

# Celebrate

## AT HOME

### The 4th will be properly observed in

# O'Neill

**Games and sports will make up a day of home-like amusement**

**LOOK FOR DETAILS LATER**

### RURAL WRITINGS

(Items from the country are solicited for this department. Mail or send them in as early in the week as possible; items received later than Wednesday can not be used at all and it is preferred that they be in not later than Tuesday. Always send your name with items, that we may know who they are from. Name of sender not for publication. See that your writing is legible, especially names and places, leaving plenty of space between the lines for correction. Be careful that what you tell about actually occurred.)

#### Phoenix.

Roy Parshall was a Butte visitor Thursday.

Wilber Kirkland was an Atkinson visitor a day or two last week.

Mr. Bellinger was up from Anncar Monday, fixing the telephone line.

Ball playing had no attraction for Roy Nilson Sunday. Seems queer, too!

Mrs. Nilson and Mrs. Henkel made a flying trip to Spencer and back Saturday.

Laura Bellenger is up from Anncar visiting at C. Lockwood's and S. S. Banta's.

Mrs. Damer and Louise Grossman went to Atkinson Friday, returning the next day.

Harry Lufborough and family, also Henry Bartels, were visitors at Mr. Keeler's Sunday.

J. W. Hunt was a visitor at Catalpa a day or two last week. Lottie Ellis returned with him.

Mrs. Lamplier and Elnora and Mrs. Chadwick and daughter spent Friday at Mrs. F. Coburn's.

Major Hale and Verne Wilburn of Atkinson, were guests of Ben McKathnie over Sunday.

Ben Howard finished a job of work for Ralph Coburn Friday, and went to Saratoga where he is visiting at the Haines home.

Will Abbott and wife, Mabel Abbott, Bub Keeler and Ralph Coburn ate "picnic dinner" at Harmen Damer's Sunday.

It is almost impossible to cross Brush Creek now as nearly all the bridges are washed out and it is too high to ford.

Hazel Eastman, Bertha Coleman, Isabel McKathnie and Emma Sjolund were afternoon callers at Mrs. F. Coburn's Monday.

Our mail carrier did not reach here Saturday, until 6 o'clock in the evening, as he could not cross Eagle Creek, on account of the high water.

A band of gypsies came into the neighborhood Saturday and staid a few days when they went on north. They were headed for Bonesteel, so they said.

Isabel McKathnie and Emma Sjolund went to Gross Tuesday of last week, and while there visited at Ben Kinney's and with Mary Bartels. They returned Thursday and report a most pleasant trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamplier and Elnora, Mrs. Chadwick and daughter and Sam Anderson went to the river Tuesday of last week and expected to bring home a nice mess of fish, but returned in the evening with the usual "fisherman's luck."

#### Wedding at Middlebranch.

Middlebranch, June 10.—The wedding of Edson D. Harrison and Miss Floy Elletta Arrison took place today at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Arrison. The event was a notable one in this community and the occasion made most enjoyable to the guests. Many of the neighbors were present, the bride's grandparents from Iowa and friends and relatives of the groom from Agee, Leonie and Lynch.

The ceremony was performed in the shade of a beautiful grove as the sun touched the zenith and indicated the hour of noon. The bridal party, led by the officiating clergyman and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. A. W. DeWitt, marched from the house to the grove where a platform had been erected for the marriage ceremony. After the knot was tied all came forward to extend the young couple congratulations and best wishes, after which they repaired to the house and spent a few minutes before dinner looking over the handsome array of gifts presented to the bride and groom.

Dinner was announced and the bridal com any sat down to a gorgeous sumptuous repast that would be hard to equal at the boards of the most expensive pandorer to rich viands. Mrs. Arrison, mother of the bride, and Mrs. Simonson, sister of the groom, presided at the table. Dinner was served in five courses and fifty people were compelled to admit that they had enough.

