

Strawberry Shortcake—Before and After.
 O pie, thou art a goodly thing,
 In proper time and place,
 But in these days of later spring,
 Show not thy pasty face.
 For what art thou, however filled
 With apple, peach or mince,
 However fanciful thy build,
 Or rich thy many tints,
 Compared with that ambrosial dish
 With layers made of dough,
 Which gratifies the wildest wish
 Of mortals here below?
 Whose pastry strata drink up cream
 Until they look like foam,
 Whose fruited, delicious berries seem
 To taste of youth and home,
 Substantial with its biscuit base,
 Delicious with its fruit,
 No pie can such a dish replace,
 With all the world to boot.

When Satan sought to torment man,
 And spur him on to crimes,
 He did not have to scheme and plan
 A multitude of times,
 For early sprang there in his mind
 A recipe for pain,
 Which was full cunningly designed
 To drive a man insane,
 He built a yellow biscuit dough,
 Both sticky, hard and thick,
 Put berries over and below,
 And lo, he had the trick.
 For let but sage or fool partake
 Of that alluring food,
 He'll fold himself up close and make
 His peace for well and good.
 With such a mixture once within
 The stomach of a man,
 Let him renounce a life of sin
 And evil if he can.
 —Portland Oregonian.

Up to Date.

By F. H. LANCASTER.
 (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
 His letter began abruptly:
 "It's no use, mon ami, I love you.
 And when a man loves a woman,
 Friendship is but as stones to a starv-
 ing man. People prate of the possi-
 bilities of the platonic—and such
 things may be. Yes, if each party be
 as cold-blooded as a compressed air
 machine. You may smile at this,
 questioning: 'Are not all beings com-
 pressed air machines?' My mind does
 not run along scientific lines. I take
 little stock in the 'brazen Baals' and
 'talking fetishes' with which you are
 wont to satisfy all deep emotions.
 And I love you. Let the saying stand
 even so long as I live.
 "What then? And you would fain
 shrug your shoulders. But, think a
 moment, friend of mine. You may
 burn incense before many altars—yet
 what gift can the gods bestow that
 shall equal the love of man—strong,
 tender, unfaltering? You will say that
 for praising my own wares I am close
 second to a Jew. True. But a modesty
 that stands between a man and
 his happiness is a foolish modesty.
 "Do I not know whereof I speak?
 Seeing that it has forced me to risk
 my all upon a single throw? You
 smile—there in your pleasant sea-
 green serenity—saying: 'A man's love
 is not his all.' Many there be who
 will agree with you; yet what says
 the inspired Paul of Tarsus? 'If I
 have not love in my heart I become
 as a tin pan beaten by sticks'—or
 something to that effect.
 "Do not answer this for ten days,
 mon ami. Give the gods of chance
 an opportunity to throw their dice
 in my favor. Would to the Lord I could
 load the dice.
 "Do not doubt my sincerity, for I
 tell you straightly that should you
 find it impossible to give me love for
 love my life will be worth no more
 to me than a bad egg—though the
 chances are that I shall go on living
 pretty much as the next man does.
 Custom and culture, like American
 manufacturers, strive steadily to re-
 duce individuality to a fixed standard
 —that if one part be broken or mis-
 laid its substitute may be readily sup-
 plied.
 "But, dear, though this is true of
 the surface, there are myriads of
 men striving to content themselves
 with shadows instead of substances;
 and dear, dear, man of few fears that
 I am, my heart falls me at the thought
 of such a life—day after day without
 you.
 "Mon ami, I know well that you
 laugh at love, yet I lay my love be-
 fore you. Know, also, that you have
 bitter prejudices against matrimony,
 yet I ask you in all seriousness to
 become my wife. What reply can you

