

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure  
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar  
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

### Inman Items.

Master Ira Watson came up from Lincoln last Wednesday to spend his vacation here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conard drove over from Page last Saturday to visit at the home of George Stanley's over Sunday.

Mr. Clifford Van Valkenburg and Ward Davis came up from Pletz, Colorado last Friday to visit with friends and relatives.

Pearl Lucile, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mossbaugh, died at their home last Friday at the age of 7 months. The remains were buried in the Inman cemetery last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Swain and family drove over from Page last Saturday returning Sunday.

Mrs. Levi Gammet is having her house painted this week.

Quarterly meeting was held in the M. E. Church last Sunday morning where 14 new members were taken in.

The childrens day program was given last Sunday evening at the M. E. Church and was well

## BLACK DIAMOND No. 21726

Black Diamond is a French Draft Stallion, 4 years old, and will stand this season at my place Ray postoffice, Holt county, Nebraska.

TERMS—\$10 to insure live colt. Money due at the disposal of the mare or mares or moving same from the neighborhood. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but we will not be responsible should any occur.

**W. R. JOHNSON, Manager.**

### PERSONAL:—

It is earnestly requested that every reader of this newspaper see the Bliss agent at once and get a box of the reliable Bliss Native Herbs, the best Spring medicine, the good herb blood purifier for the entire family.

Personal experience has proved that it will regulate the liver, give new life to the system and strengthen the kidneys. It will make rich, red blood. 200 tablets \$1.00 and—the dollar back promptly if not benefited quickly and surely.

Apply at once to Albert's Harness & Shoe Store.

rendered.

Miss Francis Coffin of Burwell is visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harlon.

Miss Minnie B. Miller was down from O'Neill last Sunday visiting with Mr. and Mrs. George Keyes.

(First publication June 8)  
Ordinance No 41 "A"

An ordinance known as the annual appropriation ordinance and appropriating the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the city of O'Neill, Nebraska for the fiscal year beginning May 2, 1911, and ending on the 7th day of May, 1912.

Be it ordained by the mayor and city council of the city of O'Neill Nebraska that there shall be apportioned out of the funds of said city of O'Neill for the following purposes and the following amounts.

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.....	2000

The entire revenue for the previous fiscal year was as follows:  
Received from the county treasurer..... \$2844.06

Saloon occupation tax.....	1500.00
Water rental.....	1607.35
Police Judge.....	38.00
City Scales.....	150.10
Miscellaneous licenses.....	936.60

Total..... 7076.11

This ordinance shall take effect and be in force after its passage approval and publication as required by law.

Attest. O. F. Biglin, Mayor.  
H. J. Hammond, Clerk.

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIDELITY BANK

of O'Neill, Charter No. 895 Incorporated in the state of Nebraska, at the close of business June 1, 1911.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts.....	\$58277 31
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	567 10
Bonds, securities, judgments claims, etc.....	707 71
Banking house, furn. and fix.....	7456 25
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	552 74
Cash items.....	
Due from national, state and private banks and bankers.....	\$13372 53
Checks and items of exchange.....	93 57
Currency.....	2053 00
Gold coin.....	835 00
Silver, nickels and cents.....	156 95
Total cash on hand.....	16511 05
Total.....	\$ 84072 19

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$25000 00
Surplus fund.....	1000 00
Undivided profits.....	1072 67
Individual deposits subject to check.....	31641 64
Demand certificates of deposit.....	1212 15
Time certificates of deposit.....	22574 22
Due to national, state and private banks and bankers.....	1571 51 56999 52
Total.....	\$ 84072 19

State of Nebraska, County of Holt, ss. I, Jas. F. O'Donnell, cashier of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the state banking board.

Jas. F. O'Donnell, Cashier.  
Attest—O. F. Biglin, Geo. H. Haase, Directors.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of June, 1911.  
M. H. McCarthy, Notary Public.  
Commission expires Dec 5, 1912.

## RENEGADE

Why a Southern Officer of the Union Army Was So Considered  
By F. A. Mitchell  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

When it became necessary in 1861 for the officers of the United States regular army hailing from southern states to choose between the Union and the Confederate causes those who were fully in sympathy with the secession movement went gayly over without qualms of conscience or regret. But those who believed the movement was wrong, ill advised and doomed to failure stood between two fires. If they remained where they conceived their duty held them they would be condemned as renegades, as traitors, by those they loved and who loved them at home.

In 1861 I served in Virginia with my battalion of the 4th U. S. cavalry. One of our officers was Lieutenant Harold Claybourne, a premature graduate from West Point, nineteen years old. I say premature, because his class had been graduated far ahead of its time in order to furnish officers, so greatly needed. Claybourne had been appointed to the academy from Virginia and was now serving in his native state against his own people.

