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A DAY OF SUN.

Rain—and rain—and rain. All through the nights and days While beautiful autumn, bed-enched and cold, Goes speeding along her ways. Darkness and silence in wood and field; Dullness in street and mart; And all the rain's sadness, so strange and vague, Trembling within man's heart.

THE LITTLE FLORIST

I. They were neighbors. He was a florist, and had hopes of making a good living. She was making a prosperous living by managing an inherited nursery. He was young. She was younger. There similarity ceased. He was rugged, uncultured, plain, rough, with a certain charm of virile, forceful homeliness difficult to analyze. She was pretty, college bred, aristocratic. He believed in brawn and brain. She believed in blood and breeding.

They were not neighbors. She called herself a "horticulturist." He was merely a florist. Of course, Dick Russell was a bachelor, and in love. "Why don't you stick up a house on your grounds?" asked Uncle William one night as he and Dick sat smoking a good-night pipe in the porch.

"Can't afford it," said Dick, curtly. "I'm putting every penny I can raise into that gas machine I'm building in the nursery." "Foolish, too! Who ever heard tell of raisin' flowers or fruit with gas? It's agin Nature."

"You'll see," said Dick, with a fierce puff at his pipe and a far away look in his blue eyes. "It's perfectly scandalous!" sniffed Aunt William one bitterly cold February evening as she sat by the kitchen fire mending a pair of Dick's socks.

"Which?" asked William, looking up from his newspaper absent-mindedly. "Dick's goin'-on." "Where's he goin' now?" he asked, his mind still on the paper. "Don't you know?" she demanded, looking at him severely, "that Dick is a-spending ev'ry penny he's got in the world for a big black machine an' a lot o' rusty pipes?"

Uncle William looked crushed. "Listen!" she said, suddenly, holding up one of Dick's socks warningly. Borne on the crisp night-air there came the distant ringing blow of hammer upon steel.

Just then the telephone bell rang loudly. "Goodness me!" exclaimed William, almost dropping the lamp. Stepping to the instrument he put the receiver to his ear. "Is Dick Russell there?" asked an unfamiliar voice.

"No. He's away at work on his gas engine." "Will you take a message to him at once?" "Who're you?" "Never mind me. Here's the message—it's important. Tell Russell that the weather clerk wires, 'Severe frost to-night.' Good-bye."

A tramp of about two hundred yards through the snow brought Uncle William to the "gassy adhouse," as Dick's neighbors politely called the structure. "Who's that?" asked Dick's voice from within.

"Me—Uncle Bill." "What's up?" "There's to be a severe frost to-night. Weather expert says so. An' I'm a-freezing out here." Dick swung the door wide open. "So there's going to be a big frost

"I'm Putting Every Penny into That Gas Machine." to-night, eh? Did you notice what the thermometer said when you left home?" "It said five b'low zero."

Picking up the lantern, Dick hurried outside the door and consulted his own thermometer. "Six below now," said he, thoughtfully. Then, hastily giving some instructions to the workmen, he put on his coat and hat, took up the lantern again, and turned to Uncle William.

"Uncle Bill," said he earnestly, "I've been working and waiting a long time for this night. Sit still and get warm till I come back." II. Dick went straight to Helen Rem-

INCONSTANCY.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more— Men were deceivers ever; One foot in sea, and one on shore, To one thing constant never; Then sigh not so, But let them go, And be you blithe and bonny, Converting all your sounds of woe Into here nobby, nobby!

THE WORK OF THE PUPPY

Mr. John Preston was in a discontented and uncertain frame of mind. He told himself a dozen times over that he had been very badly treated; that life was a blank.

Mr. John Preston had been (and still was, for the matter of that) honestly in love with little Lucy Minton. But there had come a time when John wanted his way, and Lucy knew that she meant to have hers. John Preston had gone off in a rage—and had cooled five minutes afterward, when it was too late.

"I never want to see you again—it has all been a mistake," Miss Minton had declared. "I sincerely hope, for your own sake, that you will find some one who will understand you."

There are quite a number of people in this world ready to be sympathetic on an emergency; when the emergency comes you wonder why you haven't thought of them, and begin to see virtues in them they never before possessed.

There was Miss Clara Harcourt, for instance. True, she was reported to have a temper, but Clara Harcourt thought well of him; there was much in that.

During three days Mr. John Preston thrust out of his mind the image of Lucy Minton and resolutely held before him that of Clara Harcourt. On that third evening he came out of his office into the raw air, and thought for a moment what a hideous place the city was.

