

Peter Painter says
when paint peels off
and looks dead it's a
case of Sun stroke.

**Patton's
Sun-Proof Paint**
was never known to
be overcome by the Sun

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint represents the only true principle of scientific paint-making, combining the highest degree of beauty with the greatest covering capacity and durability. It does not lose its lustre. It does not peel, crack or chalk off.

Get a beautiful color card and full information from

O. O. SNYDER

**KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE
Burlington's New Main Line
Through Central Wyoming**

the richest undeveloped country in the west. Farmers here have no fear of drought, wind storms or hail storms.

THE BIG HORN BASIN

is now so well started on its great wealth producing era that it not only appeals to farmers looking for new lands upon which to establish new homes under most favorable conditions; but appeals as well to the investor, who wants to turn his money quickly, and to the

**Business Man, Professional Man,
Mine Operator and Manufacturer**

in new towns that are springing up like magic and where raw material is plenty can be handled at a profit.

The new line will reach Thermopolis about July 1st, connecting the outside world with one of the greatest health resorts in America.

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS first and Third Tuesdays. Send right away for our new booklet just off the press, and then go with me on one of our personally conducted excursions

D. Clem Deaver, General Agt.,
Landseekers Information Bureau
1004 FARNAM ST., OMAHA, NEB.

Burlington
Route

**O'Neill
National
Bank**

**\$50,000.00
Capital**

**The Directors of
this Bank**

direct the affairs of the bank. In other words, they fulfill the duties imposed and expected from them in their official capacity. One of the by-laws of this bank is (and it is rigidly enforced) that no loan shall be made to any officer or stockholder of the bank. You and your business will be welcome here, and we shall serve you to the best of our ability at all times. If you are not yet a patron of ours we want you to come in, get acquainted and allow us to be of service to you. We welcome the small depositor. 5 per cent interest paid on time deposits.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
M. DOWLING, PRES. O. O. SNYDER, VICE-PRES. S. J. WEEKES, CASHIER
DR. J. P. GILLIGAN, H. P. DOWLING

**Save Work-
Worry-
Money**

by using a **STOVER GASOLINE ENGINE**. Made right. Sold right. Send for illustrated catalogue free.

SANDWICH MFG. CO.
Council Bluffs, Ia.
General Agents.

FARM LOANS INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS INSURANCE

FIDELITY BANK

This Bank aims to conserve the interests of its customers in every honorable way.

OFFICERS
GEO. H. HAASE, PRESIDENT. O. F. BIGLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT
JAS. F. O'DONNELL, CASHIER

Directors: Geo. H. Haase, S. S. Welton, D. B. Welton, O. F. Biglin, Jas. F. O'Donnell.

**YOU CAN GET
CHATTEL MORTGAGE BLANKS
OF THE FRONTIER**

**The Seventh
Gate**

A Story of the Chinese
Forbidden City.

By **CLARISSA MACKIE**
Copyright, 1910, by American Press
Association.

Owen Ryder left the train at the terminus several miles outside the walls of Peking and covered the remaining distance toward the city gate on the back of a donkey.

As he approached the seventh gate he paused for an instant. He had come on a journey of thousands of miles to accomplish a mission, and now that the object of his search was almost within his grasp he hesitated.

Fear had no part in his hesitation. He was comparatively safe in the disguise afforded by his Chinese dress—as safe as any native Chinese who wished to gain admission to the Forbidden City.

Then, with quick indrawn breath, he moved into the deeper shadow of the gate. As his hands touched the bronze doors they swung softly inward and engulfed him.

A dark shadow loomed at his side and, without a sound, guided him close against the inner wall in a curving line. They came to an abrupt stop in a grove of trees whose tops rustled high over their heads. Before them were the dim outline and bulky mass of some huge building.

At last a door closed softly behind them, the hands were removed from Ryder's lips and arm, and presently a light twinkled out of the gloom.

The American turned to look at his companion, who had withdrawn the cover from a small bronze lantern and stood revealed in its dim light.

Ryder stared and stared again at the tall, spare figure that confronted him. This was no Chinese—this man with deep sunken blue eyes and wisps of fair hair sticking out from under the cue bound about his forehead. Owen Ryder's wondering gaze traveled over the yellowed skin drawn tightly over the protruding cheek bones, down to the handsome nose and bitter, curling lips, down to the common blue cotton Chinese dress and then up again with puzzled eyes to study the face with something lacking—something—what?