my heart-beats and on my lips? Why?
 Because of that greatest of all greasy
 altars—propriety. You have burned
 much incense upon it. Did it ever
 occur to you that it came high?
 "Well, when all is said, I love you.
 What are you going to do about it?"
 He sealed the letter without pass-
 ing to read it over and shot it into
 the chute.
 What would she do about it? His
 heart answered him promptly enough.
 Yet he allowed hope to drag him
 through ten days of sickening uncer-
 tainty. Luring him on with the mem-
 ory of those faded letters he had
 once pondered over, wondering how
 on earth a woman as wise as his
 mother could have allowed herself to
 slop over so in sentiment and bad
 spelling. This was before he began
 to crave such a letter. A letter that
 called his dearest on each third line
 and spoke much of undying devotion.
 For ten days. Hope held it tantaliz-
 ingly before him—fine writing on tinted
 paper. Then her letter came. Per-
 fectly correct; mortally cold. He shiv-
 ered slightly as he ripped open the
 envelope and unfolded the crackling
 sheet. But he set his teeth and forced
 his attention through the formal open-
 ing.
 "Anent your interjection touching
 stones and loaves, I would suggest
 that were paving stones eatable they



He drew forth again that thin, type-written sheet.

would be no more plentiful than bread
 and would be quite as highly prized.
 "And, my friend, do not let Kipling
 lead you astray as regards brazen
 Baals and greasy altars. They have
 their uses and so long as they be
 confined to their own sphere they
 stand for good. For you will admit
 the truth of this trite saying: 'There
 is no virtue that may not by exag-
 geration become vice.' To overdue
 is the crime for which humanity
 stands convicted. The dumb brute
 alone knows how to let well enough
 alone. An ox could give Plato or
 Aristotle lessons in philosophy. Still
 we have been bitten by the bad bug,
 Ambition, and the fever is in our
 veins. We must go on or go down.
 "No backward path, through the high-
 ways of the world. Only to keep the
 face steadily toward the goal and
 stamp on so sturdily as we may—
 stamping alike over burrs, and bloss-
 oms.
 "Brutal, you will say. Yet it is the
 sesame of success. And, after all,
 while there are stars overhead why
 should be trouble ourselves about
 the silly snowdrops under foot? A
 misplaced tenderness is surely weak-
 ness even as misdirected strength be-
 comes brutality. Well, as you per-
 ceive, I stand in need of beans and
 my thoughts do not come clearly.
 "Concerning that other matter you
 mention: You have evidently exam-
 ined the situation more carefully than
 I have yet been able to do, so I rest
 upon your judgment is the wisest
 course to be pursued.
 "And this, I believe, answers yours
 of recent date. Nothing has hap-
 pened since I saw you last, so I have
 no news save, that to judge from
 present appearances, I shall not be
 burning incense this afternoon upon
 that greatest of altars."
 It was several hours from afternoon,
 but the man got up hurriedly and be-
 gan looking around for his hat.
 Out in the park by the fountain he
 drew forth again that thin, type-writ-
 ten sheet. Crisp, correct and ever so
 cautious. Had he published it, she
 would have stood unconfessed. For
 a moment he thought of those letters
 of long ago, scented with violets and
 overflowing with sentiment. A letter
 that any careless eye might read with
 one smile for the gush and the spell-
 ing. But this, this was for him alone.
 He alone could read the delicious
 meaning so cunningly hidden between
 those rigid lines.
 Good heavens, how could he wait
 until the afternoon?
 And then it occurred to him that he
 need not wait.

Infant Market in Hungary.
 The orphanage at Temesvar, in
 Hungary, holds an "infant market"
 once a month, at which all the chil-
 dren at the orphanage will be on
 view, and at which persons desirous
 of adopting one or more of them can
 inspect them and take their choice.
 The first of these markets passed off
 very successfully. Thirty children
 were on view—boys and girls between
 the ages of 1 and 10 years. Nineteen
 of them were adopted, five boys and
 fourteen girls. Most of them were
 adopted by fairly well-to-do people,
 and one foster-mother went straight
 to a lawyer's office and made her
 newly-adopted child heir to her
 fortune of £20,000. — Pearson's
 Weekly.



