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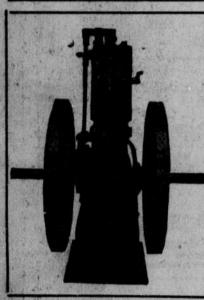
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(First publication Nov. 14.)

Notice of Application for Bids for Jail
Cells and Corridors.

Sealed bids are invited for the furnishing and installation of two tool proof cells with one tool proof corridor in connection with said cells; also one padded cell for insane patients for the county fall of Holi county, situated at O'Neill, Nebraska.

The jail room in which said.

The jail room in which said tool proof cell and corridor are to be install is—feet long and—feet wide. Each of said tool proof cells shall be 6; feet by 8 feet. The corridor connecting therewith shall be 6 feet by 13 feet, all to be 7 feet in helph.

(First publication Nov. 14)

Notice. State of Nebraska, County of Holt

ride. Each of said tool profeels in all be 64 feet by 8 feet. The cordidor connecting therewith shall be feet by 13 feet, all to be 7 feet in leight.

The padded cell shall be of the following dimensions: 8 feet by 7 feet by 1 feet in height.

Each bidder may furnish his own plans and specifications and shall have the privelege of bidding upon the clans and specifications furnished by avery competitor.

For this purpose the plans and specifications must be on file five days before the date hereinafter mentioned for the close of bids.

All bids must be on file in the office of the county clerk of said county at the southwest corner of section 19, twp. 28, north of range 15 west and run thence east on the section line 40.22 plus 20.00 chains, thence north 47 degrees 44 minutes, east 7.91 chains, thence

Naylor Block

south 71 degrees 45 minutes, east 7.97 chains, thence south 88 degrees 55, east 6 66 chains to the east line of section 19, twp. 28, range 15, thence south on section line 2.67 chains to the southeast corner of said section 19, thence east on section line three miles, also one mile between sections 27 and 28 in said township 28, range 15 and there terminate, 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 22nd day of January, A. D. 1913, or such road will be established without reference thereto.
(Seal)
S. F. McNICHOLS,
22-4
County Clerk

(First publication Nov. 14.)

Notice. The State of Nebraska, County of

County Clerk.

In the county court: Notice is hereby given that, petition having been filed in the county court of Holt county, Nebraska, for the appointment of an administrator of the estate of Cornelius J. Murphy, deceased, late of said county, the same is set for hearing at 10 o'clock a. m.. on Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1912, at the office of the county judge in O'Neill, in said county, at which time and place all persons interested

in said estate may appear and be heard concerning said appointment.
Given under my hand and official seal this 13th day of November, 1912.
(Seal)
L. C. CHAPMAN,
22-3,
Acting County Judge

(First publication Nov. 14) Auction of School Lands.

Notice is hereby given that on the Notice is hereby given that on the l4th day of December, 1912, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the office of the county treasurer of Holt county, the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, or his authorized representative, will offer for lease at public auction all educational lands within said county upon which for feture of contracts educational lands within said county upon which forfeiture of contracts has been declared, as follows:

NW1, W1SE1, SE1SE2 36 32 12, S
D. Gallentine.

N1, N1SE2 36-25-11, John H. Dierks.
E1 16-31.10, Chas. T. Allen.
E. B. COWLES,
Commissioner of Public Lands and

Buildings. Dated Nov. 12, 1912.

(First publication Nov. 14)

Notice. State of Nebraska, County of Holt,

To whom it may concern:
The County Snpervisors of Holi
county at their regular session on the
9th day of November, 1912, took up the subject matter relative to road asked for between sections thirty-five and thirty-six, township thirty-one, range thirteen west and instructed the publication of the same in accordance with a survey made of recent date which is now on file in the office f the county clerk and reads as fol-

lows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of section 35, twp. 31, range 13 west and running west on section line 4 55 chains, thence south 17 degrees, east 3 00 chains in section 35, thence south 35 degrees 10 minutes, east 83 7 chains to the section line on the east side of section at a point 8.06 chains south of the northeast corner of said section, thence south on section line 24 63 chains to a point 32 69 chains south of said northeast corner and 7.00 chains north of the quarter section corner on the east side of said section 35, thence south 32 degrees, east 5.75 chains, thence south 3 degrees 40 minutes, west 3 56 chains, thence south 40 degrees, 30 minutes, west 4.40 south 40 degrees, 30 minutes, west 4.40 chains back to the section line to a point 4 98 chains south of said quarter section corner east of section 35. It was dark indeed when Hester Ranthence south on section line 34.81 chains to the southeast corner of said section 35 and the southwest corner of section 36, twp. 31, range 13, thence south on section line between sections 1 and 2, twp. 30, range 13, 80 00 chains to the corner common to sections 1 and 2, 11 and 12 and there terminate and 2, 11 and 12 and there terminate and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the county clerk's office on or before noon of the 29th day of January, A. D. 1913. or such road will be allowed without reference thereto.