The man laughed silently as he lifted his bony hands to each side of his head. "You miss these appendages, my friend. I have been cropped, you see." His voice was low and vibrant with some suppressed emotion.

Ryder gasped. "Your ears—my God!" He felt within his blouse for the comfortable reassurance of his revolver, and his fingers curled about the butt lovingly.

"Your ears next, my friend, and the ears of all who pass through the seventh gate inward," said the stranger, with assumed lightness. He turned and pointed to the wall behind him, and Ryder gasped again to see a line of dark figures stretched along the floor.

"Earless freaks," said the tall stranger, with sudden dreariness in his mocking tone. "Sit down on the floor, man, and tell your story—nay, let me preface it for you and for me and the rest of us—white men!"

"Go ahead," said Ryder.

"You are an artist of some sort. You have learned that these people have recovered their lost art of producing Kiastin porcelain, that rare painting of invisible flowers, fishes or other symbols on the outside of porcelain vessels, paintings that are only revealed when the vessel is filled with liquor of some sort. The discoverer of this lost and precious art is confined to his workshop in the palace here. The retention of the secret means the addition of large sums of money to this country; hence they guard it carefully. You were put on to the secret, you have come to spy it out, you have reached as far as—"

"I had a model!" began Ryder eagerly, when the other man's low laugh cut him short.

"What is your name?"

"I am Edward Stone, an Englishman. I had a model, too, and so did each of these five other poor earless devils. It was the same model. One by one she sent us here as she sent you. It could have been no one else but Lena Shultz."

"It was Lena Shultz," returned Ryder dully.

"I knew it. The man who discovered the lost art is not a native. To what country he belongs I do not know. I do know that he made the discovery and was captured with his belongings and is confined within three feet of where we now are. All day he works in the underground cell perfecting his discovery, for in spite of the most violent threats he will not impart the secret to another soul or work in another man's presence."

"But why did that woman send us here—on a wild goose chase?" muttered Ryder after a silence.

"Yonder poor devil is her husband. She hopes with the aid of other white men to help him escape from here. I was the first to come. I arrived at 9 in the evening. Now it is my duty to open the gate at 9 every evening in the hope of catching other would be thieves. 'Set a thief to catch a thief, you know!' He uttered a hard little laugh.

"I suppose that's what we are," agreed Ryder.

"That's so."

"How long have you been here?"

"Four years."

"My God! How do you live?"

"Don't live—exist."

"Any hope of escape?"

"None whatever."

"The imperial government"—began Ryder suddenly, when the Englishman interrupted.

"The imperial government knows nothing about the matter. The whole rascally affair is in the hands of a clique of highborn scoundrels. Resolve to make yourself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances—resign yourself to losing your ears (if you ever should escape one can buy lovely pink rubber ones, I fancy) and hope for a change of rulers. Nothing else will cause excitement enough to have our existence forgotten. Good night!"

Stone calmly stretched himself on the floor and went to sleep. Ryder sat and brooded at the bronze lantern flickering in the distance. His hand still caressed the butt of his revolver, but with less confidence.

New York seemed many thousands of miles away tonight—New York and alluring Lena Shultz. He cursed her under his breath and wondered how many more men she would throw as bait into that hidden city in the hope that one or all of them might aid in the escape of her husband.

There was an audible murmur of sound without the thick walls, pierced by sharp staccato cries. The thud of many pounding feet sounded in the courtyards above their heads, and in an instant the six sleeping prisoners were awake and on the alert. The Latin gabbled French to one another, while Stone and Ryder drew near to an iron grating in the stone roof.

The American could make nothing of the strange sounds, but the Englishman's face lighted with sudden excitement.

"By Jove," he whispered exultantly, "you've brought good luck after all, Ryder! Something extraordinary has happened, from what I can hear—a change of government indeed! Two deaths and chaos everywhere. Time for us to make a move, and disguises are in order."

He swooped to a dark corner and pried up a portion of the stone flagging. He brought into view a mass of silk and satin. He threw rich garments to each of his fellow prisoners, and without a word they slipped into the voluminous folds.

"Doubly a thief," muttered Stone as he surveyed his companions. They he caught up one remaining robe and thrust it under his arm. "See if we can release Lena's husband, poor devil! We owe her a grudge, sure enough, but white men must stand by one another!"

