

THEY ARE ALL DUTCH -- BUT THE SHIP'S NAME IS

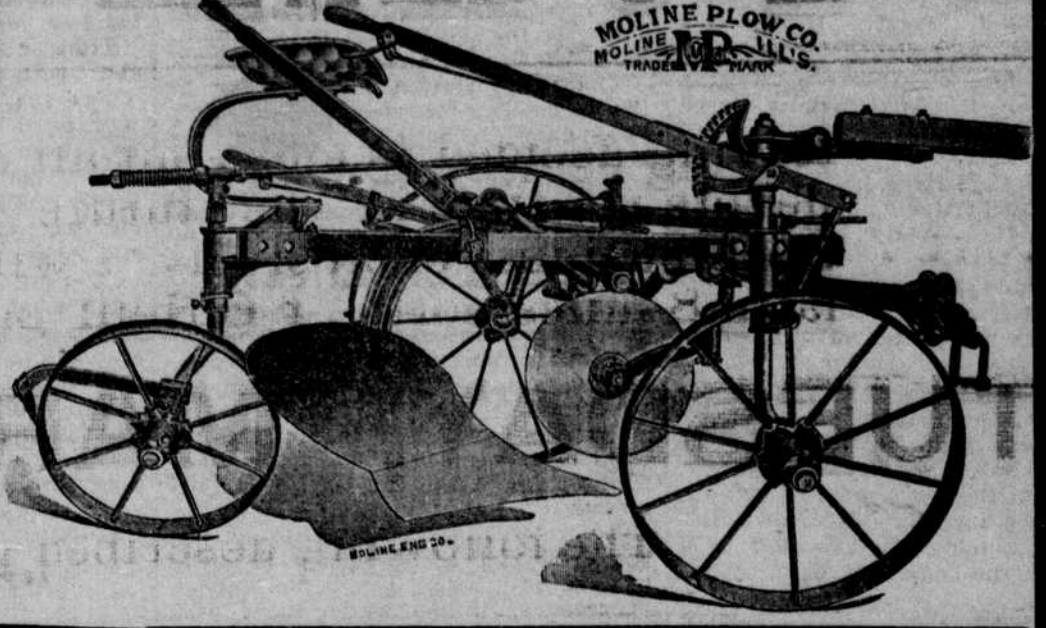
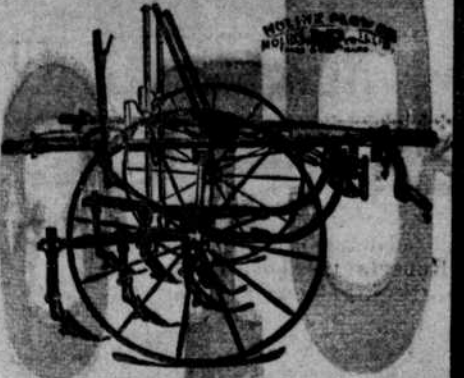
BIGLIN

Carrying a full line of Moline Implements consigned to the Farmers of Holt county



We desire to call your attention especially to four of these implements, that are the best of their kind on earth — New Good Enough and High Flying Dutchman Sulky Plows, Dutch Uncle Riding Cultivator and Gretchen Corn Planter. When you call we will show to you other implements manufactured by this old and reliable firm, consisting of

Riding and Walking Listers, Harrows, Waking and Disc Riding Cultivators.



MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

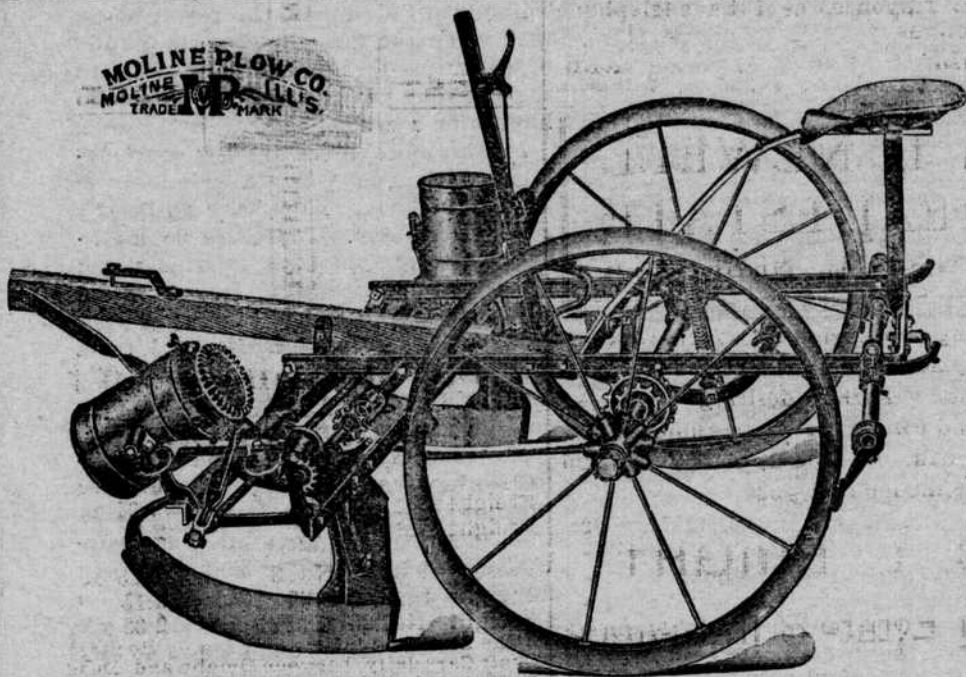
MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

In other lines we have the celebrated Fish Wagons, Roller Baring Buggies—something entirely new and novel, the McCormick Harvesters and Shreders, the McCormick King of Mowers and the strongest, best and most powerful hay rake ever manufactured.



MOLINE PLOW CO.
MOLINE ILL.
TRADE MARK

We never sold a weak or useless implement and we never will. Our farmer friends will vouch for this statement.



We want your trade and in return expect to give you full value for every dollar invested with us.

Our samples are ready for inspection and we will be pleased to show our line to all, whether you purchase or not.

O. F. BIGLIN

Five Dollars.

BY ALFRED TURNER YATES.

(Copyright, 1900: Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When Walter McDowell had lost his last bet on the faro table, he pulled himself away from the chair. He felt dizzy. A sickening nausea swept over him; his eyes danced in his head. He lay down upon one of the sofas and asked the waiter to bring him a drink of brandy. He knew he could get that even if he had no money. He drank the spirits and settled his head back on the leather. Presently he felt better. Then his eyes wandered aimlessly about the room; look in the excited players, the shifting of feet; heard the muttered oaths of losers, the exclamations from winners, the hoarse, mechanical voices of the callers at the roulette wheels.

In this room McDowell had spent the best of his youthful days. He had forgotten duty, friends, reputation, society, honor. He had gambled away a vast estate; he had borrowed until there were none to lend. Now he was at his row's end. He had no relatives whom he could call upon in this hour of his direst want. The last penny was gone! The men who came in and went out, passed him, looked coldly at his prostrate form, but never said a word. Many of them were as helpless as he. The lights glared; the wheels of red and blue turned swiftly upon their axles; the clink of ivory rattled away. The room was filled with smoke; the air was foul. Presently McDowell, overcome with fatigue, dropped asleep. At midnight he awoke with a start. He stared at the clock. Then he jumped to his feet and asked the waiter for another drink. Swallowing this, he thanked the servant and walked down the steps.

Outside the snow was falling. The wind blew in fitful gusts. The tinkling of bells told him the electric cars had stopped and their places taken by horse, or "owl," cars. The cool air of the street somewhat braced him. He shook his head to drive away the clinging dizziness. Soon he felt revived. He walked onward, not knowing nor caring, where. Vaguely he had in his mind a saloon some blocks away. The barkeeper had known him in his palmy days, and he had never asked him for a favor. Perhaps he could get enough for him to pay for a night's lodging. If that were denied—well, there was the river. He turned into a street running at right angles with the one he had been traversing. Almost at the corner, and quite hidden in a doorway, was a little

She was asleep.

girl, a waif, who eked out a precarious existence by selling gum and matches. She was asleep. Her wares were scattered about her feet. The snow had made little mounds near her. Sometimes a flake would fall on her face. But the poor child felt them not. McDowell halted and looked at the peaceful face. A smile was on her lips. Around the shoulders was a thin shawl. She did not look cold. "Ah," he thought, "if I was as contented." He moved away, but before he had made three steps his eyes became riveted to the sidewalk. Something which threw back the rays of the corner light lay near the sleeping figure. Stooping down and picking up the object McDowell's hand trembled. It was a \$5 gold piece. Evidently some kind soul, seeing the child, had placed it in her lap—some of the wandering alms-givers whose names never get in print. He, this blessed giver, had intended the money as a surprise to the waif. He would not awaken her, but when she opened her eyes to stare at a cold world again, the gift would be in her lap. For these—well, there is the kingdom of God.

