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Salt Meats, Ham, Bacon, Fish,
in fact everything to be found
in a first-class market. We
invite your patronage.
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The Girl from Killarney.

BY EMMA ELLEN GLOSSOP.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
One pleasant summer evening three
Irish-American policemen stood talking
at the Union station in Chicago. They
were all fine types of their kind.

Dennis O'Dowd was a strapping fellow
six-foot-two, with a broad, red
face and a rotundity of person which
helped to emphasize his importance.
Not that it needed emphasis. Dennis
was a brave officer and a good friend,
but he was given to bragging, and had
an overbearing, self-assertive manner,
by which his position lent undue force.
His bosom friend was Mike Shannon,
whose bristling red mustache and
burly figure belied his genial disposition
and general good comradeship.

The youngest of the three was Tim
Murphy. His face was as round and
ruddy as a Missouri pippin, and his
merry blue eye was so frank and honest
that he had won every heart on his
beat in six months' time.

Tim was the handsomest, as well
as the youngest, man in the squad,
and Dennis, though really fond of him,
was inclined to be somewhat jealous
of his popularity.

By and by the talk drifted to the old
country and though all were loyal
Americans, they were soon betraying
the hold which the dear, old mother
country still held in their generous
hearts.

"The Irish gerrils are the prettiest,
sweetest and most bewitchin' of their
sex!" exclaimed Dennis in a sudden
burst of enthusiasm, "and if I ever
marry 'twill be a darlin' colleen from
the old country, with the freshness of
the brogue still on her charmin' tongue."

"Perhaps she'll not have ye, then,"
remarked Tim slyly.
"Shure, boys, and I know the very
one ye are speakin' of, me cousin
Katie 'ore in Killarney. She was the
prettiest bit of a colleen when I left
the sod that ever blossomed in Ire-
land. She's been longin' this mony
day for a sight of Ameriky."

"And why don't she come over,
then?" questioned Dennis with interest.

"Shure, it's the old folks that's kept
her," said Mike with a sigh. "And
now they are both laid away, Heaven
rest 'em, she'll be comin' over one of
these days and breakin' all ye're
hearts."

"If she's the right sort I'll be lovin'
her at once," said Dennis. "Prity, did
ye say?"

"As a pitcher," answered Mike en-
thusiastically. "And that kind to the
old folks! It's glad I'd be to see her
married to a nice man of rare Irish
stock."

"Ye couldn't ask for a better," cried
Dennis, grandly.

"Now, Dennis," protested Tim,
"don't ye think ye are a little forward?
When prity Katie comes perhaps
she'll want her say, it's now and then
that a woman does."

"She'll not object to me!" ex-
claimed Dennis, proudly. "If she's
young and pretty and kind, as ye say,
Mike, I'll marry her at once and give
her a home."

Just then Dennis was summoned
away and Tim laughed heartily.

"How would I do for a husband?"
asked Tim, trying to suppress his merriment.

"Ye'd do passin' well, and I'd not
object to ye, only it's as Dennis says,
ye're chances would not be good with
a fine talkin' man like him."

Tim said nothing more, but he
smiled thoughtfully at his own hand-
some face a few minutes afterward
when he passed a mirrored window.
"Dennis is a good fellow, is Dennis,
but he's getting onbearably conceited,
and he is disarvin' a fine lesson. When
the colleen comes I think I'll take a
hand."

Not long after this he paid Mike a
visit in his home and asked during the



"She's all ye said of her, Mike,"
evening if he "might see the face of
Dennis' future bride, seein' it's all
settled."

He stood for some moments with
the poor little picture of a really hand-
some Irish girl in his hand. "She's
all ye said of her, Mike, and more,"
he remarked thoughtfully, "and Dennis
is a very lucky man. D'ye have any
idea when she'll be comin'?"

"Nay, Tim, and I don't. She'll be
comin' in the spring, I'm thinkin'.
She's a smart little girl and I intend
helpin' her wid passage money. She
writes me that she'll soon pay it
back."

"That's right, Mike; that's right!
If ye do be wantin' fifty dollars now,
I'll lend ye the same. It's between us,
now!" whispered Tim anxiously.

