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J. W. FIREBAUGH, AGT.,

IS IT A CRAZE OR A CREAT DISCOVERY?

BOSTON JUST AT PRESENT DIS-CUSSING IT.

Some Spirit Photographs on Exhibition and Said To Be Genuine-

Not be Explained.

Spirit photography is the reigning sensation in cultured Boston. The old puritanical city has gone wild, so to speak over this new phenomena. The greatest minds in this modern Athens have become a prev to the mysteries of the beyond. Spiritualism is being discussed at the leading literary clubs and societies. The editions of three or four of the leading daily journals (to say nothing of the complete conversion of the editor of the Arena) have become greatly interested in the subject. A local camera artist makes a regular business of artist makes a regular business of photographing spirits of departed friends of those who can afford to pay

friends of those who can anord to pay for the luxury.

There is no city in the country so thoroughly taken up with spiritualism as Boston. That it is principally con-fined to the educated portion of the



community is an evidence that the theory of communion with the spirits of those departed has come to stay. It was thought for a while that when the photographic "racket" was exposed all spiritualism would be laughed out of existence. But if there is any fake about spirit photography the greatest scientists and scholars of Boston have failed to discover it. The fact that it has stood cover it. The fact that it has stood the test intensifies the interest, and it is said that hundreds of converts are

is said that hundreds of converts are being made every week.

The craze has also spread to New York and rapid progress is being made there, too, it is said.

But I began to write about spirit photography. It is a subject that must interest all.

It is now seven years since Madame Comstock of Boston became the agency through which this marvellous wonder which has astonished everybody
who has suffocated prejudice long
enough to give it thought. Mrs. Comstock was what is known as a "medium." She kept a little notion shop,
and, among other things, made a business of weaving hair into memerators of

and, among other things, made a business of weaving hair into mementos of friends living and dead. The idea being new she secured quite a custom especially from the wealthier folk. One day a request came to have a locket made from the hair of a dead girl photographed that it might be sent to friends in England. She secured an electric camera and retiring to a dark room proceeded to take the likeness. It seems that the camera refused to do the work properly and she called in a Mr. Martin, then an engraver in one of the leading jewelry houses, who had a knowledge of the art. Mr. Martin first experimented on an easy chair. His consternation can be better imagined than described when he ter imagined than described when he developed the plate and found that developed the plate and found that the chair was represented as being filled by a human being dimly outlined. As he looked at it closer he perceived the image of a cousin who had long since departed. Mrs. Comstock pronounced it as the photograph of a spirit who had sought this means of communicating with mortals. Other experiments were made and so thoroughly satisfied did Mr. Martin become that a new light had dawned upon the world that he did not hesitate to establish himself in the business and has since made it legitimate. ness and has since made it legitimate.
Others have followed suit in New York and other places and according to spiritualists it is a pretty wicked spirit that cannot communicate with hving

spirits.

Of the many photographs taken many have been preserved. Some of them are copied here. They all present likenesses of living persons, which look exactly as ordinary photographs do, being, indeed, taken in the regular way. But behind



or at one side of the living sitter appears sometimes only a head, sometimes a head and shoulders, and sometimes the full length, of another person, rather indistinct and shadowy, but still in many cases clearly enough defined for a likeness to be recognized. One of the most remarkable of these strange pieces of work is a picture taken for ex-Banker Marsh of New York city. Some years ago he lost a wife to whom he was greatly attached, and who, as he believes, has never ceased to be present in her spiritual form with him. On a certain occasion he sat to Mr. Marsh and on the plate there came along with his an image of or at one side of the living sitter apthere came along with his an image of a lady, which he and his friends all

declare to be a correct likeness of his deceased wife. The face is perfectly distinct; one arm is thrown round her husband's neck, so that her hand, holding a branch of what seems to be liacs comes in front of his breast. lifacs, comes in front of his breast. Another picture being taken, the same figure appeared in a different attitude, pointing with one hand upward. On a third trial, however, this figure disappeared, and the head of an unknown child came instead.

Another picture is that of a well-known real-estate broker of New York, near whom appears a lovely child's face, fit for one of Raphael's cherubs. Mr. M—— could not tell, however, of whom it was a likeness.

One particularly touching picture

If They Are Fakes the Process Can

whom it was a likeness.