He came to a long, narrow street, with various articles hanging outside the shops for sale, and with other streets opening from it. Wandering aimlessly and stopping now and then to look at the shops, he came to the window of which was fitted with small cages holding birds. From inside came a noise of barking and yelping, mingled with the twitter of many birds.

And that was where he saw the puppy. The puppy was not associated in any way with ordinary puppies, or even ordinary dogs; he had a cage to himself. And as John Preston stopped to look at the shop his eyes were on a level with those of the puppy.

He was a nondescript sort of fellow, that puppy. In a word, he may be said to have been all head, like a species of hairy tadpole, and to have had no legs to speak of.

"Nice dawg for a lady, sir," suggested a man in his shirt sleeves, who lounged out through the doorway at that moment. "E's a 'andsome dawg, that."

"I should scarcely have called him handsome," said John Preston, with a smile. "You take 'im in your 'ands, sir," urged the man, opening the cage, and hauling out the puppy unceremoniously. "Feel 'is teeth, sir."

Not desiring to appear an amateur, Mr. John Preston felt his teeth; and, incidentally, the puppy, not to be outdone in courtesy, "felt" Mr. Preston's finger.

On the man urging again that this was really a very good dog Mr. Preston remembered that Miss Clara Harcourt had once said that she loved dogs; this should be a propitiatory gift—an excuse for calling that night.

So the puppy was bundled unceremoniously into a basket, and fastened down with a skewer, as though he had been so much meat; the price was paid and Mr. John Preston walked away with him, wondering a little, before he had gone a hundred yards, why he had bought him at all.

He wondered still more, during the next half hour, because the puppy kicked. More than that, he wriggled a blunt little nose out of one corner of the basket and yelped.

Finally, in desperation, Mr. John Preston boarded a car and there the real trouble began. The car had just started, when the puppy announced who he was, and where he was, by a series of yelps that

THE SPICE OF LIFE

READ THESE JOKES AND FORGET YOUR WORRIES. Bird Had Inside Information as to the Ostrich's Cough—The Disgusted Hired Girl—Why Freddie Discharged His Valet.

A Puzzled Housewife.

"Hello!" called Mrs. Cookem over the phone. "Is this Mr. Sellem's grocery?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you folk sent me a cake of patent plum pudding and a cake of imitation coal this morning for me to try."

"Yes, ma'am. And do you wish to order some more?" "I don't know. You'll have to send some one down to explain m'ters. I've put one cake on the fire and the other in the oven and I can't tell whether the plum pudding smell comes from the firebox or the pudding pan."

Uncomfortable. Finnicus—I wonder why it is that those who attain the pinnacle of success never seem to be happy! Cynnicus—Because the pinnacle of success is like the top of a particularly tall lightning rod with a particularly sharp point, and those who succeed in perching temporarily upon it usually find that they are targets for all the world's lightning.—Town and country.

Retired From Circulation. "What is your name?" inquired the justice. "Pete Smith," responded the vagrant. "What occupation?" continued the court. "Oh, nothing much at present; just circulat' in round."

Fortunate. "It's fortunate," said the man who is always looking for the weakness of human nature, "that calendars are given away so generously every year."

"I don't see why it is particularly lucky." "If they had to be purchased, some people are so close fisted that they would try to do business a whole lifetime with the same almanac."

Was Healthfully Occupied. When Wesley was about three years old a friend who had not seen him for some time greeted him with: "Well, Wesley, what have you been doing since I saw you last?" "Been growin'," was the rather unexpected answer.—Chicago Little Chronicle.

At a Boarding House. Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest. Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.

At a Street Corner. Old Crusty (to beggar)—Look here, my fine fellow, an able-bodied man like you should work, not beg. You ought to be given in charge. Beggar (bitterly)—I'm safe agin you, anyhow, if there's any givin' in it. You ain't no bloomin' giver.

College Slang. Mr. Crawford—Deer must be plentiful up around the college that Zeke goes to. Mrs. Crawford—Why so, Hiram? Mr. Crawford—Because he writes that he paid 20 "bucks" for his overcoat.

The Servant Girl Question. Mrs. Newly-Wed (from above)—Bridget, put the lemons on the ice so's they won't get sour. Bridget (to herself)—Is it anny wonder that I asks double pay fer serving the lokes of that?

About the Size of It. "What's a dude, pa?" asked little Johnny Bumpnickle. "A dude, my boy," replied the old man, "is the living picture of an unpaid tailor's bill."

His Engaging Remark. Mr. Dumhead—Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening—Miss Olemade (rapturously)—Oh, William!