(Seal) S. F. McNICHOLS, 22-4 County Clerk.

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#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\* MISS RANDALL'S CUSTOMER

A Case of Mistaken Identity

By CLARISSA MACKIE \*\*\*\*

Hester Randall surveyed the result of her morning's work with keen satisfaction. A snowy cloth was laid on her kitchen table, and piled thereon were loaves of crusty bread, sheets of featherweight biscuits and glistening rusks. There were tempting loaves of pound cake and several layer cakes as well as a platter heaped with sugared doughnuts and another of cookies.

Friday was always Hester's busiest day. She arose at 4 o'clock and baked all day to fill her orders for the dainties which were in great demand among her neighbors. On Friday evening, although she was tired and foot sore, she would deliver the bread and cake. She would have to make several trips with the heavily laden basket before her weary body could seek repose.

Now she sat down and drank a cup of hot tea and ate a trifle of supper be fore she started out on her rounds She was a plump, rosy little mite of a woman with bright brown eyes and brown hair that obstinately refused to turn gray, although Hester had passed her thirty-first year. Now she slipped into a thin white dress, for it was hot evening, and, arranging her first basket load, went out into the gathering twilight.

At Mrs. Amos Blake's she left part of her fragrant burden and paused for a

"You know the Paige place has been rented for the summer, don't you, Hes ter?" asked Mrs. Blake after awhile.

"No. I'm glad to hear it, though. It means another customer." laughed

"I spoke a good word for you. It's a one man who has something to do with making a map of the county hereabouts and he was planning to get all of his meals at the hotel, but when I told him about how you baked for some of us lazy housekeepers he said he'd much rather have home cooking and he guessed he'd fuss over his own breakfast and supper. You know men like to fuss over cooking things. Now. Amos here is tickled to death whenever I let him get breakfast on Sunday morning. This isn't telling you about Mr. Chan dler, though. I told him I'd speak to you and tell you to leave him some bread and cake, and he said he might not be home when you came, so he asked me to give you this dollar and tell you to leave a dollar's worth on his back porch every week. Have you got anything to spare?"

"Maybe I can make out some for him by giving up my own baking," replied Hester as she placed the money in the little bag dangling from her waist. "If I don't hurry it will be pitch dark before I get through. Good night."

"Good night, Hester. That cream cake looks so good I'm going to have a slice right away.

dall stopped with her third load of goodles at the gate of the Paige house. It was a small gabled cottage smothered in honeysuckle vines and for several seasons had been rented furnished to city people. It looked dark and deserted now as Hester opened-the gate and made her way around the sandy path to the back porch. As she stood there, hesitating, the moon pushed a silver rim above the shoulder of High hill, so she waited until it rose in all its splendor and cast a pale glow over the Paige house and garden. It fell full on an open window where a white curtain languidly flapped.

As Hester opened her basket and laid a clean napkin on the porch a harsh voice from the open window startled

"What are you doing out there?" it snarled, and Hester was quick to

"I'm leaving your bread and cake," she said with offended dignity in her

"Well, hurry up and get out of here want to be alone!" rasped the voice.

It was a very indignant Hester who dumped several loaves of bread, a sheet of biscuit and some doughnuts and a layer cake on the back porch and hurried out of the yard with burning cheeks.

"What a crabbed, cranky old man he must be!" thought Hester as she went home and prepared for bed. "If It wasn't for the money I'd not bake another crumb for him. The idea!"

Unfortunately Hester could not give way to her injured feelings, for she needed every penny she could earn to pay off the indebtedness on the little ouse which was her inheritance from hardworking parents. So the following Friday evening found her once more standing at Mr. Chandler's back door with her basket of goodies. It was not yet dark, and she could see a large china dish on the floor, beside which lay something white and oblong. She picked it up and in the waning light read her own name in bold. black characters. She tore it open and there dropped out another crisp

which was written: "Everything was bully. Don't forget me this week. I like pie."

dollar bill and a scrap of paper, on

Involuntarily Hester smiled and tucked the note away in her bag with the money. Then she knelt down and lifted from her basket a flaky cherry Phone 150 pie, some bread and rolls; and, cake too!"

which she piled in the dish Mr. Chan dler had thoughtfully provided, and over the whole she threw a napkin.

