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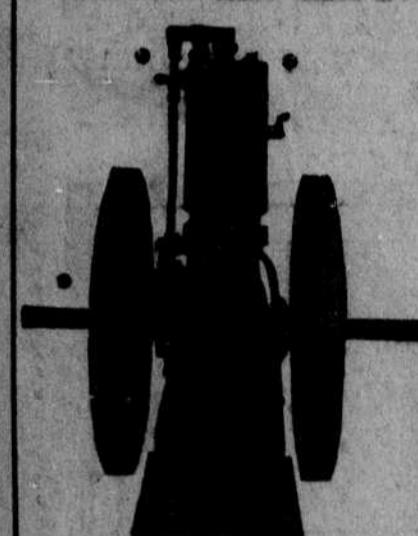
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We cry sales anytime or anywhere and guarantee satisfaction. Big ranch sales a specialty. For dates see any of the O'Neill banks, or phone us at Ewing, Nebr.

This is to certify that WRIGHT & BREWER cried our sale on our ranch, on Dec. 13, 1911, amounting to \$23,000.00 in three hours and five minutes. We were very much pleased and would gladly recommend them. Fisher & Berigan

## O. O. SNYDER

### Lumber and Coal

PHONE 32

O'NEILL, NEB. 5½ Frontier for... Job Work

(First publication Jan. 16)

#### Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at O'Neill, Nebraska, January 13, 1913. "Not Coal Land." Notice is hereby given that John Gaughenbaugh, of Emmet, Nebraska, who, on January 8, 1908, made Homestead entry No. 21302, No. 02559, for SW ¼ NW ¼ section 19, township 28 N. range 12 W 6th P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register & Receiver, at O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 19th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Jerome U. Maring, Bartley J. Gaffney, William E. Gaffney of Emmet, Nebr., and Hans Peterson of O'Neill, Nebraska.

B. E. STURDEVANT,  
31-5 Register.

First publication Jan. 23.  
Notice of Sale Under Chattel Mortg-

age.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage executed on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1910, by H. L. Madison to Cowperthwaite & Son to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, payable with interest at 10 per cent per annum one year from the date of said mortgage, and upon which there is now due the sum of \$423.50 and interest at 10 per cent per annum from the 19th day of December, 1912, and costs of sale, we will sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand in front of the Hilliard livery barn in O'Neill, Nebraska, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, February 15, 1913, one brown horse mule, weight 900 pounds; one brown mare mule, weight 900 pounds; one bay horse, weight 900 pounds; set of 1½ inch harness and one buggy.

Dated at O'Neill, Nebraska, this 22nd day of January, 1913.

COWPERTHWAITE & SON,  
323 Mortgagees.

(First publication Jan. 2)  
Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale, directed to me from the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before R. R. Dickinson Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District in and for Holt county, Nebraska, on the 5th day of October, 1912, in favor of James N. Brown as plaintiff, for the sum of \$1010.25 with interest at 10 per cent from date of decree, and also in favor of William P. Hall, defendant and cross petitioner, for the sum of \$700.00 with interest at 6 per cent from date of decree, and against H. H. Garst, whose true Christian name is unknown, Jane Garst his wife, whose true Christian name is unknown, William P. Hall, Elmer J. Kidder and Margaret M. Kidder his wife, P. O. Nelson & Company and John Doe whose true name is unknown, as defendants, said decree aggregating the sum of one thousand seven hundred ten and 25-100 dollars, and costs taxed at \$44.50 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants, to satisfy said order of sale to wit: The west half of the southwest quarter and the south half of the northwest quarter of section twenty-four [24], in township thirty-two [32] north, of range twelve [12] west of the 6th P. M., in Holt county, Nebraska; and will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash, in hand on the 3d day of February, A.D. 1913, at the front door of the court house in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where due at tendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated at O'Neill, Nebraska, this 31st day of December, 1912.

H. D. GRADY,  
29-5 Sheriff of Said County.

(First publication Jan. 23)  
Legal Notice.