McDowell could scarcely contain himself. Vague emotions went through his mind with the swiftness of electricity. Would he take the money? The child would never know. No, he was not a thief—not yet. And when he became one, if ever, he would spare children and the helpless. He stood. He drank the spirits hesitatingly. The child did not move. The street was perfectly still. Far away came voices of a drunken crowd. No one was watching him. He and the child and the money were alone in that part of the big city. . . . Yes, yes.

He almost flew back to the gamblers' den. He laid his money down—the child's money—on the green table. The cards were shuffled and he won. He doubled. He let the bet lay. He won again. His hands shook as he could scarcely remove his winnings. He put the money down recklessly. He scarcely lost a single wager. The dealer looked on with amazement, softly adding once in a while, "Seem to be coming your way after all, Mac." The minutes passed into an hour. Still he was lucky. He threw his chips with a gesture of certainty and contempt. But all during this time there was a red-hot iron before his eyes, that and the sleeping waif he had robbed.

He cashed his chips. The bills were piled high before him. He had never had so much at one time in three years. He crammed the money in his pockets. To the street he ran. Outside his feet moved as rapidly as the slippery walk would permit him. He turned the corner. In the distance he

saw the child. It is wonderful the thoughts that can come to a mind in a second. McDowell's moved with all the motion of his excited faculties. God bless the child! He would take her in his arms. He would take her to a convent. He would see that she wore beautiful clothes. He would wait until she was grown and he would marry her. Then he would tell her the story—tell her how he had robbed her one night and the theft had been the means of his fortune. He would never drink again, never gamble again—never, never, never! Now he was at her side. He picked her up, he put the shawl closer around her little body. He kissed her on the lips. A shiver ran through him. How very cold the lips were! God, could she—

He had moved farther down the street. It was dark around him. A light was burning at the corner and he hastened to it. He pressed her closer to his breast. Ten more steps and he was under the glaring lamp. He looked down into the face and saw with terror that the eyelids were half open and permitted the eyes to show fixed and glassy stares.

He put his mouth quite near hers. She was not breathing!

Choked with an awful anguish McDowell awoke. There he was on the sofa where he had fallen asleep two hours before. He arose and went to his room. The next morning he came home—back to his mother and to his friends. His uniform is not that of a man in the ranks. He is a captain, and with the small salary attached to that office he supports his mother in splendid style. But he does not gamble. During the Christmas holidays he was walking along a street which long before had almost been deserted. He was with his sweetheart. Passing a doorway he saw a sleeping newsgirl, and he put a gold piece in her lap. "You extravagant man!" exclaimed the woman.

But then she did not know.

TO HER GRAVE.

Woman Carried a Secret She Had Been Offered \$50,000 For.

The suit of a woman inventor, who died about a year ago in the Philadelphia hospital, brought to recover \$150,000 damages for alleged breach of contract, was abated in New York Wednesday by Judge Andrews, and thus is written "final" to the peculiar history of Dr. Isabel M. Mitchell, says the Philadelphia North American. She was the inventor of a process for preserving meats, fruits, etc., without the

aid of ice, by the use of ozone. For many years she struggled with poverty, interested men of wealth in her process, refused handsome offers for the formula, and on the very eve of success, when a company was being organized to develop the patent, she died in the alms house, Nov. 17, 1899 taking the secret with her to the grave. On her deathbed she refused to disclose the process. The defendants in the action just terminated were Henry F. Taintor and William H. Liewellin, both of New York, who tested Mrs. Mitchell's invention in Chicago in 1896 and pronounced it a failure. Thereupon the inventor entered suit for damages. This is the scene of Dr. Isabel Mitchell's life trials. Here she was married, reared a family, was divorced, and then entered her energies upon the invention. She suffered two paralytic strokes, and was further disabled in a railroad wreck, but still persisted. In a store in Arch street joints of meat, fruit and vegetables, all preserved by her process, were displayed for several months. She gave a big dinner at the Continental, all the viands of which had been preserved for a given time by her formula. Extreme poverty and fatal illness overtook her in a little room at 133 North Eleventh street, whence she was removed to the Philadelphia hospital. Her body escaped the dissecting table only by the merest chance. To the last she refused a standing offer of \$50,000 for her secret.

