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**The New Market**  
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**The Case of the Cub.**

BY H. F. CANFIELD.  
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Among the other women in the woodland hotel, far in that massive forest which parallels the southern shore of Lake Superior, Constance Penrhyn stood alone by reason of her beauty and her wealth. She was 28 years old, of large graceful figure, dark gray eyes, black eyebrows, raven hair and a complexion of pure white and red. Her splendid face wore a sweetly serious look and she seemed a self-contained woman of mind and heart. In her ten seasons of society she had seen no man whom she could love. She had been wooed ardently, but had remained ice. It had been her fate to arouse the desire of possession in many men. Wherever she went there were lovers sighing in her train. They could not say that she treated them unfairly, or that one was more esteemed than another. One and all they were courteously received and, when their times came, as courteously though firmly dismissed. She often told herself that she could not understand love; that she had no inherent incapacity to love and that she would die an old maid. She believed this.

It must be understood that she had no irremovable prejudice against matrimony or insensate desire to preserve her freedom at any cost. She was convinced that woman is incomplete without marriage and she would have assumed gladly the duties of wifehood if she could have found a man to win her heart. This man had never come, and now, although she did not look to be older than 22, she viewed the near approach of the thirties with disquietude and the prospect of a loveless, childless age had no charms for her.

These were the men at this hotel who loved her and wanted her: Erasmus Moody, professor of political economy in a state university; a slight, nervous man with eyeglasses and a tendency to dyspepsia, who rejoiced in a flow of language and had a belief that wisdom must appeal to a woman of Miss Penrhyn's intellectual brow. She discussed coinage with him, consumption, production and kindred topics and seemed to enjoy him mightily. He was afraid of the water and as she spent much of her time on, or in, the lake he was handicapped.

Herbert Graham, 35 years old; lawyer in excellent practice; good looking, but not so good-looking as he thought himself; rather a cocksure man and a bold wooer. He valued the other lightly and had felt certain of success since she had told him that to put a jury in tears or sway the multitude from the hustings seemed to her the greatest and most desirable achievement possible to man.

George Trevanton, physician, a clean and modest fellow enough, somewhat bashful, who never had a thought of gaining the prize and effaced himself greatly, worshipping from afar and gloomily. Claude Mayne DeLay, poet and writer for the magazines, in long hair, Vandycke beard and bob-tailed coat with a velvet collar, who spoiled much good paper inditing verses and made "Constance" rhyme with "chance," "glance," "lance" and "pants." A yellow visage had Claude Mayne DeLay, and calf-eyes which rolled in ecstasy on slight provocation, a strong aversion to bodily exercise, but a penchant for moonlight strolls and quiet nooks wherein there was light enough for reading his manuscript to sufferers.

As it happened he did not do either. He proposed in verse and left the pink paper in its envelope under her napkin at breakfast. He never got an answer and he understood why before he was a day older.

He wandered by moonlight that night—wandered and wondered what form her acceptance would take. An hour later, his face pale and the clammy dew of agony on his brow, he hunted up the Professor and Trevanton and told them what he had seen. This was it in brief: Rounding a turn in the path he saw a bit of sward moon-lighted. In the center of this sward stood Miss Penrhyn and the Cub, who loomed big and boyish. The Cub was talking earnestly; the lady's face was half averted, but her whole delicious figure seemed to droop and melt toward him in spite of herself. He took her hand. She tried weakly to withdraw it, but he was stronger than she. The Cub went from bad to worse. He drew her toward him; next instant she was in his arms, apparently content, her black hair showing against hisannel blazer.

"I came away then," said the Poet huskily. "Astonishing!" said the Professor. "Women are mere creatures of impulse." "He's a good boy," said Trevanton. "She is older than he, but they will be happy."

It was so with her. Men and women may try to explain it, or let it alone. After ten seasons Constance Penrhyn loved the Cub as fondly and much more strongly than a chit of sixteen could have done it. What is more she married him, and regards him still as quite peerless among men.

If women were logical there would be no use having them around to explain to little children the things that men can't explain because of their logic.

