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Night calls promptly attended.

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Orders left at our drug store or at my residence first street north and half block east of stand pipe will receive prompt response, as I have telephone connections.
O'NEILL, NEB.

SCOTTISH SHARON,
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Assisted by Imported KING TOM 171879.
Both prize-winning bulls of the Pan-American, heads the Ak-Sar-Ben home herd of Shorthorns. Young bulls for sale.
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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.
Choice ranches, farms and town lots for sale cheap and on easy terms. All kinds of land business promptly attended to. Represents some of the best insurance companies doing business in Nebraska.
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Spectacles correctly fitted and supplied.
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Selling and leasing farms and ranches
Taxes paid and lands inspected for non-residents. Parties desiring to buy or rent land owned by non-residents give me a call, will look up the owners and procure the land for you.

O'Neill Abstracting Co
Compiles Abstracts of Title
ONLY COMPLETE SET OF ABSTRACT BOOKS IN HOLT COUNTY
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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

Severe Attack of Grip
Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
"When I had an attack of the grip last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the Enterprise, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu." For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

Great Northern Railway
W. & S. F. RY.
Through daily service to Minneapolis and St. Paul with direct connections for all points in Minnesota, North Dakota and west to Pacific Coast. Through sleeping car service. Apply to any agent for rates, folders and descriptive matter.
FRED ROGERS,
Genl. Pass. Agt.

Danger of Colds and Grip.
The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

In every town and village may be had the



Mica Axle Grease
that makes your horses glad.

Made by Standard Oil Co.

Shorthorn Bulls and Heifers.
SCOTCH tops on best BATES families, 35 BULLS 14 to 26 mo. old. 20 HEIFERS and 10 COWS bred to our fine Scotch bull MISSIE PRINCE 75402. Over 200 head in heard to select from. These are the cattle for western men, as they are acclimated. Come and see them or write for prices.
THE BROOK FARM CO.,
J. K. Thomas, foreman, O'Neill, Holt Co., Neb.

Purchase Tickets and Consign your Freight via the

TIME TABLE
Chicago & Northwestern Ry.

TRAINS EAST	
†Passenger, No. 4,	3:45 a. m.
*Passenger, No. 6,	9:52 v. m.
*Freight, No. 116,	4:25 p. m.
†Freight, No. 64,	12:01 p. m.
TRAINS WEST	
†Passenger, No. 5,	2:50 p. m.
*Passenger, No. 3,	10:05 p. m.
*Freight, No. 119,	5:32 p. m.
†Freight, No. 63,	2:50 p. m.

The service is greatly improved by the addition of the new passenger trains Nos. 4 and 5; No. 4 arrives in Omaha at 10:35 a. m. arrives at Sioux City at 9:15 a. m. No. 5 leaves Omaha at 7:15 a. m., leaves Sioux City at 7:50 a. m.
*Daily; †Daily, except Sunday.
E. R. Adams, Agent
Griffin Bros.
MERCHANT TAILORS
O'Neill, Nebraska.

THE CITY LIGHTS.
Bright and clear in sable darkness.
Or in silent moonlit nights,
Dances on the water's starkness
Gleaming of the city lights.
Darkest pall of springtime showers,
Silentness of falling snow,
Both must yield their weaker powers
To the city lights' bright glow.
To the farmer on the prairie,
When the shadows deeply fall,
Light appears to eyelids weary,
And "All's well" his hearty call.
To the tramp that wanders cheerless,
Comes to give his heart delight,
Make him dauntless, make him fearless,
Aye, the shoen of city light.
To the storm-tossed sailor steering,
Brave his ship as waves it fights,
Beats his heart at far appearing
Of the gleam of city lights.
Thou art welcome, cheer bestowing,
Welcome most of all our sights,
For in us the home-warmth's growing,
At the gleam of city lights.