One particularly touching picture was taken for a mother who, not long ago, lost a darling boy. As she sat before the camera she mentally said, "Willie, I wish you would come and place yourself as you used to when you said your prayers to me" and in response to her silent wish there appears a child resting his head upon her bosom, which she avers is a perfect likeness of her boy.

At a spiritual seance held recently a message was received, purporting to be from the child just mentioned, to the effect that, if his father would sit to Mr. M—, a better picture of him still would be obtained. His father accordingly came and sat, and in the picture obtained there appears within the father's arms a charming boy of

picture obtained there appears within the father's arms a charming boy of apparently 10-years of age, which is said by both father and mother to be their child beyond a doubt.

An elderly gentleman having sat for his likeness, found it accompanied by that of a lady to whom he had been engaged twenty years ago, and of whose relation with him his own family had not been aware. Sitting a secily had not been aware. Sitting a second time, he got the likeness of a son who was killed several years ago in

A distinguished miniature artist of New York city having tried the exper-iment, was rewarded with a portrait

iment, was rewarded with a portrait of his aged mother.

Everybody will ask this question, and answer it according to his own notions. Skeptics will insist that there is some trick, and that the ghost figures are obtained by using lay figures or old photograph negatives, or by other expedient of that kind.

The great difficulty in the way of this explanation (says a photographer whom we will call Brown, and who, if we gray his real name, would be in-

we gave his real name, would be instantly recognized as excellent authority on the subject) is that there is no process known to the trade by which the process could be done by any undirections. fair means without its being instantly found out. A prepared plate must be used within five minutes after it comes out of the nitrate-of-silver bath, so that it is impossible that an image could be clearly impressed on it, and yet leave it so that the living sitter could be taken as clearly as here.

yet leave it so that the living sitter could be taken as clearly as he is.

The most peculiar case of "spiritual photography" which has come light occurred at a Broadway photographer's in New York. The circumstances of the case, which are exceedingly strange and startlingly romantic, are vouched for by the photographer. A young man (a son of a wealthy flour merchant) about thirty years of age, and about to be married



to the daughter of a retired merchant, visited the photographer one afternoon about half-past three o'clock, and sat for his picture which he had promised to present to his fair fiancee on the eve of their approaching marriage. The picture was taken in the usual manner, without any extraording recovery or constant and the same of the same and the same approach to the same approach the same approach to the without any extraordinary event or ac-cident; but, to the surprise and terror of the photographer, when the plate was examined it was found to contain two portraits, or at least two figures, one a male, the other a female, dimly, shadowly but plainly discernible—one the young man himself, the other a young and beautiful woman, seated tenderly yet lightly on the lap of the young man, gazing upon him with a look of mingled love, repr ach and sorrow. The terror and wonder of the artist were more than shared by the

artist were more than shared by the young man himself.

On examining the plate he recognized the features of her whom he had wronged. There was no mistake about it. His emotions knew no bounds. "My God, what have I done," he exclaimed. These were the last words he uttered intelligibly. The photographer, who still preserves the remarkable likeness, vouches for the story that the victim of the visitation died a raving maniae in a New York died a raving maniae in a New York

ınsane asylum. With such evidence as is offered With such evidence as is offered above it is not strange that the theory of communication with spirits is finding favor with even the most intellectual. What the future progress of spiritualism will be remains to be seen.

Jas. H. Mead.

A Michigan school teacher, it is alleged, has been in a trance-like state leged, has been in a trance-like state for 130 days, and has wasted away to a skeleton. The young woman is 19 years of age, and when awake weighed 140 pounds and had excellent health. The long sleep came on her without warning. Liquid refreshment is ad-ministered, but of late she does not seem to have the power to assimilate it. The doctors are puzzled.

A native bride in Hindostan is loaded down with all the jewelry she can get. She has a girdle at the waist, numerous rings, anklets, bracelets and bells, and decorations for the hair. Although she has never seen her intended hus-band, she goes and sits beside him the day of the ceremony. The priest takes a corner of the bride's veil and ties it to the groom's shawl, and they are married.

TOLD OF WILD BILL.

SOENES FROM THE LIFE OF A DESPERADO.

He Killed a Large Number of Men in His Day and Finally Died with His Own Boots On-He Once Threw Up His Hands.

