

SOLDIERS' RELIEF COMMISSION

Regular meeting first Monday in February of each year

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Services every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School services—Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.

C. A. R. POST, NO. 86

The Gen. John O'Neill Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska G. A. R.

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' hall

GARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M.

Meets on first and third Thursdays of each month

K. O. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D.

Conventions every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows' hall

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

Meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month

EDEN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH

Meets every 1st and 3rd Friday of each month

GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M.

Regular communications Thursday nights on or before the full of the moon

HOLT CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F.

Meets on the first and third Tuesday in each month

A. O. U. W. NO. 153

Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month

A Clover Trick

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it

FOR SALE—Thirty head of white-face Hereford young bulls

JACOB KRAFT, Stuart, Neb.

MEALS IN TIN CANS.

COURSE DINNER IN CANNED FOODS.

No Besieged City Need Starve—Paris Has Stored Enormous Quantities of Them, Enough to Feed the City Eighteen Months.

HAT greatest terror of war, a starving garrison, a starving town, surrounded by a hostile camp, yet able to see far-off fields of grain and plenty, could not be repeated in this age of canned goods, meats, vegetables, puddings and fruits, all incased in tiny jars or boxes of tin.

It used to be easy to beleaguer a city and starve it into submission with hardly an ounce of shot, for it was a foregone conclusion that if all avenues of food supply were shut off only a few weeks would elapse before both garrison and citizens would have to capitulate, though they might eat ratfish and horseflesh first.

But now, so cleverly are provisions compressed and packed away into tins, and so long will even the foods that most usually spoil quickly keep—for years in most cases—that no city or town could be starved out if it only had a chance to provision itself properly.

The city of Paris has stored away hundreds of thousands of packages containing canned and compressed food enough to supply the entire population for at least eighteen months.

This outfit of canned food is not permitted to be touched, though at times it is tested to see that it still remains unspoiled.

Other cities in Europe have built up stores along much the same lines, though Paris has by far the most important assortment of canned food held in reserve.

Outside of these preparations the manufacture of canned articles has grown to be something enormous, especially in meats and vegetables.

In many cases the canned goods seem to be actually preferred to the original products. Nearly every wise housekeeper nowadays emulates Paris in a small way, for she keeps on her shelves any number of these little boxes and thus finds herself always ready for any emergency should company suddenly drop in or the butcher or grocer fail to turn up.

It is really surprising the variety of things to eat that are put into cans. As a matter of fact one can live, and live comfortably, on canned foods alone. "I can stock your house," said a big wholesale grocer to a World reporter, "so that you need not make another purchase of food for five years, and you shall have every day a perfect dinner of soup and fish, entrees, roasts, frittis, pudding, cheese and coffee, all canned goods."

Canned goods, though, have proved themselves of the greatest value to travelers from the fact that an enormous amount of nourishment can be carried in an exceedingly small compass.

The Arctic explorers first found out the value of canned meats and vegetables, and in this way were able to travel with less hardship and to do things which would have been impossible had it been necessary for them to depend upon food in its original form.

When the Greely expedition went away in 1881 a large quantity of pemican was put on board. A large part of it was not consumed on the trip, and on the return of the explorers it was sent back to the firm from which it was bought.

When the Peary expedition was being fitted out ten years later and the same firm was doing the providing, they opened sample cases of this pemican and found it to be in as good condition as if fresh made. So it was sent out with Peary, and on that explorer's return to New York what was left proved to be as good and as nourishing as it had been in 1881.

No expedition of recent date has plunged into the Dark Continent without being well equipped with tin boxes of all sizes and varieties. It is said that there is no desert plateau in any part of the earth where one is not liable to run across an empty beef can.

Transatlantic steamers and sailing ships about to start out on long voyages use these goods in great quantities because they keep so well and because they can be stored so easily. When prepared by a skillful cook it is impossible for the diner to distinguish between fresh meats and vegetables and those that are canned.

One-Armed Woman Tennis Champion.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand is one-armed. She is Miss Hilda Maule Hitchings. Her arm is the left one.

In three fingers she holds the racquet, and between the remaining finger and the thumb she grasps the ball. A slight toss of the ball, followed by a smart rap of the racquet, results in a fast, low service, which is anything but easy to take. Besides her ability at tennis the New Zealand champion is noted for her dexterity in everything she undertakes, and especially with her needle.