To Michael Vaughn, a single man, C. H. Toncray, real name unknown, Ira M. Comstock, W. D. Mathews, real name unknown, and Emeline Mathews, his wife, H. N. McKee, a single man, real name unknown, Nelson Toncray and Mrs. Nelson Toncray, his wife, real name unknown, Charles E. Gibson and the southeast quarter [SE ¼] of section one [1], in township twenty-seven [27], north of range thirteen [13], west of the Sixth Principal Meridian in Holt county, Nebraska; that on the 3rd day of June, 1912, plaintiff herein, Charles A. Robinson, purchased said Holt county's tax lien upon said premises and is now the owner thereof; plaintiff alleges in his petition that he is the legal owner of said tax lien by virtue of said assignment from said Holt county dated as aforesaid; that there is due him on said tax lien the sum of \$—, no part of which has been paid or in any manner satisfied; plaintiff prays that the amount due him be determined, that the same be decreed to be a first lien upon said premises, that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises be sold and the proceeds thereof used in payment of the amount due the plaintiff with interest and costs and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 3rd day of March, 1913.

32-4 CHARLES A. ROBINSON,  
By W. K. Hodgin, His Attorney.

The Frontier Six Months for 75¢

## THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

A Story of the Balkan War

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the war between the Balkan states and the Turks broke out it placed Arthur Andrews, an American living in Servia, in a condition calculated to drive him mad. A few years before, having come of age and inheriting a fortune, he went abroad to travel for pleasure. The Balkan peninsula attracted him owing to its rugged scenery, the gay costumes of its people and its general oriental appearance. The inhabitants of Turkey in Europe are a mixture of the white and Turkish races, Christians and Mohammedans. Andrews was at an impulsive, reckless age, an age to fall violently in love, and being in love, not to consider the consequences of an ill assort married. A young Turkish girl to whom he was introduced carried him clean off his feet, and he became so violently in love with her that throwing caution to the winds, he begged her to marry him.

The lady, Zaide, the daughter of a pasha, born in the highest Turkish circles, did not consider Andrews her social equal, but her heart was enlisted as well as his own, and she consented that he should ask her father for her hand. The pasha, being an admirer of western civilization, looked favorably on his suit and at last consented, provided he would embrace the faith of Islam. The young man declared that he would embrace any faith on the face of the globe if he might be permitted to embrace the pasha's daughter. The marriage was celebrated, and the groom, realizing that his and his wife's religion would be out of place in America, remained in Turkey.

Andrews' Mohammedan, being skin deep, wore off with the first freshness of love. Indeed, the more he saw of the Turks the deeper he sympathized with those who would be glad to see the crescent driven back into Asia, from which it had emerged many centuries before to make its European conquests. Born a Christian, it galled him that the Turks should occupy Christian ground, that their capital should have been founded by the first Christian Roman emperor or that the church of St. Sophia should be a mosque.

When the Montenegrins, in order to forestall an order from the powers, broke sword in hand, into Turkish territory and Servia was preparing to do her part in the war, a crisis came in the affairs of Andrews and his wife. Her father was not only devoted to the cause of Islam, but was an officer high in the service of the sultan. The young wife declared that she would stand by her father, her countrymen and her religion. Andrews asserted that he would join the Servian forces and aid in banishing the crescent to Asia, where it belonged. They parted, though their hearts were welded, agreeing that after the struggle they would fly again to each other.

During those first few weeks when the allied forces were winning victory after victory and driving their enemy before them there were some temporary setbacks to the allies. In one of these Andrews, who commanded a squadron of cavalry in the Servian army, was wounded and captured. He and those taken with him were hurried to the rear to a reserve corps, which it happened was under the command of Rustom Pasha, his father-in-law.

Zaide, who was a woman of strong character, had while living with her husband become much interested in many European institutions, among others the Red Cross. She had no sooner joined her father than she proceeded to organize a similar corps as an auxiliary to her father's command. One day upon passing hurriedly down between two rows of cots in a hospital her eye fell upon a face which notwithstanding its pallor she recognized at once as her husband. She was about to fly to his embrace when the horror of the situation rushed upon her. Andrews had professed to be a disciple of Mohammed and had drawn his sword against the prophet. So long as he was unrecognized as a Mohammedan he would be treated as a prisoner of war, but if he were known to be or have been of the faith nothing could save him.

The glances of the two met, and this same thought occurred to both. There was a momentary lighting of each pair of eyes. Then the wife withdrew hers, and she passed on down the aisle and left the room.

The hospital, though in the Turkish rear, was not considered permanent, for the allies were pressing forward, fighting like tigers. But for one day and night the sick were undisturbed. During the evening Mrs. Andrews, though worn out with the distressing work of the day, went in among the sick, ostensibly to cheer them, but really to steal a brief interview with her husband. Taking the precaution to stop and speak with a number of sufferers before reaching the bed he occupied, she at last came to his and said in the Turkish tongue and a voice loud enough to be heard:

"Are you badly wounded, sir?"

