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# Ganeral Jollymore's Ivory

BY C. L. O. LUCKEN. (Copyright, 1962, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

"Hello, Jollymore; when did yo get back from South Africa?" The remark was addressed to

rather portly personage, of mediun stature, who was seated at the wir dow 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 gov ernments 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 ar enture was such a peculiar one that I felt disposed to retain a memento, and so had this head carved from the tusk of the eleplant which so nearly finished my

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

"No, indeed, not at all. Were such the case I would not wear this," and the general twirled 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 Msiris land, reaching the native village of Moweto on the even'ng of the fifth day, without having sighted an elep' ant, although the spoor was there in plenty, and abundant evidences were encounter-Both prize-winning bulls of ed which showed that large numbers the Pan-American, heads the Ak-Sar- of the animals were in the immediate Ben home herd of Shorthorns. Young vicinity. I accordingly resolved to remain at Mpweto for a few days, and the morring following my arrival there, I started out, accompanied only by my ex'ra 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 appreaching 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 trumpetings 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 it 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 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.

"With a scream of rage, the huge animal plunged wildly through the forest and out into the open, running straight across the plain. Snatching the extra gun from Umbolaila, and telling him to follow as soon as he had reloaded the empty gun, I set out in pursuit, hoping to get another shot. The trumpeting of the wounded elephant was terrific, and he had nearly

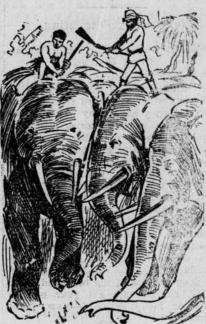


"I should like to hear of it." reached the forest on the opposite side when I stumbled and fell, the mained alive. gun being discharged as it struck the ground. On hearing the report, the the night's rest, and in the morning I elephant turned in his flight, and, observing Umbolalla, who had reloaded city of the African native, in arrangthe other gun and was hastening toward me, gave utterance to a terrific cry of rage and rushed toward the native. Without a second's hesitation I grabbed his gun and fired it pointblank at the massive head of the elephant, which by this time was less than twenty feet from vs. Providence From Cairo, two months later, I remust surely have guided that bullet, for it entered the right eye, and with elephants to Copenhagen, where the one last ear-splitting scream, the monstrous bulk tottered and fell.

"Aroused, undoubtedly, by the dying scream of the elephant which had Gen. Brag is invariably followed by tion. You do not see that it was my softly. just fallen, and which was probably Gen. Knock.

the leader of the herd there appear ed from the forest which surrounded he plain, a herd which in points of umbers outdid anything I had preiously encountered, and I flatter any elf that I have, in my time, seen conderable of them. In fact, it scemed 3 if all the elephants in Africa were sembled at that particular piace nd were bent on my destruction With trumpetings which were dealening, they came rushing toward u from every point of the compass. light was impossible, for we were entirely surrounded, nor was there a listance of even ten feet between the oremost ones, and as the leaders in this magnificent charge neared us, of

ourse 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 my 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 remark- Shall I not grow young again in the able thing occurred. You know what sunshine of your love?" will happen if you place a number of elephants in the lead reached the cir- his heart with the fire of love. cumference of the smaller circle at they stuck, utterly unable to approach

"Not only had the terrific momentum of their huge bodies served to wedge them tightly together, but becontrollable desire to get at the someinner circle.

"Conceive, if you can, the picture of two men seared 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 locometion were concerned. With almost over-powering trumpetings, they swayed from side to side, lashing each other with their trunks in their either forward or backward. Al. go with you. Either I should be a though 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 builet 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 stilled the trumpeting, and out of that vast herd not one re-

"Returning to Mpweto we enjoyed had no difficulty, such is the simpliing a trade with Chief Mugbokuku, 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. shipped the tusks taken from the 468 ivory was disposed of at a profit of

## A l'aid of the Chetto.

BY MRS. GEN. GEO. E. PICKETT. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) Rachel Meyerberg sat with her hands folded, her eyes fixed away be youd the houseteps, where a line of blue marked the ho izon.

Rachel was busy with her thoughts. She was only a poor girl with no ethic 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 cancles 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 line. 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 bl ming 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 b en a noble one. As for my attitude, that might strike a man as selfish.'

"You are always unselfish."

"Philosophers say that love is the mest 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

"Yes; so were you. The difference is that you have remained young because the soul of innecence and goodness is the soul of youth, waile I have grown old delving among bones and drugs. What matters it?

Her great dark eyes turned toward moving bodies at an equal distance him pathetically. With just such from each other, upon the circumfer- eyes, he thought, must Rachel of old ence of a circle and start them to- have looked upon Jacob when in coolward the center? Well, that is just irg his parched lips with a draught what happened in this case! Those of life-giving water she had inflamed

"You know how the girls of the precisely the same instant, and there Ghetto do. They grow hopeless and weary and sad in a life of grinding toil and no pleasures. They lose out of their hearts the youth and strength that belong to all young things. Then they think to find a way to lift themhind the elephants comprising the selves out of the groove in which inner circle were scores and scores their lives have traveled. A girl of others, each possessed by an un. makes a contract with her lover to help him through his course of study, thing which formed the center of the he to marry her when he is establishcircle of which they were the cir- ed in life. I would not let my father frequent movements of the elephant cumference, and serving to hold fast so bind you. I said, if he loves me in their positions the elephants on the he will come. If not, he must be free as the air of the plains."

He stooped and kissed her hand reverently.

"I have come. Love is the closest bondage in life. He who once falls under that power can nevermore be free. He is a willing prisoner to whom the opening of the door would

"You think now that you love me. You have accustomed yourself to that thought until you believe it to he true. Some time you will know. The world opens wide to you. Life offers you rage, but absolutely unable to stir far heights to climb. I could never



Joseph Rosenthal came in. weight to drag you back or a burden and carried her out, pushing her to slip from you and leave you to go on alone.