His letter began abruptly.

make? A quotation from the prince
 of storks? I fear so. And yet I am
 not so unlovable. Women have loved
 sorrier specimens of manhood. Ah,
 but I know, you are not one of those
 women.
 "O, woman, woman strong of heart
 and steady of nerve, why could I
 not be content with pleasant talks
 and easy relations? Why cannot a
 man live on stones that are plentiful
 rather than on leaves that are dear?
 Curse a pen for a soulless instrument!
 Why can I not take you in my arms
 and force you to feel the love in

SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the
 red blood that flows through
 the veins has to come from
 somewhere.
 The springs of red blood are
 found in the soft core of the
 bones called the marrow and
 some say red blood also comes
 from the spleen. Healthy bone
 marrow and healthy spleen
 are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new
 blood by feeding the bone
 marrow and the spleen with
 the richest of all fats, the pure
 cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and
 invalids and for all whose
 blood is thin and pale, Scott's
 Emulsion is a pleasant and rich
 blood food. It not only feeds
 the blood-making organs but
 gives them strength to do
 their proper work.

Send for free sample.
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 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

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 A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.
 not only makes the harness and the horse look better, it makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last—twice as long as it ordinarily would.
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 Passenger east, No. 4, 9:57 A. M.
 Freight east, No. 24, 12:01 P. M.
 Freight east, No. 28, 2:35 P. M.

GOING WEST.
 Passenger west, No. 3, 10:00 P. M.
 Freight west, No. 27, 9:15 P. M.
 Freight west, No. 23 Local, 2:35 P. M.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of November, 1898, in favor of J. B. Fitzgerald as plaintiff, and against A. O. Burnham, first name unknown, and Mrs. Burnham, his wife, first name unknown, as defendants, for the sum of Ninety seven and no one hundredth dollars, (\$97.00) and the costs taxed at \$38.13 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate tax as the property of said defendants, to satisfy said order of sale, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of section two, (2) in township twenty-nine, (29) north of range ten, (10) west of the Sixth P. M. in Holt county, Nebraska.

And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash, in hand, on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1902, in front of court house, in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated at O'Neill, Holt county, 15th day of October, 1902.
 16-5 C. E. HALL,
 Sheriff of Said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, on the 6th day of December, 1899, in favor of T. V. Golden, as plaintiff, and against J. L. Ives, Mrs. Ives, his wife, first name unknown, and Showalter Mortgage Company, as defendants, for the sum of Eighty-nine dollars, and five cents, (\$89.95) and the costs taxed at \$26.78 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate tax as the property of said defendants, to satisfy said order of sale, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of the west quarter, and southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section two, (2) north of range ten, (10) west of the Sixth P. M. in Holt county, Nebraska.

And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash, in hand, on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1902, in front of court house, in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated at O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, 15th day of October, 1902.
 16-5 C. E. HALL,
 Sheriff of Said County.

CONSOLIDATED HOMESTEAD NOTICE.
 Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, O'Neill, Nebraska, October 4, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settlers have filed notice of intention to make proof and that said proof will be made before this office, on November 14, 1902, viz:

FRED BAUSCH, H. E. NO. 14635,
 for the south-east quarter (SE 1/4), section twelve (12), township thirty north (30 N), range thirteen west (13 W).
 Witnesses:
 Zebedee M. Warner, Atkinson, Nebraska.
 Dell Johnson, Slocum, Nebraska.
 John Cleary, Slocum, Nebraska.
 Bert Freed, Atkinson, Nebraska.

ZEBEDEE M. WARNER, T. C. E. NO. 6545,
 for north-west quarter (NW 1/4), section twenty-four (24), township thirty north (30N), range thirteen west (13W).
 Witnesses:
 Dell Johnson, Slocum, Nebraska.
 Fred Bausch, O'Neill, Nebraska.
 John Cleary, O'Neill, Nebraska.
 Bert Freed, Atkinson, Nebraska.
 16-5np S. J. WEEKES,
 Register.