His Six Months in Lumber Camp

A few afternoons ago a tall, sinewy, fine looking man of 35 or so stepped with his wife, a singularly handsome woman, into a blue and red automobile in front of a great city hotel. The man had an air of distinction. A wealthy Michigan lumberman, buried deep in a leather chair at one of the hotel windows, nodded smilingly in the direction of the fine looking man, who had just stepped into the auto alongside his lovely wife.
"Nifty looking boy've been a cook in a lumber camp, eh?" said the lumberman.
"Which, of course, he never was," said the Michigan's companion.
"Don't you believe that he wasn't," said the lumberman. "I come pretty near knowing, for I was the foreman of his outfit, and we had a great talk and laugh over the whole business at dinner in this hotel yesterday. I'm rather proud of the boy, and I feel a sort of proprietary interest in him yet."

"But I didn't know anything about him, much less who he was, when he braced me for a cook's job in Alpena, Mich., twelve years ago last fall. I was a foreman then, and engaged in hiring a gang to take into the Michigan woods for the winter's work. I'd pretty well filled the crew up, but was still shy a cook for the outfit—lumber camp cooks are hard to get. It was pretty near time to take the gang into the camp, and I was becoming worried about my inability to snag a cook, when one day a young fellow with a dissipated look about him steered in my direction and tackled me for the cook's billet. He was somewhat roughly dressed, but for all that he didn't strike me as being anything like a lumber camp cook. He had a pretty good edge on when he applied for the job, but that didn't bother me any—lumbermen generally keep their jags a-going pretty comfortably until they make camp for the season's work, and once in camp there is, of course, no liquor for any of them. I asked this young fellow if he had ever cooked in a lumber camp before, and he said no. Then I inquired what made him think he could dish up the grub for a wood gathering outfit, and he told me that he had picked up the knack of cooking in the course of a number of big game hunting trips in the Far West. I wasn't, however, taking his plain word for it that he'd suit as a cook, and so I led him to the boarding house where I had my gang sheltered and put him in the kitchen to try him out. Despite the palpable bun that he had on—which he kept polished up by means of frequent draughts from a big flask that he had along with him—he made good. I could see at once from the way he rassed the pots and skillets and tackled the job of getting that boarding house dinner that he was onto the curves of the cook's billet, so I took him on at \$5 a month.
"Two days later we struck for the camp, away up near Lake Superior. It

ment as a lumber camp cook. His skin cleared up, his eye brightened, and he took on flesh.
"He turned out to be the best all-around cook that I ever saw in a lumber camp, and I had been going into the woods then for a dozen years. After about a month or so he began to mingle up with the indoor sports of the men after supper, and he won the bunch completely by the fine ability he displayed as a boxer and wrestler—and when I got him he looked so run down that I doubted if he could stand the gaff. There was a fiddle in the camp that had been left there from the previous winter, and the things that cook could do to the instrument were sure a heap. The cook nursed the victims of the inevitable accidents of lumber camps, and he showed a surprising amount of surgical and medical skill. I had my eye on that young fellow, and I didn't want him to get away from me. So, when April came around and the drive was over, and we broke camp, I herded him up in a corner all by himself and says I to him:
"Jack, you're in too fine trim right now, after the long let-up from the red eye, to take and stuff your hide with it again, now that you're loose. All of the boys'll get b'iling, of course, as soon as we hit the first rum shack, and I may go up against a few balls myself, but we're all tough birds, and