"It's a good boy ye are, and I'll
take the money if ye are sure ye'll not
be needin' of the same. Dennis will
pay ye back, Tim, when he's married."
"Sure Dennis will; no doubt he will,

when he's married," answered Tim,
with an emphasis which Mike failed to
note.

When Tim finally went away he was
humming a mellow Irish air, and he
carried in a snug corner of his breast
a name and an address.

And so it came about that the let-
ters for the girl in Killarney found
their way into the same packet. The
first bore the passage of a letter, and
with a wonderful letter from Mike, in
which he hinted of his fine friend the
policeman, who might love and marry
her if she was deservin'. Led by the
next line told of the generosity of his
dear friend Tim, to whom she must be
grateful forever.

The second letter was a fairly well
written little note introducing the
writer and begging for "just one line
from the dear Emerald Isle for a poor
Irish boy."

With this last was a picture of the
handsomest man innocent country-
bred Kitty had ever looked upon,
dressed in a uniform whose brave but-
tons set off a figure fine enough to be
that of an admiral, while a pair of
the kindest Irish eyes looked out,
straight out, and captivated Katie's
simple heart in that first short, de-
lightful, bewildering minute.

Six weeks afterward a goodly num-
ber of policemen were assembled at
the Union station when a certain man



Tim took a step forward.
came in. It had been noised about
that Dennis' sweetheart was coming
and that she would certainly make the
prettiest bride in the city.

Dennis and Mike were both there,
standing together, while Tim, with his
jolliest laugh and happiest story, was
holding the others not far from the
entrance, when there came through
the gateway a slender, graceful little
figure in a quaint, outlandish petti-
coat, with an anxious timidity in her
hurried glance, and a tired, childish
droop to the prettiest, most appealing
face Tim had ever seen.

Mike was uncertain for a moment,
she had grown so much, and while he
hesitated she saw Tim, her ideal, her
hero, the same dear face which lay
secreted in her bodice. The journey
had been long, and not a familiar face
had she seen. Her heart was hungry
for the friendly light in a kindly Irish
eye. Tim took a step forward, and
she put out her hands and began to
sob.

That was enough for Tim's soft
heart. He took her protectively in his
arms and kissed the quivering, child-
ish lips.

"This is my promisee wife," he said
simply, turning towards the amazed
company. "Mike, haven't you a wel-
come for her, too?"

RAILWAY TIES OF LEATHER.

**A New Invention May Solve an Im-
portant Railway Problem.**

A company has been incorporated
in New England for the manufacture
of leather railroad ties and paving
blocks. If the invention is what is
claimed for it it promises to solve
the question of the future supply of
ties, which for years has been worry-
ing the railroads.

It is claimed that the leather tie
will hold a spike better than any
other material, that it is impenetrable
to checks and decayed spots, that all
ties are uniform in size and quality,
that neither the rail nor fish plates
will cut into it, that it is as nearly
noiseless as a tie can be, and that it
will outwear six or eight wood ties.

Its elasticity, it is further claimed,
makes it far superior to any metal
tie that could be made.

It is said that railroads will save
from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a mile after the
ties are once laid in a well-made road-
bed. It is also claimed that the tie
can be adjusted easily as wood,
and that it will make a firm road-
bed around a curve.

The tie is made of waste leather
combined with chemicals, and both
can be obtained in almost unlimited
quantities. The process of manufac-
ture is a simple one, and six ties will
be made to each drop of the press,
which will be under hydraulic pres-
sure.

Had Good Neighbors.

Some time ago there lived in a rural
community of New Hampshire two
aged sisters whose means of subsist-
ence appeared to be very much strait-
ened. Their neighbors, however, took
a friendly and helpful interest in their
welfare and saw to it that they did not
lack for the comforts of life. One
would haul their wood, another would
cut and split it, and others would con-
tribute of the abundance which the
earth supplied, so that in amount and
variety these aged ladies found life by
no means a very serious problem. In
the fullness of time they died within
a few days of each other, and in the
settlement of their affairs it was
learned that they had left \$13,000 to
foreign missions.

Her Black Silk.

BY JULIA FELT KNEELAND.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Yes, sir, that there machine will
do the work of a half-dozen men, and
do it quicker and better. I'll have my
alfalfa stacked before the neighbors
have theirs in the cocks," and John
Prince complacently surveyed his
latest purchase.

