

**MARITAL ODDITIES.**

**Most Widowers and Widows Remarry, Sometimes Twice.**

It has been remarked that times of speculation are invariably accompanied by an increase of marriages. Dr. Farr, the eminent statistician, hazards, therefore, the suggestion that it is the spirit of speculation that leads many to embark on matrimony at such times. Another reason, which he is careful not to ignore, is the increased prosperity that induces and sometimes seems to accompany what he calls the periodical epidemic of speculation.

A great war, after it is over, is good for marriage. So is a good harvest, so is the establishment of new industries or the extension of old ones. The reason is the same in all these instances; the increased prosperity of the general body of the people. So intimately is matrimony associated with national well-doing that it is come to be styled the barometer of prosperity. Its indications, however, are more for the future than for the present, dealing rather with the expected and anticipated than with the actual. But this only goes to substantiate what was said of marriage as a speculation.

The nation is sometimes extraordinarily sanguine, and when this is the case marriages are plentiful. Great popular leaders inspire this feeling. A statesman of genius at the head of affairs perceptibly increases the marriage rate.

In a word, the great fluctuations in the marriages are the result of peace after war, abundance after dearth, high wages after want of employment, speculation after languid enterprise, confidence after distrust, and national triumphs after national disasters.

The marriage returns invariably show a corresponding increase for any augmentation in the duties paid upon malt, wine and spirits. They in the same way keep pace with the consumption of tea, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and with the imports of raw silk, cotton, wool and timber. The one increase is not, however, the cause of the other; both are but effects of the same cause—increased national prosperity.

Marriages after banns are five times as numerous as marriages after licenses. When the price of wheat is high the diminution in the former class is comparatively much greater than the latter. They are the first to be affected by high prices, license and banns being regarded as the prospective badges of capital and labor—not without important exceptions, however.

Autumn is the favorite season everywhere; with a few spring is preferred. Half the weddings throughout the country are celebrated on Wednesday and Tuesday. Saturday has more than the average number. Friday is not a favorite, as few marriages are celebrated on that day.

Widowers are more inclined to marry than bachelors. Widows are more inclined to marry than spinsters. Both facts are eloquent in favor of the comparative advantages of matrimony. For one bachelor that marries between the ages of 50 and 55 seven widows remarry between these ages. These are marriages out of equal numbers of each class; the actual numbers of bachelors married will be greater only in proportion as they exceed by seven to one the actual number of widows living at these ages. Under the same conditions, for every spinster married between 80 and 65 two widows are remarried.

**A Microbe That Is Hard to Kill.**  
Professor Runk, who is engaged in some interesting experiments on the vitality of the comma bacilli, the so-called "microbe of cholera," has just finished a treatise containing his observations on the ability of such organisms to withstand intense cold. He has found that they will live for some time, and exhibit all their usual liveliness in a temperature ten degrees colder than freezing. A single "culture" of these germs in a bowl of beef broth, reduced to a temperature of from five to seven degrees below the zero of the centigrade thermometer (which is about the same as twenty to twenty-three above the zero mark of the Fahrenheit instrument) were unusually lively at the end of 100 hours' exposure. He found, however, that as they were uninterruptedly exposed to such a degree of cold for a longer period than that mentioned above, they gradually lost vitality, and at the end of five days were perfectly lifeless, and utterly unable to do damage, should they be taken into the human system.—St. Louis Republic.

**Valuable Antique Coins.**  
Antique coins for personal adornment are regularly quoted, and those most commonly obtainable are quoted at prices varying from \$2 to \$150. The most valuable of these coins are those in gold of Syria, Egypt and Greece from 300 to eleven years B. C. Roman coins since the Christian era are quoted at from \$20 to \$75.

**Commutation Badges.**  
Badges worn in the buttonholes have taken the place of commutation tickets in Belgium, where the new system of fortnightly season tickets good on the railroads over the whole government system has greatly increased the number of commuters.

**By All Means.**  
Saidso—The police captains ought to sit out their patrolmen with bell punches. Herdso—What for? Saidso—It would tend to stop their knocking down blackmail they are sent out to collect.—New York World.

