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Enlarged Refurnished Refitted  
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**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.

**Business Place of Rothschilds.**  
There are probably few firms in London to-day who have occupied their premises for a longer period than the Rothschilds. The founder of the English branch made St. Swithin's lane his home as well as his office for 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 their business to-day.

**Great Northern Railway**  
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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,  
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**What Uncle Reuben Says.**  
Most all of us believe in a hereafter, but at the same time most all of us am willin' to beat de odder man in a hoos trade and take a few chances.—Detroit Free Press.

**Inventor Loses His Mind.**  
M. Goubet, inventor of the submarine boat the patents of which were purchased by an English company, has been removed to an asylum.

**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.

**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'S 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. R. Thomas, foreman, O'Neill, Holt Co., Neb.

**WEST NORTHWESTERN EAST**

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 a. 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. 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.

**Misapprehension.**

BY PAULINE S. MORGAN.  
(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Dorothy had been married two years. She had always been sentimental, and her heart was full of romance. Her emphatic statement that her life would be an eventful one, had so far been untrue, and to-day as she sat curled up in an easy chair before the window watching the ceaseless rain as it fell drip, drip, upon the stone pavement, she felt it would always be untrue. The rain seemed to be beating on her heart, and a few tears forced themselves down her feverish cheeks, for Dorothy was actually sad; she who had always been noted for her happy, hopeful nature. But for the moment she had forgotten her comfortable surroundings and her devoted husband, for Jack Hunting was a slave to his pretty wife.

The day and hour was not apropos for remembering her blessings and how she had worshipped her Jack when she married him, and how his kiss had thrilled and throbbled through her whole being, in an ecstasy she could not fathom. Her eyes were now fixed and a smile was on her lips as she thought of Ned Wiley, her old love; they had never been regularly engaged yet they and every one who knew them expected them to marry. How handsome he was, and how she had loved him; he had always been her hero since she was a mere slip of a girl. Thus she would try to convince herself that she had made a mistake in her marriage, and that she had never loved Jack as she did Ned, and that the only honorable thing to do was to tell Jack so, and go back to where Ned was; although it had been several years since she saw her sweetheart of childhood days.

Presently she came to earth with a thud. What right had she to wander thus; her thought should be entirely for the man whose name she bore. He is so good to me, she murmured, and she tried to concentrate her thought wholly upon Jack, the noble fellow who believed in and trusted her so implicitly. As though her thoughts had come to life, at that moment Jack came up the front steps whistling. Springing from her seat the young wife hurried to the dressing table, where she smoothed back her hair and gave several dabs of powder to her red eyes.

The door opened and a cheery voice inquired, "How is my little girl to-day?" and he kissed her tenderly. "O, Jack, I am so glad you came home early, and—"

"And what, my child?" as he felt her arms go about his neck, her form quivering with suppressed emotion. "What is it my girl? Are you not well? Shall we go to the theater to-night and have a little supper afterward or is there something else you would like better?" and a distressed look came into the man's eyes as a nameless fear seemed to be tugging at his heart. At last she felt as though she could stand the strain of the situation no longer. "I am homesick, Jack," she cried, "and I wish I could go back for a little visit."

A relieved sigh broke from his lips as he joyously said, "Why, of course you can go, dearie; get what ever you need and have the best time you ever had in your life."

Dorothy had been back to her old home for several days and once more she seemed a bachelor maid, with friends coming and going, parties and rides and a constant reminder of old days.

She spent a few days with Violet, an old chum. Violet listened to all she said with fear in her heart, wondering and uncertain whether this young wife would remain true, or take a fearless step to gain something she knew not of. "It is all ideal, my beloved child; your castles in Spain must be shattered and you must accept your disillusionment as a phase of life that all have to experience." Violet argued emphatically one day. "O, sweet girl, do not preach to me. I am too happy in the thought that to-night this night—I will see Ned once more."

"Well, my dear, you are unreasonable," Dorothy was actually sad.

able," cried Violet, impatiently, "but I feel certain you will see things differently to-morrow."

The day seemed intolerably long, but when night did come Dorothy's heart was beating tumultuously and her fingers were cold and nerveless, but her eyes sparkled with excitement, and the scarlet in her cheeks burned like fire. "He is waiting, child." "I will go down to meet him and you come presently," and Violet gazed lovingly at the girl who caused her so much anxiety. It seemed she had waited hours, when Dorothy decided

she must go down or surely Ned would be gone. She surveyed herself once more before the long, pier glass, wondering if Ned would think her as beautiful as ever; if he would look at her again in the old eager way. She smiled at herself in the mirror and made a courtesy at the vision pictured therein; the effect was perfect and she was satisfied. The simple white dress hung in graceful folds around her slender form and her chestnut curls were bound high on her small head in a band of black velvet. "I must go down," she whispered, as she drew forth one long curl over her gleaming shoulder. Noiselessly she crept down the stairway and hesitated at the doorway. She grew cold and a sickening feeling almost caused her to faint, as a coarse voice sounded familiar to her ear. As she moved forward someone seemed to be saying a long way off, "You remember Mr. Wiley I know." Her gaze wandered to him and she paused in a panic of fear. "Ned," she cried, and then with a choking gasp, "I am so glad to see you again." She smiled with her lips but the man noticed how pale she looked. Mechanically she took a seat and tried to answer in a natural manner all that was said to her, while striving hard to con-



"Oh, Jack!" Came the Muffled and Incoherent Words, "I Didn't Know Before How Much I Loved You!"

tried a mad desire to rush out of the house and give vent to her suppressed feelings.