Slang Dictionaries.

There are plenty of dictionaries of French slang in existence, in which a slang word is explained in good French, and the first dictionary in which the slang equivalents for good French words are given is to be published in Paris. It is needed apparently by the writers of stories.

Faith.

The time has come when a man must be ready to show reasons for the faith that is in him if he expects others to accept it.—Rev. Dr. MacAfee

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Town Topics: Slumleigh—I don't see why you care so little for me, Miss Iyer—Have you ever taken a good look at yourself?

Indianapolis Journal: "George describes the girl he is engaged to as a perfect vision." "Yes; and his sister says she is a sight."

"Freddie is jealous of his prerogatives, isn't he?" "What makes you say so?" "He got angry the other night and told me not to be a fool."—New York Sun.

Cincinnati Enquirer: She—Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you? He—Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.

Cleveland Leader: "How did Nell Lynn look in her new ball dress?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied, "but the large majority of her that was out of it looked stunning."

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Spat—Your husband is an inventor, I believe? Mrs. Spatter—Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country.—Philadelphia North American.

"Was haell!" cried the Mediaeval Era. "If I were so drunk," retorted the End of the Century, "that I could not pronounce 'wat tell' I think I would go home and go to bed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chicago Tribune: "Let us be fair, even to the 'new journalism,'" said Uncle Allen Sparks. "It isn't wholly given over to printing indelible pictures. Part of its mission is to publish 'take interviews.'"

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come west to inquire after the husband she had lost. "Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune: "I see where the Queen of England has sixty pianos and doesn't play any of them." "That's a good girl. I know of a woman who has only one piano but she plays like sixty."

Simonsbee—I have a chance to marry two girls; one is pretty, but a mere butterfly, as it were, and the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper. Mr. Russell of Chicago—Take the pretty one first.—Indianapolis Journal.

"It's perfectly absurd, this clamor about our hats. People who can't see over them would better not go to the theater." "I know; that's what I told my husband, and he said, 'All right, we won't go; and we don't.'"—Bazar.

A young student lately presented himself for examination and indignantly failed. To his family, anxious to hear of his success, he telegraphed thus: "Examinations splendid; professors enthusiastic. They wish for a second in October."—Tit-Bits.

MIXED PARAGRAPHS.

A St. Louis woman was married to a freight conductor Saturday, and they are now making a honeymoon tour through the southwest in a caboose.

He—For perfect enjoyment of love there must be complete confidence. She—(Of Chicago)—I have heard pa say identically the same thing about sausage.—Life.

A young man of Omaha, presumably belonging to the first circles of that town, recently called on a jeweler there and asked to see a nice pair of golf links for his cuffs.

At the recent village election in Constantine, Mich., the women tax-payers were allowed to vote on the electric lighting bond proposition, but only three availed themselves of the right.

A man well up in dog lore counsels intending purchasers of a puppy to let the mother of the puppy choose for them. In carrying them back to their bed the first the mother picks up will always be the best.

The shipment of apples from the port of Portland, Me., to the European market for the season ending last Saturday reached a total which is unprecedented in the annals of the apple export business in this country.

"You can't allus tell whah ter put de credit by lookin' at de surface," said Uncle Eben. "De cork on de fishin' line dances aroun' an' 'tracts a heap o' 'tention. But it's de hook dat's doin' de business."—Washington Star.

ITEMS.

A Jersey City landlord aroused a tenant at 12:45 a. m. on the morning of March 1 to demand the rent due that day, and was thrown down his own stairs.

England has one member of parliament to every 2,250 electors, Ireland one for every 7,177, Scotland one for every 8,974, and Wales one for every 9,613.

The Swiss government is about to establish at Hauterive, on the River Saane, a grand central station for generating electric power, at a cost of 2,800,000 francs.

A Bath (Maine) boy is the proud possessor of an autograph letter from the queen of Holland. His interest in collecting foreign postage stamps won him the royal favor.

Morocco's city walls are now adorned with a trophy of eighty human heads, removed from the insurgents defeated at Sus, in addition to the forty-three heads of the men who attacked the sultan's body-guard some months ago.

"Aha, he's working for his own ends," chuckled the funny man as he saw the cobbler making a pair of shoes for himself, "and he'll put his foot in it, as usual, before he's through."—Pittsburg News.

A REAL GHOST.

Seen and Vouched for by a Judge While Living in Nebraska.