"Only slightly," was the reassuring reply.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. During the night I am feverish and troubled with a burning thirst. If you can send about midnight some water I shall be grateful."

"I will send it tonight."

She passed on, but both understood that an excuse had been given her to communicate with him at an hour when few were about and possibly to have an interview with him unnoticed.

At midnight she brought the water herself. Only one nurse was on duty, and she sat at a far end of the room half asleep. Unobserved, the wife knelt to give her husband a cup of water, and their lips met.

"You will be discovered surely," she whispered. "Indeed, you have been suspected already. One of the nurses has asked me if you were not a Mohammedan, saying that she has seen you at your devotions in a mosque. I told her that I would look into the matter at once. You must leave here at any cost."

"Not if my escape shall compromise you."

"I have thought of a plan. As soon as it is day begin to groan as if in great pain and keep it up until I appear. I shall then direct your removal to a place where you will not disturb your fellow prisoners. Once there, we may carry out my intentions as to your escape."

Without waiting for reply she hurried away, leaving her husband fearful of the consequences that would accrue to her in case she were caught assisting in the escape of a renegade Mohammedan.

However, he could see no risk in carrying out so much of her plan as she had given him, and with the first sign of dawn he began a groaning so loud that the nurse in charge reported the fact that it was having a bad effect on the other patients. Zaide at once ordered him taken to a room by himself and remained to look after his necessities after those who had removed him had left and told him the balance of her plan for him. It was that he should put on her clothes and since Turkish ladies do not expose the face there would be little difficulty in his walking out past the guards without being detected.

"And you?" exclaimed the husband. "How will you protect yourself against the terrible fate that will come to you when it is discovered that you are here and I have walked out in your clothes? Though your father commands, he will not be able to save you from the fury of your people."

"I have a chance of deceiving them; you have none."

At that moment there came the distant boom of a gun. It was followed by another and another till the whole became like low muttering thunder.

"The allies are pressing forward," exclaimed Andrews. "Quite likely before long they will have driven their enemy from this position."

"In that case," was the reply, "there will be great confusion among us, and it will not be so difficult to carry out my plan."

During the morning the booming grew more distinct, and added volleys of musketry at last turned the whole into one incessant roar. Zaide was occupied every moment in providing for the wounded that were constantly being brought in and could not steal a moment to visit her husband. Then came an order to abandon the hospital, while the thunder of war without turned comparative order into panic.

What became of the prisoners, excepting Andrews, forms no part of this story, but in the midst of the turmoil Zaide hurried into her husband's room with a nurse's apparel—there were no uniforms—with spots of blood on it. She had removed it from its wearer, who had been killed by a bursting shell. Giving it to her husband, he put it on, and the two sailed forth.

The Turkish line in front was breaking before the impetuous charge of the allies, and panic stricken men were running past, while random shots were whistling by Andrews and his wife. He begged Zaide to make toward the enemy's lines, but she refused.

"Go," she said, "to your people. You are saved, and I will not be suspected of having aided you. I must stand by my father and my faith, else I can no longer live in the home of my ancestors."

They were standing, loath to let go each other's hands, Andrews pulling one way, Zaide the other, when she was struck by a spent ball and stunned, falling into her husband's arms. He, thinking that she was dead, with a cry of anguish, laid her on the ground. She had scarcely recovered consciousness when with a shout a regiment of Servians came bounding past them and they were inclosed within the allied lines.

The transposition from being under the cross instead of the crescent put an entirely new phase in the situation for this loving couple. Both were safe for the present, and should Zaide return to her own people there was no reason to suppose that her having favored a renegade to the cause of Islam would be known. She very soon recovered consciousness when with a shout a regiment of Servians came bounding past them and they were inclosed within the allied lines.

While waiting the husband made a strong effort to persuade his wife to adopt the Christian injunction to leave her people and cleave unto her husband. He offered to withdraw from the cause of the allies if she would do the same with that of the Turks. They would go to his own home in America, where Zaide would become one of his own people. After all, the part of a wife, common in most countries, to enter upon her husband's condition prevailed, and Zaide finally agreed to his terms. The allies were besieging Constantinople, and there was little of Islam in Europe left to detain her. Together the two set sail for the land of all religions.

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