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HOTEL EVANS. Enlarged Refurnished Refitted Only First-class Hotel In the City. W. T. EVANS, Prop.

The New Market. Having leased the Gatz Market and thoroughly renovated the same we are now ready to supply you with choice, fresh and salt meats, ham, bacon, fish, in fact everything to be found in a first-class market. We invite your patronage. Leek & Blackmer.

NOT UNDERSTANDING.

Because you do not understand. I open all my heart to you; Tell all the things I hope to do, And all the dreams my heart has planned. With eyes serene you wisely nod— Because you do not understand. Because you do not understand. I tell you of my love and hate, My sorrow and my fear of fate; That which I crave and know is banned. You smile with wise, unseeing eyes— Because you do not understand. Because you do not understand. I tell you of my grief and care. It adds no jot to what you hear; You are too simply, singly planned. I ease my whole sick soul to you— Because you cannot understand!

The Revenge of a River Gambler

"There's a heap o' talk sometimes about the bad men that cavort round some parts o' the country where 'tain't settled up much, an' does gun plan for fun, shootin' up bar-rooms an' killin' tenderfoots now an' then, while they're workin' off the red liquor they've took," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi river packet, City of Natchez.

"But I reckon that they ain't none on 'em any more ornery nor the bad men that useter travel the Mississipp' afore the war. "There was one feller that come from New Orleans, so they said, that traveled the boats a good deal, just afore the war, that come as near bein' a sure-enough devil as anybody I ever seen. I never hear none o' these stories about bad men 'thout thinkin' o' him, an' a thing I seen him do in a poker game one night.

"He called hisself Harry Simmons, an' mebbe that might ha' been his reel name. I don't know. But there was them 't said his old man made him take another name when he paid him fifty thousand dollars to get out an' never have nothin' more to do with his own folks. "He were a tall, slender, wiry devil, with jet black hair an' one blue eye an' one that was a sort o' gray-green. You couldn't never forget his face if you seen it once. He were a dandy, like most o' the top-notch river gamblers was them days, an' were as p'cticler as a woman about his clo'es.

"An' he wore jewelry, like the rest on 'em did, that was more like a woman's than a man's. But you didn't want to make no mistake about him bein' womanish when it came to a fight or a game o' draw. "When it was card playin' he were as steady as a clock an' took chances that'd make a tight-rope walker gray-headed. An' when it was fight, he were a bundle o' wildcats, with about as much pity in him as a game cock.

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"Simmons was the worst o' the lot, but George Masters, a Vicksburg man, and Billy Eaton, a feller f'm Texas, was both ugly customers for any man to run up against 'thouten he had his gun in his hand full cocked.

"They was playin' a heavy game, for they was all well fixed, an' any one on 'em stood to lose eight or ten thousand afore goin' broke. Luck run against Simmons for the first hour or so, an' it were easy to see that he were gettin' ugly, not that he said anything, for they didn't none on 'em do no talkin' to speak of, but his eyes looked wicked'n usual, an' his jaw was sot like a steel trap. He were playin' monstrous cautious, though, an' hadn't lost more'n three or four thousand when he seen, or thought he seen, a chance o' gettin' back a good part of it.

"It were Masters' deal an' a jack pot, with \$30 in it. Simmons had first say an' he opened it for the size of it. Eaton come in an' Masters raised it



He was a wiry devil. Thirty. Evidently that were just what Simmons was lookin' for, for he raised it fifty more, an' then Eaton took a whack at it. "I reckon he hadn't raised on the first round, for fear o' scarin' Masters out, but seein' how things laid, he raised Simmons fifty. Then Masters histed it a hundred, an' Simmons made it a hundred more, so Eaton, havin' a small straight, kind o' hauled in his horns, an' just trailed. "He trailed a couple o' times more while Simmons an' Masters was a boostin' each other a hundred at a clip, but seein' he were out of his depth he folded on the third raise,

an' the others kept' on till they had two thousand apiece in the pot.

"Then Simmons just made good an' when Masters ast him how many cards he wanted he said he reckoned he'd play what he had. So Masters, he stood pat, too, both on 'em havin' fours, an' both reckonin' on foolin' the other.

"It bein' Simmons' bet he put a thousand dollars in the pot, an' Masters says: "I'll see your thousand an' bet you as much more as you've got."

"I stood near Simmons, an' I c'd hear a sort o' click that I thought first was the click of a gun, but I seen he had both hands on the table, so I reckoned it must ha' been his jaws. Anyway they was clinched when he answered, an' he spoke through his teeth, sayin': "Make your bet."

"Well, o' course Masters couldn't make him tell the size of his pile aforehand, so he shoved his own pile forward, him havin' considerable more in sight than Simmons.

