

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food.

some extra good bulls which they will sell to please purchaser. See L. W. Arnold, O'Neill, Neb. 31-1f

Wanted—To buy sucking calves, from two days to two weeks old. Address, John Barnes, Emmett, Neb.

We do French Dry Cleaning in our shop of all ladies and gentlemen's garments. Nothing but first class work turned out. At Frank and Vince Suchy's tailor shop 1-1f

LOCAL MATTERS.

Az Perry was down from Atkinson Tuesday.

H. A. Allen of Atkinson was in the city Tuesday.

I. N. Boggs made a business trip to McLean on Tuesday.

John Mathis and Sam Becker of Atkinson were in the city yesterday.

Henry Howard of Page visited among his O'Neill friends yesterday.

W. R. Butler was over from Gregory the first of the week attending court.

There will be services held in the Episcopal church next Sunday morning, February 9.

Mrs. V. Alberts arrived home Monday from a five week's visit with friends in Omaha.

Mrs. Mary Mullen returned from Omaha Wednesday evening after a ten day's visit with relatives and friends.

Col. James Moore reports a great sale out at G. B. Conwell's last Tuesday. There was a good crowd and bidding was lively.

Tom Donlan suffered between \$400 and \$500 damages by fire at his residence in the north part of town last Saturday night. The damage was inside the house in the upper story.

Rev. Samuel Light of Randolph preached twice last Sunday at the Presbyterian church in the interest of foreign missions. A fund of \$86 was raised by the church for mission work.

Editor Marshall of the Niobrara Tribune was a fraternal caller Tuesday. Mr. Marshall was over with the Spencer orchestra which played for the dance at the opera house here Monday night.

Edward Tighe of Middle Branch was in town Friday and left an order at this office for bills for a big public sale at his place February 17. Mr. Tighe sold his land and will go to Iowa after the sale.

Mrs. Ziemer and daughter Zella went to Elgin Tuesday, where Miss Zella intended to remain to attend a sisters school, but returned home as the school had all the pupils that could be accommodated.

Clyde Mather got in another thoroughbred brood sow the first of the week, having shipped one up from Allen where he attended a sale last week. He and his partner have a fine herd now of fifty some thoroughbreds.

Miss Ruth Evans gave a piano recital at Inman last Friday evening. Those attending and participating from here were: Miss Evans, Misses Elsie and Martha Mills, Grace Stanley, Marion Thomas, Harold Zimmerman and Edgar Carscallen.

Ben Powell of Minneola was taken in tow by Sheriff Grady Tuesday. Ben came in on business and when the sheriff spied him at the court house he got busy and served him with an order to remain right here and report Wednesday for jury duty.

Whether his groundhogship had anything to do with it or not, our fine climate took a sudden tumble with the close of January and inside of twenty-four hours mercury dropped down the tube about seventy degrees. It got down to ten below and kept hovering around zero for several days.

John Schmidt, son of Andrew Schmidt, sprung a surprise on his O'Neill friends by going to Wayne

and getting married Tuesday, his bride being Catherine Dahm of Benton, this state. They are now at home and happy in the fine new Schmidt residence in the east part of town. Our friend Andy is quite as well pleased over his new daughter-in-law as the lad himself. Good luck and much happiness to them.

RURAL WRITINGS

(Items from the country are solicited for this department. Mail or send them in as early in the week as possible; items received later than Wednesday can not be used at all and it is preferred that they be in not later than Tuesday. Always send your name with items, that we may know who they are from. Name of sender not for publication. See that your writing is legible, especially names and places, leaving plenty of space between the lines for correction. Be careful that what you tell about actually occurred.)

Inman Items.

Ed Larson had business in Omaha this week.

Miss Lula Wilcox was on the sick list last Tuesday.

Mrs. N. S. Butler had business in Neligh the first of the week.

Mrs. Elmer Brewer went to Omaha last Monday to undergo an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lund of Omaha visited with Roy Sharp and family this week.

