



## Summer Vacation Tours

### To the Pacific Coast

Daily low round trip rates to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Slightly higher to include both California and Puget Sound. One whole business day saved by our new schedule to the Pacific northwest.

### To Eastern Resorts:

Daily low excursion rates to Canada, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Massachusetts and New York tourist resorts; also low rates to tourist resorts in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

### To Colorado and Rocky Mountains

Daily low rates to Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Black Hills and Yellowstone park. Democratic convention at Denver in July.

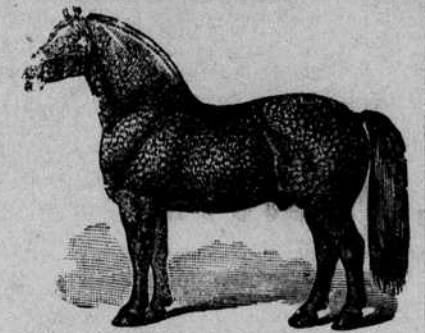
### 1,000 Families Wanted:

For newly irrigated lands in the Big Horn Basin, Wyo. No cyclones or floods. Water your land as needed. Soil is rich. Timber and coal plentiful. Price \$40 to \$50 per acre. Personally conducted excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Write D. Clem Deaver, General Agent, Land Seekers' Information Bureau, Omaha, Neb. Its free.

Write a brief description of your proposed trip and let us advise you how to make it the best way at the least cost.

J. F. JORDAN, Ticket Agent, O'Neill  
L. W. WAKELEY, G.P.A., Omaha, Neb



The following animals are for service this season at my place just north of town— 41-8

- Black Percheron Graden Stallion \$12.50
- Bay Hambeltonian \$10
- Large Jack, weight 1000, \$12.50.

If mare is sold or moved from the county service fee becomes due at once. Call and inspect them; they will bear inspection. I will treat you right.

**A. MERRILL**  
O'NEILL NEB.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion. Free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge. In the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

## Roller Skating

AT THE  
**WELCOME RINK**  
Tuesday and Friday  
evenings of each week.

**WALTER WYANT**  
PROPRIETOR

FOR AGENTS—A SUCCESS  
"The Old World and Its Ways"  
By William Jennings Bryan

576 Imperial Octavo Pages. 251 Superb Engravings from photographs taken by Col. Bryan. Recounts his trip around the world and his visits to all nations. Greatest book of travel ever written. Most successful book of this generation. 41,000 called for in 4 months. Write us for sample reports of first 100 agents employed. The people buy it eagerly. The agent's harvest. **Outfit Free.**—Send fifty cents to cover cost of mailing and handling. Address—

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

## Injury Impossible

**HUMANE HORSE COLLARS**  
McKeen the Harness Man, exclusive  
Agent for O'Neill.

## The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated  
Literary Press.

Bubbles didn't care whether it was appropriate or not; she wanted it, and she was saving up her money to get it. Every morning when she went to the store she found the girls talking of their summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?" they would ask her, and Bubbles would laugh—the gay bubbling laugh that had given her her nickname—and would say, "Wait and see, girls; wait and see."

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a certain June morning. "I don't believe you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said Bubbles provokingly.

And then after the store was closed she went around the corner and looked at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—\$10. Bubbles earned \$4 a week. Out of that she paid her aunt \$2.50 for board. Fifty cents went for car fare, and the rest she had for herself. Since last summer she had managed to save \$9.50, and the other fifty would add the complete amount necessary to buy the hat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes about it.

Alice was at the ribbon counter, while Bubbles sold notions. Their acquaintance rose from the fact that they walked home in the same direction.

"I'll have to wear it with all my old blue suit," Bubbles said as she went along. "But I don't care. I've made myself a white net waist, and it's awfully becoming."

"Ten dollars is a lot for a hat," Alice said quietly.

But Bubbles laughed, with her head flung up and her bright eyes shining. "Oh, what's the use of living," she said, "if a girl can't have something pretty now and then?"

Alice nodded. Her blue eyes were wistful. "That's what I think," she said. "Now, there's a remnant of ribbon at my counter. It's white, with bunches of pink roses on it. It would make a lovely girdle, and I could buy a white dress for 15 cents a yard and a little wreath of pink roses in the millinery department, and then I could be bridesmaid for Millie Drake."