"You could never be either. You are my inspiration. Some men find cried out, "Joseph! Joseph!" in their work all the motive that they want. I hope that I am as earnest it is you who are my life, and all that I do or can ever do is for your sake." "It will be different when you

measure weapons with the world's workers." "You mean that I shall play the poltroon and go out in the world and leave you who have sacrificed all for

She sbrank as from a blow. "That is it. You feel under obligaway of giving to the world what I They loved for love's sake.

night have given in my own life had hings been different. Might not I ave an ambition too great to be comassed without the help of another. id thus have called on you to give pression to my own aspiration?"

'And you never loved me?" Oh!" T' e sharp pain in her tone told him hat her words had cost her.

"If you do why not make me happy and let me do what I can to fill your ife with pleasure?"

"I must not. You would weary of a 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 eves 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



'I shall not leave you," she said softly forever and she was glad-glad 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 Le depended upon to fill up any possible vacancy."

One morning Rachel Meyerberg, in the top story of the Kenston, felt a as he told how the secretary will peculiar sensation of giddiness. It on his recent hunting trip in South seemed that the floor was trembling Carolina filled a colored woman full and the walls had a tendency to of shot, mistal shake as if with a chill as she ap- The president proached them. Once a sound as of gravel rattling in the walls startled ished it he had the secretary buying a her. She laughed at herself for being ficek of chickens at a fancy price in so nervous. The walk to her work order to pacify the angry negress. would take away the foolish feeling. She had reached the door and was turning the knob when suddenly there was a crash as if the earth was falling to pieces and she went down, down, into black night.

She was in a very dark place and a heavy weight was crushing her. Far off she saw a ray of light. If she could push off, that heavy thing she would crawl toward it.

Outside an old man who had just been dragged out unhurt was wringing his hand; and crying:

'My Rachel! My Rachel!" There was a pile of swaying timbers in front. A fireman had ventured under there, led on by the voice of a crying child. One of the timbers had fallen and he had been taken out dead. No one could tell when the next would fall.

Some one seized the old man's arm with a grip that made him cry out. "Where is she?"

"Behind that wall." A man dashed into the ruins, one of the threatening beams falling as might be a very serious thir . I had he ran.

"He's gone '

"No; it just missed him." He passed though a gallery formed by the fallen timbers, crossed by bodies, some lying as if in slumber, some crushed out of human semblance. Beyond the wall of masonry

he found her. By an effort of his

wonderful strength he lifted the beam

away from him as a timber which had become dislodged fell and struck him. For the first time seeing I is face she When Joseph Rosenthal next knew

the world he was in a hospital ward. think av ye wor me wolfe"-puff, puff in my work as any man, and as de- A woman with a gentle step and soft sirous to do good in the world. But touch was tending him, and the eyes zine. with which she looked at him were like the eyes that lit the soul of Jacob when he was athirst.

"Why did you risk your life for me who am of so little worth?" "Because my life is but darkness without your love to fill it with light. iron-work and other metals was des-

She put her hand into his. "I shall not leave you," she said

Vondroug Edfales Go. of at an Erancisco Banquat.

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 t ansparent, tasteless, utterly uninviting, and more like wallpaper paste than anything Chinese nuts took the place of sailed almonds. Then there were dried eels sliced in chicken broth, sharks cooked in a dozen ways and served in several courses. flower," considing 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 mashrooms, turtles, preserved ducks' eggs, sharks air bladders in oil, abulone 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 muckrooms and steamed, and almond gruel.

WHY SUCCESS DOLL

Many Men Allow The'+ Opportunities to Escare.

A great many men have ton le behind because of their list their easy-going ways. They slow. Opportunities would for them. They would have vantage of them, would hav ed, if the chance had not hui fast. If the opportunities had while, had given them a c look them over and consul friends, or if they had only conthese gentle people would nov the heights instead of looki fully up from the foot of the tain. But alas! opportunities return, and he who is not r seize them as they flit onv have only regrets for his pe Success.

Remedy for Sleeplessn A physician, writing to journal, declares that he permint water an efficient re sleeplessness. This is a ple cure, and it will not from the organs of profopinion any declars" n of uncer-It is added that a min re of chloroform and . . . rmin given in hot water to the insomnia will produce ste perhaps in the case of the a of chloroform water may claim cided share in relieving the tr It is as least easy to try pen water, and the theory of its a believed to be founded on it in withdrawing blood from the by attracting a fuller flow to

Secretary .. udy Silanced. Secretary Moody tried to ha with President R posevelt ov failure to kill a bear during his cent hunt in Mississippi. "I ma have killed a bear but I did rot take a colored woman for a will key," retorted the president. "1 co have just as much fun with you as you can have with me," Mr. Roose velt continued, and he spoke very before he had finon the story a

A Bald-Headed Monarch.

Edward VII. is tie 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 . -alning in the evertne-same condition of present-day kings and emp rors. 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 much alcohol in my syste ." 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 beeide her. "Oi am!" rejoined Dennis be reen long and determined puffs. "An' av ye don't loike ut go wan up froont. These sates is resairved fer smokhers." "If you were my husband I'd give you poison." "Would ye, row?" Puff, puff. "Oi -"Oi'd take ut."-Lippincott's Maga-

Stonework Resisted Gases. French scientist visiting the ruins of St. Pierre, Martinique, notes that while much of the stone masonry is well preserved, every vestige of If you leave me what matters life to troyed by the fearful blasts of hot gases that came from Mt. Pelee, nothirg left but a black powder. Evidently some extremely rapid chemical action took place, which changed the

metals into oxides, etc.