LEGAL NOTICE.
 Lots number Ten and Eleven in Block number One, of the Town of O'Neill, Holt County Nebraska, and Michael E. Bannin and Mrs. Michael E. Bannin, real name unknown, Edward J. Fitzgerald and John Doe, and Mrs. John Doe, their real names unknown, non-resident Defendants, will take notice, that on the Second day of October, A. D. 1902, The County of Holt, Plaintiff, filed its petition in the District Court of Holt County, Nebraska, against you and Mary Fitzgerald, John Fitzgerald, William Paul Fitzgerald, Mary Lillian Fitzgerald and Mary Fitzgerald, as administratrix of the estate of John Fitzgerald, deceased, defendants. The object and prayer of which are to foreclose a tax lien for delinquent taxes due plaintiff on Lot number Ten (10) and Lot number Eleven (11), of Block number One (1), of the City of O'Neill, Nebraska, for all the years from 1892 to 1901, and plaintiff prays to have said premises sold at public auction, as upon execution to satisfy said lien for said delinquent taxes with interest and costs made, amounting to Ninety-Two Dollars and no cents, and for such other relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, November 10th, 1902.
 Dated October 2nd, 1902.
 14-4 THE COUNTY OF HOLT,
 Plaintiff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 By virtue of an order of sale, directed to me from the Clerk of the District Court of Holt county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before the Clerk of the District Court of Holt county, Nebraska, on the 13th day of September, 1902, in favor of Edwin S. Eves, as plaintiff, and against southeast quarter of section twenty-two, (22), in township twenty-five, (25) north of range thirteen, (13) west, in Holt county, Nebraska, and Joseph Finigan and Mary Finigan, his wife, first and real name unknown, as defendants, for the sum of Eighty-seven dollars and five cents, (\$87.05) and the costs taxed at \$31.13 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants, to satisfy said order of sale, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of section twenty-two, (22), in township twenty-five, (25) north of range thirteen, (13) west, in Holt county, Nebraska.

And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash, in hand, on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1902, in front of court house, in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated at O'Neill, Holt county, 15th day of October, 1902.
 16-5 C. E. HALL,
 Sheriff of Said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 By virtue of an order of sale, directed to me from the Clerk of the District Court of Holt county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before the Clerk of the District Court of Holt county, Nebraska, on the 13th day of September, 1902, in favor of Edwin S. Eves, as plaintiff, and against southwest quarter of section twenty-three, (23) in township twenty-five, (25) north of range thirteen, (13) west, in Holt county, Nebraska, and Joseph Finigan, his wife, first and real name unknown, as defendants, for the sum of Seventy-four dollars and seventy-five cents, (\$74.75) and the costs taxed at \$32 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants, to satisfy said order of sale, to-wit:

The southwest quarter of section twenty-three, (23), in township twenty-five, (25) north of range thirteen, (13) west, in Holt county, Nebraska.

And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash, in hand, on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1902, in front of court house, in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated at O'Neill, Holt county, 15th day of October, 1902.
 19-5 C. E. HALL,
 Sheriff of Said County.

A good heavy spring wagon to trade for a fresh cow inquire of M. M. Sullivan.
 17-3

BUY THE BEST IT IS THE CHEAP'ST

If you want to buy the **BEST** Farm Wagon, Spring Wagon, Road Wagon, the **BEST** Cart, Buggy, Carriage, Sarry or Phaeton. **BEST** Wind mill, Corn sheller of any size or kind, Plow, Disc Cultivator, Hay Sweep. The **BEST** Stacker, Rake, Mower, Binder, **BEST** Steam or Horse Power Thresher, **BEST** Machinery of any sort. The **BEST** Place is at warehouses of

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