

SECOND YEAR

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Treasurer, BYRON CLARK
Engineer, W. H. POOL
Police Judge, W. H. MALICK
Marshal, W. H. MALICK
Councillmen, 1st ward, J. V. WICKBACH
2d " J. A. SALLSBURY
3d " J. M. JONES
4th " J. H. SHERMAN
5th " M. B. MURPHY
6th " S. W. DUTTON
7th " W. H. MALICK
8th " J. C. McCALEN, PRES.
9th " J. W. JONES, CHAIRMAN
10th " FRED GORDON
11th " J. D. HAWKSWORTH

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Deputy Treasurer, THOMAS POLLOCK
Clerk, BIRD CRITCHFIELD
Deputy Clerk, W. H. POOL
Recorder of Deeds, JOHN M. LAYDA
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Clerk of District Court, J. C. EIKESBARY
Sheriff, A. MADDOCK
Surveyor, ALLEN DEWSON
Attorney at Law, MAYNARD SPIK
Supt. of Pub. Schools, FRED GORDON
County Judge, C. RUSSELL

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE, No. 146, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All fraternal societies are respectfully invited to attend.
PLATTSBURGH ENCAMPMENT, No. 3, I. O. O. F.—Meets every alternate Friday in each month at the Masonic Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.
TRIO LODGE, No. 81, A. O. U. W.—Meets every Friday evening at K. of P. Hall. Fraternal societies are respectfully invited to attend. Officers: G. B. Kemmer, Over-seer; R. A. Tate, Financial; J. F. House-ward, Reporter; M. Mayhew, Receiver; P. J. Kniz, Inside Watch.
CLASS CAMP, No. 32, MODERN WOODMEN of America.—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. Hall. All fraternal societies are requested to meet with us. L. A. Niles, Secy. Yearable Counsel; G. F. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, Clerk.
PLATTSBURGH LODGE, No. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every Friday evening at K. of P. Hall. Fraternal societies are respectfully invited to attend. Officers: M. W. White, Secy.; Leonard Anderson, Over-seer; White, Reporter; Leonard Anderson, Receiver.
PLATTSBURGH LODGE, No. 6, A. F. & M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. All fraternal societies are cordially invited. Officers: J. G. RICHIEY, W. M. Wm. Hayk, Secretary.
NEBRASKA CHAPTER, No. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Monday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. Officers: F. E. WHITE, H. P. Wm. Hayk, Secretary.
THE ZION LODGE, No. 5, R. A. M.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Officers: Wm. Hayk, Secy.
CLASS LODGE, No. 102, ROYAL OLANEM—Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Mason Hall. Officers: P. C. MINOR, Secretary.

McCONIE POST 45 C. A. R.

Commander, J. W. JOHNSON
S. J. TRISS, Jr., Junior
Adjutant, G. M. GIBB, S. J. TRISS, Jr.
Officers of the Day, CHARLES F. BIRD, G. M. GIBB
Guard, ANDERSON FRY, G. M. GIBB
Sergeant Major, LAMBERTON, G. M. GIBB
Post Chaplain, L. C. CURRIE
Weather, Saturday evening

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1st Vice President, A. B. Todd
2nd Vice President, F. Herrmann
Secretary, F. R. Guthman
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Commercial Union—England, do	2,896,314
Fire Association—Philadelphia, do	4,415,576
Franklin—Philadelphia, do	3,137,106
Home—New York, do	7,853,510
Ins. Co. of North America, Phil., do	8,474,362
Liverpool & London & Globe—Eng. do	6,639,781
Marine & Fire—London—Eng. do	3,378,754
Metropolitan—England, do	1,245,466
Springfield, F. & M.—Springfield, do	3,044,915
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THE ENCAMPMENT OPENED.

Commander-in-Chief Rhea Makes His Annual Report.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 12.—The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic began yesterday morning, the reception, parade and camp fire of the day previous being preliminary to the actual work of the encampment. The Grand Army of West Virginia, naval veterans, Sheridan's division, brigade and regimental associations met in the various parts of the city, but the meetings were strictly private, none but members being admitted.