**Getting Even.**  
Jones—I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I did.  
Brown—How did you do it?  
Jones—I made my wife put on her new \$250 seal skin sacque and go call on his wife.—Judge.

**IMAGINATION AIDS SURGERY.**

**How a Woman Was Cured of Lame-ness Which Did Not Exist.**

"Imagination is not to be sneezed at," said a prominent surgeon to a Rochester Democrat man the other day, as his eyes followed the brisk movements of a middle-aged woman who was passing.

"Three years ago," said he, "that woman came to one of the hospitals of the city and engaged a private room. She drove to the institution in a carriage and was carried to her bed on a stretcher. She insisted that one of her ankles was helpless and that she could not walk. The house surgeon made an examination and could not discover that she had the slightest ailment. The next day the head surgeon looked her over carefully and came to the same conclusion. What is more, being a somewhat brusque and outspoken person, he said as much to her. At this she was very indignant and insisted upon keeping her bed. No amount of persuasion could induce her to make an effort to walk, and she insisted that her ankle was helpless and so sensitive that the slightest touch of her foot to the ground caused her the most acute pain.

"Finding all efforts to persuade her to do anything for herself fruitless, the surgical staff held a consultation and determined to humor her. Consequently the following day the woman was told that she was suffering from a serious ailment, and preparations for an operation were made with a great parade of nurses, instruments and the like. The patient was then placed under the influence of an anesthetic and a slight incision was made over the ankle joint. This was merely superficial, although it was several inches in length. It was immediately sewed up, carefully bandaged and the patient removed to her bed, where she found herself when she recovered consciousness. After this she was subjected to the same care that would be given to the most serious cases for two weeks. The wound was dressed daily; the patient was enjoined to remain in one position and her diet carefully prescribed. At the end of this time the bandages were removed, the stitches taken out, and a few days later the woman walked out of the hospital as well as you see her to-day. There has never been the slightest thing the matter with her, but she thought there was and the pretended operation satisfied her."

**He Had Forgotten.**

"I dreamed of you last night," he said to her as one dove coos to another.

"And what did you dream?" she whispered, as she nestled close in his wings.

"I dreamed you had gone to heaven and become an angel."

"Mr. Van Smith," she said, disengaging herself instantly, and speaking in icy tones, "you forget yourself."

"This was a tremendous jar to his feelings."

"Why—why—what is it, darling?" he gasped. "What have I done?"

"You said only yesterday, sir, that I was an angel."

Half an hour later he had re-established his identity.

**Some Explanations of the Ocean's Salt.**

The Pythagoreans held that the sea was salt by reason of the tears shed by Kronos, father of Zeus. According to the old Hebrew tradition the ocean was originally a great body of fresh water, but which was made salt by the abundant tears of the fallen angels. One sect of Buddhists believe that Lot's wife (that is to say the "pillar" which was once the wife of the humble gentleman named above) lies at the bottom of the ocean in a certain narrow strait, and that once a year the waters of all oceans flow through that narrow channel. The Talmudic writers say that it was never salt until Moses wept repentance after breaking the tables of stone.

**Tragical.**

The sort of story most in favor for serial publication in newspapers is apt to be tragical and bloody in the extreme. It is related that a contributor offered a continued story intended for such publication to the head of a syndicate.

"Is your story sufficiently dramatic?" asked the syndicate manager.

"Does it contain crimes, poisonings—is it dark enough?"

"Dark!" exclaimed the author; "why the moment you begin to read it, you'll think you are on a train and have gone right into a tunnel!"—Youth's Companion.

**It was summer.**

"Thomas," she observed, "there is no ice to put in this refrigerator."

"The thin man with a lantern jaw evinced a trace of enthusiasm."

"Matilda," he rejoined, not without emotion, "there's coal in the cellar. Start up your furnace and put your perishable articles in it."

Rising from her seat, she went over and reverently kissed his high, intellectual forehead.—Detroit Tribune.