## WARNED BY SPECTERS

### One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

#### THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER.

##### How an Apparition From the Unseen World Aided the Brother in Deciding an Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine.

I come of a family of different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus veiled at birth, and all his life from infancy vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn, and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave: "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!" I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was at the most unromantic age possible to a boy—about thirteen. I was attending boarding-school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the west, leaving in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for consideration, lowering my eyes, and when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the visitor stood behind his chair and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. Some of these vibrations affect our senses and we see, hear or feel their effects. But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to science? Could our senses respond to them what secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but the secret of these strange sights which sometimes greet the eye of mortals is hidden in this unknown range of vibrations, hiding a world that is all about us, mingling with and overlapping, surrounding and telescoping our common humdrum daily life and only in rare moments of attunement drawing the veil aside for a glimpse into the unknown.—New York Herald.

## The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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The girl leaned forward after scanning the road in both directions and touched the chauffeur's arm. The great crimson car came to a panting, deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauffeur to help her, but sprang lightly to the road and vanished into the woodland on the right. The chauffeur turned the car as if his thoughts were concentrated on the necessity of making the smallest possible turn in time of safety, in order to be prepared in time of emergency. And then the great crimson car shot back in the direction from whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush, the girl found a clearing in the woodland and sat down on a moss grown log. Deftly she unwound the swathings of chiffon from her hat, baring a face delicate and sensitive as the anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of the velvety moss on the old log, then stooped to gather flowers. Finally, with the blossoms forgotten in her lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin propped in the palms of her hands, watching the woodland life around her.

Chippunks and squirrels scampered along the edge of the clearing. Where the sun shone upon a tangle of fern and jack in the pulpit two robins perched pertly on dry twigs and discussed the troubles of May moving day. From the shadows of the wood beyond came the persistent hammering of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush automobiles and smart turnouts spun on toward the race track, where the world of fashion was foregathered. An hour passed, and then at the distant wall of a peculiar siren whistle the girl sprang to her feet, dropped her lapful of flowers and ran to the roadside.

Bearing down upon her was a crimson car, twin of the one which had dropped her so unceremoniously an hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with the car. The chauffeur in the first car had worn a spick span uniform in tan color from the tips of his highly polished boots to the crown of his heavy red cap. The man in this car wore a disreputable looking storm coat of English cloth, a shabby visor cap and a pair of goggles which had certainly seen more prosperous days.

He was scorching along at a fine pace. But the girl calmly stepped to the edge of the road and waved a detaining hand—a bare hand at that. The machine slowed down, and the man made preparations to descend, as became one hailed by a maiden in distress. But again the girl raised a detaining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I thought perhaps I am very anxious to reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps you were going that way. Would you give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his startled face. Then the man coughed discreetly, swallowed a smile and sprang from the machine.

"I was—or thought I was—going to the races, but I am sure it will be much more pleasant at—er—was it Dalton you said?"

The man's accent was English. The admiration in his eyes was the sort that knows no nationality. The girl flushed beneath it and sprang into the car before the astonished man could assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly.

"Let us take this crossroad. Then a mile farther we will strike the old Dalton turnpike. There we will not meet."

"I understand," he interrupted gravely. And the great car swerved into the crossroad, running through a stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in thought. But at last the man remarked a bit lamely:

"Perfect day, isn't it?"

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had it's most beautiful hour there in the woods. I've never seen anything half so wonderful as those little creatures doing just as they pleased. Just as soon as the birds tired of one tree or bush or fern they flew off to another. They did not mind me nor each other. Just think of being like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as if she were a new specimen of the genus feminine and entirely worthy of deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've been used to. I wake up knowing that Marie will be right there with my chocolate. And then will come cards and mail and flowers and Aunt Margaret. Of course Aunt Margaret is a dear, but ten years of doing things right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people everywhere you go and being quite sure that you will see no one that Aunt Margaret has not seen first." The man bit his lip at this naive confession.