In the course of his annual address Commander-in-Chief Rhea of the G. A. R. reviewed the growth of the order. He said that the reports on June 30, 1888, showed there were 395,245 comrades borne on the rolls, to which might be safely added a sufficient number on transfer cards to swell the grand total to 400,000. After speaking some time of the future growth of the order and denouncing the use of the Grand Army badge for political effect, he endorsed the legislation proposed by the last encampment which failed to pass in congress, and expressed his desire for further action in the same line. During the year 4,433 comrades had died, being an increase of 1,027 over the previous year. He continued: "During the past year reports show that there were expended in charity the sum of \$215,975.15. This, of course, does not include many thousands of dollars which have been given by members privately in aid of less fortunate comrades." He spoke touchingly of the death of General Sheridan. He called special attention to the Women's relief corps, Sons of Veterans and navy survivors' division, and of the regard future generations will have for them and their work. The other national officers also submitted their reports at the morning session.

Indications of Foul Play.

DAKOTA CITY, Neb., Sept. 13.—The inquest held over the body of William Crone, who died here yesterday, disclosed the fact that he was poisoned by arsenic. The evidence showed that he had been robbed of some \$90. There is no clue to the guilty party.

The Bite of a Bluefish.

Did you ever hook a bluefish? Well, it's about the same thing as getting hold of the biggest kind of a pickerel in fresh water. You go out in a sailboat, you understand, and you want a pair of heavy gloves on. The trolling line goes whizzing out to a distance of fifty or seventy-five feet, and the boat tacks back and forth while you troll. You can't mistake the bite of a bluefish for a whale. He bites harder than a whale. He doesn't wait to wonder and meditate and figure up on probable profit or loss, but he grabs bait and hook like a fish determined to carry the boat off and turn its crew over to the sharks.

There is an unwritten law which prevents any one from extending help. You must fish or cut bait, pull him in or lose him. When the first bluefish struck my hook I screamed. When he pulled ten feet of line through my fingers I yelled. When he seemed determined to pull me overboard I shrieked like a woman facing a panther. And all the help and consolation I got was:

"Just hear the schoolm'am take out 'Some of you hold the camphor to her nose!' I was twenty minutes getting that fellow in, but he weighed nine pounds and had all the game of a young shark.—Atlantic City Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Pet dogs in Paris are now clad in mantles with pockets for holding lumps of sugar, bracelets on their paws and a string of little silver bells around the neck.

A Couple of Dog Stories.

Talking of dogs, I should tell you that London is celebrated for curious dogs. Here are a couple of stories I can vouch for. In St. Martin's lane there sits every day an old blind man who leans nets. Between his feet sits a bright little Scotch terrier. If you toss him a penny he catches it deftly in his mouth. The blind man utters his thanks and drops the money in a bag he wears around his neck. In the evening the dog leads his master home, and through some of the most crowded thoroughfares, too.

Nelson is the celebrated dog of Seven Dials. He is always pointed out to visitors. He got his name from having lost a foot at some disturbance at Trafalgar square. He always buys his own food. When any one gives Nelson a penny and he is hungry he goes to a butcher's or a baker's shop, as his appetite dictates, and placing the coin on the counter receives a piece of meat or a roll. If he has received more pennies than he needs for the day he buries the surplus and sits on his treasure all night. I knew you would laugh at that, for I did so until I saw him do it.—Marshall P. Wilder in New York Herald.

High Price for Sugar.

A very ugly woman, toying with a pug dog in front of a cafe on the boulevard, said to Pugg: "Kiss me, and I will give you this piece of sugar." A boy passing by exclaimed: "Don't she ask a high price for her sugar?"—New York Evening World.

A New Definition.

Tom—I say, Gus, what does "rara avis" mean? You know French.
Ed. (with dignity)—"Rara avis" is not French; it is Italian, and means a "bird inaudiently cooked."—Detroit Free Press.

OLD TIME TRAININGS.

BILL ARP'S DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD FASHIONED "MUSTER."

The Colonel with His Cockade Hat and Dazzling Epaulets—Reviewing the Militia—Kettle Drum and Squeaky Fife. A Fist and Skull Fight.