His wife—poor, tired Jennie—stood
in the kitchen door, looking at the
new stacker in a dissatisfied manner.
Every year when John went to Den-
ver with his cattle he brought her a
new dress, but it was never a silk
one. She had asked him again and
again for the much-coveted article,
but was always refused on the score,
that "a farmer's wife had no need for
a silk dress." When she went to
church she always took note of the
silk dresses, most of them belonging
to poorer people than herself.

As she stood thus, in the bright
morning sunshine, a flock of nearly a
hundred geese issued from the barn-
yard and marched past her, on their
way to the irrigation ditch.

John came leisurely up from the
barn.

"It is nearly time those geese were
picked," he remarked. "Yes," she
answered listlessly. "I believe we will
have fifty dollars' worth of feathers
this year," mused John.

Jennie started. "Fifty dollars!
Why that was just what Cousin Kitty's
silk cost—making and all! Fifty
dollars!" and as Jennie looked and
thought a sudden plan formulated
itself in her brain. She would have
the money for the feathers herself. Hadn't
she set and tended them? Hadn't she
watched and fed them during the
cold winter? And now she was ex-
pected to pick them! Surely she had
earned the money!

Early Monday morning, John started
on a twenty-five mile horseback
ride, to buy calves, and drive them
home. He would be gone all week.
This was her chance. As soon as he
was out of sight, Jennie called Andy,
the hired man, and with his assist-
ance the geese were one by one taken
from the poultry house, and robbed
of their pretty coats. Hour after hour
they worked—all other work for the
day being neglected.

When night came a row of wheat
sacks filled with feathers, stood on
the barn floor.

Tuesday morning saw Jennie and
Andy driving to Emporia, with the
sacks of feathers piled in the wagon
behind them. Arriving at Emporia,
they drove immediately to a produce
dealer, who purchased the feathers.
What a bound her heart gave when
the dealer counted the money into her
hands. Fifty-five dollars!

With a smile of exultation Jennie
started for Cousin Kitty's, telling
Andy to return home and come after
her on Thursday.

"Kitty, can you go shopping with
me this afternoon?" Jennie asked at
dinner.

"Why, certainly. I should be glad
to go. Are you going to get a spring
dress?"

"No, not exactly. I'm going to get
a black silk."

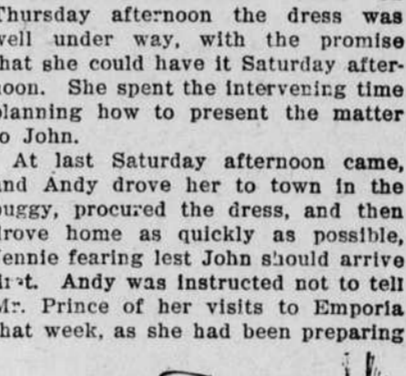
"A black silk!" in great astonish-
ment. "Has John really given you
the money for it, at last?"

"No. He didn't give it to me. I
earned it."

"You earned it? How?" But Jen-
nie seemed embarrassed over Kitty's
questions, and only said, "I'll tell
you about it some other time. Let's
go down to the city right away."

When she started for home on
Thursday afternoon the dress was
well under way, with the promise
that she could have it Saturday after-
noon. She spent the intervening time
planning how to present the matter to
John.

At last Saturday afternoon came,
and Andy drove her to town in the
buggy, procured the dress, and then
drove home as quickly as possible,
Jennie fearing lest John should arrive
first. Andy was instructed not to tell
Mr. Prince of her visits to Emporia
that week, as she had been preparing



His face changed to the flinty expres-
sion she so much dreaded.

A surprise for him. Arriving at home
just at sundown Jennie was relieved
to find that her husband was not
home yet. The dress was hidden up-
stairs, her clothes changed and supper
ready before he did come.

Sunday morning, John was tired,
and only arose in time to dress hur-
riedly for church and so did not go
to the barnyard. Every circumstance
seemed to favor Jennie's carrying out
her plan of surprising him. John was
shaving in the kitchen—his favorite
place. Jennie was in their room all
ready to put on the dress. With
trembling hands she took it out of the

box, and looked at its beautiful folds;
but her spirit failed her, and she laid
it back again. She went into the
closet and brought out the brown
annel that John had given her last
fall, and began to put it on. Then
she remembered the geese, and
thought, "I will at least try the plan
of surprising him, for in any event
he will know by night, all about it."