"Well, how much is that?" says Simmons, an' Masters had to stop an' count it. It took a minute or so, an' when he was done, he says: "There's sixty-five hundred an' forty dollars."

"Then Simmons began to unbutton his clothes, there bein' no women 'round, an' reachin' his money belt he



He jumped at Simmons. pulled out a wad o' big bills as big as your fist.

"I'll see that," he says, countin' out the money, 'an' go you ten thousand more."

"That was puttin' the boot on the other leg, for all 't Masters c'd dig up was about twenty-five hundred, but he was game an' he called for a show for his pile. An' on the show down he flashed four kings against Simmons' four tens.

"Well, there wa'n't no disputin' the cards, but I moved away a little, kind o' lookin' for a disturbance, 'specially as I heerd that click o' Simmons' jaws again, but he didn't say nothin' an' 'twould ha' been a good thing for a young feller that stood by if he'd showed the same sense.

"But he wa'n't hardly more'n a boy, though he were a big, husky chap that were travelin', so I heerd, f'm somewhere up North, an' I reckon he didn't know the customs o' the river, for he spoke right out in a good-natured, fool way, sayin': "Well, that was the most extraordinary play I ever saw."

"There was two or three other men standin' by, too, lockin' on at the game, an' they sort o' sidestepped, same as I had, but the young feller stood there just as if he hadn't said nothin', only lookin' kind o' 'stonished, same as he said he was, an' Simmons turned 'round to him. "And what did you find remarkable in the play, sir? he said as polite as if he'd been askin' the stranger to have a drink.

"Why," says the boy, 'I don't see why you didn't draw a card. You could have—' "He never finished that sentence, for as quick as a flash Simmons grabbed a glass half full o' whisky that stood on the table, an' threw the liquor square in the boy's face.

"That's what we do with fools down this way when they criticize a gentleman's play at poker," he says, just as cool as before, but not so polite. "Well, the boy was good grit, even if he was a fool, an' he jumped at Simmons an' the next minute they was rollin' on the floor. I seen Simmons pull his knife as they went down an' I reckoned to see the other feller killed, but that wa'n't Simmons' idea, it appears.

"They struggled for a little bit. It didn't seem ten seconds, an' Simmons jumped up, laughing. He had cut both the boy's ears an' his nose plumb off. "You'd ha' thought Simmons'd ha' been lynched, but there wa'n't nobody in the saloon that felt like takkin' him, 'specially as he still had the knife in his hand an' was wipin' it, careful, on his handkerchief.

"The boat was just tyin' up at the Vicksburg levee, an' we took the boy ashore an' put him in the hospital. Simmons went ashore, too, an' the cap'n was glad enough to get rid of him; so he didn't do nothin' but tell the chief o' police all about it, an' the boat went on, as usual, up the river.

"I don't know what the police might ha' done about it when the young feller got well enough to get out, but he didn't wait to get well. 'Pears he got up that same night, all bandaged up as he was, an' got out on the street somehow an' found Simmons in the hotel where he was stoppin', an' killed him dead in the bar room."—New York Sun.

FOR ADVENT.

Sweet, sweet sound of distant waters, falling On a parched and thirsty plain; Sweet, sweet song of soaring skylark, calling. On the sun to shine again; Perfume of the rose, only the fresher For past fertilizing rain; Pearls amid the sea, a hidden treasure For some daring hand to gain;— Better, dearer than all these Is the earth beneath the trees: Of much more priceless worth Is the old brown common earth.

Little snow white lamb, piteously bleating For thy mother far away; Saddest, sweetest nightingale, retreating With thy sorrow from the day; Weary fawn whom night has overtaken, From the herd gone quite astray; Dove whose nest was rified and forsaken. In the budding month of May:— Roost upon the leafy trees, Lie on earth and take your ease; Death is better far than birth; You shall turn again to earth.

Listen to the never-pausing murmur Of the waves that fret the shore; See the ancient pine that stands the firmer For the storm shock that it bore; And the moon her silver chalice filling With light from the great sun's store; And the stars which deck our temple's ceiling. As the flowers deck its floor; Look and hearken while you may, For these things shall pass away; All these things shall fall and cease; Let us wait the end in peace. —Christina Rossetti.

How Rod Platt Was "Put Back"

"Can't I go down with you, Uncle Nate? It's only seven miles, and I'll sit very still in the cab." The stout engineer scratched his head doubtfully. "Yes," he said at last, giving way before the appeal of blue eyes. "Nine-forty, sharp, Bessie. Rod Platt won't be botherin' you in Welton. Beter stay as long as Cousin Sally will keep you." He gave an irritable shrug and looked at his watch. "It's 9 o'clock now. I must be going."