He looked like the real merchandise. we know how to handle it and get away with it. You'd better pass it up yourself or it'll land you. Take your dough and go on home to your people and have a decent, civilized visit with 'em. And I want you to turn up in Alpena again next fall and I'll take you into camp at \$70 a month. How about it?"
"The cook smiled and said he'd see about it. As the trip to the boat that was to carry us down to Detroit progressed I was glad to see that my words of advice had apparently stuck with the cook. He didn't take a drink, although all the rest of the boys were, of course, spifficated and rioting during the whole trip.
"I was puzzled, as the vessel drew nigh to Detroit, to see the captain of the boat hand my cook a fine-looking and bulgy grip. But I was not asking any questions. Half an hour after getting the grip the cook emerged from the captain's room wearing about as swaggar an outfit of togs as ever you'll see off of a fashion plate. He looked like the real merchandise, but the thing was still a-plenty mysterious to me.
"The boat tied up at her pier in Detroit, and then my employer, one of the richest lumbermen in Michigan, rushed up the gangway, and the first thing I knew he had my cook in his arms and was patting him on his shoulders for all he was worth.
"By the Lord, son, now you look like the man you ought to be!" the old man was saying to my cook, and then the cat was out of the bag. My cook was my employer's scapegrace son, of whom I had often heard. The boy had been in hot water, owing to his addiction to the old stuff, ever since his early youth. He had been banished from Heidelberg, where he was getting his education, for alcoholic pranks, and upon his return to Michigan he had embarked on a series of colossal toots that had almost driven his family to distraction. He had been offered the alternative of going into the woods for a winter of sobering up and hard work or of being cast off altogether by his dad, and he had the good sense of taking the sobering up end of it. The camp was just the thing he needed to thoroughly work the liquor out of his system and build him up, and he has never taken a drink from the time I saw him go through his fight with that 'after feeling' on our way to the camp. His dad was so grateful for what he foolishly imagined I had done for the boy that he made me general superintendent of all his lumber interests. The young man you saw entering the automobile a few moments ago with as pretty a wife as Michigan has produced took charge of the great business when his father died a few years ago. All of which is why I am of the opinion that six months in a northern lumber camp is better for imbricates than all of the 'jag cures' that were ever invented."—Washington Star.

Pumped the Witness Dry.
Recorder Goff of New York occasionally says humorous things with a dry air.
Recently before him a lawyer cross-examined a witness so exhaustively that the poor man, beginning to lose his voice, had to pause to ask for a glass of water.
The Recorder, a faint smile playing about his lips, said to the active lawyer as the witness drank:
"I thought you'd pump him dry."



A young fellow with a dissipated look tackled me for a cook's billet. took us four days to make the big bunk house headquarters, and during that time my cook had a pretty tough fight with the katzenjammer. He looked as if he had been on a long spree, and as all booze was forbidden from the beginning of the run to camp, and his supply had run out, with no way of replenishing it, there was no other plan for him but to sober up. It was plain that the job wasn't any easy one for him, either, but he was game, not putting up any groan or grumble, but just taking his medicine like a man. I never saw a man pick up so fast as that young fellow did during the first month of his employ-

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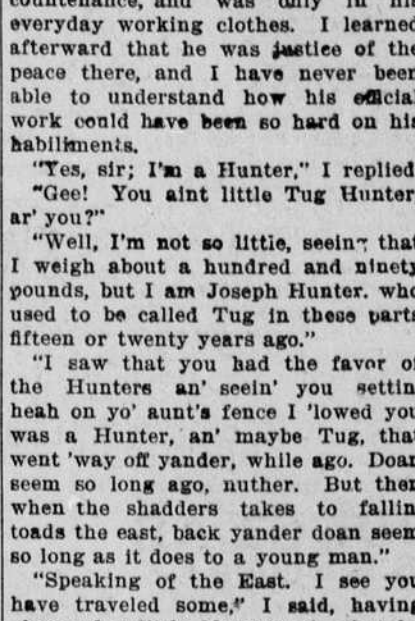
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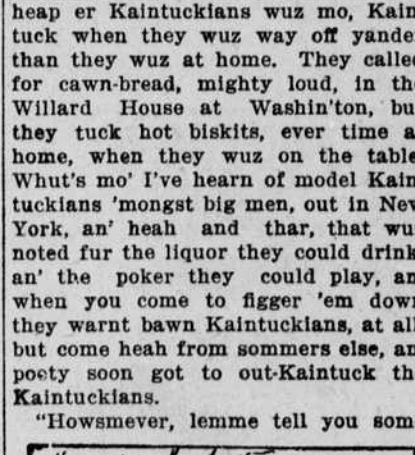
From His Mammy's Side.
BY WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.
(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Haint you a Hunter?"
I was not a bit astonished, though I had never seen the man before. But this was down in Kentucky, where people are not afraid to speak to each other, even though they have not been "properly introduced."