Clark Claridge was in O'Neill last Saturday taking the civil service examination.

Mike and Coney Colman and Henry Nelson had business in O'Neill last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Convolen of Cedar Rapids visited with friends and relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brewer came up from Ewing Wednesday to visit with C. C. Brewer and wife.

Mrs. Leo Pray, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jensen and James Harte were O'Neill visitors last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Raymond and family went to Kansas Wednesday, where they will make their home.

Mr. Henry Nelson returned to his home at Winside, Nebraska, after a month's visit with his sister Mrs. Ed. Larson.

Mrs. Orval Walker and son Lee who have been visiting relatives in Kansas for the past month returned home last Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Fowler accompanied by Jessie Bergstrum came up from Stafford last Friday. Miss Bergstrum returned home Sunday.

Mr. Garriet Jannsson returned to Omaha last Monday after a two weeks series of revival meetings which proved to be very successful.

My Friend Pat
A Story of Colorado and the Emerald Isle
By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

When I was prospecting in the gold fields of Colorado and had made what I believed to be a strike I put some gold dust in one pocket for expenses and specimens for assay in the other, and started on foot down the mountain for Denver. On the way I fell in with a young Irishman, very ragged, with a bundle tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief and a short pipe in his mouth, at which he was pulling lustily.

"Good mornin' to you," he said cheerily.

"Good morning, Pat," I replied.

"How did you know my name was Pat?" he asked.

"By your brogue."

"Is it very broad?"

"No; but broad enough to give you away as a resident of the Emerald Isle."

"Northern Irish, is it?"

"I suppose so. What are you doing out in this country?"

"Oh, I came to dig for a fortune."

"And having made it you're going back home to enjoy it?"

"What made you think I've made my fortune?"

"Oh, by your eminently respectable appearance."

"Well, now, that's lucky!"

"Why so?"

"Because I'm sadly in need of a loan, and since I've made a fortune it'll be safe for you to favor me."

I laughed at the Irish wit, and the way the young man had caught me in a trap. I was feeling somewhat set up, for I believed I had struck a fortune myself. Besides we gold seekers in those days were prone to help one another.

"How much do you want?"

"Enough to take me to Ireland—a matter of \$100."

"I can't do that much for you, but I might spare \$50 to get you to New York. Couldn't you make up the rest in some other way?"

"Half a loaf is better than none."

We went on to Denver together, and I was greatly amused by his humor and an original way he had of viewing things. I sold my mine for enough to make me independent for life and got a few hundred dollars for a first payment. By this time I had become so friendly with my traveling companion that I advanced him the whole sum needed to take him to Ireland. I believed he had made the failure nearly all gold hunters make, and since I had been one of the few fortunate ones I was ready to give him a tiny bit from my bonanza.

"Where'll I send it?" he asked.

"You needn't send it at all. As soon as I get that deal closed out I'm going to Europe, and I'll see you there."

"Well, you'll find me on the estate of the Earl of Ballygarach. At any rate, inquire there for me."

"A tenant of his?"

"No."

"What's your place there?"

He hesitated, and it seemed to me he was trying to invent a reply, so I gave him a shake of the hand and said goodbye. I felt sure I was making a loan that would never be repaid, but I'd had to invent stories myself about my hole in the ground in order to obtain means to keep on digging, and I wouldn't have thanked any one to question me too closely. As I turned away from him I saw a peculiar look in his eye.

"Why do you look at me in that way, Pat?" I asked. I had always called him Pat, though his name was John Curran.

"I can't make out why you're lending me this money. Unless you give me your address, that I may return it, or your promise to see me in Ireland I refuse to take it."

"All right; you have my promise to see you in Ireland."

"Don't you go back on me by not coming," he added, and we parted.

