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SALE BILLS } THE BEST AT THE FRONTIER

RECONCILED BY ACCIDENT.

The Girl That Helped John's Mother In an Emergency.

By CLARA LOUISE OTIS.
(Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Six o'clock and all's well. Wind's in the east and blowing like—everything."

caroled a masculine voice. The woman in the kitchen smiled in spite of herself. "The dear child," she murmured happily. "So much like his father," then to the "child," a tall young man of twenty-four, just entering the kitchen: "You're early tonight, dear. Supper won't be ready for ten minutes."

"Oh, that's all right," John Williams gave his mother a vigorous hug. "How is mother?" "Well. And John?" "Fine. Say, mother?" "Yes, dear?" "How would you like a daughter-in-law?"

Mary Williams set down the frying pan and faced her son with a dazed expression. "A daughter-in-law?" she repeated blankly. A blinding rush of tears came to her eyes, and the little room seemed to be whirling around. "Oh, John!" was all she said, but the bitter disappointment of those two words was not lost on the young man. "I'm sorry," he said briefly and left the room.

Memories one after the other crowded fast before her. Her husband had died when John was three, and they had been so happy! And since John had grown to manhood how happy he had made her! Yet—yet he was going to bring another woman there—another woman! The odor of scorching meat made her start.

"Come, supper's ready," she called in what was intended to be her natural voice.

"Tell me about it," faltered Mary after they had sat in silence for some minutes.

"Not if you don't want to hear, mother."

The hurt, proud tones brought contrition to her heart.

"I do want to hear." The words were true in more ways than one.

"Her name is Kitty—Kitty Marvin."

"And—"

"Oh, mother, mother! I've wanted to tell you so! Are you sure you want to hear?"

"Yes, yes!" She flashed out the words lest John should divine her sinking heart. She smiled too.

Seeing only his mother's smile, John launched into the dear topic. "She hasn't lived here long, only since May. I didn't tell you because—well, to tell the truth, I was afraid you'd be all cut up about it. Besides, it wasn't settled until last night. Why, mother, you're crying! Are you sorry?"

"No, no! I'm—glad! Go on!"

"I met her last year out at the lake. Do you remember my speaking of those girls out there? I knew then she was the only one in the world for me." John spoke very softly.

So he had cherished this girl in his heart a whole year, and she had thought herself to be his all in all!

"Wasn't it strange, mother," went on the young man in a subdued voice, as if his happiness was still a wonderful thing, to be revered and held in awe—"wasn't it strange that she should move here, not knowing it was my home?"

"Yes. Tell me everything, dear."

"All right. She is little and slim and has gray eyes." Mary Williams was built on generous, capable lines, and her eyes were brown. "Her hair is like yours—brown and heavy. She gives music lessons." Mary had no accomplishments except housekeeping.

"She sings, too—oh, mother, you ought to hear her sing! And she is as quick as a bird and the prettiest dancer."

"Can she cook?"

"Well, I don't know, but she can do everything else. You see, there are so many in her family that it's hard to tell just who does the work. I know she can sew, for she showed me a dress last night that she made."

After the supper work was done and John had gone off whistling Mary sat down by the fire. "O God, give me strength to bear it!" she prayed fiercely, holding tight to the arms of the chair, then relaxing in a sudden burst of resentful tears. "How can he—how can he bring that girl here—that Kitty?" ran her rebellious thoughts, and she forgot about her prayer.

"Why, her very name sounds good for nothing. If I was an old woman it would be different, but I'm only forty-seven and as strong as ever. This is my house, my own house, and I keep it my own way. Yet a girl is going to come in and shove me back—me, who loves John more than she ever could! Don't I always come home early from sewing society so as to have John's supper on time? Don't I make his shirts, when almost every man buys them ready made? Wouldn't I do his washing if he would let me? Oh, she can't love him as I do? Probably she won't even let him smoke in peace. Oh, she can't come—she just can't!"