"Does she want you to be?" Bubbles asked, with interest.

"Yes," Alice said. "Jimmie Bryan is to be best man."

"Oh!" Bubbles was silent for a moment. Then she asked, "Don't you think you can afford the dress?"

"No," Alice said quietly. "I can't. And I told Millie last night to ask you, Bubbles. I knew you wouldn't mind being asked second, because I'm her oldest friend. I laid the piece of flowered ribbon away this morning, so that if you wanted it you could have it. You could make a white net skirt to your new waist. It would be awfully pretty with the pink roses."

But Bubbles was looking at her curiously.

"Don't you mind," she asked—"I mean not being bridesmaid?"

"Yes, I do," Alice said, and Bubbles saw that her eyes were full of tears. "But I have to give all of my money to mother now that father is sick and can't work."

"Well, it's a hard old world," Bubbles remarked as they reached the corner where they separated. "If I decide to take the ribbon, Alice, I'll let you know in the morning."

At the next corner Bubbles met Jimmie Bryan.

"Jimmie," she said, with her gray eyes challenging him—"Jimmie, are you going to be best man at Millie's wedding?"

"Sure," answered Jimmie—"cutaway, white flower in my coat and all the rest of the agony."

"And me to walk up the aisle with you?" said Bubbles.

Jimmie looked at her in surprise. "I thought Alice was going—was going to do it," he said.

"Alice can't get the clothes," Bubbles informed him, "and if I wasn't a selfish pig I'd get them for her, but I want a white feather in my summer hat."

Jimmie hesitated. "Look here, Bubbles," he said a little awkwardly, "ain't there some way you could make Alice think you were getting her dress and let me pay for it? I'd like to do it."

Bubbles caught her breath quickly.

"Why, Jimmie?" she said.

Jimmie flushed. "She has an awful hard time," he said.

"Yes, she does," Bubbles agreed abstractedly. She was a little white, but she still smiled at Jimmie.

"So you don't want me to be bridesmaid with you?" she teased, still with a funny catch in her breath.

"Aw, Bubbles," he stammered, "you know I think you're about the nicest thing ever!"

"But you'd rather have Alice walk up the aisle with you," was her quiet reminder.

"I wouldn't," he declared stoutly.

"but I'm sorry for Alice."

"Of course," Bubbles agreed, and then she went on to plan. "I could get her the things and tell her the money had come to me unexpectedly."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do," was Jimmie's worried response. "She'd feel as if she had to pay it back. You get the things and send them to her and don't have any mark on the box, and she'll never know where they came from."

"Well, I can't get the things we

talked about," Bubbles said, "or she would know right away. Do you care how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the recklessness of the skilled laborer who earns his \$3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a robe dress of pink mull with a wreath of silver roses. She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and Bubbles sighed.

"Goodby, Jimmie," she said as she came to the tenement where she lived on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're not cut up about not being bridesmaid, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she answered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles," he said heartily, and then he went on his way.

When Bubbles reached home she took out her hoarded store of money. With what she would add on her next pay day she would have \$10, and she could buy the hat with the white feather.

She fingered the money for a moment, and then she dropped her head on her arm with a sob, for Bubbles had wanted that hat to wear to church on Sunday morning when she sang in the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had been for Jimmie's admiration that she had craved the pretty hat. And, after all, it was Alice that Jimmie cared for.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently. And then Alice told her of the wonderful gown and the dainty accessories that had come the night before in a big box.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," caroled Alice when she had exhausted all her conjectures as to the giver. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she sold needles and pins and hooks and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care. Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles.

"Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her.

"Say, little girl," he said presently, "you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.98," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from \$2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying, "But not half as nice as Alice will in that pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," flashed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan!" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised. Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out to the park with me, and I'll tell you about it."