**An Artistic Career.**

She—Isn't Mr. Pallette married?  
He—Yes, since last December.  
She—Why, I thought he sought an artistic career.

He—He did and hit it. He wore the most elaborate clothes procurable, lived at the best hotel in town and married a woman with a million. If that ain't artistic I'd like to know what you call it.

**Imposing on the Unsophisticated.**

Prosecutor—This swindler, your honor, unboned the plaintiff out of \$15—  
The Police Magistrate—If the plaintiff is a stranger from the country I'll give the swindler ten days.

Prosecutor—Plaintiff's from Philadelphia, your honor.  
The Police Magistrate—Then I give the defendant sixty days.—Chicago Record.

**NATIONALITY IN EGG EATING.**

**Curious Racial Characteristics Noted in New York Restaurants.**

The philosopher who is to discover the ponderability of a man's "gray matter" by the way he eats boiled eggs has not yet risen among us, but it only requires the ordinary powers of observation and a moderate acquaintance with the restaurants of New York to discover that there are some very curious and clear indications of a man's nationality to be gathered from watching the way in which he performs this function.

To an Englishman, it will be seen, there is but one way in which to eat boiled eggs, and all other ways are heathenish and an abomination. It is necessary, in the first place, that his eggs be medium boiled—three and a half minutes is the standard, tower-marked time—and then brought to the table in a napkin with bread and butter, spoon, pepper and salt, and an egg cup. Not one of those heavy, partitioned things, of thick iron stoneware, with a goblet-like arrangement at one end and a smaller depression at the other, but a delicate little article of white china, with a plain gold band around the edge, a narrow band it should be, or, perhaps, a little spray of light tinted flowers painted on the sides. Into this cup of comfort the egg slides deeply, just leaving a sufficient amount of shell above the rim to be removed, and to remove this shell there is but one true method of procedure. The shell must be daintily chipped with the spoon, and the fragments must be removed with the same utensil. There are some people who brutally cut off the top of the egg with a knife and plunge the spoon at once in medias res, but these are generally "persons" and are by no means representative of the true and insular art of egg-eating. It is allowable, under certain conditions, to use the fingers to remove the broken fragments of the chipped shell, but the use cannot be commended as good form.

**LOOKING BACKWARD.**

**Or the Millionaire's Regrets for the Farm He Let Go for a Song.**

It was summertime. The office windows were open. The old millionaire had come up to confer with his lawyer, and had been told he could now foreclose his mortgage on a fine and coveted corner which he knew he could bid in for a song. He therefore felt at peace with all the world, and he wished that everybody might banish uncharitable and sordid thoughts and be of good cheer. He took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"I am thinking of going out into the country," he said, speaking in a kind tone of that humble region. "I like the country. We don't really know what life is here. I often wish I were back. I had a farm before I came to town—about 500 acres—as pretty land as ever laid outdoors—high, rolling, sandy loam; oh! fine pasture, plenty of woods, and running spring right on the place—never went dry the driest season, and magnificent orchard. I set out about ten acres all to grafted fruit before I sold, and looked to see in 'em bear—I could have sold every bar'l of apples for \$2 right on the ground."

"But I sold—I sold. Yes, sir; I sold that 500 acres—\$80 an acre, and came here and put every dollar into corners. Of course, hitting it just the time I did, the money has turned itself a good many times; but I don't know; I often wish I hadn't sold the old farm. I sold it to my brother-in-law for \$80 an acre. That was twenty years ago, and I don't suppose he could get \$40 an acre now."

Here the sad repiner engaged in silent thought of his brother-in-law pounding clouds on the depreciated farm, and became suffused with such joy that, as he rose and put on his hat, he seemed like a statue of ecstasy. "No, sir; I don't suppose he could get \$40. Fine farm, too!"—Puck.

**Too Much to Expect.**

A too-hasty generalization is that accredited to Pelissier, once marshal of France. It was during the last empire that he was reviewing a regiment of cavalry, when this conversation took place between him and the captain: "Well, captain, how many men have you in your squadron?" "One hundred and twenty, marshal." "And how many horses have you?" "One hundred and ten." "And all devoted to the emperor, I hope!"—Youth's Companion.

