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CITY LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M.
McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CHARLES L. FAHNESTOCK, W. M.
LON CONE, Sec.

BOILERMAKERS
McCook Lodge No. 407, B. of B. M. & I. S. R. of A., meets first and third Fridays of each month, in Odd Fellows' hall.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Friday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
MRS. LAURA OSBORN, C. of H.
MRS. M. T. G. WEISS, Rec.

FAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 144, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. Social meetings on the first and third Wednesdays.
W. H. COMBINS, W. Pres.
H. P. PETERSON, W. Sec.

EASTERN STAR
Eureka Chapter No. 36, O. E. S., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
MRS. SARAH E. KAY, W. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

G. A. R.
J. K. Barnes Post No. 27, G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
J. M. HENDERSON, Cmndr.
J. H. YARGER, Adjt.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
FRANK REAL, G. K.
G. R. GALE, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PITHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 12, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
M. LAWRIE, C. C.
J. N. GAARDE, K. R. S.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
EMERSON HANSON, E. C.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Rec.

LADY MASCARADES
Valley Queen Hive No. 2, L. O. F. M., meets every second and third Thursdays of each month, in Ganschow's hall.
MRS. W. B. MILLS, Commander.
HARRIET E. WILLETTS, R. K.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every first and third Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Berry's hall.
W. C. SCHENCK, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN
McCook Lodge No. 589, B. of L. F. & E., meets every Saturday, at 7:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
I. D. PENNINGTON, M.
GEO. A. CAMPBELL, Sec.

MACHINISTS
Red Willow Lodge No. 257, I. A. of M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
D. O. HEWITT, Pres.
W. H. ANDERSON, Rec. Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 621, M. W. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
JOHN HUNT, V. C.
BARNEY HOPEL, Clerk.

ODD FELLOWS
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
E. H. DOAN, N. G.
SCOTT DOAN, Sec.

F. O. E.
Chapter X, P. E. O., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., at the homes of the various members.
MRS. C. W. BRITT, Pres.
MRS. J. G. SCHOBEL, Cor. Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS
Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 3:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
JOE HEGENBERGER, C. Con.
M. O. McCLURE, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 487, B. of R. T., meets every Friday at 8:30 p. m., in Berry's hall.
H. J. HUSTON, Sec.
H. W. CONOVER, M.

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
WEB. STEPHENS, M. W.
C. B. GRAY, Rec.

R. A. M.
King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets every first and third Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.
CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS
Noble Camp No. 862, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
MRS. MARY WALKER, Oracle.
MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec.

R. S. M.
O. C. O. U. W. Council No. 16, R. S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

W. O. W.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 8 o'clock, in Diamond's hall.
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THE GRASS FENCE.

Thrilling Incident of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The battle of Bunker Hill gave the occasion for many deeds of valor, and since that day we hold a list of names illuminated in our memory. One of these names belongs to the Knight of Derryfield. Do you remember who he was, and can you recall the song of his bravery? Read of it once more and have impressed again on your heart the implicit obedience and perfect courage of the New Hampshire farmers and their captain, John Moor.

When the forty-five men of the little town of Derryfield, N. H., left their homes to fight for the great cause each knew that no men were ever led by a braver man than their beloved Captain Moor. His courage had inspired many of them in the French and Indian war. So, eagerly, when the alarm came in 1755 they marched with him and his drummer boy son to Cambridge, where he was entered a captain in Stark's regiment.

And now comes the battle of Bunker Hill. Behind a fence, piled thick with grass, Captain Moor's company lay as still as death. An order had come from Colonel Stark that not a shot was to be fired until the British passed a stake that was driven a short distance away. With perfect confidence in themselves and their captain, the farmers waited—waited motionless while that beautiful, death dealing pageant of British warriors swept grandly toward them. With the coolness and wonderful precision of a dress parade the old world came to meet the new, the grenadiers and light infantry marching in single file twelve feet apart, the artillery advancing more slowly and thundering on an insolent defiance to the concerted little rebels, while on each side five battalions formed an oblique line to the fence.

The very flower of the English army, full bloomed in learned maneuvers, resplendent in shining arms and waving banners, advanced to meet a little group of men untrained in tactics of warfare, only half armed, clad in homespun, hiding behind a breastwork of grass. The dead line was crossed. Bang! Bang! Bang! The little rebels were awake at last. Now, not the stake, but a line of fallen bodies marked the dead line. Thunder and lightning belched forth from that breastwork a fire, intense, steady, killing, and the brave march of the Britishers was checked. A slight recoil, and the officers, dashing up, again urged the line forward. Not for one moment did the grass fence cease its voice of fire and shot. One by one the brave grenadiers and their dashing, gallant officers fell to the earth. The ranks broke and the proud host fled before the meager handful of New Hampshire men. Ah, if we could only have had grass breastworks and Captain John Moor all along the American line!—C. F. Harrison in Atlanta Constitution.