THE LITTLE FLORIST

They looked into each other's eyes—hesitatingly, incredulous, mute. up—and faced her—"but"—he began again—"I—I—"

Then a sudden comprehension swept through him; he understood her strange expression. The words he would have said died upon his lips. He marched out.

Miss Remington, left alone, took up a book and tried to read. But she could not. Looking out in the direction of Dick Russell's farm, she saw that his orchard was encompassed and crossed by systematic rows of yellow light jets, blazing and smoking uncannily in the still air.

Then the truth came home to her. He was not insane. He was merely a genius. He was right; she was wrong. He had come to her in manly helpfulness, and she had—

The tears came to her eyes. But not for long. Hurrying to the hall, she put on her heaviest boots and warm wraps, and stepped outside. But one thought possessed her—to find Mr. Russell and ask his forgiveness. The rest did not matter.

She found him, as fate would have it—alone. Hearing footsteps, Dick raised his head. "Hello!"

They looked into each other's eyes—hesitating, incredulous, mute. Words came at last. "I misjudged you," she said simply, humbly. That was all.

That right Dick "did things"—manly things, rapid, clever things. He hurried Aunt William and the two men, Uncle William hurried two horses, and the two horses hurried load after load of spare iron piping to various places on Miss Remington's farm. But first, with great joy (and a file), Dick cut a wide opening in the fence. Under his vigorous strokes the wires parted with a vicious, reluctant snap, and the victorious besieger passed through into the promised land.

Quickly and dextrously the men began, coupling the lengths of pipe together, while Dick, with one hand almost frozen, went back to find his lost mitten. Finding it, the pipe laying progressed with greater rapidity. Soon the Remington orchard was encompassed and crossed with lines of black tubing laid upon the snow crust, each pipe-length pierced in the center with a tiny drilled hole.

Ten degrees below zero! Wearied and cold the men staggered to the gas house and sank exhausted on the floor. After a short rest Dick consulted the thermometer again.

Five below! "I've done it!" he gasped triumphantly. As weeks and months went by, the wisdom of Dick's foolish idea became more and more manifest; and, when crop time came, the only orchards which bore fruit crops in that village were the three farms at Prittlewell. Dick's bank account grew prodigious.

The last remnant of Miss Remington's mortgage disappeared. The breach in fence barrier, once open, slowly widened; the sundered wires, once parted, refused to reunite. The way into paradise remained open. One night he asked a question—that question which has re-echoed in the universe since time began—and Miss Remington, blushing, archly said: "Yes, Dick."

And That Was Where He Saw the Puppy. Mr. John Preston remembered that Miss Clara Harcourt had once said that she loved dogs; this should be a propitiatory gift—an excuse for calling that night.

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They Looked Into Each Other's Eyes—Hesitatingly, Incredulous, Mute.



"I Wanted to—To Give Him to Some-one I'm Very Fond Of."

claimed, petulantly, as he shook the basket. "I wonder if you'll be quieter if I take you out and carry you?"

He pulled out the skewer, and dragged forth the small wriggling animal from the basket. Tossing the basket into a doorway, he tucked the puppy under one arm and strode on again.

But he didn't know that puppy; it wriggled and wriggled, and kicked and squirmed, until at last it was actually hanging by its head under John Preston's arm.

Then, as John stooped to gather him up afresh, the puppy made a dexterous forward plunge, and shot right out of his arms.

And with what surprising agility he moved on those diminutive legs! John Preston whistled, and called, and snapped his fingers; the puppy tucked his small legs under him and went on at a sort of romping gallop. Suddenly he stopped, however, and John Preston felt that he had him.

The puppy stopped near a slight, girlish figure walking on ahead of John Preston; more than that, the puppy flung himself right in front of the feet of the girl, and "yopped" at her, and made little forward rushes at her toes; so that she had to stop and stoop down and pick him up.

John Preston, going forward with raised hat and with thanks on his lips, stopped in astonishment; the girl who held the puppy was Lucy Minton.

"This is your puppy, I think," she said. "Y—es," he stammered. "He slipped out of my arms, Miss Minton."

"Shall I carry him?" she asked, almost in a whisper, and immediately added: "Mr. Preston?"

"You're very good," he said lamely. The puppy knew how to manage himself, thank you; he was perfectly comfortable. He snuggled down against Lucy's muff, and—his mission accomplished—went fast asleep.

She carried that happy puppy all the way to the depot. There Mr. John Preston, with a memory of his wrongs, suggested that he would take the dog himself, and spare her further trouble.