The brown flannel came off and the
silk was put on. How nicely it fitted
her slender figure. Surely John
would not harden his heart toward
her when he saw how beautiful it
made her appear!

With a faltering step and a falling
heart, she crept down the stairs,
across the sitting room and through
the dining-room until she stopped in
the kitchen door.

John had just hung up the towel.
He turned and looked at her. His face
lighted up with pleasure. Her heart
gave a great bound and with a joyful
cry, she took a step or two toward
him. He then saw for the first time
that the beautiful dress was silk, and
his face changed to the flinty expres-
sion which she so much dreaded.

"Jane Prince, where did you get
this dress?" he said, seizing her by
the arm.

"I—I bought it."

"You bought it; and where did you
get the money?" sarcastically.

"I—I—picked—the geese—and sold



"You are probably a dying man."
—the feathers," she said, much as if
she had been reading her death sen-
tence. John pushed her from him.

"Jane Prince, you may wear your silk
dress, bought by trickery and with
stolen money, but you can no longer
be my wife. I'll not forgive you until
my dying day for this base deceit.
I'll not turn you out of the house, for
you've been a good wife to me in the
years that are gone. I'll use the west
bedroom and you stay where you are.
But don't speak to me again until
my dying day. Then and not till then—
I'll forgive you."

The days came and the days went;
how, Jennie scarcely knew. Each
seemed harder to endure than the
last. She cooked the meals, placed
them on the table, and then went to
some other part of the house while
John and Andy ate.

Often she longed to throw her arms
about his neck and beg for forgive-
ness, but was afraid of doing so, lest
she should be denied the measure of
pleasure she had in serving him.

John, too, after his temper cooled
and he had time to think the whole
matter out, came to a realization of
how meanly he had acted in many
things toward his wife. He thought
of all his acres and acres of land,
of the money which they brought to him
every year, of the barn and buildings,
of the machinery, of the horses and
cattle, which he had bought for his
own pleasure, and then he thought
of all that he had denied his wife.

Thus the summer and autumn
passed. Early in December, John be-
came violently ill. Jennie immedi-
ately sent for the doctor, who pro-
nounced it pneumonia. Jennie nursed
him day and night, but he grew rap-
idly worse. He had now and then a
few lucid moments, one of these occur-
ring during the doctor's visit.

John grasped the doctor's hand and
begged him to tell his condition.

"Doctor," he said, "I want to know
just what you think of my case. Am
I dying? There is one thing which
I must do before I die. Tell me truly,
doctor, what you think?"

"Well, Mr. Prince, if you have any
affairs unsettled, my advice is, settle
them at once. You are probably a dy-
ing man, but we will hope for the
best. If you want to see your lawyer
from the city, I can send him out to
you at once."

"Thank you, doctor, but there is no
one to send for. If you see my wife
as you go out, please tell her that I
want her."

With her heart beating almost to
suffocation, Jennie came swiftly into
the room, and up to the bedside. John
caught her hand, pulled her down to
him, and put both arms around her.
He held her thus moment after mo-
ment, before he spoke. Then he
whispered softly, "My wife, will you
forgive me?"

"Can you forgive me?" she sobbed.
For answer, he held her close to
him and covered her face with kisses,
and all was quiet peace in their
hearts. A week later when John
knew that he was to live, and not die,
he said to Jennie, "I said once that
I would never forgive you until my
dying day. Will you consider last
Wednesday as my dying day—the day
in which I died to all my hardness
and selfishness, and let me live
again, to make you happy? Wear
your black silk as a pledge of our
new found love. Without that dress
we should never have known this
happy hour."

Navigation of St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence river is frozen
four months of the year, and its nav-
igation is so difficult that an average
of one steamer a month is wrecked in
its waters.

A philosopher says it is better to be
alone than in bad company; but some
men are in bad company when they
are alone.

He who no longer knows sin no
longer needs the Savior.

Substitutes for Fuel.