With the air of one who had studied his ground and was well versed in his undertaking, he unfastened the oaken door and by the guiding sound of his slipping, padding feet the six followed him into the outer darkness of corridors. They twisted and turned and doubled, and at last Stone paused before another door.

"I don't know just how to get inside," he admitted in a low tone. But the pressure of his hand on the planks pushed the door inward and revealed to their shocked senses a scene of carnage indeed. With the details omitted, they realized that Lena's husband was dead, with his precious secret still a mystery behind his horribly grinning lips.

"The syndicate has done well indeed," said Stone, turning away. Silently they filed through the passages until they reached the foot of the grass grown steps where Ryder had left the outside world behind. "It is here where the guard is set. Look for danger, friends," whispered the Englishman.

The shadows were uninhabited. They slipped up into the grove of whispering trees and followed the curve of the shining wall around to the seventh gate.

"Once outside!" muttered Stone feverishly.

"Once outside!" each man repeated in his own tongue.

In the distance were muffled cries and excited murmurings. Around the seventh gate all was still—ominously still.

The seven were pressed against the bronze gate, and Stone was fumbling with the complicated lock. There was a rushing sound behind them, and they turned their heads.

A file of soldiers was running toward them, and their short swords were raised in deadly menace. Stone pulled the door open and dashed forth with his companions into pitchy blackness. They crashed into a sedan chair just entering the gateway. A woman's scream pierced the darkness, and from the tower overhead the watchman thrust his lantern.

A white face appeared for a brief instant between the parted curtains of the chair.

"Lena Shultz!" belatedly Ryder exclaimed.

With one accord the seven victims of Lena Shultz ignored the oncoming soldiers, and, shouldering the bearers aside, they grasped the poles of the chair and carried the shrieking woman away from the seventh gate—away from the Forbidden City beyond the outer darkness to the lighted consulate buildings—to safety for all.

The next day Ryder and Stone left for the nearest treaty port. "A fifth story studio and paint pots for the rest of my life. I'll take my foreign travel book fashion hereafter," said Ryder sheepishly to his companion as they whirled along the railway. "What's your first wish, Stone?"

The Englishman touched a matted wig which hung well down over the lapel of his coat.

"Pink rubber ears," he said solemnly.

And neither laughed.

(First publication May 26)
Notice.

To A. L. Thomas, real name unknown, and wife, Mary Thomas, real name unknown, Lizzie Green, and husband, John Green, real name unknown, lot one (1), block twenty-four (24), of the original town of O'Neill, Nebraska, now the city of O'Neill, Nebraska, and A. L. Thomas, real name unknown, as trustee, and in trust for Lizzie Green, non-resident defendants.

The above named defendants will take notice that James B. Ryan as plaintiff, has commenced an action in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against you and each of you and the before described real estate, made defendant in said action, the object and prayer of his said petition being to foreclose a tax lien owned and held by him upon the following described real estate situated in the city of O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, to-wit: Lot number one (1), block number twenty-four (24), of the original town of O'Neill, Nebraska, now the city of O'Neill, Nebraska, on account of the sale of said real estate for taxes to the county of Holt on the 17th day of November, 1905, for the delinquent taxes for the years 1890 to 1904, said tax sale certificate having been assigned by the county of Holt to the plaintiff on the 13th day of June, 1908, and the plaintiff having paid the taxes on said real estate for the years 1905 to 1909, inclusive.

Plaintiff alleges that he is the owner of said tax sale certificate issued to the county and subsequent taxes paid by him, and that the same is a first lien on said real estate and that there is due him by reason of said sale and subsequent tax payment the sum of \$200.00 with the further sum of \$20.00 as attorney fees.

Plaintiff prays in said petition that the amount due him be determined and a decree be entered therefor in his behalf and that the same be decreed to be a first lien on said premises and that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said real estate be sold as by law provided and the proceeds thereof applied in payment of the amount due the plaintiff with interest, costs and attorney fees. That the defendants and each and all of them be foreclosed of all equity of redemption or other interest in said premises and that their interest therein be decreed to be subject to plaintiff's lien and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 4th day of July, 1910.

49-4 R. R. DICKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

(First publication June 9.)
Estimate of Expenses.