**The Reverse Picture.**

It was summer.

"Thomas," she observed, "there is no ice to put in this refrigerator."

"The thin man with a lantern jaw evinced a trace of enthusiasm."

"Matilda," he rejoined, not without emotion, "there's coal in the cellar. Start up your furnace and put your perishable articles in it."

Rising from her seat, she went over and reverently kissed his high, intellectual forehead.—Detroit Tribune.

**An Artistic Career.**

She—Isn't Mr. Pallette married?  
He—Yes, since last December.  
She—Why, I thought he sought an artistic career.

He—He did and hit it. He wore the most elaborate clothes procurable, lived at the best hotel in town and married a woman with a million. If that ain't artistic I'd like to know what you call it.

**Imposing on the Unsophisticated.**

Prosecutor—This swindler, your honor, unboned the plaintiff out of \$15—  
The Police Magistrate—If the plaintiff is a stranger from the country I'll give the swindler ten days.

Prosecutor—Plaintiff's from Philadelphia, your honor.  
The Police Magistrate—Then I give the defendant sixty days.—Chicago Record.

**GIANT FLOWERS OF SUMATRA.**

**A Curious Parasite Four Feet Across Found Feeding on a Vine.**

One of the most remarkable discoveries, sensational in every particular, comes from Sumatra. Some years ago several botanists were traveling through the country in search of new things in plant life, when the natives told them of a gigantic flower, describing it in such weird terms that they at first did not believe the account, but one day Dr. Arnold, one of the party, came upon the wonder, says the Northwestern Christian Advocate. He was not only amazed, but dumbfounded, the strange object that met his view making a profound impression upon him. Later he said: "To tell the truth, had I been alone and there had been no witnesses I should, I think, have been fearful of mentioning the dimensions of this flower, so much does it exceed every flower I have ever seen or heard of." Passing from the bush to some trees the discoverer was confronted by a gigantic flower, apparently growing alone, without leaves or verdure, from the ground. The petals, five in number, were thick and fleshy, over an inch in thickness, while the center presented the appearance of a bowl, from which projected curious spikes. The entire flower was nearly four feet across; each petal weighed almost three pounds, and the entire flower, if it could have been held up, would have entirely concealed the person holding it. The flower weighed, in some specimens, twenty-five or thirty pounds. The nectary alone could catch and hold twelve pints of water.

The new discovery was startling in many ways. It was a flower without leaves, or anything but the attachment to the earth—a complete puzzle—and at first it looked like a gigantic toadstool that had taken the form of a flower. Tipping one of the flowers over it was found that it grew from a delicate leafless stem not larger than two fingers, and was, in short, a wonderful flower parasite growing and deriving its sustenance from the body of a huge vine that in turn wound about the trees of the forest. The story of this flower was received with incredulity, but it has since been seen by many, and been named, after Sir Stamford Raffles, rafflesia. No one would have thought of finding in Sumatra a giant ally of the little "wake robin;" but such a discovery came to Becari, and amazed him equally as much as did the rafflesia, Dr. Arnold. Becari also had heard rumors from the natives of a flower higher than a man, and which at certain times gave out an odor that was fatal to man and beast. The Italian naturalist did not believe the latter, and determined to make a vigorous search for the man-killing plant. Finally, deep in the forest, he came upon it. It resembled a lily, but a giant; and from the center of the flower rose a spadix that was six feet in height—or as tall as a large man. The stalked leaves were ten feet long, the whole peculiar plant taking up an area of forty-five square feet. The diameter of the spathe was about three feet, bell shaped, with serrated edges of a delicate green tint, while upon the outside it was a rich purple hue. The odor was not poisonous, but was well calculated to keep both man and beast at a distance.

A few years ago a friend of Becari, the Marchese Gorsi-Salviati of Florence, presented a potted tuber of this plant weighing fifty-seven pounds to the royal gardens at Kew, England, and one night it bloomed, to the astonishment and delight of those who saw it. The plant is called the giant-urum.