"So you really believe in supernatural visitations? I had sized you up for a man of too much mental power to be a believer in ghosts," said Judge.

"Well, sir," said I, "I am not ambitious to be classed with the superstitions, but I do here affirm that if ever a man saw a real ghost it was I."

"If it is not a long story tell us about it," said the judge.

"Well, the supernatural visitation occurred near Halveys ranch, in Nebraska several years ago. It was a bright moonlight night in May. I had been to the ranch for an evening's visit. Between the hours of 10 and 11 I started to my home on Little Sandy, a mile distant. Ascending a by-path which was called the 'cut-off,' which led into a strip of woods.

Just before entering the timber region, and while musing on the events of the evening, I suddenly confronted a figure draped in white lying on a partly decayed log just at the right alongside the path. Halting quickly, my hand dropped involuntarily to the pistol in my belt, but before I had time to draw the weapon the ghost turned its head and fixed its gaze upon me. Its great dark eyes were fringed with white hair, and while it looked more in pity than in anger, my heart rose and the pulsation quickened to a quiver—every hair of my head felt as though an electric current was operating at its root, and my breath seemed clogged—my nerves were paralyzed. The great melancholy eyes of the apparition seemed mockingly to say, 'Come to me; your weapon is harmless. I am as the air—invisible. I have been in fires, wrecks and battles, but under no conditions have my nerves been so severely tested or my courage subjected to a more serious trial. I could see the eyeballs move—great liquid orbs—and the eyelashes shimmer in the great moonlight. Remembering the injunction of a ghost never to retreat from a ghost under any circumstances, no matter how positive I might be of its ghostly nature, I advanced to it. I made a desperate effort to approach the ghostly figure with eyes averted and the image of a being which imagined in fashions or the spirit world. A sense of fear prevented a retrograde movement—fear that the figure might spring upon me. Bracing my nerves and summoning all my courage, I recalled the early precepts on the point of supernatural visitations, I made a step, or plunge rather, like one leaping over a precipice to escape death, and with a flash the illusion was blasted—it broke in twain. One half of the horrid being trotted on on four legs."

"What was it," breathlessly ejaculated the judge.

"Nothing but a sheep. Two of them I had mounted the log to air themselves. They had stretched out one at the head end of the other, and with his head obscured, forming a figure about the height of a man. The moon was directly overhead, and shone upon the eye of the one whose head was elevated greatly magnifying the eyes and eyelashes. I remember distinctly the hideous aspect of the upright one. I recall too, the foreleg, which was extended when my eyes first beheld the object, but imagination, I deemed by a sense of fear, transformed the two sheep into a tangible ghost."

NEW TREASURY NOTES.

Facilities That Make Them Difficult to Counterfeit.

Perhaps the principal object of the revision of the United States paper money is to make the backs of the notes more open—that is, less covered with the engraving, so that the silk fibers shall be more distinctly visible.

The distinctive paper now in use no longer has the two threads of silk running longitudinally through the note, says the Paper World, but in their place are two stripes, each half an inch wide or so, of short red and blue silk fibers scattered thickly in the paper, in such manner that they show only on the reverse of the bill.

These two fiber stripes practically divide the note into three sections of about equal size, and this feature of the paper is held to be an almost absolute safeguard against successful counterfeiting. But that is only one of several devices employed to insure the inviolability of the currency.

Each note has an entirely separate design, the work of which is so open as to show readily any error of a tempered counterfeit, and no portion of the design is repeated on the same note, so that no small part could be engraved by a skillful operator and then duplicated by mechanical processes to fill any amount of space, as has been the case with some of the previous "paper money" of the government.

The geometrical lathework of the new designs is said to be the most exquisite and complicated ever executed, and such as to utterly baffie any attempt at its illicit reproduction.

Johnny Was Right.

Mother—Johnny, go into the bedroom at once! You neglected your piano practice to-day and I am going to flog you for it. Don't you know that you can never become perfect in music without practice?

Johnny—Yes, but practice on my permatermy ain't gonter to make no perfect music.—Boston Courier.

Our Modern Homes.

Mrs. Lincrusta Walton—I like the design of this wall paper very well, but I cannot take it.

Salesman—Why not?

Mrs. Lincrusta—It is too thick. It is my life. I am going to paper and I have to economize space as much as possible.—Puck.

THE ROYAL MESSENGER.