Among the prominent citizens of Hayes City in the fast days of Kansas railroad building was "Wild Bill" (William Hickok) who had been a serviceable scout in the Union army along the Arkansas border during the war. Bill came to Hayes City with the prestige of having kriled nine men, unassisted, who had corralled him during the war intent upon his death. He, too, had followed "the K. P." railroad along every inch of its construction from Manhattan. His per-



HOLDING UP WILD BILL.

sonal appearance and the complexion of his white-handled revolvers had be-

of his white-handled revolvers had become quite familiar all along the road, and especially at Abilene, during its days as the terminus of the Texas cattle drive, where, as City Marshal, there was never a cowboy who got "the drop" on Bill.

"Wild Bill" in those days was "the Slade" of Western Kansas, the man who Mark Twain says in "Roughing It" was respected in Nevada for having "killed his man." In physique, as the writer remembers him, he was as perfect a specimen of manhood as ever walked in moccasins or wore a pair of cavalry boots, and Bill was a dandy at times in attire—a regular frontier dude. He stood about six feet two inches tall, had a lithe waist, and loins, broad He stood about six feet two inches tall, had a lithe waist, and loins, broad shoulders, small feet, bony and supple hands, with tapering fingers, quick to feel the cards or pull the trigger of a revolver. His hair was auburn in hue, of the tint brightened but not reddened by the sunlight. He had a clean, clear-cut face, clean shaven, except a thin, drooping, sandy-brown mustache, which he wore and twirled with no success, even, in getting an upward twist at either end. Brown-haired as he was, he had clear gray eyes. He had a splendid countenance, amiable in look, but firm withal. His luxuriant growth of hair fell in ringlets over his shoulders. There was nothing in his shoulders. There was nothing in his appearance to betoken the dead-shot and frequent murderer—except his tread. He walked like a tiger, and aroused he was as ferocious and prijectors.

less as one. Bill's means of Mvelihood at the time Bill's means of livelihood at the time he was in Hayes City went unquestioned, and there is no reason for citating the subject at this late day.

"a killer," however, Bill put himself or record very shortly after coming to Hayes City. His first exploit was double shot, a right-and-left fusillable. The writer witnessed the affair.

Two men came out of Tom Dram's saloon and walked toward the assistance of the control of the

built depot, surrounded by a replatform. Each man had a platform, when suddenly from a growfour or five "crack! crack!" went pistol shots, and Wild Bill stood on edge of the platform with a smo and the two men who had been proaching the platform were seen totter, stumble forward and Death was instantaneous in each as if Jove had hurled a bolt at the mer A row over cards the night be caused the double death, and a do

caused the double death, and a double funeral as soon as the corpses could be prepared for interment.

It was only "a few moons" after the obsequies following the demise of the two gentlemen, whose sudden taking off has just been recorded, that was Bill came very near farnishing, in his own person, the subject for "The class funeral." He was sauntering west on Front street (two served). class funeral." He was sweet on Front street (traversed by railroad), when, near the corner of F street (the avenue leading town Fort Hayes), a small man, an Irian of the name of Sullivan, jumped out front of Bill with cocked revolver.

olaiming:
"I have got you! Hold up your hands. I am going to kill you, you

Up went Bill's hands, Sullivan having "the drop" on him. Sullivan then started into a gloating dissertation about killing him, while Bill stood before him as rigid as the Apollo Belvedere. Opening his eyes wide and frowning, Bill in a few moments uttered in expostulatory tones—looking over Sullivan's head:

"For God's sake, don't stab the man in the back! Give him a chance for his life."

Sullivan turned to see his enemy in

his life."
Sullivan turned to see his enemy in the rear—and his funeral came off next day, Strange to say, several years af ter the death of Sullivan, Wild Bill "died with his boots on" in Wyoming while at a game of cards, a brother of the Hayes City Sullivan proving an

The Alpine Flower.

The Alpine Flower.

The government of the Tyroll has passed a bill imposing heavy fines on persons who may be caught while selling samples of the beautiful and rare Alpine flower called edelweiss, which has been pulled up by the roots on the mountains to such an extent that there is danger of the plant becoming extinct. The people complain that tourists are rapidly killing out that and other Alpine plants, and persons bent on money-making have helped on the destruction by gathering persons bent on money-making had belped on the destruction by gathering the plants for travelers.