**The First Metal.**

Gold, because it was found pure and fairly tractable, was probably the first metal used by man. Copper, it is true, is found as a metal, but only in one comparatively restricted locality. Occasionally gold fish hooks have been discovered in graves in New Granada. In mining a tunnel in Cauca a gold hook was found in 1882 fifty feet under the surface of the ground and beneath what must have once been the bed of a river. Copper fish hooks have been found in many of the ancient burial mounds of Peru.

**Breaking It Gently.**

"Really, Mr. Stalate," she protested, "you have given me four hours of your time this evening."

"Why—er—upon my word! So I have. The hours pass like minutes when I am with you."

"You were telling me that since your promotion your time is valuable."

"Yes."

"Well, papa doesn't allow me to accept expensive presents from young men."

**Ought to Succeed.**  
Foggs—Are you the cashier of this bank?

Shoemaker—Yes, but I don't seem to place you.

Foggs—I'm the agent of the Live and Let Live Indemnity company. For a small amount we will guarantee that when you skip with the proceeds you won't be brought back.—N. Y. World.

**A Needless Question.**  
"Do they sell liquor in New York on Sundays?" asked a stranger in that city.

"Do they sell it?" the haughty policeman repeated; "you didn't think they were so senseless as to give it away, did you?"

And he pursued his travels in a contemptuous silence.—Washington Star.

**Author of This is Dead.**

Superintendent—Now, children, how many days make one week?

Little Pete—Sick.

Superintendent—Sick? How do you make that out, Pete?

Little Pete—Why, sick days make one week.—Judge.

**ROMANTIC BOCA DEL TORO.**

**Legend of Morgan, the Buccaneer, and His Buried Treasure.**

One of the most romantic spots to be found around the Caribbean coast is the location of the town of Boca del Toro, on the isthmus in the extreme northern limit of the United States of Colombia, says the St. Louis Republic. According to the description given by Colonel Devine, the town is situated on a small island or key, as it is called there, in the beautiful Chiriqui lagoon. This lagoon is about twenty-five miles square and is dotted with small keys, which are covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation. The trees are brightened with the plumage of beautiful birds, that lend a wonderful effect of bright colors. The air is laden with the sweet perfume of growing spices. The lagoon is a portion of the Caribbean sea and, in fact, is itself nothing more than a small sea of salt water. An interesting legend of the ancient buccaners has been handed down from generation to generation among the natives, who are of negro extraction, and in all its details it rivals the famous treasure trove of Captain Kidd. During the fifteenth century all this country was under the Spanish rule, but the whole section was overrun by the ancient bands of buccaners under the able leadership of Morgan. History records that Morgan's depot was at Port Royal, in Jamaica, but the natives who live on the islands of this lagoon at Boca del Toro say that the secret base of Morgan's operations was on Water key in the lagoon. A row of islands along the mouth of the lagoon are so thick that only three passages are available for ships. The story is that while Morgan's band of buccaners ostensibly worked from Port Royal, Jamaica, yet their real headquarters were on Water key, whence they could sail forth to prey upon the West Indies and all the Caribbean coast. Morgan is known to have made one expedition up the San Juan river and sacked the town of Grenada, one of the wealthiest centers of trade in Nicaragua, and to have looted the public treasury of \$10,000,000 of gold. Where this money was hidden has ever since remained a mystery. But the legend among the natives at Boca del Toro is that Morgan buried the vast treasure on the sandy beach of Water key, in the Chiriqui lagoon. The natives tell a story of an olive tree which stood for over 200 years on this key, and which bore a Latin inscription cut in the bark, giving the location of the spot where the \$10,000,000 of gold was buried. The olive tree has long since disappeared, and no white man has ever made an attempt to find this treasure.