For an hour she poured out the rebellion in her soul to the leaping, sympathetic fire, then sank back exhausted. "How selfish I am!" she cried aloud. "I'll have to bear it. John's a man now." As she grew more calm she looked with disgust at her outburst. "I act like a baby! I guess I'm made of better stuff than that, and this is the last foolishness you'll hear from me. If my son's going to be

married, why, he's going to be married—that's all."

But she forgot to be on her guard the next morning when John enthusiastically remarked that she should have heard Kitty sing "Dearie" the night before. "Dearie"—what a foolish name for a song! And with that one contemptuous thought all the bitterness of the thing came back to her.

"Do you always have to talk about her—even at the breakfast table?"

John's lips came together in a straight line. "I thought"—he began, then stopped abruptly. Ten minutes later he left the house in silence.

Mary would have given all she possessed to recall those words. A sort of hopelessness came over her. If she could control herself no better than that now, what would she do later?

If she only could be sure that the girl would be sensible! From John's description it didn't seem as if she could possibly be. "He has lost his head over some little flirt," she told herself, "and I can't stop him. I wonder if he will forgive me. I—I'm afraid not."

At supper that night her doubts were confirmed. John talked steadily about the weather, the shop, the garden—everything but Kitty. She longed to break in herself with the subject.

Two days passed. Then she could stand it no longer.

"John, I'm sorry!"

He motioned her to silence. "You have let me know very plainly that you don't want me to talk about her, and I won't."

Nor did he. A week passed by, then two—distressing weeks for them both.

"You came near losing your supper tonight," announced Mary one evening.

"Why, how is that?"

"I was downtown, waiting to take the 4:30 car, when, all at once, I dropped one of my parcels and everything in it rolled into the street. The car was in sight, and you know there isn't another until 5:30. I knew I couldn't get all the thread and buttons picked up in time, and I was thinking, 'Oh, dear, John won't have any supper until 7 o'clock' when, all of a sudden, some one said, 'Let me help you.' It was some young girl, and I declare, I never saw any one pick up things so fast in my life! I knew just enough to open by bag while she shoved them in. Then the car stopped, and she helped me on—not as she would some old lady, but just as if I was one of her girl friends. I never expect to see any one so handy and sweet as that again. I didn't notice what she looked like—I was that hurried—but I did see that she had on an odd, foreign looking ring."

"And—"

"What sort of ring?"

"Silver. It had two bands joined together by little crosspieces, and there was a big green stone. Wasn't it funny that I should notice all those little things, and—my, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, mother, only—that was Kitty!"

Quite Different.

"Maria," said Mr. Rawlins, laying aside his hat and overcoat and rubbing his hands gleefully together. "You know that for years we have been wanting to buy a building lot in Kennedy's subdivision, but couldn't afford to do it on account of the high prices they ask for land out there. Well, I've just learned that Quinlan, who owns one of the best lots in that entire neighborhood, will sell it for half what it cost him if he can get the cash. He needs the money and can't get it any other way. I have a great mind to buy it tomorrow morning. It comes easily within our means."

"I don't think you ought to do it, Joshua," said Mrs. Rawlins.

"You don't think I ought to buy it? Why not?"

"It would be taking advantage of his necessities."

"But, Maria!"

"Besides, I have just learned of a splendid opportunity to buy some furniture that we need. Grigson & Mullins are advertising parlor sets at one-third less than cost because they are overstocked and can't afford to carry them through the season. I'd like to buy about \$200 worth of parlor furniture. We'll never have as good a chance again."

Being a man of excellent self control, Mr. Rawlins merely smiled.—Youth's Companion.

Love In the Kitchen.

Among the domestic servants of a Germantown woman is a very pretty Irish girl, not long in this country. Now, Bertha had not been at work more than a couple of months before she became engaged to a plumber's apprentice. She confided to her mistress, however, that she had no intention of marrying at an early date, but wished instead to save her money and incidentally afford the apprentice time to become a regularly registered plumber.

The mistress good naturedly assented to the girl's request that the lad be allowed to visit her in the kitchen. It was observed that on such occasions only the voice of Bertha could be heard coming from the kitchen.