I was sitting on the sway-backed fence, in front of my Aunt Betsy's sway-backed house, being a visitor there for the first time since boyhood. My questioner was a native who happened to be passing. He had a bushy and iron-gray beard, that was also tangled; he wore the wreck of a broad straw hat that was weather-beaten, and a large piece was gone from one side of the brim, as if an eager and hungry cow had bitten it out for fodder. His jeans trousers were held up by one yarn suspender that was fastened to the garment in front with a wooden peg. His coat was a loose, soiled and butternut affair, ripped about the armpits and frayed at the cuffs. Yet he was a pleasant enough looking person, as to countenance, and was only in his everyday working clothes. I learned afterward that he was justice of the peace there, and I have never been able to understand how his official work could have been so hard on his habiliments.
"Yes, sir; I'm a Hunter," I replied.
"Geel! You aint little Tug Hunter, ar' you?"
"Well, I'm not so little, seein' that I weigh about a hundred and nifty pounds, but I am Joseph Hunter, who used to be called 'Tug' in these parts fifteen or twenty years ago."
"I saw that you had the favor of the Hunters an' seein' you settin' heah on yo' aunt's fence I 'lowed you was a Hunter, an' maybe Tug, that went 'way off yander, while ago. Doan seem so long ago, nuther. But then when the shadders takes to fallin' toads the east, back yander doan seem so long as it does to a young man."
"Speaking of the East, I see you have traveled some," I said, having observed a little Masonic pin that he wore on his hickory-shirt front.
"Yes, ben some distance that way," he replied with a touch of pride. "An' I reckon you've seen a monst'ous sight o' the world sence you went away?"
"Been pretty nigh all over it."
"You doan say!"
"I reckon you must run across a mighty sight o' Kaintuckians. So many's gone away from here. An' they ar' ginnally cuttin' a poety big swath, aint they?"
"Yes, but then there are a great many people in the world cutting a big swath besides Kentuckians."
"Well, yes, I 'lowed that waz, but ef I wuz you I wouldn't say a heap on that subjic while I wuz around heah. Kaintuckians is monst'ously set on Kaintucky, you know."
"Yes, I know all about it. I was very much that way myself until I had a chance to look over the earth a little, and my ideas have changed some-what."
"Lemme tell you, I wuz poety nigh fo' years in the on-civil war, on the Union side; sence that I've raised a good many poety fa' hawses and got broke. Gittin' old, too. Hawse bizniss, them days, sometimes tuck me to New York, an' Chicago, an' out West, an' one place er nuther, an' that set me to philosophizin'. I tuck notice that a heap er Kaintuckians wuz mo, Kaintuck when they wuz way off yander than they wuz at home. They called for cawn-bread, mighty loud, in the Willard House at Washington, but they tuck hot biskits, ever time at home, when they wuz on the table. Whut's mo' I've hearn of model Kaintuckians 'mongst big men, out in New York, an' heah and thar, that wuz noted for the liquor they could drink, an' the poker they could play, an' when you come to figger 'em down they warnt bawn Kaintuckians, at all, but come heah from sommers else, an' poety soon got to out-Kaintuck the Kaintuckians.
"Howsmever, lemme tell you some