A British Official Who Used to Be Very Important on the Road.

When a messenger returns to London from foreign service he is placed at the bottom of the list of those at home available for duty, and may thus reckon on perhaps a fortnight clear at his own disposal, says the Quarterly Review. It is not well, however, to count on any precise period of leisure with too much certainty, as is shown by the following veracious tale, which has been repeated many a time and oft in Downing street: "Captain A— having just returned from St. Petersburg, saw his name well placed at the bottom of a goodly list of names ready for duty, and judged it expedient to spend his anticipated fortnight in the sunny south of France. About a week after his arrival at Monte Carlo he was startled and annoyed by the receipt of the following strange and apparently impertinent telegram: 'Chief Clerk, Foreign Office, to Captain A—: You are fast and dirty. Return at once.' Having puzzled awhile over this enigma it occurred to him that, whatever might be the explanation of the first sentence of the last was an order which his sense of duty compelled him to obey. He accordingly packed up his traps and returned forthwith, to find on his arrival at Downing street that the telegram as originally dispatched ran as follows: 'You are first on duty. Return at once.' Thirty or forty years ago, perhaps even more than now, the messenger was a personage of the first importance on the road, claiming the earliest attention from guards and porters, civility and expedition at every customs frontier, and the best places in train and steamboat. In the present day, traveling always by train among the ever-increasing crowd of tourists, the comfort and prestige of a journey with dispatches is somewhat on the wane; and except in times of war, the adventures of the queen's messenger are reduced to the possible chance of a railway smash. Only a few years have passed, however, since most of the habits of the mail route between London and Paris must have been familiar with the bluff and burly presence of Major X—, the Ajax of the corps of queen's messengers and hero of a hundred tales. We can see him now, striding from the train to the boat at Dover, followed by two porters bearing the dispatch bags. Passengers scatter right and left as he calls in loud, commanding tones: 'R-room for her majesty's dispatches!' and the little procession, headed by the major, steps across the gangway and finds its way to the proper reserved cabin.

DUST AT SEA.

Strange as It May Seem the Phenomenon Is Recorded.

The British ship Beraan, which recently made the voyage from Tasmania around Cape Horn to England, encountered a remarkable, but not unusual phenomenon at sea, viz., a storm of dust, declares School and Home. After crossing the Equator, she fell into the northeast trade winds, and when about 600 miles west of the Cape de Verde Islands, the nearest land, the Beraan's sails and rigging were thinly coated with a very fine powdery dust of a dark yellow or saffron color, scarcely discernible on or near the deck, but profuse on the highest parts of the rigging, so that the sails appeared "tanned."

Fine dust falling on vessels in the Atlantic near the Cape de Verde archipelago has often been reported, but it has so often been of a reddish hue that it is known among sailors as "red fog," and has been generally supposed to come from South America. The observation on board the Beraan appears to overthrow this conclusion, and to determine the African origin both of the Atlantic dust and the so-called "blood rains" of Southern Europe.

Admiral Smyth many years ago reported, during his stay in Sicily, on the 14th of March, 1814, a "blood rain," which fell "in large, muddy drops and deposited a very minute sand of a yellow-red color"—quite similar to that now reported by the Beraan. He then regarded it as "sirocco dust" from the African desert, crowning the beautiful theory of atmospheric circulation. Both on the Atlantic ocean and in Europe these rains of dust have almost invariably fallen between January and April—a period of the year in which the Sahara is most arid.

Unique in Their Way.

When Sheffield first became famous for its cutlery a peculiar shaped knife, designed for a variety of uses, was made with great care and sent to the agent of the cutlers' company in London. On one of the blades was engraved the following challenge: London, for thy life. Show me such another knife. The London cutlers, to show that they were equal to their Sheffield brothers, made a knife with a single well-tempered blade, the blade having a cavity containing a rye straw 2½ inches in length, wholly surrounded by the steel; yet, notwithstanding the fact that the blade was well tempered, the straw was not burned, singed or charred in the least.—Times-Star.

A Bad Shot.

Daughter—First he kissed my hand. Mother (severely)—An essentially low proceeding.

Daughter—But, afterward, he kissed me on the forehead.

Mother (more severely)—Then he went too far.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Country Bumpkins.

Little Miss De Fashion (at the opera)—I guess those folks in that box is from the country.

Mrs. De F.—Why dear?