"Your sweetheart doesn't seem to be much of a talker," said the lady of the house to Bertha.

"No, mum," said Bertha; "leastways not yet, mum. But he'll do better as time goes on. He's too bashful yet, mum, to do anything more than eat!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Handy Man.

"Why so sad?" queried the young man, looking at her fondly.

"Oh, nothing special, only I have troubles of my own," said the frail young thing, sighing.

"I insist in taking a hand in them," he said, seizing a dainty palm that was wasting its time in her lap.—Boston Globe.

THE CRUSH OF WORLDS.

What Would Happen if a Dead Star Invaded Our Solar System.

It is possible, though it is not proved, that stars may sometimes approach one another and even "leap madly from their spheres." "What would happen were an unknown star or a dead sun to invade our solar system?" asks a writer in the London Illustrated News, who answers his query in two ways. In the first place, the star might rush straight into the sun and by the heat of the collision reduce the sun and all its planets to a nebulous mass without form or structure. But it is more mathematically probable that just as comets approach circle and recede from the sun, so the starry invader of our system would approach our system and recede from it, having altered it beyond recognition.

But what would be its effect upon our sun? The sun as we know it today is explosively elastic. Great tongues of flame which would consume a little planet like ours at a mouthful continually leap from it with speeds of several hundred miles a second. This enormous explosive force is restrained only by the greater force of the sun's gravity. But if an approaching star as great as the sun came within striking distance of it then along the line joining the two bodies, each would begin to pull the other, as today the moon pulls up the earth's oceans.

The mighty pull of the invading star would neutralize the sun's gravity in one direction, and the sun would, in a sense, explode. Out from our ancestral sun and from opposite sides of it would fly two great lengthening arms of matter, reaching far beyond the farthest planet. As the star passed, its moving mass would give a further twist to the sun and would pull the arms of matter into the shape of a great double spiral. Form and motion would thus be imparted to the nebula thus created, and from the solar system thus extinguished in catastrophe a new sun, with planets condensing from the lumps and inequalities in the projecting arms, would arise.

CAPE HATTERAS.

The Shifting Sands and Point of This Isolated Place.

There are few names more widely known in the United States or localities about which a greater ignorance prevails than Cape Hatteras. Situated as it is at the angle where the long strip of sand beach from Cape Henry south turns at a right angle to the westward, with the widest part of Pamlico sound between it and the mainland and with the beach both west and north cut into several islands by inlets from sound to ocean, its position is isolated. No means of transportation exist along the beach, and with the nearest railway station from which a regular transportation route is operated nearly a hundred miles away it is an easier place to talk about than to visit.

Like all sand promontories, the point of the cape is always moving. An old wreck imbedded deep in the sand and showing only the stumps of her masts and bowsprit and the rusty skeletons of what were once her chain plates and dead eyes is now a quarter of a mile or more inland. Twenty years ago she is said to have lain in the water, where she struck or drifted ashore, the land now outside of her having been built up since by the action of the wind and the waves.

Two features connected with the sailing of the fishing skiffs used hereabouts are new to me. One is that of using a member of the crew as shifting ballast. A plank is run out over the side, the inner end caught under the lee washboards, while on the outer end, with legs dangling over the water, sits the man acting as ballast, and this not in racing, mind you, but in every day sailing. The other is the practice of "nodding," as I heard it called. In moderate weather, when the skiff is only lightly gliding along, one man will stand up alongside the centerboard on the weather side and, facing outward, will steadily rock side-wise from one foot to the other with faster. And perhaps it does.—Charlotte Observer.

(First publication August 5.)

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at O'Neill, Nebraska, August 3, 1909. "Not coal land."

Notice is hereby given that George Peebles, of Emmett, Nebraska, who, on March 14, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 15539, No. 0118, for NE2 section 25, township 28 N, range 13 W, of the 6th principal meridian has filed notice of intention to make final, five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 16th day of September, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Martens, John Mering, Arthur Wilson, William Blore, all of Emmett, Nebraska. 7-5 B. E. STURDEVANT, Register.

