

GEN'L OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

STATE. Governor... Silas Holcomb. Lieutenant Governor... J. E. Harris. Secretary of State... Wm. F. Porter.

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

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

JUDICIARY. Chief Justice... A. M. Post. Associates... T. O. Harrison and L. Norvall.

FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT. Judge... M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill. Reporter... W. H. Westover, of Rushville.

LAND OFFICES. O'NEILL. Register... S. J. Jencks. Receiver... R. H. Weekes.

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

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

SECOND DISTRICT. Shields, Paddock, Scott, Steel Creek, Willdale 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. Wagoner.

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

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.

GRATTAN TOWNSHIP. Supervisor, R. J. Hayes; Treasurer, Barney McGeever; Clerk, J. Sullivan.

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 services—Fellowship 10:30 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.

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

KELKHOEN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows hall.

GARFIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall.

K. O. P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Conventions every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows hall.

E. J. MACK, K. of R. and S. 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 in Odd Fellows Hall.

GARFIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Regular communications Thursday nights on or before the full of the moon.

HOLY CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F. A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in each month in the Masonic hall.

A. O. U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

A Clever Trick. It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has lame back and weak kidneys.

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

THE CABIN ON THE CLAIM.

Lonely, you say? with mighty arch Of sky so grandly bending? By bright-lined clouds and glittering stars A tender message sending?

THE WHITE TOPAZ.

"Isn't it strange, ma," said Josie Bellfield. "This key I have found on the garret floor exactly fits the lock of Mr. Wainwright's funny little Japanese box?"

"You don't say so!" said Mrs. Bellfield. "How do you know?" "Miss Josephine reddened a little. "Oh, I thought I would just try it!" said she "and it works like a charm."

"I do hope he ain't a counterfeiter," said Mrs. Bellfield. "Open that left-hand drawer, Josie; it's full of funny little tools—and oh, do see that big diamond! doesn't it sparkle?"

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Josephine, with a vicious toss of the head. "If he can afford to own a diamond like that, I don't see any sense in his owing you a quarter's board, ma."

"I'd like to have Peter see it," said Mrs. Bellfield. "You'll have plenty of time to run down to the store, with it before Wainwright comes back to dinner."

"What is it, anyway?" said the puzzled Peter. "If it's anything that I can do—" "Oh, it's lost! it's lost!" screamed Josephine, and she straightway went into hysterics.

Peter walked over her all the way home, and their two pairs of eyes scrutinized every section of the pavement between the jewelry store and the boarding-house but in vain.

HE LOST HIS BIG KITES.

The gaze of Washingtonians who happened to be on the streets about 4 o'clock the other afternoon, says the Washington Star, was directed heavenward. The sight of three great glittering square things that looked something like kites, something like balloons, and yet were similar to neither, created great curiosity.

"Diamonds, indeed!" said Mr. Oram, the confidential agent. "It's worth more than half the diamonds in circulation. A genuine white topaz. To be cut for the centre of Mrs. Midas Moneybag's great tiara; the celebrated tiara that every one has heard of. I'm afraid young Wainwright will be ruined if it doesn't turn up. Our firm has every right to prosecute, but owing to the good character the man bears, we give him the privilege of making financial restitution.

"I may as well shoot myself and done with it," thought he, sitting in the dusk of the stuffy little room, unpleasantly conscious that a detective was watching the house from the opposite side of the street, and one of the other boarders had objected to sitting next to him at supper.

"I picked it up and brought it to my own room," she said. "I didn't want mother and Josephine to know that I suspected or had overheard anything. I was going to put the stone back when I got a chance, but Josephine had secreted the hateful key, and I've just been able to get possession of it. Oh, Mr. Wainwright, forgive me for my silence, but remember that I couldn't betray my own mother and sister!"

"At the marriage in Egypt of Princess Minet Hanen, sister of the Khedive, the bride came in preceded by a woman musician all dressed in white satin. She was supported by two bridesmaids. Her gow was of white satin, but one could scarcely see the material because of the heavy gold embroidery.

"I had nearly cost me my life, Mary," she sobbed. "I—oh, Mr. Wainwright!" as her eyes fell on the gleaming barrel of the deadly little weapon—"do not do that please. Here it is! I've brought it back!" "The white topaz."

"I just want to show you something," said Miss Bellfield, feeling in the depths of her pocket. "Oh, here's the box; but the cover has come off. How awkward! Where is it?" "There was the box, there was the little piece of pink jeweler's cotton, there was the treacherous cover, but, alas and alackaday! the glittering stone was gone."

"What is it, anyway?" said the puzzled Peter. "If it's anything that I can do—" "Oh, it's lost! it's lost!" screamed Josephine, and she straightway went into hysterics.

THE CROCODILE.

A few of his peculiar ways of transacting business. There is little in the animal kingdom that can look so dead and be so much alive as a crocodile, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

"I wonder," said the man of a staid and respectable appearance, "how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?" "That makes infants look so white!" "Socrates!" "They are trying for a leg, and have failed to discover their mistake until it was too late to be of any benefit to them, will never be known. In ancient times, several years prior to the British occupation of Egypt, some of the people of that country worshipped the crocodile as a god, there being nothing else like him.

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CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

THE CROCODILE.

A Few of His Peculiar Ways of Transacting Business.

There is little in the animal kingdom that can look so dead and be so much alive as a crocodile, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The number of unsuspecting persons who have mistaken him for a leg, and have failed to discover their mistake until it was too late to be of any benefit to them, will never be known.

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CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought, Bears the Fac-simile Signature OF— OF EVERY BOTTLE. THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

HISTORIC QUEBEC.

Parts of it suggestive of scenes in the Old World.

From Quebec a correspondent writes to the Paris Messenger: "Tel on parle francais" might be written on the portals of this quaint and picturesque old city. Strolling in lower Quebec, you might easily fancy yourself in Amiens or Dieppe. In the upper town there is more English, but everywhere an amusing mixture.

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