Bitterly she cried out against her disappointment, as she tried in vain to discover wherein this man had changed. There was the same handsome face and athletic figure but something indefinable was missing and she would hang breathlessly on each word and act, grasping the remnants of her ideal.

But his eyes were not tender like Jack's, his mouth was not firm like Jack's, and all at once an overwhelming love surged up in her heart and a great happiness filled her being, as she realized in that moment her husband was her ideal, her hero, her only love.

It was all a vague dream as she listened to the hum of voices, and the moments seemed remarkably long till the hour came for leaving. When he had gone the girls stood silent for a little space and when Violet kissed the smiling lips a sudden revelation came to her and she knew.

Jack was pacing up and down the platform waiting for the express. It was so long since he held his dear one close to his heart. Before he realized it all the train had stopped and he clasped a slight form in his arms. "O Jack!" came the incoherent and muffled words, "I didn't know before how much I loved you." And then was enacted anew the story which no man's lips are weary of uttering, and of which no woman's ear shall tire.

**HERE'S A PROSPEROUS INDIAN.**  
He Owned a Cayuse, a Buckboard and Chewed Tobacco.

An Indian driving a forlorn-looking bay cayuse attached to a rickety buckboard was the attraction on the street yesterday afternoon. The wheels were bound all round with baling wire and hemp rope to keep the tires and spokes in place, and the old buck sat upon a fresh cowhide folded into a wad. He wore citizen's clothes and his ears were protected with a black handkerchief. He also wore a white cowboy hat with nickel plates on the band, woolen mitts, and chewed tobacco. In a flour sack tied to the body of the buckboard was a lot of stuff supposed to be sugar, tobacco and corn.

A wave of civilization seems to have hit the renegade Indians in this vicinity, and some of them have actually doffed the red blanket and paint and taken up the garb of the white man and gone to work. Some are hauling wood to town, others are trying to be good. But the great majority of the band are no good at all for anything and they never will be, it is feared. However, there is a radical departure in some quarters, and those who have drifted away from the old and lazy habits are being encouraged by the whites to keep the good work going. A Cree in these parts was never known to work before this fall and winter, and those who are working seem to be trying to do the right thing. Perhaps by their laudable efforts they are maintaining a number of Cree households in the hills, and thus relieving in a measure a deal of distress what might otherwise have been keenly felt among the renegades.

The Indian in the buckboard yesterday was not at all communicative, and when asked where he lived he answered with a grunt that shook the rickety old contraption on which he was riding.—Anaconda Standard.

**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. "Gee! You aint little Tug Hunter, ar' you?"

"Well, I'm not so little, seein' I weigh about a hundred and twenty 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, bee 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!" "Yes."

"I reckon you must run across a mighty sight o' Kaintuckians. So many's gone away from here. An' they' ginnally cuttin' a poaty 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 thar was, but ef I wuz you I wouldn't say a heap on that subjic while I wuz around heah. Kaintuckians is monst'ously sot 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 somewhat."

"Lemme tell you. I wuz pooty nigh fo' years in the on-civil war, on the Union side; sence that I've raised a good many pooty far' 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 caw-bread, mighty loud, in the Willard House at Washin'ton, but they tuck hot biskits, ever time at home, when they wuz on the table. Whut's mo' I've heard 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' pooty soon got to out-Kaintuck the Kaintuckians."

"Howsmever, lemme tell you some 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 pessimist—whutever that is. Had a mighty good farm over

heah on Cabin crick—son-in-law farms it yit. Ef it sot into rain the old major up an' 'lowed it wuz goin' to rain all spring an' ther wouldn't be any cawn planted fo' June. Ef the sun come out a day er two, he jis know'd ther'd be a droun an' not er nuft stuff raised to feed folks, let alone fatten haugs, so he kep hisself tollable misabul, an' ole Mis Downey skeered that bad she worked hersef to skin an' bones, savin' an' scrimpin' Downey was good. Mean like some bacon—a streak er lean an' er streak er fat. He wuz great for fine cattle an' hankerin' to 'improve his breed. Still he 'lowed it couldn't be done, an' that the stock in everything wuz runnin' out. One time he bought a Durham bull fo' 'bout a thousand dollars an' how he ever got the critter home aint fur me to say, fur it wuz the savagist brute anywhar, an' twuz bout as much as anybody's life wuz worth to go in a paster whar the beast wuz.

"Down on the crick jinein his farm wuz a rickety cabin. Onery white man name Cull lived in it. His wife wuz dead an lucky fur it, an' he had a ten-year-old boy that was the trifflin' little halley in ten states. He wuz 'tternally flingin' rocks an' things, let-



"Howdy, Gentlemen!"

tin' down bars an' leavin' open gates on Downey's place, an' sometimes haugs would git in an' root up some blue-grass. The major hated a haug 'cause he said, one on 'em could root 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. Passin' the paster whar the cattle wuz, all of a sudden he saw that boy er Cull's comin', hickety-split, over the hill outen a holler in the paster, an' that Durham atter him, bell erin' an' snortin', an' it looked like it wuz all day fur that young un. Downey never stopped to think how much the bull wuz worth nor how triflin' that boy wuz. He raised his rifle an' when she cracked that bull fell dead as a do'nall.

"That wuz the Kaintuck in the old man."

"He rid on home, cussin' wild in two languages, fur he'd been a captain in the Mixikin waugh an' he could talk Spanish till it tized."

"Day er two atter that thish yer Cull up an' died with somethin' sudden, an' what does the old major do but have Cull buried an' take that triflin' 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 was actually bad. Jes wanted raisin' rize. 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 shawt-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'ous 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 aint 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.