The sale of my hole in the ground was conditional, and some months elapsed before the purchasers had satisfied themselves that the property was what I claimed for it. Then, after all, I was obliged to take a good deal of the stock in the company that was formed in part payment, but this didn't trouble me, for I had great confidence in the value of the mine. Indeed, my stock eventually became many times more valuable than the cash payment. It was a year after the sale before I found myself independent to do what I liked, and I set off on a tour around the world. My course was eastward and took in England as my first landing place. I had always a desire to visit Ireland and, after seeing England to my heart's content, crossed the Irish channel. But I regretted feeling obliged to hunt up my debtor. I didn't need the money I had loaned him, and I didn't believe he would be in condition to pay it. To tell the truth, I had no idea I would find him on the estate of the Earl of Ballygarach or that I would find him at all. This opinion was not based on the belief that he was dishonest, for he had an expression that invited confidence, but on the fact that necessity knows no law, and his necessities had probably forced him to invent all he had told me.

After visiting the principal cities in southern Ireland I worked my way northward and one day brought up at

a little town near the estate of the Earl of Ballygarach. I rode out to the place in an Irish two wheeled cart and, stopping at the manor house, asked the butler if he could tell me of a man on the estate of the name of John Curran, who about a year before had returned to Ireland from America. The servant gave me a blank stare, then led me into a reception room, invited me to be seated and went away.

Presently he returned and said that the earl was not at home and he was the only one who could give me the information. Milady desired that I should make myself at home—in the library if I liked—till his lordship's return. Since I was not averse to nosing among books I assented.

An hour passed in this way, when the butler entered and said that luncheon would soon be ready and asked if I would like to go to my room. Though I didn't like such trespassing, I was not averse to being entertained by an earl and his lady, so I followed the man upstairs. What was my astonishment on entering the room assigned me to see my baggage there.

"How did this come here?" I asked.

"Milady sent to the inn for it, sir."

I brushed up a bit and went downstairs again. The butler announced luncheon and led me into the dining room. I was received there by a very pretty young woman, who said to me: "My husband will not return for an hour or two, and, since he does not like to have any one who calls during his absence turned away, I have taken it upon myself to make you at home. He is very fond of Americans and would never forgive me if I let one of them go away without some entertainment."

I protested that I had only called to learn of the whereabouts of one John Curran, whom I had met in Colorado, and the lady replied that the earl would give me any information in his possession on his return. She entertained me delightfully at luncheon, doing everything in her power to make me feel that I was welcome. Her voice was sweet and sounded still sweeter from the rich brogue of an Irish lady. She expressed great interest in America and kept me telling her of the country, the people and our customs. Just as we were about to rise from the table there was a sound of wheels without, the front door was thrown open, and a man stalked into the dining room.

Great heavens, he was Pat!

The moment he saw me he advanced and, grasping my hand, gave it a vigorous shake, saying:

"You've come at last, have you? I vowed that if you didn't come soon I'd go back to America to find you." Then, turning to the lady, he added:

"This is the gentleman I've been looking for."

"I supposed he was when he asked for John Curran, who had come from America a year ago."

"Well, I'm John Curran myself," added the host, "and I was Earl of Ballygarach when we were trudging together in Colorado, though I didn't know it. When I went out there were three lives between me and the title, but two of them had died, and I had heard that the third, my uncle, was very ill. I was trying to get home, but I didn't know what I should find here. I might find an estate waiting for me, and I might not be able to repay your loan; but, by Jove, old man, that was a queer thing for you to do—letting me have that money to get home with."

I said something about his honest countenance, but my conscience was not clear, and I didn't help the matter much. So I made light of the whole matter, mentioning the spirit that animated men who lived in new countries, their disposition to help one another, their respect for the softer sex and their harshness with anything unmanly. Lady Ballygarach was much interested in this account of a people she had never mingled with, though I fancied that it was because her husband had been one of them.

The earl then asked where I had put up, saying that he must send at once for my luggage, but his wife informed him that she had sent for it, whereupon he commended her highly and declared she was a trump.