**INCREASING LENGTH OF LIFE.**

**Modern Heroines Are Much Longer Lived Than Jane Austen's Were.**

Is the human race becoming longer-lived despite the fret and fever of modern civilization? It is an interesting question, and it may very probably be answered some day by science in the affirmative. The longevity of professional men is now generally considered to be greater than that of farmers or mechanics. In other words, intellectual activity, although in many respects more exhausting than physical, has in the main a salutary effect upon the human frame. It may be the nerves rather than the muscles upon which we mainly depend, after all. It is a commonplace of observation that the big, hearty men are constantly dropping out of the world, while those of far more fragile organizations, apparently, live on to a ripe old age.

As to the increasing longevity of the race generally, there is no little incidental testimony on this head to be gathered from various sources. Some of the early heroes and heroines of romance are old before they reach what we should call middle life. And at the beginning of our own century Jane Austen, whose testimony is always unimpeachable, speaks of the healthy and contented woman of 40 as having a good prospect of twenty years of life yet. Twenty years! What woman of to-day, asks the Providence Journal, thinks of herself as falling into decrepitude at 60? Elsewhere in Miss Austen's pages we run across people who are old with the passage of half a century of life. But now we have Gladstones at 80 and over, and think nothing of it.

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder**  
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Chester's English Diamond Brand.

**Pennyroyal Pills**

Original and Only Genuine.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

**APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR**

Matter of application of J. M. O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for liquor license.

To the mayor and city council of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska: Notice is hereby given that J. M. O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, has filed application with the clerk of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, at Grattan township, Holt county, Nebraska, from the 4th day of May, 1896, to the 4th day of May, 1898. If there be no objections, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks prior to the expiration of the said license, it will be granted.

JAMES COCHRAN, applicant.  
The O'Neill Frontier newspaper publishes the above notice for two weeks at the expense of the applicant, the city not to be charged therefor.  
41-2 N. MARTIN, City Clerk.

**APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR**

Matter of application of J. M. O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for liquor license.

To the mayor and city council of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska: Notice is hereby given that J. M. O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, has filed application with the clerk of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, at Grattan township, Holt county, Nebraska, from the 4th day of May, 1896, to the 4th day of May, 1898. If there be no objections, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks prior to the expiration of the said license, it will be granted.

JAMES COCHRAN, applicant.  
The O'Neill Frontier newspaper publishes the above notice for two weeks at the expense of the applicant, the city not to be charged therefor.  
41-2 N. MARTIN, City Clerk.

**APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR**

Matter of application of Wm. L. O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for liquor license.

To the mayor and city council of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska: Notice is hereby given that Wm. L. O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, has filed application with the clerk of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, at Grattan township, Holt county, Nebraska, from the 4th day of May, 1896, to the 4th day of May, 1898. If there be no objections, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks prior to the expiration of the said license, it will be granted.

WILLIAM LAVIOLLETTE, applicant.  
The O'Neill Frontier newspaper publishes the above notice for two weeks at the expense of the applicant, the city not to be charged therefor.  
41-2 N. MARTIN, City Clerk.

**APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR**

Matter of application of O'Connor for liquor license.

To the mayor and city council of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska: Notice is hereby given that O'Connor has filed application with the clerk of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, at Grattan township, Holt county, Nebraska, from the 4th day of May, 1896, to the 4th day of May, 1898. If there be no objections, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks prior to the expiration of the said license, it will be granted.

O'CONNOR & GALLAGHER, applicants.  
The O'Neill Frontier newspaper publishes the above notice for two weeks at the expense of the applicant, the city not to be charged therefor.  
41-2 N. MARTIN, City Clerk.

**APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR**

Matter of application of Morris & Co. for liquor license.

To the mayor and city council of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska: Notice is hereby given that Morris & Co. has filed application with the clerk of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, for a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, at Grattan township, Holt county, Nebraska, from the 4th day of May, 1896, to the 4th day of May, 1898. If there be no objections, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks prior to the expiration of the said license, it will be granted.

MORRIS & CO., applicants.  
The O'Neill Frontier newspaper publishes the above notice for two weeks at the expense of the applicant, the city not to be charged therefor.  
41-2 N. MARTIN, City Clerk.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB., March 20, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the named settler has filed notice of his intent to make final proof in support of his claim to the land in section 10, township 29