

# Useful Utensils

FOR A  
Few Pennies

Water glasses, 4 for.....  
Mouse traps, 4 for.....  
Pudding pans, 4 qt., for....  
Stew kettles, 4 qt., for.....

9c

Stew pans, 4 qt. for.....  
Ax handles at.....  
10 qt. dish pan.....  
10 qt. bucket.....

9c

B. & S. patent pliers.....  
Brier pipe with rubber stem.....  
100 envelopes.....  
4 rolls of shelf paper.....

9c

Now is the time to plant hot beds in the house for pansies, cabbage, tomatoes, etc. We have a fresh lot of bulk and package seed from Sioux City and Nebraska Seed Co. Sweet pea seed in bulk.

Neil Brennan

## Supervisors Proceedings.

O'Neill, Neb. Jan 6, 1913.—To the Hon County Board Holt co: Through error your petitioner was assessed for 36 head of cattle in Saratoga precinct for the year 1912, as I am a resident of Pleasantview precinct and listed these same cattle to the local assessor as evidenced by the tax schedules for Pleasantview precinct and had paid this tax. Your petitioner prays for an order to strike the tax assessed against this property in Saratoga precinct. Fred Johring.

Subscribed and sworn to before this 6th day of January 1913.  
S F McNichols, Co Clerk  
Spal By P. C. Kelley, Deputy  
On motion prayer of petition was granted.

On motion board adjourned until 9 o'clock, tomorrow morning.

S F McNichols, Co Clerk  
Th D Sievers, Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 16, 1913, 9 o'clock, a m.—Board met all members present. Mr. Chairman: I move that you a committee of three be appointed to confer with the Boyd county board in regard to repairs at the Grand Rapid bridge, and that the chairman be one of this committee. H W Tomlinson J O Hubbell

Chairman appointed Stuart and Hammerberger as such committee.

Mr. Chairman: I move you that a committee of two be appointed to view the bridges over the Elkhorn river in Inman township.

H W Tomlinson  
J O Hubbell

Motion carried. Chairman appointed Sullivan and Fauquier as such committee.

On motion board went into a committee of the whole for the purpose of making settlement with county officers. Five o'clock, p m board adjourned until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. S F McNichols, Co Clerk Th D Sievers, Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 17, 1913, 9 o'clock, a m.—Board met all members present. Jan 17 and 18 Board continued settlement with county county officers and committee work on bridge at Badger crossing on the Niobrara river. Board adjourned until Jan 20th, 9 o'clock, a m. S F McNichols, Co Clerk Th D Sievers, Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 20, 1913, 9 o'clock, a m.—Board met all members present. On motion the following claim was allowed against the general fund. M R Sullivan, Co. Treasurer \$1181.72. Mr. Chairman: I move that this

board go as a committee of the whole to view the bridges and roads at Inman on the Elkhorn river. M P Sullivan J O Hubbell

Motion carried. Whereas there has been a petition presented by the residents of Chambers to vacate certain alleys in the town of Chambers, now therefore, Mr. Chairman, I move that the following householders of Chambers village be appointed to view the west half of the alley running east and west in block a between lots 7 and 8 and the east 1/2 of alley running east and west in block c and the alley running east and west in block b and report to the board.

F O Hammerberg John Lienhart  
Chas A Fauquier Geo Anderson  
B Attwood

Motion carried.

Mr. Chairman: I move that this board go as a committee of the whole to view the bridge and road at Inman on the Elkhorn river. M P Sullivan J O Hubbell

Motion carried.

On motion board adjourned until 1 o'clock, p m.

S F McNichols, Co Clerk  
Th D Sievers, Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 21 1913, 1 o'clock, p m.—On motion board went into a committee of the whole to continue settlement with county officers. Five o'clock, p m board adjourned until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

S F McNichols, Co Clerk  
Th D Sievers Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 23 1913, 9 o'clock, a m.—Board met all members present. On motion board continued settlement with the county officers. At 5 o'clock p m board adjourned until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

S F McNichols, Co Clerk  
Th D Sievers Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 24, 1913, 9 o'clock, a m.—Board met all members present. On motion board continued settlement with county officers. Five o'clock p m, board adjourned until 9 o'clock, tomorrow morning.

S F McNichols Co Clerk  
Th D Sievers, Chairman

O'Neill, Neb Jan 25, 1913 9 o'clock, a m.—Board met all members present. Atkinson Neb Jan 21 1913.

Mr. W K Hodgkins, O'Neill, Neb.

Dear Sir: We the undersigned of Atkinson ask that you will employ some competent help to assist in the case of assault we would suggest that it be J A Donohoe, O E Havens, E J Mack, Paul Segar, W P Simar, A T Hart, A E Kelley, R L Hanks, T J Douglas, C W Moss, W S Morgan, W B Arganbright, H A Powell, A B York, E J Kilmurry, Roy Woods, Roy Traher, W T Hayes, C O Wilkinson, John Nelson, W P O'Brien, Frank Bitney, Wm. Reisinger, H A Allen, W S York, G O Whisler, Jay Hughes, J T Bouman Robt A Hart, D W Akin Geo Spence and Jess Newton.