No; the subject matter is quite hopeless, believe me. Please consider the subject closed." There was no getting around that. The Professor in an unusual burst of confidence told Graham about it. The lawyer chuckled and said: "You ought to have come to me first, old man; I could have told you better." He was next. It happened down by the edge of the lake, where a great hemlock had fallen and made a convenient seat. He went through glibly enough, then, not waiting for an acquiescence of which he had no doubt, slipped an arm about her waist. She wrenched herself free, leaped to her feet and turned on him a face of hot indignation. Not trusting herself to speak, she walked toward the house. He ran after her and asked shamefacedly: "Am I not to have an answer?" She glanced at him icily and replied: "You are not worth an answer!" Graham did not tell the Pro-



Was talking earnestly.

fessor about this, but paid his bill and went back to the city that evening. It is not believed that George Trevanton would have asked her to marry him if his misery had not forced him to speak. He told her that he was not good enough for her; that it was not meant for such as he to win and wear so bright a jewel; that he would not have spoken at all but that he wanted her to know that he loved her very dearly and would always love her, no matter whether she became another's wife or not.

"I am only a plain man," said poor George, "and I have never expected that you could care for me, but as I am, I love you with my whole heart and soul." She was tender and compassionate with him. She gave him her hand and told him that she esteemed him truly and any woman ought to be proud to be his wife. "You will be some one better suited to you than who will care for you," she said. "I know that you will; I shall say that you will." There were tears in her gray eyes.

Claude Mayne DeLay debated long within himself. He had little doubt of the result, but wanted to do the thing properly and in keeping with his character as a poet and rising man of letters. Should he woo her finally by moonlight, when the softening rays of Cynthia fell about her—she had praised his "Moon-Song." Or should he pop in that shady cloister of balsam pines and maple wherein he had read to her nearly all of his book of society verse, "Satan and Satan"—she had rather fancied his "Lilith" lines: "Her hair of serpent gold that writhed, and the swart diamonds of her eyes."

Mountain Threatens Disaster. Great Altels, a mountain near the Gemmi, in the Bernese Oberland, is threatening to split asunder and overwhelm the neighboring valley. In September, 1895, a great fall of ice from the Altels covered hundreds of acres of meadow land in the neighborhood of Spitalmatten.

Nothing By Comparison. Congressman Loud of California was badly beaten in the race last November. On his way east to attend the opening of Congress the train on which he was traveling was partially wrecked. A colleague congratulated him on escaping serious injury and Loud replied: "Oh, that was nothing after the wreck I was in on election day."

Artist's Work in Demand. There is a lady artist residing in Paris who receives \$2,500 a year from one firm of Christmas-card publishers, merely for the privilege of having first choice of all her designs.

Water Power on Pacific Slope. The water power available on the Pacific slope for producing electric energy is equivalent to the combustion of 300,000,000 tons of coal a year.

Bill Has Little Chance. The bill introduced in the Virginia house of delegates to prohibit promiscuous kissing will hardly become a law. There are too many bachelors and married men, not to mention widowers, among the members of the legislature.

Large Christmas Candles. Christmas candles are made of enormous size. The largest, known as "altar staffs," are sometimes 6 feet long. They weigh nearly 40 lbs. and are worth \$25 apiece, being made of the purest beeswax.

**HERE AND THERE.**

Misers are pocket editions of mankind. Life is made up of events and recurrences. Some people mistake spectacular effect for success.

A sick man is always in favor of a constitutional amendment. The more a man owes the more conspicuous he is as a financier.

"It is never too late to mend," said the man who was too lazy to begin. When it comes to waltzing the awkward man gets there with both feet.

A pessimist is a man whose views of life are in accord with his disordered liver. Great wealth awaits the oculist who can help people who are blind to their own interests.

Don't attempt to drown sorrow in drink; you will only discover that sorrow is an expert swimmer. The lingering guest would doubtless be surprised to learn that his long going is often regarded as a shortcoming.

Success seldom comes to a man until rather late in the game. By the time he is in a position to get all that he wants he is a dyspeptic.