"Howdy, Gentlemen!"
tin' down bars an' leavin' open gates on Downey's place, an' sometimes haugs would git in an' reot up some blue-grass. The major hated a haug 'cause he said, one on 'em could reot up mo' blue-grass than a drove of 'em wuz worth. I dunno whica he hated most, Cull's boy er haugs.
"Howsmever, one day the major wuz ridin' home from whar he'd been shootin' squirls, down in the hickory bottom. Fassin' the paster whar his cattle wuz, all of a sudden he saw that boy er Cull's comin', lickety-split, over the hill outen a holler in the paster, an' that Durham atter him, bellerin' an' snortin', an' it looked like wuz all day fur that young un. Downey never stopped to think how much the bull wuz worth nor how triffin that boy wuz. He raised his rifle an' when she cracked that bull fell dead as a do'nail.
"That wuz the Kaintuck in the old man.
"He rid on home, cussin' wild in two languages, fur he'd ben a captain in the Mixikin waugh an' he could talk Spanish till it sizzed.
"Day er two atter that thish yer Cull up an' died with somethin' sudent, an' whut does the old major do but have Cull buried an' take that triffin boy an' raise an educate him. Said he had to do somethin' to git even on the loss of the bull. Lemme tell you. That wuz mo' of the Kaintuck in him.
"That boy grow'd up to be one o' the finest men in the state. Boy warnt actually bad. Jes wanted raisin' right. I tell you ef a scrub calf is tuck outen the knobs an' put onter blue-grass it's goin' to make a good critter, an' you kin put a shaw-hawn heifer out in the peavine an' it will make a mighty sorry cow. Howsmever, this Lem Cull had a good strain o' blood in him from somewhar—mammy's side I reckon—fur he come out monst'ously well—best farmer in these parts, an' he's Senator from this deestrick. Married old Downey's datter, an' the major used to say the whole place would er gone to—never mind—ef it hadn't er been for the boy.
"Damp that ain't him comin' a splittin' down the pike yander now!"
A handsome, straight-backed, white-moustached, gray-haired young man, who sat his horse like Buffalo Bill, dashed by and lifted his cavalierish hat to us with "Howdy, gentlemen."
A yellow, one-eyed dog that had been asleep in Aunt Betsy's yard, raised his pathetic face and looked astonished, a game rooster with a cape like a buzzard's plume falling over his shoulders, flew on to the sway-backed fence and crowed defiance to a dominicker braggart across the way, the 'squire returned: "Howdy Colonel Cull!" to the horseman's salutation and moved away, saying:
"Head turned white when the bull chased him. Owah lodge meets to-night. Jine us."

Pensions for Teachers.
Thirty-two of Boston's former public school teachers draw pensions from the Boston Teachers' Retirement Fund. The fund is now nearly \$68,000. Each active public school teacher who is a member of the association pays \$18 yearly into the fund, and upon retirement becomes eligible to its benefits, if he or she has taught thirty years in the aggregate and at least ten years in the public day schools of Boston. In case of physical incapacity, however, a teacher may derive benefit from the fund if he has taught two years in the city's public schools, but the annuity stops if he regains his health and working ability.



"Haint you a Hunter?"
mo'. Thar is such a thing as Kaintucky characteristics, of the kind you hear about an' read about. But all through, thar's jest as much diffrunce twixt the Kaintucky gentleman an' the Kaintucky squirt as thar is twixt the Irish gentleman an' the Irish tarrier. The diffrunce lays in whether he's raised in ignorance an' oneryness, or otherwise.
"Never know'd old Major Downey, I reckon?"
"No."
"Case in pint. Heap er Kaintuck in him. He was a pessimer—whutever that is. Had a mighty good farm over

"Haint you a Hunter?"
mo'. Thar is such a thing as Kaintucky characteristics, of the kind you hear about an' read about. But all through, thar's jest as much diffrunce twixt the Kaintucky gentleman an' the Kaintucky squirt as thar is twixt the Irish gentleman an' the Irish tarrier. The diffrunce lays in whether he's raised in ignorance an' oneryness, or otherwise.
"Never know'd old Major Downey, I reckon?"
"No."
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"He turned out to be the best all-around cook that I ever saw in a lumber camp, and I had been going into the woods then for a dozen years. After about a month or so he began to mingle up with the indoor sports of the men after supper, and he won the bunch completely by the fine ability he displayed as a boxer and wrestler—and when I got him he looked so run down that I doubted if he could stand the gaff. There was a fiddle in the camp that had been left there from the previous winter, and the things that cook could do to the instrument were sure a heap. The cook nursed the victims of the inevitable accidents of lumber camps, and he showed a surprising amount of surgical and medical skill. I had my eye on that young fellow, and I didn't want him to get away from me. So, when April came around and the drive was over, and we broke camp, I herded him up in a corner all by himself and says I to him:
"Jack, you're in too fine trim right now, after the long let-up from the red eye, to take and stuff your hide with it again, now that you're loose. All of the boys'll get b'iling, of course, as soon as we hit the first rum shack, and I may go up against a few balls myself, but we're all tough birds, and



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