Bill Arp thus discusses old times in Georgia and the old fashioned training day scenes: An old fashioned muster was equal to a modern "Mardi Gras." The governor was the commander-in-chief, but as he could not be personally present the militia were reviewed by proxy. Every county had an aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. He held his rank and title as long as the governor held his office, and he was expected to holler for him and talk for him and boom him, and, if necessary, he must fight for him on a suitable occasion. If the governor failed of reelection, these colonels had to retire too, and a new set were appointed, but the old set never lost their title, and so the state in course of time got pretty full of colonels. On muster day the colonel wore a cockade hat and a red plume and epaulets and a long brass sword and big brass spurs, and horse pistols in the holsters of his saddle, and he and his personal staff rode up and down the lines reviewing the militia, who were drawn up in a double crooked straight line in a great big field that was full of gullies and broom grass. Some wore coats and some didn't; some wore shoes and some didn't; but none wore beards, for in those days none wore beards but gamblers. Some were armed with shotguns and some with rifles or muskets, but most of them carried sticks and cornstalks and umbrellas, and they stood up and squatted down at pleasure, and about half the time were hollering for water.

THE COLONEL AND HIS STAFF.

The colonel and his staff rode up and down the lines on fine horses that danced and pranced like there were tacks under the saddles. The roll of each company was called and every man answered to his name whether he was there or not. Then the colonel took a central position and faced the loud audience and waved his glittering sword and exclaimed: "Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms, right face, march!" Then the kettle drum rattled and the fife squeaked and some guns went off half cocked, and the militia gave three cheers for the colonel and were disbanded until the next muster. Old man Brooks was the chief musician in my day, and would not have exchanged his office with the king of England. He always played "Brooks' March" for the militia to locomote by. They never marched or kept step by the music, but they got along somehow by walking and trotting and pacing and fox trotting by turns.

After the muster was over then came the drama or farce, or whatever it was. He said his life was his life and his fiddle was his riddle. On his last bed he sent for my father to come and see him. Old and wrinkled and cadaverous, he motioned to be propped up in his bed, and then, with an inverted chair behind his pillow, he pointed to his fiddle that lay upon the shelf near by, and it was handed to him. Hugging it to his old bosom he smiled amid his tears and whispered: "I wish that I could play you one more tune." That night the old man died, with his left hand closed hard and rigid around the neck of his violin.

PISTS, SKULLS AND FINGERS.

Jim Bowles was the center of a crowd from his best, and stripped to the waist he pranced around and popped his fist in the palm of his hand, and jumped up and cracked his heels together three times before they struck the ground, and gave a wild Indian whoop and exclaimed: "I'm the best man in Pinkneyville district." About that time big Jim Robinson jumped up in the center of another crowd and yelled: "I'm the best man in Ben Seals' district," and Nick Rawls, who was the best man in another crowd, and gritted his teeth and shook his hair and yelled: "Gentlemen, my Betsy Jane says I'm the best man in Rockbridge district, and I reckon she ought for to know."

It was just like gamecocks crowing in the barnyard, and like the cocks that in them soon got together on fighting boys, and everybody stood around and shouted, "Hands off, gentlemen; stand back, gentlemen. Hands off; let 'em fight fair and square." And they fought hard and fought long, and when one of them got to be the bottom dog in the fight and hollered "enough," the show was over, unless the victor desired to enter again, and he to tackle another rooster.

A famous Nick Rawlins to whip three brag men in one evening, and Nick was no bad man either. Everybody liked Nick. He had fit and fought and fought until he had lost a finger and a snip out of his nose and a piece of his left ear, but he was never mad. Nick told me not long ago that he was going to fight, but when he courted Betsy Jane she loved that when she married a man he had to be a man all over, inside and out, and so he got to fighting on her account.

But these old times are gone—gone never to return. Even the preachers who used to take off their coats in the pulpit have consigned serious are heard no more nor the nasal attachments that were something between a snuffle and a snort. Old Father Dannelly and his wooden leg are dead and so is old Barney Pace, who said to the Rome girl who went out to hear him just for the fun of the thing: "That town he over his gun he had a long bill; for he had been preachers' sons to examine the coal beds in another province, and when he had reported unfavorably on them the government had intimated that they had a very mean opinion of a mining engineer who could not find coal when ordered to do so!"—Youth's Companion.

A SUMMER HOTEL.

A Man Who Proposes to Keep a Quiet House—His Plans.

"I'm setting out to keep a summer hotel for decent people, not for bodes, and I contend there are enough decent people in need of just such a house as I intend to keep to support my house for the sort of people who set out in July for six or eight weeks' search after what they call a good time (I. e., unlimited noise and racket from sunrise till midnight). I'm getting it ready for just the opposite class—see?"

"I see, and I believe you're about on the right track."