She was going down the steps when once more from the same open window sounded the harsh voice she had heard before.

"For heaven's sake, clear out of here! What are you hanging around for? You've got all my money and"-

Hester Randall did not wait to hear any more. With burning checks she hurried through the gate and away from the detestable stranger. Not if the little home she was working so hard to retain should be sold over her head would she ever sell another particle of her products to the boorish mapmaker who lived in the Paige

"Let him eat baker's trash." was Hester's ultimatum. A few days later she was talking to

Mrs. Blake. "That Mr. Chandler is an old man,

isn't he?" asked Hester. "Oh, no; not so very old-leastways he don't appear so to me. Hester. His hair is gray as can be. but he is + pleasant and boyish acting seems as

sets a lot of store by your cooking You've never met him yet, have you?" "Not exactly," admitted Hester. "I've heard his voice, though, and I don't see how anybody can think that's pleas-

he was as young as my Jimmy. H

"Now, isn't that the funniest thing? Everybody thinks his voice is the nicest thing there is about him."

"I don't," said Hester, with decision When the following Friday came Hester passed the cottage of Mr. Chandler with a scornful lift of her head. Not for the testy mapmaker were the toothsome dainties she had toiled over all day long. What if he did like pie? She wouldn't make pies for any man who spoke to her in such

As she prepared for bed that night Hester's anger abated a little as she thought of the breadless, cakeless, pie less state of Mr. Chandler. Somehow she could not reconcile Mrs. Blake's description of him or the boyishly enthusiastic note he had written with the surly voice which had twice accosted her from his window.

Saturday was Hester's lazy day. She rested from her hard work of the day before and usually occupied herself with some light needlework or she read a little. On this particular Saturday she was sitting on the front porch, her never idle fingers engaged with a bit of fancy work, when the gate opened and a brisk step sounded on the path. An instant later a tall form loomed at the foot of the steps.

The stranger was a handsome manthe handsomest she had ever seen, Hes ter admitted to herself as she took in with a swift glance the broad shoulders, the sun tanned countenance lighted by deep blue eyes and the crop of gray hair which made him appear young or old, as opinions might differ. He smiled and lifted a gray cap from his head.

"Miss Randall?" he inquired in the very nicest voice Hester bad ever heard.

"Yes," replied Hester wonderingly. "My name's Chandler. I'm wonder ing if you realize, Miss Randall, that I'm simply starving for lack of your sustaining goodles?"

"I'm sorry," faltered Hester, blush-

"Why did you forget me? But, there; I needn't ask that. Of course I'm your latest customer, and I suppos you didn't have anything to spare for me, eh?"

"That wasn't the reason," returned Hester, with sudden spirit. "I had plenty of time to bake for you, Mr Chandler, but I don't care to keep a customer who-who talks to me in such a manner." "How-how-I don't believe I under

stand," stammered Mr. Chandler in undoubted bewilderment.

Hester explained, painfully embar rassed at the amusement mingled with the concern on his face. "It's that rascal, Peter," grouned

Mr. Chandler. "You see, Miss Randall. Peter is a parrot that belonged to an aged cousin of mine, for whom I was named. When Cousin Philip dled he left me the dandiest collection of In dian relics, with the strict condition that I must personally care for Peter until he sees fit to shuffle off. Now. my cousin Philip was something of a hermit, and I see by Peter's vocabulary that his master detested visitors. Now. permit me to bring you the ill mannered Peter in order to verify my statements.

Hester assured him that she was a ready satisfied, and after she had enjoyed a good laugh at her own ex pense she filled the basket of the hungry Chandler and sent him away rejoicing, but that was not until an hour had passed, during which time they became acquainted.

Hester continued to leave her cookery on Chandler's porch, and once when she falled to bring it he went to her to find out what was the matter. He found that something had gon wrong with her oven and insisted on fixing it for her. They both knelt down to see into the grate, and their heads touched. Before either of them knew what had happened Chandler had kiss ed her. Hester arose, apparently very much disgruntled, but when Chandler put his arm about her and kissed her again she didn't look as chagrined as might have been expected.

It was a year afterward that Mrs Amos Blake picked the grains of rice out of her best hat and tucked it away in its bandbox. "I feel that I ought to have all the credit for Hester's marrying Mr. Chandler because I got him as a customer for her, but they say the road to a man's heart is by way of his stomach, and I suppose Hester's cooking counts a good deal

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