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General Jollymore's Ivory Hunt.

BY C. L. O. LUCKEN. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "Hello, Jollymore; when did you get back from South Africa?" The remark was addressed to a rather portly personage, of medium stature, who was seated at the window of one of the most popular clubs his chair tipped back and his feet on the sill, and a long, pale cheroot in his mouth.

"General Jollymore, if you please, duly commissioned by the joint governments of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. Well, I returned a few days ago. Nothing doing in South Africa after the Boers quit; I put in a month or so up in the north country ivory hunting," but found it too tame," replied the "general," toying with a miniature ivory elephant's head, which was attached to his watch guard.

"Hunting elephants, eh, and brought back a trophy of the chase?" "Oh, yes. The adventure was such a peculiar one that I felt disposed to retain a memento, and so had this head carved from the tusk of the elephant which so nearly finished my career."

"Well, general, I should like to hear of it, provided the telling will not entail the recollection of any unpleasant features."

"No, indeed, not at all. Were such the case I would not wear this," and the general twined the ivory head between his fingers. "But there's not much to tell, after all, and perhaps I am disposed to magnify the danger."

"At the conclusion of the war I decided to go north, having been informed that lions, elephants and other large game were abundant. I had put in five days in Misiris land, reaching the native village of Mpweto on the evening of the fifth day, without having sighted an elephant, although the spoor was there in plenty, and abundant evidences were encountered which showed that large numbers of the animals were in the immediate vicinity. I accordingly resolved to remain at Mpweto for a few days, and the morning following my arrival there, I started out, accompanied only by my extra gun bearer, a native named Umbolalla, with the hope of encountering the game I sought.

"A few miles east of Mpweto there is a circular plain, probably a mile in diameter, almost entirely surrounded by forest. Upon approaching this plain, it became evident that my quest was at last ended, and that my eyes were to be gladdened by the sight of an elephant, for the frequent trumpeting of a large bull-elephant were distinctly audible. Pushing rapidly ahead in the direction of the trumpeting, we arrived within sight of the plain, and there, standing in a clump of small trees upon whose tender branches he was feeding, was the largest elephant I had ever been my good fortune to see. Cautioning Umbolalla to keep close to me with the extra gun, I maneuvered around for some time, endeavoring to secure a position from which I could fire a shot which would prove fatal, but the frequent movements of the elephant rendered this impossible. Becoming impatient at the delay, I finally risked a shot, the bullet lodging, as I afterwards learned, in the beast's left shoulder, producing only a painful and irritating wound, without in the least impairing his vitality.

the leader of the herd, there appeared from the forest which surrounded the plain, a herd which in points of numbers outdid anything I had previously encountered, and I flattered myself that I have, in my time, seen considerable of them. In fact, it seemed as if all the elephants in Africa were assembled at that particular place and were bent on my destruction. With trumpeting which were deafening, they came rushing toward us from every point of the compass. Light was impossible, for we were entirely surrounded, nor was there a distance of even ten feet between the foremost ones, and as the leaders in this magnificent charge neared us, of course even this space was narrowed.

"I felt that my time had come, for, unfortunately Umbolalla, in his haste to reach me before I was crushed by the wounded elephant, had dropped the ammunition, and we were without arms other than our two army revolvers and Umbolalla's assegai, a weapon without which no native African can be induced to enter a forest. The bullets from the revolvers would have proven as effective against the tough hides of the elephants as from a boy's sling-shot, and I did not, therefore, deem it worth an attempt



This plan worked well.

to use them, nor did it then occur to me, as I remember it now, that I had them with me.

"Then it was that a most remarkable thing occurred. You know what will happen if you place a number of moving bodies at an equal distance from each other, upon the circumference of a circle and start them toward the center? Well, that is just what happened in this case! Those elephants in the lead reached the circumference of the smaller circle at precisely the same instant, and there they stood, utterly unable to approach an inch nearer!

"Not only had the terrific momentum of their huge bodies served to wedge them tightly together, but behind the elephants comprising the inner circle were, scores and scores of others, each possessed by an uncontrollable desire to get at the something which formed the center of the circle of which they were the circumference, and serving to hold fast in their positions the elephants on the inner circle.