The New Dance. See that the new dances are to be slow and stately, one of them embracing a stunt like this: "The court pose, when properly done, brings the body almost in a sitting posture, with the right knee doubled under as a support and the left leg perfectly straight and thrust far forward." Large, portly citizens with scant wind doing this slowly and with staidness will be a sight worth seeing.

War and Wedlock. Official returns relating to marriages in Cape Colony during 1901 indicate that the war did not seriously interfere with the course of true love that portion of the British empire. In fact, it was a record year in the matrimonial ventures. The total number of weddings solemnized was 9,547—nearly a thousand increase on the figures for 1900, and over 2,000 more on those of a decade ago.

Points a Moral. The awards at the International Live stock show tend to prove it very much the same with the lower animals as with human beings, in that the longest pedigree does not always mean the finest stock. In other words, the unpretentious human maverick often walks away with the prize, while his thoroughbred rival is being cajoled and carried.

Produces Hydrogen Cheaply. M. Claude, a French scientist, has found a way to produce hydrogen cheaply from common illuminating gas. He simply passes the gas through a tube imbedded in liquid air and the hydrocarbon elements in the gas are liquefied or frozen out and left behind, while the hydrogen passes off.

Money Well Expended. The government is going to pay the Chinese residents of Hawaii \$800,000 for the property that was burned by health officials while stamping out the bubonic plague. This may be more than the buildings were worth, but it is cheap when one considers how close to our shores the plague was getting.

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**The Maybee Lova Affair.**

BY ADA C. SWEET.  
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
The stenographer bowed to the coachman on his box. Joyce took off his hat and then leaped down and stood ready to speak to the fair and dignified young woman. She asked after the man's family, bowed again, smilingly, and walked quickly away, down the long, lighted street.

It was half past five in the evening. More than one pair of eyes noted the chance meeting upon the sidewalk. The coachman climbed back to his seat, muttering to himself. He was waiting for his employer, Henry Maybee, the railway magnate. At last Maybee came out into the open air rejoicing in his liberty. As he opened his carriage door, for himself, Maybee was arrested by the sound of honest Joyce's voice.

"I've just seen Miss Salome, sir." "Where," asked Maybee, looking up and down the street. "She came out of that big door, sir, an hour ago, and she stopped and asked after the children, and then went her way without saying anything about herself."

"Well—which way?" Maybee's voice was anxious. "Just down street—that way," said the man. "Very good, thank you, Joyce." "She do be workin' in this big place," said Joyce.

Mr. Maybee stepped into the carriage, closed the door; and Joyce gathered up the reins for the homeward drive. Before the fire sat Lewis, the rich man's son. He looked up when his father came in. His salutation was but an indifferent murmur.

The elder man affected a brisk cheerfulness. He drew his chair to the fire, threw the evening papers to Lewis, and feigned not to notice that they dropped upon the rug. "How are you, and how the doctor been here to-day?" inquired the father.

"Yes, father, same old story," answered the young man. "Advise a change, and all that—" "You must have a change," began the elder Maybee—

"Quiet and rest would be a change," sighed Lewis. "I've been traveling these six months—and I'm tired of new things. Let me stay here. I like the sameness of life that the doctor complains of."

His face drooped again—the pale, listless face. He sat down far back in his deep chair, and to his father's ear there came the whispering sound of a half stifled sigh.

Henry Maybee, too, bowed his head, and sat looking into the fire. Then he telephoned to Dr. Bell, asking the old physician to come and see him, that evening, if possible.

When the two friends were seated together in Mr. Maybee's study, the railroad man began without any ifs or buts: "What shall I do with Lewis, Doctor?"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Dr. Bell. "What's the matter with him? Why, you're his physician and ought to know!" retorted Mr. Maybee. "What's the real matter with him?" persisted the doctor.

"In love," said the father, laconically. "And a hard case," the doctor muttered, "lasts a good while—travel, change, other women, sea voyage, and

no yielding. The thing has become chronic—got on his nerves—lowered his vitality—unless we can rouse him, he's gone."