And all the way to the park Bubbles' heart sang, and she seemed to walk on air, and she was glad that she hadn't bought the hat with the white feather. She was glad she hadn't been extravagant, for Jimmie seemed to like her just as well in the black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of jonquils and tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and under the flowering almond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's Bob Travers, and he's in the navy, and he's away on a three years' cruise, and he made me promise that I'd look after Alice—they've been in love with each other since they were kids—and when Alice's father got sick I tried to help, but they wouldn't let me, and it seemed as if getting her the dress would be what Bob would want me to do, and now he's going to get home in time for the wedding, and I told Millie she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh!" cried Bubbles, aglow with happiness.

"And then I told her how much I thought of you, and she wants us to be in the wedding party, and— Oh, well, look here, Bubbles." And in the shadow of the flowering almond he held out his arms.

And Bubbles, having wept a little weep of joy on his broad shoulder, sat up and wiped her eyes. "Ain't I glad I didn't spend all my money for that feather, Jimmie?" she said. "I'll get the white net skirt and wear the rose-ribbed ribbon."

"A diamond ring," interrupted Jimmie.

"A diamond ring! What for?" demanded Bubbles.

"Because we're engaged," said Jimmie rapturously.

**Economy Begins at Home.**

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family."—New York Life.

# DEERING

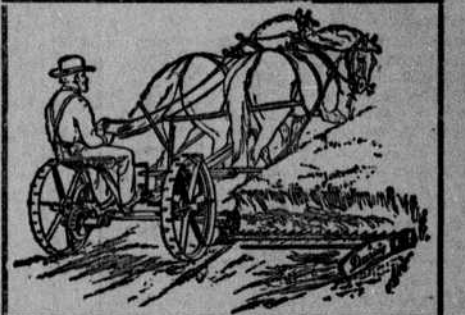


## Harvesting Machines...

The necessity for correctly designed and well built harvesting machines cannot be over-estimated. The great prosperity of this country is due to its agricultural development. This development in turn is the result of the development of agricultural machines which have made possible the planting and harvesting of immense crops.

Of all the harvesting machines at the disposal of the farmer, none prove more popular than the Deering, this for the reason that Deering machines are consciously built in every particular. The demands and requirements of the farming world are always kept uppermost in the minds of the designers, with the result that Deering machines embody all features which prove popular and desirable.

Mowers and binders of the Deering make sold only by me.



# NEIL BRENNAN

Hardware and Farm Implements.

## Just received--a Carload each of McCORMICK HARVESTERS MOWERS & HAYRAKES

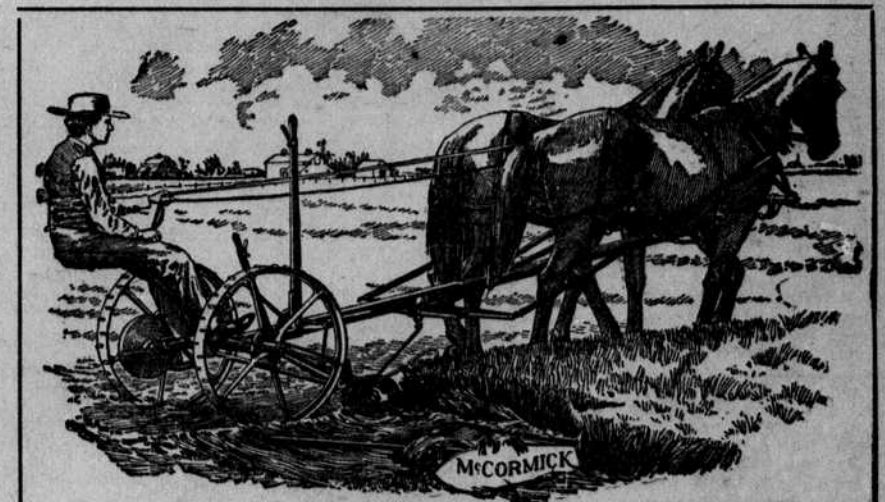


To assist the farmers to care for the immense crop now in sight.

We also have a carload of HENNEY Buggies and Spring Wagons direct from the factory; all bright, new and up-to-date. Not a carried over job in the house.

**NO FAKES, NO FROWNS.**

In FURNITURE we have the latest and best, carefully selected and priced to suit the purchaser. Our Undertaking line is complete in every detail.



# O. F. Biglin

Strathmore Typewriting Papers, the paper of quality, for sale by The Frontier. Also the Strathmore Manuscript Covers.