"Conceive, if you can, the picture of two men seated upon the carcass of a dead elephant, surrounded by a living circle of other elephants, and these in turn pushed and crowded and wedged in still more tightly by hundreds of others! The elephants on the inner circle might as well have been trees, so far as their powers of locomotion were concerned. With almost overpowering trumpeting, they swayed from side to side, lashing each other with their trunks in their rage, but absolutely unable to stir either forward or backward. Although I had, but a few moments before, resigned myself to a speedy and apparently inevitable death, the humor of the situation now struck me, and I rolled from the carcass in a violent paroxysm of laughter.

"To make a long story short, it was a simple matter, considering the position in which we had the herd, to finish a few of the elephants nearest us by well-directed shots from my revolvers, as a bullet penetrating the eye would readily reach the brain. We had killed perhaps half a dozen in this manner, the bodies retaining their upright position in the circle through the pressure of others, when Umbolalla reminded me that the remaining revolver cartridges might better be saved, and that we could kill the elephants as well with his assegai. His plan was to climb upon the backs of the elephants, place the head of the assegai over the spinal cord at the point where it enters the skull, and using the heavy elephant gun as a sledge, drive it home. This plan we found upon trial worked well, and after seven hours incessant labor we had killed the trumpeting, and out of that vast herd not one remained alive.

"Returning to Mpweto we enjoyed the night's rest, and in the morning I had no difficulty, such is the simplicity of the African native, in arranging a trade with Chief Mughokuku, whereby I gave his tribe the carcasses of the elephants in exchange for the services of his men in removing the tusks and carrying them to a point on the Nile at which transportation to Cairo could be secured. From Cairo, two months later, I shipped the tusks taken from the 468 elephants to Copenhagen, where the ivory was disposed of at a profit of \$300,000.

Gen. Brag is invariably followed by Gen. Knock.

A Maid of the Ghetto.

BY MRS. GEN. G. E. PICKETT. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) Rachel Meyerberg sat with her hands folded, her eyes fixed away beyond the house-tops, where a line of blue marked the horizon. Rachel was busy with her thoughts. She was only a poor girl with no ethnic training to guide her to the right path at this parting of the ways.

Joseph Rosenthal came in, as he always did when the twilight wavered down and the candles were not yet lit and Rachel had a little time to give him. These moments were to him the golden strand in the gray web of the day. He took her hand and raised it to his lips. It was the old-time chivalry in Joseph's manner that had first attracted her.

"My Rachel, do you know what day this is, and why there has been a song of joy in my heart through all its sunny hours?" She trembled and bent her head. "I have thought of you all day. I did not even wish that you might see me take my diploma because I was looking down the way to the time when you would be always with me. The thought of you has been a rose blooming in my heart. Has it brought no happiness to you?"

"I am very glad. You have worked with noble purpose and deserve to succeed."

"Why, as for that, you have been the largest part of my purpose, and you are noble, so in that view my purpose has been a noble one. As for my attitude, that might strike a man as selfish."

"You are always unselfish." "Philosophers say that love is the most selfish passion known to man. Then I must be intensely selfish for all I do is for love. Is it thinking of my unselfishness that had made you so serious when I hoped you would be glad as the light and the songs of birds and the bloom of flowers?"

"Partly that. I have been thinking many things."

"Tell me of them."

"You were very young four years ago."

might have given in my own life had things been different. Might not I have an ambition too great to be compassed without the help of another, and thus have called on you to give expression to my own aspiration?" "Oh!" "The sharp pain in her tone told him that her words had cost her. "If you do why not make me happy and let me do what I can to fill your life with pleasure?" "I must not. You would weary of one who is versed only in the toil of the narrow life that I have known."

He pleaded with her until she, in utter weariness, begged him in pity to leave her and then he went away. She lay the whole night with her eyes looking upward to the ceiling where there seemed to be a flaming sword dripping with her heart's blood.

As the days went by and he could gain from her no other answer than the one that filled him with pain, he ceased to come. She heard of him sometimes as the fame of his work carried his name wider into the world and ever farther from her. Then the fever came and she heard often of Dr. Rosenthal, the "Angel of the Ghetto." He had gone out of her life

forever and she was glad—glad for the good he could do without anyone to drag him down.

"I shall not leave you," she said softly for the good he could do without anyone to drag him down.

For years the Kenston tenements had seemed to waver between standing and falling, sagging out here, sinking in there, growing loose jointed and wobbly at the knees.