A Philanthropist.

An earnest east side worker says that not long ago she was approached by an old gentleman who has the reputation of being something of a philanthropist with the request that he be permitted to accompany her on one of her rounds of visits. Much pleased, the worker consented. The destitute condition in which many families were found elicited expressions of deep sympathy from the old gentleman, but to his companion's surprise and regret nothing more material. Presently they came upon a small girl weeping bitterly.

"What is it, my dear?" the old gentleman inquired.
The child raised a tear stained face and pointed into a dark alleyway. "Me mudder sent me to buy some bread, an' I lost my dime in there, an' I'll git licked awful!" she sobbed.
"Poor dear!" he remarked in a tender voice, at the same time putting his hand into his vest pocket. "Don't cry. Here K match. Perhaps you will be able to find it!"—Harper's.

Misled by Stationery.

"I wrote a note to my washerwoman about a week or two ago asking her please to bring my clothes home," said the woman. "I needed them. I happened to be in a religious concern at the time and used its paper to write the note on. Bertha came yesterday. 'I've a great notion to discharge you, Bertha,' I told her. 'Why didn't you bring me my clothes? Must I get enough things to wear a year without having them washed on your account?' 'To tell you the truth,' Bertha apologized meekly, 'you wrote on that cheap religious papah, and I didn't pay no 'tenshun to it. I jes' thought it was some o' them peepul writin' to ask me to come to prayah meetin'. I didn't know it was youah lettah, miss, till yesterday mawnin', when I got tishd of secin' it around and opened it, so that was why I didn't git heah no soonaah with youah clothes.'—New York Press.

Moody on the Cards.

One evening in San Francisco Evangelist Moody sat in his room at the hotel playing a game of cards with Mrs. Moody and two friends when a messenger came in with a dispatch. As the boy stood waiting for a reply Mr. Moody suddenly asked, "Won't you sit down, my lad, and have a game of authors with us?"
The boy declined and soon left the room. Hardly had the door closed when Mrs. Moody said, "Why, Dwight, what made you think of inviting that boy to sit down and play with us?"
"My dear," replied Moody, "don't you see, if I had not called the boy's attention to the fact that we were playing authors all the morning papers would certainly have announced under big headlines that D. L. Moody had been discovered in a San Francisco hotel engaged in a game of cards?"

SCRATCHING FOR SAFETY.

An Instance of Finding Fun in the Midst of Disaster.

The laugh often comes in the very face of danger. Privations and perils cannot check the response to the comical. An instance of finding fun in the midst of disaster is told by Captain T. C. Morton in the "Southern Historical Papers." The Confederate picket line was stationed on a sandy bottom near a creek.
John Ford, one of the men on duty, was very plucky. He was seated near an uprooted tree and could be plainly seen by all his company. Suddenly a large mortar shell fell, unexploded, in the sand about four feet from him, the fuse smoking and sputtering.
John took in the situation at a glance. He argued to himself that the shell would burst before he could get up and run away, so that the safest thing he could do would be to get into the ground as fast as possible. With the utmost rapidity he began to work down into the sand with hands, feet and head. The men watched the proceedings, shouting:
"Scratch, John, scratch! She's going off!"

It was an exciting spectacle. Never was a man more in earnest. The sand all about was in commotion, and in the few seconds the fizzing fuse gave him John burrowed like a great gopher till nothing but the hump of his back was visible as the loose sand settled above him.
The explosion came with a tremendous jar, which shook the ground and sent hundreds of pieces of iron sliding through the air. Every one held his breath, expecting to see poor John blown into atoms. When the smoke and dust blew away, it was seen that Ford's head was still on his shoulders. He looked cautiously up, and seeing all was right, sang out a hearty "Who-eeh!" as cheerily as if he had treed a coon instead of having been face to face with death. A cheer and a laugh ran all along the line.

INGENIOUS CIPHER.

The Letter That Brought Freedom to Sir John Trevanion.
During the great rebellion Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of as a warning to "malignants," and Trevanion had every reason to expect a similar end. As he awaited his doom he was startled by the entrance of the jailer, who handed him a letter.
"May't do thee good," growled the fellow. "It has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to you."
Sir John took the letter, and the jailer left him his lamp by which to read it.

Worthie Sir John—Hope, that is ye best comfort of ye afflicted, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde say to you, is this only; if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do; but what I can do, bee thou verie sure I will. I know that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a reward of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this see bitter cup. We pray that you may be. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings. Only if his submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thing that you wolde have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command.—R. T.
Now, this letter was written according to a preconcerted cipher. Every third letter after a stop was to tell. In this way Sir John made out, "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe this was accomplished. Before the hour had expired the chapel was empty. The bird had flown.—London Tit-Bits.