Little Miss De Fashion—I can't hear a word they say.—Good News.

DON'T HURRY.

A Timely Word of Warning to Habitual Rushers.

Many sudden deaths occur every year as a consequence of running to railway trains and ferry boats. The victims are mostly persons, middle-aged or older, who, without knowing it, have some disease of the heart.

This kind of over-exertion, however, does less harm than the common habit of being continually in a hurry. A habit that keeps the nervous system at a perpetual tension leads to excessive vital waste, undue susceptibility to disease, and in extreme cases to nervous exhaustion. Under its influences persons naturally amiable are transformed into petulant and noisy scolds.

The woman who is a wife and mother is peculiarly liable to this habit; she has so much to do and so little time in which to do it, in these days when so many outside things crowd upon her domestic duties. There is no doubt that hurry claims ten victims where hard work kills one.

The man of business suffers in much the same manner. The hurried breakfast and the hurried skimming of the morning paper are but the beginning of a hurried day. Yet it is unsafe for him to act in a hurry, or in the spirit generated by it. The uncertainties of his calling make entire self-control of prime importance.

School children are victims of the same evil. They must be at school exactly on time. But in thousands of cases the family arrangements are not such as to favor punctuality. The child is allowed to sit up late, and so is late at breakfast; or the breakfast itself is late, and the child must hurry through it, and then hurry off, half fed and fully fretted, dreading tardiness and the teacher's displeasure. Robust children may work off the effect amid the sports of the day, but many others are injured for life.

Occasional hurry is hardly to be avoided, society being what it is; but the habit of hurry should be guarded against as one of the surest promoters of ill-temper and ill-health.

If necessary, less work should be done; but in many cases nothing is needed but a wiser economy of time. Some of the worst victims of hurry are men who daily with their work until time presses them, and then crowd themselves into a fever; plying themselves meanwhile because they are so sadly driven.—Youth's Companion.

TOO MUCH HAT.

A Granger Finds Out That It Doesn't Do to Trust a Barber.

A old granger dropped into the Sherman house barber shop recently, says the Chicago Tribune, who would have proved a gold mine if Danman Thompson could have captured him for his rural drama. His hair looked as if it had not been cut since the last Blaine campaign, and after he had passed through the hands of a barber it is doubtful if his own family would have recognized him. He paid the check and the porter brushed the hayseed from his coat and handed him his hat. The old man put on his head-covering and it immediately sunk to the level of his ears, practically snuffing out its wearer like a candle.

"Here! See here! Tarnation, that ain't my hat!" he cried, throwing it down and glaring around the room, every bit of indignation in his giant frame aroused.

"Beg pardon, sah; but dat's yo hat, sah, shore's yo is bohn," said the highly amused dandy.

"Don't yo s'pose I don't know my own hat?" snorted the rural visitor.

"I've worn it every day for the last two years. Guess I oughter know it purty well by this time."

The porter made no reply, but stood holding out the hat and laughing at the old man's earnestness. Suddenly the latter "turned loose" like a tornado, and the language he used would have made his own cattle see in terror. The foreman of the shop hastened forward.

"I don't want any of you fellers ter think that I am any of you takin' it," exclaimed the irate customer. "But I kin lick the lowdown sneak who crept in here and stole it while I was havin' my head shingled. And I shall hold this shop responsible for it, too. Cost \$1.63, and I kin prove it."

"But, Mr. Butler, are you quite sure that—"

"Butler! How in thunder did you find out that my name's Butler?"

"It is written on your hat band here. See? Abner Butler, Piper City, Ill.'"

The old man hastily snatched up his hat, jammed it upon his head and rushed out into a cold and cruel world again, saying several things which can not be put into cold type.

Fishing for Nermans.

One of the old stories is that in the year 1619 two councilors of Christian IV, of Denmark, while sailing between Norway and Sweden, discovered a merman swimming about with a bunch of grass on his head. They threw out a hook and line, with a slice of bacon, which the merman seized. Being caught he threatened vengeance so loudly that he was thrown back into the sea.

Time Enough.

Mrs. Bingo—Are you going to the theater in your dress suit?

Bingo—Of course I am.

Mrs. Bingo (wildly)—Then why don't you put it on? Dear, dear, I am almost ready and you haven't done a thing.

Bingo—Don't worry, dear. I have ample time to put it on while you are seeing if your hat is on straight.—Clothier and Furnisher.