Compressed Air for Canal Locks.

On the Erie canal at Lockport, N. Y. a pneumatic balance lock is being substituted for a flight of old-fashioned stone locks, says the Youth's Companion. The new lock consists of two steel chambers, one for ascending and the other for descending boats. Each chamber is divided into two parts, an upper one containing water to receive the boats and a lower one containing compressed air on which the upper chamber floats. When a boat has been run into the upper chamber it is either lowered or raised, as may be desired, by filling or exhausting the air chamber beneath it.

Bear Got the Apples.

A Maine man has a tame bear, which he trained from a cub, until it can be handled like a dog. One of its traits is an extreme fondness for apples. One day this bear saw a wagon approaching, and he smelled apples. Waiting until the team was at the top of a steep hill, the bear sprang out in front of the horses. Of course they immediately ran away, and as the wagon bumped and lurched, the road for a quarter mile was strewn with apples. Then the shrewd bear had a gorgeous feast, and was doubtless very much surprised next day when he got a sound thrashing. That was because his master was presented with a bill for ten bushels of apples, and had to pay it.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at O'Neill, Neb., Jan. 16, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on March 15, 1901, viz: JAMES BRADY, T. E. No. 6641, for the SW¹/₄ NE¹/₄, Sec. 1, township 31 N., range 10 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Wallace Sprague, E. J. Beeny, W. M. Pickering, Dan Reley, of Dorsey, Neb.

S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at O'Neill, Nebraska, Jan. 16, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on February 23, 1901, viz: Charles A. INGERSOLL, H. E. No. 14633, for the NE¹/₄ sec 19, Twp 28 north, range 12 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Alex. Manning, Morton E. Blatt, Andrew Clark, Jacob E. Manning, all of O'Neill, Neb.

S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at O'Neill, Nebraska, Jan. 16, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on February 23, 1901, viz: Stephen DONLIN, H. E. No. 7005, for the S¹/₂ SE¹/₄, NE¹/₄ SE¹/₄, NE¹/₄ sec 23, Twp 23 north, range 12 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: August Epp, Michael Langan, Bernard Hyates, Austin Hyates, all of Turner, Neb.

S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at O'Neill, Neb., January 9, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on February 19, 1901, viz: Charles A. GRASS, H. E. No. 14822, for the NW¹/₄ sec 5, Twp 23 n., range 9 w. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: A. Neberry, Henry Julius, T. S. Roche, Charles Allen, all of Page, Neb.

S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at O'Neill, Neb., January 3, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on February 16, 1901, viz: William CHATTERTON, T. C. E. No. 6330 for the NW¹/₄ sec 34, Twp 23 n., range 13 w. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Michael Lyons, Emmett Earl, William B. Ashton, Donnie Kane all of Emmet, Neb.

S. J. WEEKES, Register.

HOMESTEAD CONSOLIDATED NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, O'Neill, Neb., Jan. 30, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to submit final proof in support of his entries, said proof to be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Nebraska, on March 23, 1901, viz: Henry R. SPRAGUE, H. E. No. 14739, for SE¹/₄ NW¹/₄, N¹/₂ SW¹/₄, NW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Sec 11, Twp 30 N., R. 10 W. Witnesses: T. F. Sherman and C. W. Morgan of Dorsey, Neb.; H. W. Tomlinson and Walter Tullis of Star, Neb.

T. C. E. No. 6576, for NW¹/₄ Sec 14, Twp 31 N., R. 10 W. Witnesses: T. F. Sherman and C. W. Morgan of Dorsey, Neb.; H. W. Tomlinson and Walter Tullis of Star, Neb.

S. J. WEEKES, Register.

MORTGAGE BLANKS

1 doz for 25c

at The Frontier

A. MERRIL

Wholesale and Retail

FLOUR & FEED

Full stock of good goods at prices that please. All kinds of grain taken in exchange and bought for cash.

O'NEILL, NEB.

.....Walmer's old stand.....

Dr. B. T. Trueblood

SPECIALTIES: EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Spectacles correctly fitted and supplied.

O'NEILL, NEB.

J. J. KING

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY

PUBLIC

Office front room over U. S. land office

O'NEILL, NEB.