"I'll be there," cried the girl. "Thank you, uncle. I don't thank you, though, for being so mean to Rodney. He fired for you two years and you thought there was no one like him. Then, just because he accidentally hit you with a lump of coal—"

"Accident! Huh!" snorted Nathan Bellows. "He done it a purpose."

"He didn't. He was trying to hit a bird by the track."

"Well, he hit the wrong bird, then. He's made his last run with me. And with you, too. I told him if I caught him around here again I'd brain him."

"You did! You mean old—"

"But the door was slammed and Bessie Paxson was left to finish her sentence to empty walls.

"I might as well go down to Welton to-night and ask Tom Sears to give me a job layin'," thought Rod Platt, recently and unceremoniously bounced from the company's employ at the wrathful request of Nathan.

"The old man will never forgive me—and Bess; well, it's hard luck."

The clean built young fireman ground his big, white, irregular teeth. "Fangs," the boys on the road dubbed him, but he didn't mind. "I'll take one more trip with Nate," he grunted. "Passenger, too. Reserved seat and free ticket."

When No. 127 puffed her fast gathering way by the coal sheds beyond the round house, a quick form slipped out from the gloom and pounced on the pilot like a diminutive spider on a huge insect.

"If Nate knew this," chuckled Platt, fastening comfortably, "he'd blow up. That dub of a Rickett is firing for him, I heerd. Shucks! He can't feed a house boiler. Spinning now, ain't we?"

The night express whirled on in the blackness—on past the icehouses by Sedge Pond, waking the stillness with a steady, rattling roar. "Two, three, four miles," counted Rod.

When he came out of his faint on the station platform a few minutes later a girl with pathetic, tearless eyes held his head in her tender lap. She bent down and kissed him.

"Where's Uncle Nate?" murmured Rod, trying to rise and gazing at the circle of sympathetic faces.

"Here!" growled a husky voice, which quavered and broke, as the big engineer fell upon his knees and seized Platt's hand. "Here, boy, and they're fetchin' poor Rickett round, too. I'm a—I'm a—"

"No, you're not," whispered his former fireman, with a weak smile. "Just tell me one thing, old man. Have I got back?"

"Sure!" cried Nathan Bellows, emphatically. "I guess we'll have to take him back, Bess, eh?"

"I've never let him go," said the girl quietly, and kissed him again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Queer Thing, the Lung Fish. Protoperus Annectens, the lung fish, is dead and buried in a grave of alcohol. The remains can be seen in the zoological laboratory of Columbia university, where, with tweezers and scalpel, the students have laid bare the inner secrets of his anatomy. Until the lung fish died a few days ago, after suffering only a few hours from acute pneumonia, it was the only living specimen of its kind in this part of the world. Its ancestors belonged to the far-off Devonian age, and this fish has been thought by some to be a peculiar class of vertebrates standing midway between fishes and batrachians; but it is really not amphibious, although it has both bronchial and pulmonary respiration. It comes from the warm waters of the Nile and other rivers of that region. Some of its native streams go dry in summer, hence nature has provided the lung fish, or, as they are technically known, Dipnoi, with a double breathing apparatus suitable for water and the dry ground. In the latter case the swim-bladder serves them for lungs.

Pounded on the pilot like a diminutive spider on a huge insect. "Now the gorge and the woods. Seems natural, don't it, or would it if I was back there where I ought to be. Here's where I tried to peg that cussed partridge, and the blamed lump broke and took Nate behind the ear. What a fool I was!"

They flew around a curve to the straight stretch of rails glittering in the headlight's glare. "Hullo!" whispered the man. "Slowing up—what's the matter?"

warning. "I knew that gravel would slide down," he muttered. "That's it, I guess. I'll get out of this berth and walk the rest of the way."

As the engine panted to a halt he dropped off, hearing the gruff hail of Bellows, "What in thunder's the trouble?"

The man with the lantern stepped forward, speaking in incoherent mumble. Rod could have touched him.

"Hey! Louder!" called the engineer, sharply. Then Platt heard something else—a rush of men, a spring, fierce oaths, a faint scream, two thuds, then a long moment of silence.

The chill in his blood pulsed back into hot wrath, but he lay still behind the little rock. Now his half-blinded eyes could see more plainly. His straining ears caught every whisper.

Four men, counting the fellow with the lantern. What could he—what should he do? He knew that Bellows was lying on the floor of his cab, although he could not see him. The fireman he could see, a motionless black shape upon his blacker coal. Something was huddled against the window of the cab upon his side. That he could not make out at all. He knew that in the locked express car behind, a pale, determined man was sitting on a small steel safe, with a revolver in

his firm hand. And the three quick-moving shapes—the low, tense voices— "Uncouple the express car, now—all three of us. Got your dynamite, Bob? The men are 'out' all right. Was that a woman up there, Sim?"