Unfortunately for these southern officers who fought on the northern side, there was always an element of distrust concerning them. This probably arose from the fact that many southern civil officers held positions under the United States government till long after hostilities commenced. All the while aiding and abetting the Confederate cause. Young Claybourne, suffering at being obliged to fight his own people, was unhappy and morose. We, his brother officers, knowing him to be a man of tender conscience and that his heart was really with his own flesh and blood, sympathized with him, but our intimate knowledge of him prevented any suspicion of his fidelity to the cause with which he had cast his lot.

These were the days when the Army of the Potomac on the one hand and the Army of Northern Virginia on the other were facing each other day after day and month after month, the Confederates waiting for General McClellan to move upon them. The division to which our battalion was attached remained encamped in the same cornfield for months. One night Lieutenant Waters, the adjutant, made a special detail, placing Lieutenant Claybourne in command of twelve men for reconnoitering purposes. On going to his tent to notify him of the order it was found vacant.

There was nothing to do but detail another officer. The adjutant did not report the matter to the major commanding, nor did he speak of it to any one else. Waters was curious to know the cause of Claybourne's absence. But, being a man prone to proceed liberally, he kept his own counsel, not even speaking to the absentee when he next saw him of not finding him in his tent when wanted.

Waters after this kept some watch over Claybourne and found that on certain occasions when the command was asleep Claybourne mounted his horse and rode away. Where he went Waters did not know. But, remembering that Claybourne was a Virginian, the adjutant became suspicious that he was communicating in some way with the Confederates.

We were all very young in those days and not always inclined to take the right way of doing things. Waters, instead of questioning Claybourne or reporting his singular conduct at headquarters, chose to speak of it one day at the mess table.

"I don't blame any southerner," he said, "for siding with his native state or section, but I do blame him after he has once chosen his side for riding out nights carrying information to his friends."

What induced Waters to take such a course I can't conceive. I saw at once that Claybourne would take it as an insult which any southerner would consider could not be washed out except in blood. I shall never forget his expression. There was nothing of antagonism in it; the principal feature was pain. It seemed to me that Waters' shaft struck home. I was sure Claybourne would not do anything that he conceived to be dishonorable, but I feared that he was engaged in something that would tend to injure the Union cause.

There are only two of you fellows here, besides Waters and myself," said Claybourne, "which is lucky. You must know that no man can charge me with what Waters has charged me without having to fight. We can't fight openly, but there's a way we can fight without being generally known. We can ride out beyond our vedettes, have it out and, returning, report that we've had a brush with the enemy's pickets."

out an explanation Waters would not withdraw his insinuation. There seemed nothing for it but to accept Claybourne's suggestion. I agreed to act for Claybourne, and Thorpe acted for Waters. We all rode out beyond the picket line and, choosing an open space in a wood where we thought we were not likely to be interrupted, were about to dismount for the purpose of settling the dispute when we were fired upon by concealed Confederates. We all rode away in a hurry, heading for our lines. Seeing Claybourne swaying in his saddle, I rode beside him and prevented him falling from his horse. He told me he had been shot in the side.

Claybourne was obliged to accept satisfaction from the Confederate soldier who had shot him, for he was badly wounded and had to go to the hospital. He was not discharged for several weeks. In fact, he was not discharged at all, for while he was under treatment an order came for our battalion to move forward and take up a position several miles in advance of the one we had occupied. Claybourne deserted the hospital for active service. We found no enemy between us and our new encampment except small bands, which at once retreated before us.

Our battalion encamped near the manor house of a large plantation, the occupants of which were Confederates and very bitter against us as invaders of the south, as they called us. Claybourne and I were in the same company, and I noticed on the march that he was suffering great mental distress. I forebore to ask him the cause, for I knew I would receive no satisfaction.

The day after we were settled in our new encampment Claybourne asked me to ride with him that we might form some plan to remove the obliquity under which he rested on account of his mysterious rides and the innuendo of the adjutant. We emerged from our camp and rode on for a time in silence. Presently from the gate of the plantation house which we were approaching emerged a young girl. When we met her she fixed her eyes upon Claybourne with an unmistakable expression of contempt.

I looked from her to him. For some time he did not speak, and when he did he burst out vehemently.

"There is your explanation," he said. "You, who were born and have lived north, have no conception of what we southern army officers who have stuck by the flag have suffered and must continue to suffer. The girl we have just passed and I were brought up together as children. We were sweethearts in childhood and are today lovers in youth, for, despite her treatment of me, she loves me today, as I love her. When I went to West Point we were betrothed. When the war came on she wrote me, begging me to resign and come to fight for our homes and our firesides. I thought and I thought day after day, week after week, month after month. I could see no sense, no justification, in breaking up the Union. Yet to turn against my own people was horrible; to give up the girl I loved was heartbreaking. I knew what I was bound in conscience and in honor to do, but it seemed that I could not do it. At last I decided. And, once I decided, my decision was irrevocable. You will have no Benedict Arnold among us southern men on either side."