On motion the City Council made the following estimate of the probable amount of all moneys necessary for all purposes to be expended by the city government during the present fiscal year, commencing May 3, 1910, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1911:

Salaries of city officers	\$1800
Fuel	1500
Railroad sinking fund	2500
Repairs on water works	2500
Streets and sidewalks	2000
Interest on sewer bonds and repairs on sewer	1000
Total	\$11300

The entire revenue for the previous fiscal year was as follows:

Received of county treasurer	\$3327.49
Saloon occupation tax	900.00
Water rental	1967.27
Occupation tax, beer vault	200.00
Police Judge	20.00
City scales	94.50
Miscellaneous licenses	662.50
Total	\$7171.76

Deted at O'Neill, Neb., June 6, 1910.
O. F. BIGLIN, Mayor.
H. J. Hammond, Clerk. 51-4

(First publication June 16)
Special Master's Sale.

Docket A, No. 22.
In the Circuit Court of the United States, For the District of Nebraska, N. C. Markham, complainant vs. James A. McAllister, et al., defendants in Chancery.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 29th day of May, 1909, I, GEO. H. HUMMEL, Special Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska, on the 18th day of July, 1910, at the hour of 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Holt County Court House building in the City of O'Neill, Holt County, State and District of Nebraska, sell at public auction for cash the following described property, to-wit:

The Northwest quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$) of section one (Sec. 1) township thirty (Twp. 30) north of range eleven (R. 11) and the west half (W $\frac{1}{2}$) of the West half (W. $\frac{1}{2}$) of section twenty-five (Sec. 25) and the south half (S $\frac{1}{2}$) of the northeast quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and the north half (N. $\frac{1}{2}$) of the southeast quarter (SE $\frac{1}{4}$) and the south half (S. $\frac{1}{2}$) of the southeast quarter (SE $\frac{1}{4}$) and the east half (E. $\frac{1}{2}$) of the southwest quarter (SW $\frac{1}{4}$) of section twenty-six (Sec. 26) and the northwest quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$) of section thirty-five (Sec. 35) all in township thirty-one (Twp. 31) north of range eleven (R. 11) west of the 6 P. M., in Holt County, Nebraska.

The northwest quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$) of section twenty-eight (28) Township thirty one (Twp. 31) north of Range sixteen (R. 16) west of the 6 P. M., Holt county, Nebraska.

52-5 GEO. H. THUMMEL,
Special Master in Chancery.
R. R. Dickson, Attorney for Complainant.

(First publication June 16.)
Order of Hearing on Original Probate of Will.

State of Nebraska, Holt county, s s. At a County Court, held in the County Court room, in and for said county, on the 13th day of June, 1910. Present, C. J. Malone county judge.

In the matter of the estate of John Kennel, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Christian S. Kennel praying that

the instrument, filed on the 13th day of June 1910, and purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, may be proved, approved, probated, allowed and recorded as the last will and testament of the said John Kennel, deceased, and that the execution of said instrument may be committed and the administration of said estate may be granted to Christian S. Kennel as Executor.

Ordered, That Wednesday the 6th day of July A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in The Frontier, a weekly newspaper printed in said County, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.

(Seal) C. J. Malone,
52-3 County Judge.

DR. E. T. WILSON
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
(Late of the U. S. Army)
Successor to Dr. Trueblood, Surgery and Diseases of women.

SPECIALTIES:
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Spectacles correctly fitted and supplied.
O'NEILL, NEB.

J. H. Davison
A full stock of everything in
Harness and Horse Furnishings

Guaranteed Goods and Satisfied Customers. Highest Price Paid for Hides. Come and see me.

Call At the New
Meat Market
For all kinds of fresh and cured meats

W. L. SHOEMAKER, Prop
2 doors west of Golden Hardware and Furniture Store.

R. R. DICKSON
Lawyer

REFERENCE: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, O'NEILL

FRED L. BARCLAY
STUART, NEB.
Makes Long or Short Time Loans on Improved Farms and Ranches

If you are in need of a loan drop him a line and he will call and see you

A. J. Hammond
Abstract Company
Title Abstractors
Office in First National Bank Bldg

DR. P. J. FLYNN
Physician and Surgeon

Night Calls will be Promptly Attended
Office: First door to right over Pixley & Hanley's drug store. Residence phone 96

**HOTEL
EVANS**

ONLY FIRST-CLASS
HOTEL IN THE CITY
FREE BUS SERVICE

W. T. EVANS, PROP

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HAMBURG Patent Office, New York, N. Y., 351 Broadway, New York.

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. 351 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Frontier Six Months for 75c