"Do you know," said the girl, waxing confidential as the car lazied along over the tree hung road, "I've always dreamed of having a man come to my rescue just like this—a man I had never known—a man quite different

from any of the men I've ever met."

She paused, and the man at her side studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Bessie Stewart—she married Jack Coghlan. They'd gone to kindergarten and dancing school together. And then she'd gone to all his college 'proms' and the same cotillions. Why, it was just like marrying some one who had lived in your own family always.

"And now they're bored to death with each other. They had a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, where they had been the year before on the Borden-Jones yacht, and they came back to the same old round of teas and dinners and dances. There was no romance in that."

The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor maids, married a miner way out west. She met him by answering an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. He came east after her, and she wrote Marie that they were awfully happy. He had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and laughed, and the girl laughed with him. Then suddenly she clutched his sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike, and I must be at Stoneywold for lunch."

"We are not going to Dalton," said the man calmly. "I've been out this way before. Just two miles beyond we will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to Stoneywold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I understand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh!" said the girl very softly, and the great car stopped beneath the arch of freshly leaved trees.

He flung aside his heavy driving gloves and took the delicate, sensitive face of the girl between his two hands.

"Will you, dearest?" Her eyes stopped dancing and turned wondrous tender.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I did not dream—"

"Will you, dearest?" persisted the man.

She lowered her long lashes over the eyes into which he tried so hard to gaze. Later she murmured from the shelter of his arms: "But I want to tell you the truth, Lester. I never loved you till just this minute. And I had made up my mind that if you did not understand I would just—"

"He threw on the power."

"Let us get across the line quick before you change your mind again."

Hiram Manning, justice of the peace in the —th district, plucked at his beard and regarded the couple doubtfully.

"I'd like t' oblige you, but this ain't no Gretta Green, an'—well, I don't mind tellin' you that the girl looks under age."

"But I am not," protested the girl.

"I am twenty."

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am, but I'd like some proof."

The girl and the man looked at each other; then the girl's troubled glance traveled to the table, and a smile brightened her face.

"Isn't that proof enough that my family are willing?"

She held the paper toward the justice with the face of a girl peering straight from the printed page.

The justice looked from the picture to the girl, and his face alternately flushed and paled.

"Gosh all hemlocks, you're Banker Clafin's girl, and he's—the—"

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dancing. "He is Lord Gramaton. But, indeed, he's very nice in spite of the fact," she added as Justice of the Peace Manning continued to stare incredulously at the man's slim figure in its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back," said the justice, with sudden accession of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone—to town—to those wretched reporters. Please, please, let us be married quite alone, with just some of your family for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man nervously.

"We've just run away from all that sort of thing—piffle, don't you know. Please let us get away quietly. Don't telephone, I beg of you."

"Telephone nothin'," exclaimed the justice heartily. "I'm just goin' to put on my Sunday suit. Never expect to marry a millionaire's girl and a lord again in my time."

#### Captivating a Queen.

It was by his graceful execution of a dance that young Hutton first captivated the heart of Queen Elizabeth, says Edward Scott in his book on "Dancing in All Ages." He had been brought up to the law and entered court, as his enemy, Sir John Ferrot, used to say, "by the galliards," as his first appearance there was on the occasion of a mask ball, and her majesty was so struck by his good looks and activity that she made him one of her band of pensioners, who were considered the handsomest men in England. It is said that the favors which the virgin monarch extended to her new favorite excited the jealousy of the whole court, especially that of the Earl of Leicester, who, thinking to depreciate the accomplishments of the young lawyer, offered to introduce to Elizabeth's notice a professional dancer whose saltatory performances were considered far more wonderful than Hutton's. To this suggestion, however, the royal lady, with more vehemence than elegance, exclaimed: "Pish! I will not see your man. It is his trade."

#### An Inspiration.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an inspiration? Pa—An inspiration, my son, is the sudden recollection of some one who will probably stand for a touch.—Kansas City Newsbook.



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