The earl kept me a guest several weeks, during which he entertained me royally. He told me that he was a younger son in another branch of the family; that his father wished him to enter the army, but, having no fortune and being in love with the girl who was now his wife, he had preferred to go to America to seek his fortune. While away his father and his older brother had died, and his uncle, the earl, a bachelor, had fallen ill. The death of his father and brother had left him with no one to call upon for funds, and, as he had before told me, his uncle would not have helped him if he had asked for help.

I confess the change in him was so great from when I had known him in the gold diggings that it seemed strange to address him by his title. I was struggling to get it out and had advanced as far as Lord Ballygarach when he broke in upon me:

"Never mind that. Call me Pat. I became so far Americanized while in your country that these flourishes on a man's name sound ridiculous."

"Do you object to your title, Lady Ballygarach?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it," her husband replied for her. "What woman would?"

During the rest of my visit I called the earl Pat.

I became so fond of Pat that I found it difficult to tear myself away from him. He had had just the experience to make a man of him.

When I left him it was with the promise that he would return my visit in the land where we had both been poor. He did so, and my success as a miner enabled me to return his hospitality in kind in my own home.

of the land so taken as road bed has deeded the same to the County of Holt for road purposes. Said deed being recorded in book 89 at page 512 of deed records of Holt county, Nebraska.

I move you that we declare this line a public road and order the Co. Surveyor to properly record and plat the same on the road books of this County in accordance with survey and deed of the same above mentioned which is as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on a section line 2s 74 chains north of the southeast corner of section 2, twp 32, north of range 11, thence (Var 120 E) north 700 10' west 2 09 chains.

Thence north 500 10' west 3.43 chains. Thence north 820 10' west 14 61 chains to the east bank of Eagle creek. Thence on same corner across the creek 1.50 chains. Thence north 640 15, west 3.88 chains to the center of road no 2 as now traveled and there terminate.

F O Hommerburg
H W Tomlinson

Motion carried.

Resolved that after close association for several years in an official way with E. H. Whelan, County Attorney and L. E. Skidmore, County Assessor, and W. P. Simar, George Davis, supervisors with a careful scrutiny of their official conduct and records we the members of the board of supervisors comment them for their faithful work and trust that success will crown their efforts in any work their hands and minds may find to do.

M P Sullivan F O Hammerburg
H W Tomlinson J O Hubbell
Th D Sievers

On motion the above resolution was adopted.

Oh motion the following miscellaneous claims were allowed.

L F Blum	47
J M Cannon	4
James Davidson	70 80
Rose Grady	40
J M Grutsch	4
H D Grady	175 83
Algot Hammerburg	5 50
John A Hoffman	4
Henry Jennings	4
Ed McBride	2
Duane Sammons	4
Frank Stuart	4
Lilly Carlton	54 17
Wm Clevisch	4
J K Ernest	8
J P Golden	4
G P Grey	4
L G Gillispie	30
E D Harrison	4
E E Hanna	4
S F McNichols	1 15
J H Otter	4
Henry Schaaf	4
W P Simar	4
Gus Wolf	56 89
E C Wertz	4

On motion the following claims were allowed against the bridge fund.

Chas Bigler	26 50
J L Crawford	18
Christ Christensen	23 80
J F Galligan	48
D Haines	5
J B Jones	42 75
Henry Straka	34
Spindler & Neff	219 37
Earl W Wood	78
Levi Wells	100
H M Ryan	50
J F Cody	51 90
Geo W Davis	10
Vernon E Hunter	26 50
L E Hunter	8 75
L H Kissinger	3
Claus Sievers	40 25
Spindler & Neff	139
J L Weatherwax	8 65

On motion board adjourned sine die.

S F McNichols, County Clerk
W P Simar, Chairman

There will be a special examination for teachers on Saturday, February 15, 1913. This examination will cover all subjects required for county certification and will be held one day, only.