A Quick Retort.
Tennessee bred two great orators in the olden days—Andrew Johnson, a Democrat, once president of the United States, and Gustavus A. Henry, a Whig, known as the "Eagle Orator of the South." They ran against each other for governor, and when a long series of joint debates had reached its close Johnson addressed the Whigs in the audience. "I have spoken with the boasted eagle orator from the Mississippi river to the Unaka mountains, and as yet I see no flesh in his talons nor blood on his beak." Quick as a flash Henry was on his feet, saying, "The American eagle is a proud bird and feeds not on carrion."

Birds' Muscular Power.
Birds are possessed of enormous muscular power, far exceeding in some cases that of any other warm blooded creature. There is an instance on record of an eagle weighing no more than fourteen pounds lifting and carrying off a young pig which weighed no less than forty-two pounds. How many men could even stagger along the ground carrying three times their own weight in their hands? The kick of an ostrich is a fearsome thing. It will break a man's thigh or even the leg of a horse.—Exchange.

When on Tour.
Papa—Ah, my boy, the old days were the best! Then we did our courting, walking in the country lanes, gathering buttercups and daisies.
Son—Why, pop! We go courting in the country lanes just the same today, only instead of walking we go in autos and instead of gathering daisies we gather momentum.—Town and Country.

Not His Say.
Beggs—What do you say to your wife when you come home late at night?
Jaggs—Foolish man! What makes you think I get a chance to talk?

A JAPANESE TOILET.

The Demure Brown Maiden in Her Holiday Attire.

The Japanese college girl entertained the fudge party with oriental reminiscences.
"On every holiday," she said, "the Japanese maiden must rise and have her toilet finished before the sun looks over Fujiyama, our sacred mountain."
"And what a toilet! The long, coarse black tresses are washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks are rouged a fine pink. The throat, neck and bosom are powdered, but at the nape of the neck there are left three lines of the original brown skin, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art."
"With charcoal she rounds and lengthens her eyebrows. She reddens her lips with cherry paste, adding a gilt diamond to the center of the pointing lower lip. She puts on eight fresh garments, and she ties her obi, or great sash, in a symbolical knot. Her socks—she doesn't wear stockings—are very white and pure, and her clogs are lacquered till they shine like a silk hat. "Now she is ready to set out. She fills her silk tobacco pouch, thrusts her pipe in her girdle, puts six paper handkerchiefs up her wide sleeve and sallies forth, turning her toes in and waving her fan with a demure grace."
—Los Angeles Times.

A ROYAL DENTIST.

The Story of a Tooth Pulling by Peter the Great.
Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seemed very melancholy. The czar asked him what was the matter.
"Oh, your majesty," said the man, "my wife is suffering the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out."
"If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it. Take me to her at once."
When they arrived the woman declared that she was not suffering at all; there was nothing the matter with her.
"That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suffering tortures."
"Hold her head and hands," said the czar. "I will have it out in a minute." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, amid profuse thanks from the husband.
What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an unsound tooth in her head.—Argonaut.

Bridge Whist.

At least 60 per cent of the game of bridge lies in the make. A poor player loses tricks and often the game and rubber by his play, but so many hands occur in which there is really no play that such losses are comparatively unimportant compared with the havoc wrought by an injudicious maker, for constantly his decision is invoked when the safety of the game or its success lies in his judgment of the value of his hand. To choose between hearts or diamonds and no trumps, to select clubs rather than spades, to know when a five card suit is safe and when one of four cards should be chosen, above all to keep an unrelaxing attention upon the state of the score, with its shifting demands—all these are the sterling qualities of a good maker. Once sensible that you are lacking in any such respect you will find your game appreciably strengthened by attention and study.—"Good Bridge."

The Victorian English.

The England which spoke the language which was already dying in the eighteenth century was before all things a world of the country. The sights and sounds of nature played a far greater part in the lives of the mass of the people than they do today. This is reflected, for instance, in the way in which birds and animals were spoken of and the names given them. I have myself once or twice heard old people in the country speak of the hen as "Dame Partlet." One is familiar with the phrase from books, of course—it is Chaucer's "Partolette"—but once or twice as a child I actually heard it. I suppose it would be impossible to hear it anywhere now.—London Outlook.

Fluency of Speech.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words, for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth, so people come first out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.—Dean Swift.

Exemplified.

George—Auntie, what does irony mean? Auntie—It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. George—I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony? Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake?"

Odd Change.

"Grabbit has given up bank clerking to take a position as a conductor on the electric cars."
"But that's an odd change."
"Odd change? Sure! That's what I called him."—Bohemian.

Let every bird sing its own note.—Danish Proverb.

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