"Why don't you pull them down and rebuild?" someone had asked the owner. "What's the use? They are bringing me in money all the time and it will cost no more to clear the ruins away and build after they fall."

"But the people in them—they will be crushed when the buildings fall."

"What of that? There are always plenty of tenants for that class of house. In that grade the race multiplies rapidly and immigration can always be depended upon to fill up any possible vacancy."

WHY SUCCESSFUL?

At a Chinese dinner given in San Francisco in honor of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson these were among the queer things served: Bird's nest soup came in four different courses. According to one guest, it was transparent, tasteless, utterly uninviting, and more like wall-paper paste than anything else. Chinese nuts took the place of salad almonds. Then there were dried eels sliced in chicken broth, sharks cooked in a dozen ways and served in several courses, "lotus flower," consisting of a slice of fat pork, a slice of dried duck and a piece of preserved watermelon, so arranged that one could take a bit of all three at once; dried mushrooms, turtles, preserved ducks' eggs, sharks air bladders in oil, aloe and meat, a dainty worth its weight in gold, being a tiny part of a little sea animal; the web of duck's feet, duck which had been baked, stuffed with mushrooms and steamed, and almond gruel.

Many Men Allow Their Opportunities to Escap.

A great many men have fallen behind because of their listless, their easy-going ways. They are slow. Opportunities would pass for them. They would have advantage of them, would have had, if the chance had not had fast. If the opportunities had while, had given them a chance to look them over and consult with friends, or if they had only consulted these gentle people would have the heights instead of looking fully up from the foot of the mountain. But alas! opportunities return, and he who is not quick to seize them as they fly away have only regrets for his poor Success.

A Remedy for Sleeplessness. A physician, writing to a journal, declares that he has permitted water an efficient remedy for sleeplessness. This is a simple cure, and it will not hurt the organs of the stomach. The opinion of a physician is given in hot water to the insomnia will produce relief, perhaps in the case of the use of chloroform water may be decided share in relieving the insomnia as least easy to try, water, and the theory of its belief to be founded on its withdrawing blood from the stomach by attracting a fuller flow to the stomach.

Secretary Moody Silenced. Secretary Moody tried to have with President Roosevelt a failure to kill a bear during his recent hunt in Mississippi. "I may have killed a bear but I did not take a colored woman for a white key," retorted the president. "I have just as much fun with you as you can have with me," Mr. Roosevelt continued, and he spoke very as he told how the secretary was on his recent hunting trip in South Carolina filled a colored woman full of shot, mistaking her for a turkey. The president a few fine touches on the story a before he had finished it he had the secretary buying a flock of chickens at a fancy price in order to pacify the angry negroess.

A Bald-Headed Monarch. Edward VII. is the first English sovereign to figure on the coinage as bald-headed. It is very possible that several of his predecessors had less of nature's crown than his majesty and that when taken to pieces for the night they became almost unrecognizable instead of maintaining the ever-the-same condition of present-day kings and emperors. However, their coinage represents these bygone monarchs in caps and crowns or voluminous wigs and wreaths or skillfully arranged toupees that are very like the genuine thing.

Extreme in Experiments. Lady Bancroft, the London actress (this was before her husband got a handle to his name) accidentally cut her hand one morning. In the evening she was talking about it to her fellow players. "It is a lucky thing for me," said she, "that I am not a drinker, for a wound such as this might be a very serious thing. I had much alcohol in my system." "Oh, yes," coincided a bon vivant in the group, "that's a well-known fact. Indeed, I often cut my finger to see whether I've had enough."

Single Thought and Two Souls. "Smoking on the car!" exclaimed the disgusted woman as Dennis Flaherty with his short-stemmed pipe took his seat beside her. "Oh, am!" rejoined Dennis. "I've been long and determined puffs. An' av ye don't loike it go wan up front. These sates is reserved for smokers." "If you were my husband I'd give you poison." "Would ye, now?" Puff, puff. "Oh, think av ye wor me wolfe"—puff, puff—"O'd take ut."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Stonework Resisted Gases. A French scientist visiting the ruins of St. Pierre, Martinique, notes that while much of the stone masonry is well preserved, every vestige of iron-work and other metals was destroyed by the fearful blasts of hot gases that came from Mt. Pelee, nothing left but a black powder. Evidently some extremely rapid chemical action took place, which changed the metals into oxides, etc.