Minnie B. Miller, County Supt. 33-2

Here is Your Chance to Get a Metropolitan Daily Newspaper for Only \$1.50 Per Year

During February The Sioux City Daily News will conduct its second annual Bargain period during which time this metropolitan daily newspaper will be sold by mail for \$1.50. This special price will prevail during February only. This extraordinary price is made possible because the business is handled in large quantities during this cleanup period, and in large quantities it can be handled more cheaply.

The Daily News has recently installed a \$14,000 rotary press that will print, fold and deliver 24,000 papers an hour, and it will print three colors. The News since the last of November has installed one of the finest newspaper plants in the middle west in the fireproof Motor Mart building. The News is now equipped to give as good service as any daily newspaper in this section. Its telegraph service is being greatly enlarged and the pages have been lengthened to contain three more columns of reading matter daily.

Remember, during February the price of The Daily News by mail is \$1.50. After March 1 it will be \$2. Leave your subscription at this office.

The Live Stock Market

South Omaha, Neb. Feb. 4.—From the Standard Live Stock Commission Co.

There is no improvement in the trade on beef steers and they continue slow at last week's values. Cow and butcher stock still find a vigorous inquiry at strong prices. There is a lively trade in stockers and feeders despite the high level of prices.

We quote:

Choice beef	\$7.50@88 25
Common Beef down to	6 40
Choice Cornfed cows	6 00@7 00
Good butcher grades	5 00@6 90
Canners and cutters	3 75@4 80
Veal calves	5 00@6 00
Bulls, stags etc.	5 00@6 25
Good to choice feeders	6 75@7 75
Common grades down to	5 25
Stock heifers	4 75@6 50
Good to choice range heaves	7 50@8 15
Common to good range heaves	6 25@7 40

Hog receipts are running a little less than last week with a slight advance in the market. Bulk \$7.35 to \$7 45 top \$7.50.

There are moderate receipts of sheep and lambs with rather a bearish tone to the market. Buyers claim the Eastern mutton trade is bad shape.

PAID ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fresh Bread at the O'Neill Bakery. Try our pickles, they are fine.—Santary Meat Market. 16-1f

Wanted—Apprentice girls at Fitzsimmons Millinery. 33-2pd

Dr. Corbett will spend all his time in O'Neill this winter. 26-1f

Now is a good time to subscribe for The Frontier, \$1.50 per year.

Just received a barrel of sweet and dill pickles.—Santary Meat Market. 16-1f

Night school Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, see Miss Alderson 31-1f

Fine Candles and Hot Chocolate.—McMillan & Markley's Bakery and Candy Kitchen. 22-1f

Try Frank and Vince Suchy's tailor shop for French Dry Cleaning. Their work can't be beat. 1-1f

For Sale—House and lot one block east of the school house. Terms reasonable.—D. W. Cameron. 9-1f

Arnold and Widner have a lot of good cattle of all descriptions, consisting of cows, calves, heifers, steers and

YOUR RHEUMATISM

is probably due to uric acid in the system—the blood must be purified—the poisonous acid driven out and general health must be improved.

Thousands testify that **Scott's Emulsion** rids the system of poisonous acid by enriching the impoverished blood, and its concentrated nourishment is converted into red blood corpuscles which drive out rheumatism.

It is especially valuable to aged people.

Ask for and insist on **SCOTT'S**.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-40

Age Items

Clyde Bowden was an O'Neill visitor Tuesday.

George Bowden went to Omaha Tuesday.

Mrs. Waddington's mother and brother from Sioux City are here visiting at the waddington home.

C. J. Simonson and son Cody went to Omaha Tuesday. C. J. shipped a car of cattle the same day.

Charley Ide returned from Sidney, Iowa last week where he has been visiting his parents since Christmas.

Mrs. Thomas Simonson left Sunday for Omaha where she will visit her sister who is sick at that place. Her grand-daughters Ruth and Rena Simonson are keeping house for Grandpa Simonson during her absence.

Job Work

The Frontier Six Months for 75c

The Frontier for . . . Job Work