While the recent coal famine was
an uncomfortable fact Elliott Woods,
superintendent of the capitol at
Washington, was bombarded with
suggestions as to substitute fuel.
Here are a few of them: "Storing the
heat from warm debates;" "the sea-
soned timber from which cabinets are
selected;" "planks from political con-
ventions;" "some of the dried old
fossils in the senate;" "logs which
are rolled by all members, and the
"stops which are always taken to reme-
dy all matters."

Shot Gun Moral.

Out in an Iowa town a husband
whose wife had not arisen at the
usual hour demanded that she get up
and get his breakfast. The wife did
not immediately appear, so the im-
patient man secured a bucket of cold
water and drenched the sleeping
spouse. At this the latter arose in
wrath, and hunting up the family
shot gun, she discharged the same
at the inconsiderate husband, and he
passed over the border land to the
unknown regions, perhaps where cold
water is very scarce.

Moral—Some men should occasion-
ally get their own breakfasts.—Oil
City Blizzard.

Mark Twain's Parents.

The local tradition remembers the
father of the humorist, "Squire" Clem-
ens, as a good and peaceable citizen.
He brought to the town with him his
wife and children and nothing unusual
is remembered of the family, except
that Mrs. Clemens had a peculiar and
interesting drawl in her speech. When
her son lectured in the town theater
she called the attention of the neigh-
bors to the fact that "Sam had a
mighty long drawl to his talk," and
she wondered where in the world he
got it. Whereupon an old farmer re-
marked: "If the dam is a pacer, you
will very likely find an amble in the
colt." They brought their children up
as well as circumstances would allow,
considering three things—the civil
war, the west on the river, and the
children. It is generally believed that
Aunt Polly in "Tom Sawyer" was
"Sam's" own mother, and that Tom
was Sam. If this is so, one can al-
most read the family history in that
captivating little book.

ODDEST OF ALL FADS.

**Lovers of the Day Seek to Have Their
Pictures on Sweethearts' Shoes.**

It is said that the fashionable girl
of the present day carries the picture
of the young man she most loves in
her shoe and the secret of her heart
may therefore be learned by looking
at her feet. There is nothing occult
about it. Hypnotism, mental telepathy
and things of that sort are not
concerned. If the girl is up to date
all you have to do is to look at her
feet, for there you will see the pic-
ture of the happy man.

She wears it in the buckle of her
slipper, so that the best time to learn
the truth is when she is at a dance.
At a function of the kind in Wisah-
ikon recently a half dozen of the girls
had their sweethearts at their feet,
which, according to amatory tradition,
is right and proper.

When the miniature fad originated
the modish girls were pleased to
wear the counterfeit presentments of
their courtiers at their necks. Then
they moved to the belt buckle, but it
is the prerogative of a woman to
change her mind, and man is once
more lowered.

Already the new fancy is gaining
supporters and many slipper mini-
atures are being made with the por-
traits of "matinee idols." This is for
the accommodation of those girls who
have not yet succeeded in finding a
man to admire at close range.

WHY HE SAID "PANTS."

**Rather Fine Distinction in Language
Used by New York Tailor.**

Ex-President Gates, of Amherst
college, says the New York Times,
was a man with three salient charac-
teristics—belief in compulsory wor-
ship as a means of grace, nicety of
language, and a fondness for bargain
hunting that was almost feminine. As
illustrative of the latter it is told that
on a certain occasion Mr. Gates
bought for \$3 a pair of trousers that
had been marked at \$6, and had them
charged. The first of the month the
bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, \$3."

Mr. Gates crossed off the "pants"
and substituted "trousers," then re-
minded the bill. The first of the next
month another bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, \$3."

This time the bill was returned as
before, but with the following leg-
end: "Dear Mr. Thompson: I am
always careful about the language I
use, and like other people to be the
same." The first of the third month
Mr. Gates received a bill:

"To one pr. pants, \$3."

This time he went in person to visit
Mr. Thompson. He explained his po-
sition. Thompson looked at him a
moment, and then replied:

"President Gates, I've been in the
clothing business for 25 years. An'
during them 25 years everything in
my shop above \$5 has been trousers
and everything below \$5 has been
pants. It's pants you got, and egad,
sir, it's pants you'll pay for."