I leaned over toward him and threw my arms about him. Then we rode on for some time in silence, which I broke. "Waters will apologize to you," I said. "It is not necessary that you should explain your mysterious rides even to me. I can readily understand that they were on errands of love."

"You are right," he replied. "I have visited my former fiancée in the hope that I might win her from the position she has taken. I have failed."

"But how," I asked presently, "were you able to visit this place when it was in Confederate hands?"

"Many of the officers were former playmates of mine, and I had no difficulty in getting permission to visit one who was known to have been my sweetheart. I know every one about here. That was the weakness of my position. I repeatedly and secretly visited the enemy."

I could readily understand all that my young friend had suffered and how to gain a kind word from the girl he loved had laid himself liable to a charge of treachery. Even in confiding the matter to me he had parted with his secret.

As soon as we returned to camp I sought Waters and told him that the explanation he had called for had been made to me and that I was perfectly satisfied with it. Waters accepted it as if it had been made to him personally and offered to go to Claybourne and apologize, but I assured him that it was not necessary. All the case required was that the matter be dropped.

## LISZT AS AN IDOL

The Great Musician Was Petted by English Royalty.

### A SOUVENIR OF THE MASTER.

The Singular Memento That Was Secretly and Treasured by a Cold, Rigid and Rather Disagreeable Old Englishwoman.

"When I was a very small boy indeed," writes Ford M. Hueffer in Harper's, "when I wore green velvetene clothes, red stockings and long golden curls, thus displaying to an unsympathetic world the fact of my pre-raphaelite origin, I was taken one day to a very large hall. In front of us was a wooden platform draped all in red. Upon the platform was a grand piano.

"In front of me the first row of the stalls had been taken away, and in place of them there had been put three gilded armchairs, before which was a table covered with a profusion of flowers that drooped and trailed to the ground. Suddenly there was applause—a considerable amount of applause. A lady and gentleman were coming from under the dark entry that led to the artists' room. They were the Prince and Princess of Wales. There was no doubt about that even for a small boy like myself.

"And then there was more applause. What applause! It volleyed, it rolled round the hall. All were on their feet. People climbed on to their chairs, they waved hands, they waved programs, they waved hats, they shouted, for in the dark entrance there had appeared, white and shining, a head with brown and sphinxlike features and white and long hair and the eternal wonderful smile.

"They advanced, these three, amid those tremendous shouts and enthusiasm—the two royal personages leading the master, one holding each hand. They approached the gilded armchairs immediately in front of me, and the prince and princess indicated to the master that he was to sit between them at the table covered with flowers.

"He made little pantomimes of modesty, he drew his hands through their grasp, he walked quickly away from the armchairs, and because I was just behind them he suddenly removed me from my seat and left me standing under the center of the hall, while he sat down. I do not think I was frightened by the eyes, but I know I was terribly frightened by that great brown, aquiline face, with the piercing glance and the mirthless, distant, inscrutable smile.

"And immediately just beside me there began what appeared to be a gentle and courtly wrestling match. A gentleman of the royal suit approached the master. He refused to move. The prince approached the master. He sat indomitably still. Then the princess came and, taking him by the hand, drew him almost by force out of my stall, for it was my stall, after all.

"And when he was once upon his feet, as if to clinch the matter, she suddenly sat down in it herself, and with a sudden touch of good feeling she took me by the hand—the small solitary boy with the golden curls and the red stockings—and sat me upon her lap. I, alas, have no trace of the date on which I sat in a queen's lap, for it was all so very long ago; the king is dead, the master is long since dead, the hall itself is pulled down and has utterly disappeared.

"I had a distant relative—oddly enough an English one, not a German—who married an official of the court of Weimar and became a lady in waiting on the grand duchess. As far as I know, there was nothing singularly sentimental about this lady. When I knew her she was cold, rigid and rather disagreeable. She had always about her a peculiar and disagreeable odor, and when she died a few years ago it was discovered that she wore round her neck a sachet, and in this sachet was a half smoked cigar. "This was a relic of Franz Liszt. He had begun to smoke it many years before at a dinner which she had given, and, he having put it down unfinished, she had at once seized upon it and had worn it upon her person ever since. This sounds inexplicable and incredible, but there it is."