"Bah! ventilation! What thoughtful, cleanly person wants the ventilation from a hotel corridor with forty other people's breaths all running in and out of his room on the heavy air? No, sir; open the windows—no transoms, and no doors that will open or shut unless the knobs are turned. In my house you can't slam a door if you want to; and no waxed floors, but polished, and stairs made all thickly carpeted and padded; no windows that will stick and no bureau drawers that won't open; and no soap left smooth after the last occupant of a room; and no beds that creak; and no office bells ringing and jangling all night and all day; and no guests awakened at dawn because some one next door wants to be called. I've invented an electric call apparatus from the office that'll warrant to appear in the dead—but not the wrong man or the neighbor. And no stars and moons and tags hanging on the door keys for people to jingle and jangle when they come up to bed at midnight; and no all night electric lawn lights to shine in your eyes and keep you awake until morning; and no croquet or tennis grounds near the house to disturb people who are nervous with afternoon games; and no toothpicks on the tables or in the office or anywhere."

"Why, I thought they were a national institution."

"I don't blame you. Well, if they are I'll denationalize them, that's all. And no dark wall papers—no wall papers at all; clean, fresh painted, light colored walls that can be washed with good soap and water, and no waitresses or chambermaids with frizzes and bangs—they've got to have smooth, parted hair and neat caps and aprons, always. No hammocks on the piazzas to squeak and creak; they'll be sewing at a distance. No lady carriages wheeled up and down on the verandas, either, no matter how rainy the day. No lawn mowers to begin operations just at any time. And if any young men or boys come to the house who require to be taught not to whistle in the corridors, I'll engage to instruct them—good! Some parents appear to think a summer hotel is a sort of western prairie that they have turned their offspring loose in. And no dancing children in the evenings, early or late."—"Miss Marigold" in Pittsburg Bulletin.

How a Cabman Was Fooled.

The life of a hackman is not always a bed of roses, although he does this around all day while others have to walk. A few nights ago a veteran "velvet" related this sad story of man's duplicity. He was halted by a well-dressed gentleman, who inquired his price by the hour, and as the amount was satisfactory the "fats" jumped into the carriage and was driven to one of the uptown theatres, enjoying the theatre to wait until the young man appeared, accompanied by a friend, and together they were driven to a restaurant, where they took supper. The supper consumed probably an hour, and then the faithful driver was told to take the pair to the residence of one of them, where the passenger alighted and, standing at the door with a bag, told the driver to go to a certain address and taking the other man home. He did so, driving as slowly as possible, and finally arrived before the house designated.

As it was late and the night was fair, the cabman, being more or less of a philosopher, thought as he was seated by the hour he might as well awake the gentleman inside, who appeared to have gone to sleep, but would light his pipe and smoke for half an hour or so, with the consciousness that he was making money all the time and not disturbing the numbers of his tired friend. Half an hour passed and still no movement was felt by the driver on the seat. Finally he began to be a little anxious, and opening the carriage door to his dismay that it was empty. The pretended sleeper had quietly stolen away while the mind of the driver was fixed on other subjects. He never sleeps now, and is keeping a sharp lookout for that man—Philadelphia Times.

Contagion Among Ship Passengers.

"Suppose, doctor, we take the case of a steamer carrying from 1,000 to 1,500 steerage passengers; could disease break out among them and remain undiscovered until the ship reached quarantine?"

"Certainly, and that is where the danger comes in. It is a well known fact that passengers who become affected with a suspicious disease will take every means to keep the knowledge of it from the officers. This is done through fear of being sent to the hospital on arrival, and the majority of contagious diseases on board ship are only discovered when the passengers come before the boarding officer. And here, too, they will pass unless the evidence of the disease is so marked as to call attention to them, for but one minute's examination were given to each individual it would take just twenty-five hours to pass 1,500 of the sort of fellows who receive free pratique after only a couple of hours' delay. Thus it is easy to see how mild cases of varioloid are liable to slip by quarantine; but what is infinitely worse, the area of infection scatter throughout the land, every one of them a possible source of infection of the disease."—Brooklyn Eagle.

In the Ciddy Whirl.

Some men look upon waiting as wasting time, but they manage to squeeze some enjoyment out of it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The ancients believed in a square world. Moderns have learned the reverse by sad experiences.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

Everything is unhealthy except the few comfortable things which nobody cares for.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

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