"Yes, I tied up her mouth an' feet, Cap. Now, Eddie, soon's we whistle climb in an' start her up. Let her buzz a mile an' stop. We'll be on."

The three whisked back like great cats. The other planted his lantern on the steps and raised one foot and hand.

He got no further. The stone that crashed on his skull may have killed him as he sank down, sliding under the truck wheels.

The hand which had held the stone was on the throttle now. It yanked it viciously to the widest notch. A tremendous, jarring jerk shot through the link of cars. The great drivers whizzed, stationary for a second in their revolution, then grasped the rails, and No. 127 shot on with a snorting scream, a gasping, straining demon in the darkness.

Platt heard the wild, despairing yell behind the express car, and, laughing uncannily, glanced back. Yes, he had been in time. The train was intact.

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Shading his eyes he peered ahead to see a swinging lantern's signal of

To Remove White Spots.

When from the dropping of liquid or from heat white spots appear on the polished surface of chair or table, the immediate application of raw linseed oil will generally restore the color. The oil should be left on the affected part over night. Alcohol will perform the service if applied at once to rosewood or mahogany. In each instance, when the color has returned, the spot should be repolished with a piece of cheesecloth moistened with turpentine.

Count Given Ancient Jewelry. Three years ago, some gold rings, chains, and a crown decorated with jewels were found in the Dresden Kreuz Kirche in the grave of Duke Albrecht of Holstein, who died in 1619. They were claimed by Duke Ernst Gunther and the courts have now acknowledged his title to them.

Testing Habits of Fish. The United States government and foreign governments as well as quite recently, for the purpose of ascertaining the migratory habits of the cod, released the fish with metal checks attached for the purpose of later identification.

Business Place of Rothschilds. There are probably few firms in the world to-day who have occupied premises for a longer period than the Rothschilds. The founder of the British branch made St. Swithin's his home as well as his office many years, and at his death abroad his remains were brought home and laid in state in the same famous office wherein his grandsons carry on the business to-day.

What... said. "Use men as you use wood; if one inch is rotten you do not throw away the whole piece."—New York Press.

Maxim Gorki's New Play. Life among the Russian Jews is the subject of the new play upon which Maxim Gorki is engaged.

Prefers Pipe to Cigars. Senator "Joe" Blackburn of Kentucky smokes a big black pipe in preference to cigars.

Corn on Toe Causes Death. A corn on the toe of a Philadelphia man caused...

Oculist's... It is reported from Vienna that Dr. Sachs, the local oculist, has invented an apparatus by which the inner part of the eye can be examined. The invention is an advance in science, as it enables cases renders superfluous the use of a speculum oculi. The apparatus was explained at the meeting of the Society of Ophthalmologists.

Regiment... In Italy each regiment has a set of pictorial post-cards, on which are devices of the regiment, the list of battles in which it has taken part, or one of the heroic episodes in which it has figured. These are sold at moderate prices to officers and privates and their use is compulsory. It serves to spread the fame of the regiment.

Friend of Strauss in Ill Luck. Bernard Shraft, an aged musician of San Francisco, a schoolmate and friend of Johann Strauss, the world-famous composer of waltzes, is dying in poverty, at his home in that city.

Edited Boswell's "Johnson." Dr. George Birbeck Hill, who died in London the other day, was the editor of Boswell's "Johnson" and was the foremost authority on Johnson.

Boston Wakes Up Trouble. A Boston paper has just published a list of colored persons, former slaves, who have become poets. Boston got us into this slave trouble originally and is repeating. Stirring up that poet business will do more to widen the breach now existing than anything else. Got enough poets to take care of.—New York Telegram.

Precautions Against Tuberculosis. Dr. Flick, in a lecture on tuberculosis, warned especially against moving into houses previously occupied by consumptives where disinfection had not been done, and also against the employment of consumptive servants, and emphasized the efficiency of cleanliness as a preventive measure.

ROUND TRIP ONE WAY. New Railroad Agent Figured He Would Make Money. Former Gov. Hogg of Texas isn't as bloodthirsty as his "lung-liver-and-lights" speech would indicate, but he never fails to take a rap at the railroads. Just before the last Democratic national convention, "Harry" Archer, passenger agent of the Kansas City Southern, offered a \$5 round-trip rate to such Texans as wished to attend the convention, and Hogg, meeting Archer in the lobby of a hotel, jokingly referred to the low rate as an evidence of how much the railroads profited on the full three cent a mile rate for ordinary passengers. "And I suppose you'll make money on this \$5 for the round trip?" said the big man.

"We certainly will, for we'll only carry you fellows one way," replied Archer.

"One way?" exclaimed Hogg. "You advertise this as a round trip."

"That's true," replied Archer, "but we figure that such of the boys as don't blow out the gas when they get to Kansas City, will be run over by the trolley cars."