### Settling a Bill.

When Andrew Jackson lived at Salisbury, N. C., he once attended court at Rockford, then the county seat of Surry, and left without paying his bill, which was duly charged up against him on the hotel register, which seems to have been the hotel ledger at that time, and so stood for many years. When the news of the victory of the 8th of January, 1815, was received in this then remote section the old landlord turned back the leaves of the register, took his pen and wrote under the account against Andrew Jackson, "Settled in full by the battle of New Orleans."

### She Meant Well.

The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the rigid apostle of temperance, while on a week end visit made the acquaintance of a sharp young lady of seven, to whom, on leaving, he said: "Now, my dear, we have been talking some time. I am sure you have no idea who I am."

"Oh, yes, I have," the little missy replied. "You are the celebrated drunkard."—London Graphic.

### FIRST AID IN FAINTING.

Lower the Head to Let the Blood Back to the Brain.

Fainting is a loss of consciousness due to the diminution of blood supply to the brain. It occurs most frequently in weak, sensitive women, but may occur also to men as well. It usually occurs in crowds or in crowded halls, theaters and churches, where the atmosphere is close and the air foul.

Fainting usually lasts only a few minutes, and the person recovers immediately when taken out into the fresh air, but there are cases in which it lasts much longer, sometimes for an hour or more. The first aid treatment of fainting is usually very simple. Take the person out into the fresh air and lay him flat on the back, with the head lower than the feet.

This can be done by grasping the feet and holding the body so that the head hangs down, or take an ordinary straight back chair, turn it over so that the back forms an angle with the floor and place the person on the back of the chair with the head hanging down. This position with the head hanging down favors the flow of the blood back to the brain.

All tight clothing about the neck and waist should be loosened. Smelling salts or aromatic spirits of ammonia applied to the nostrils and cold water sprinkled on the face, chest and hands help to restore consciousness.—National Magazine.

### THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Many Changes in Its Design Since It Was First Issued.

The silver dollar has undergone a great many changes since it was put in circulation in 1794. On the face of the first dollar there was stamped the head of a young woman turned to the right and with hair flowing, as if she was in a gale of wind. But in 1796 congress came to her relief and ordered her hair to be tied up with a bit of ribbon. The fifteen stars which appeared on the first dollar were after this reduced to the original thirteen in recognition of the number of states.

In 1836 the design was again changed, and the dollar bore the figure of a woman dressed in a flowing garment. The designer forgot, however, to put in the thirteen stars, and the coin was soon called in, the new design having the woman surrounded by stars. Her air was defiant and stiff looking, and in 1838 dollars were issued which were more artistic in treatment. The first dollars bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," were coined in April, 1864, and in 1873 the era of the trade dollar began, lasting just five years.

The Liberty dollar made its appearance in 1878. Miss Anna W. Williams, a public school teacher of Philadelphia, sat for the portrait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Sure of a Raise.

An enterprising woman who rents several apartments in a new building and sublets them furnished, room by room, has profited at the rate of several hundred dollars a year by woman's propensity for telling everything she knows. To each applicant for a room she named an exorbitant price to start with.

"Now, understand, this is a concession to you alone and must be regarded as strictly confidential. If you tell a soul in the house that I have made a reduction in your favor I shall have to charge the original price."

Within two weeks rents had gone up.

"Mrs. Smith tells me," said the astute landlady to each gossiping tenant, "that you told her you pay only \$6 for your room instead of \$7." And as no one was in a position to plead not guilty the additional rental was exacted.—New York Times.

### The Retort Courteous.

James Russell Lowell was once a guest at a banquet in London where he was expected to reply to a toast. The speaker who preceded Mr. Lowell said many contemptuous things about the people of the United States, avowing and repeating again and again that they were all bragarts. As American minister at the court of St. James Lowell could hardly overlook this speech, so as he rose he said smilingly: "I heartily agree with the gentleman who has just spoken. Americans do brag a great deal, and I don't know where they got the habit, do you?"

### Big Mouthfuls.

"Yes," whispered the man who knows everybody, "the big chap over there at the third table is a great gormand. He's a mountain in the financial world, you know."

"H'm!" commented the quiet observer. "Instead of a mountain he looks to me like a great gorge."—Chicago News.

### Boiling Alive.

The last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia in 1890. The offender was guilty of stealing state revenues and was put into a large cauldron of cold water, which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed as a warning among the provincial tax collectors.

### Incorrigible.

"Nobody wants to play bridge with Mrs. Bean. She talks all the time." "I suppose she's quiet when she's dummy?" "Quiet! She talks twice as much."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Silence Is Safety.

After forty years of married life I've made up my mind it don't matter how often a man an' his wife disagree as long as he don't let her know it.—Harper's Bazar.

## VICTOR Talking Machine



We handle the Celebrated Victor Talking machine, the best machine made. Come in and hear it and let it convince you that there is no other as good. We have them from \$10 up.

**W. B. GRAVES: JEWELER.**