Wanted—Intelligent man or woman to take territory, and appoint canvassers to sell our water filters. Exclusive territory, and nice profitable work for the right party. Seneca Filter Co., Seneca, Mo.

Lost—On the streets of O'Neill last week a bunch of office keys; dozen or more keys on bunch. Liberal reward will be paid finder for their return to this office. 9-3

Strayed—Western horse strayed away from Knapp pasture about ten days ago. Light sorrel in color with strip in face.—L. W. Arnold, O'Neill, Neb. 9-2

(First publication July 29)

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Tract The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs The several parcels of land hereinafter described, and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to, or any interest, right or claim in, and to, such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants. FINAL NOTICE.

To Daniel O'Connell and to the occupants of the real estate described, said real estate is vacant and unoccupied.

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1905, the following described real estate situated in the county of Holt and state of Nebraska, to-wit: In the village of Emmett, Lot six (6) block five (5), Holt county, Nebraska, was on the 16th day of November, 1905, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 10th day of November, 1909.

You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court, on or before the 10th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed. 6-3 MORRIS MALLOY owner.

(First publication August 12.)

Notice.

In the county court of Holt county, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Joseph Laney, deceased.

To all persons interested in said estate: You are hereby notified that on the 14th day of August, 1899, J. H. Swan, administrator of the estate of Joseph Laney, deceased, filed in said court his final account as said administrator and on April 3, 1900, a petition for final settlement and distribution of the residue of said estate; that the said final account and petition for final settlement and distribution will be heard on the 28th day of August 1909 at 1 o'clock p. m. at the county court room in O'Neill, in said county, at which time and place any persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if such exists, why said final account should not be approved and a decree of distribution made of the residue of said estate in the possession of said administrator. It is ordered that a copy of this notice be published for three successive weeks in The Frontier, a newspaper, printed and published in said county.

Dated this 10th day of August, 1909. [Seal] O. J. MALONE, County Judge.

(First publication August 5.)

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at O'Neill, Nebraska, August 3, 1909. "Not coal land."

Notice is hereby given that George Peebles, of Emmett, Nebraska, who, on July 6, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 19225, No. 0147, for S1, NW SW1, section 27, SE2, section 23, N4 NW1, section 34, township 28 N, range 13 W, 6th principal, meridian has filed notice of intention to make final, five year, proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 16th day of September, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Martens, John Mering, Arthur Wilson, William Blore, of Emmett, Nebraska. 7-5 B. E. STURDEVANT, Register.

(First publication August 5.)

Notice.

State of Nebraska, County of Holt, ss. To whom it may concern: The commissioner appointed to view a road commencing at southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section two (2), township thirty-two (32), range twelve (12), running thence north on the quarter line to the north side of section two (2), township thirty-two (32), range twelve (12), and terminating at that point in Holt county, Nebraska, has reported in favor of the establishment thereof, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the county clerk's office on or before noon of the 28th day of August, 1909, or such road will be established without reference thereto.

[Seal] W. P. SIMAR, County Clerk.

(First publication Aug. 19)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at O'Neill, Nebraska, August 17, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Mrs. J. B. Mering, widow of Jacob B. Mering, deceased, of Emmett, Nebraska, who, on July 22, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 19500, No. 01568, for SW1 SE1 section 12, township 28 N, range 13 west, 6th P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 27th day of September, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: James Gaughenbaugh, L. I. Puckett, E. S. Herrick and M. E. Hiatt, all of Emmett, Nebraska. 9-5 B. E. STURDEVANT, Register.

(First publication August 12.)

Notice To Creditors.

In county court within and for Holt county, Nebraska, August 10, 1909.—In the matter of the estate of I. R. Smith, deceased.—To the Creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in O'Neill, in said county, on the 8th day of September, 1909, on the 8th day of December, 1909, and on the 8th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 8th day of September, A. D. 1909 and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from said 10th day of August 1909. Six months after September 8th, 1909, all claims barred.

Witness my hand and seal of said county court, this 10th day of August, 1909. [Seal] C. J. MALONE, County Judge.

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