"Gone! What do you mean?" "Gone!" repeated the doctor. "Gone?" said the father, in a trembling voice not at all like his own.

"Gone for good!" said the doctor, with decision. "But Doctor," expostulated Mr. Maybee, rallying, "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love!"

"All nonsense!" said the doctor. "Rank nonsense, and no one knew it better than Shakespeare, who put the words into the mouth of a coquette. Men have died for love, thousands of 'em. Some one way, some another—by wars, by dissipation, by suicidal hard work, by loss of interest in life—a hundred ways—your boy's going the way of indifference."

He paused, aghast at the effect of his words.

Mr. Maybee looked the stricken man that he was. At last he spoke: "He's in love with that mix, Salome, my ward—the girl from out West, you know and she's run away from him a long time—I was glad when she went he would have made his life wretched and mine unbearable, and old her so!"

"Well, I must be going—" the doctor said after a silence. "A case two to see before I go to bed." "Do you mean what you say about Lewis, Doctor? You know he is a all—I am alone but for him. Can you think of something?"

"We've tried everything," replied Dr. Bell. "There's nothing to do but let him alone. Perhaps he'll pull it off himself if we give him time. Anyway he will if he's the right sort of man, and if he isn't—" "Don't say that, Doctor, he's my son!"

Mr. Maybee was white and aged. The blow had been sudden, the



"Unless we can rouse him, he's gone serious turn in what he had regarded as a piece of silly nonsense. He sank back in his great leather chair, when he had said good-bye to the doctor. Deep thought took hold of him. He had no particular grudge against Salome McIntyre. Her father had left her to the care of an old friend, and after she came of college she had settled in the home, which was ruled, as to its domestic affairs, by Aunt Sophie—an ancient widowed poor relation of pride and self-importance.

All had gone well until Lewis came home from his trip around the world. He fell an easy victim to Salome's big blue eyes and pretty ways. His father saw at once what had happened. His plans for his son were sadly interfered with. He tried to pack Salome away on a visit to his western friends, but the girl wouldn't go. Then he had what he called "business talk" with her. He explained how little money she had earned and told what pains he had been obliged to take to save for her even that she talked about her earning her own money and the upshot of the business was, that Salome left the house, and baggage. She wrote for an accounting as to her small property through an attorney. Mr. Maybee promptly turned the matter over to his attorney and the lawyers settled the whole affair within a month. Lewis prepared for his work as a stenographer, but she pronounced her plans to be no one.

Lewis, easily led to believe that Salome had fled before his lover's attitude, was in despair. He trotted east, and galloped the South, East, West and North, by sea by land, in foreign countries and home, and he grew daily into settled invalidism.

That was the outcome of "business methods" in a love affair. So, with head on his breast, the old man sat. As the clock struck eleven he heard his son's lagging step in the hall and on the stairway, as he went to his sleeping-room.

The next day, Mr. Maybee said to Joyce: "Wait for me at the western door of the Wampus Building. Wait from five to six, and if you see Miss Salome McIntyre—why tell me when I come out."

"Yes, sir," said Joyce, his small black eyes twinkling. As Salome worked as a stenographer in the Wampus Building—and a very poor stenographer, if the truth were to be told—of course Joyce saw her come out of the door, as she did on this, as on every other evening, at half past five. He pretended not to notice her, and accordingly she took no note of him, but walked quickly away—her cheeks reddening in the keen fresh air.

Two days after, when Salome came down from her work she was met at the big outer door by Mr. Maybee. "Salome," he said, "Won't you come home to dinner? Here's Joyce with the carriage."

And before she could speak he had opened the carriage door, and was helping her into it. "I shall walk," announced the old gentleman, as he slammed the door shut.

Lewis sat inside of that carriage, and Salome found it out even before she heard the door slam.

At the wedding, Dr. Bell was one of the few guests outside of the Maybee family. The keen-eyed medical man saw nothing to disturb his opinion of himself. He was a well and a happy man.

And next to him stood his father.