Mr. Chairman: I move that J A Donohoe be employed to assist the county attorney in the case of the State of Nebraska vs Merle, Tooker and in the case of the State vs Harry Siebpin.

H W Tomlinson  
D M Stuart

Motion carried.

Atkinson Neb Jan 2, 1913.—To the Honorable Board of Supervisors, Holt County, Neb. I, Fred Hitchcock your petitioner do hereby certify that I was erroneously assessed with labor

tax in Atkinson village for the year 1912, which tax I have paid, and I hereby petition your honorable body to refund same to me as I belong to the Volunteer Fire Department of Atkinson, Nebr and am not subject to a labor tax. Fred Hitchcock

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of January 1913.  
I R Dickerson, Notary Public

On motion prayer of petition was granted.

O'Neill, Neb Jan 16 1913.—To the Hon Board of Supervisors, Holt county Nebraska.

Gentlemen: I have been assessed for 19 head of cattle in Wyoming township which was listed and assessed in fairview township, I would ask to have the assessment in Wyoming stricken from the tax list.

Respectfully,  
G W Traver  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of Jan A D 1913.  
S F McNichols, Co Clerk

On motion prayer of petition was granted.

## AGED PEOPLE

cannot properly masticate solid foods and digestion is often upset—they do not receive the needed nourishment to make strength and preserve health, but if aged people everywhere could only realize the strength-sustaining nourishment in Scott's Emulsion they would take it after every meal.

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## THE BRAMBLY COTTAGE

The Story of a Rescue

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Leander Kittredge leaned over the fence and scrutinized the inquiring stranger, who carried fishing rods and basket. "What sa-ay?" he drawled, cupping one freckled hand around a large and leathery ear.

"I asked if there was good fishing in the lake," repeated the man patiently.

"Sometimes there is and sometimes there ain't," returned Mr. Kittredge, with an enigmatic smile.

"How's that?"

"It all depends on Faustina Standish," chuckled Leander. "It all depends on Faustina!"

The stranger looked puzzled. "Who is Faustina Standish?"

"She owns the lake and it's her say so whether there's fish to be caught or not."

"Oh, I didn't know it was private property! The people at the hotel said any one could fish there."

"Belongs to Faustina. It's her say so."

"Where does she live?"

"Down in that brambly cottage at the shore now. In the winter time she moves up to her house in the village. Some day Faustina'll get ketch'd by a high tide or something and cotta and all'll float off." Leander shook with silent mirth.

"Tide! I thought it was a fresh water lake."

"It's a bay—nothing more or less than a leetle salt water bay, with just the teeniest outlet to the sound. Standishes have always owned the bay, and now it's Faustina's, and she's got a cottage down there that has its feet in the water sometimes. She and that grampus old black cook, Cleopatra, have it all to themselves from June to October."

"No harm in asking permission to fish?" ventured the stranger. And, following Leander's guiding finger, he turned into another woody road that led him down to the water's edge.

Davis Emery paused in sheer admiration of the tiny bay, perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter, lipped by a snow white sandy beach with a background of gently sloping pastures and cedar clothed hillsides. Directly opposite was a rift in the white beach that showed the channel, with a dark rim of the sound beyond. The sky was blue, and the water reflected the pure tint. The tide had been an unusually high one, for bits of dried driftwood were floating away from the high water mark. Long lines of dead seaweed undulated with the swell of the ebbing tide.

Nowhere along the beach was there a sign of a "brambly cottage" such as Leander Kittredge had described. Not far from where he was standing, however, there was a small building, whitewashed outside and in and specklessly clean. An indignant clucking from a nesting box in one corner revealed that this was a chicken house, and it was evident that the tide had lapped the floor of the building, for the sand lay in little rifled, damp lines.

If this was Faustina Standish's chicken house her brambly cottage could not be far away. But look as he might up and down the beach he saw nothing save a sweep of wet sand and glistening pebbles.

All at once Emery saw it in the most unexpected place. There, bobbing drunkenly in the middle of the little bay, was a small white cottage overrun with red roses. The water swashed around the tiny porch and broke in white foam against the sides of the building. From a small iron chimney smoke poured forth as if this unexpected trip on the water had not hindered the round of domestic duties. Up on a balcony above the porch a woman was sitting composedly, reading a book.

There was only one thing for Davis Emery to do and that was to rescue the damsel as quickly as possible. In order to do that he must have a boat, and, looking about, he soon made the unpleasant discovery that there were three very capable looking small boats adrift on the bay. He raced madly up the shore and found nothing save a broken oar half buried in the salt grass. With this in his hand he went back to the chicken coop and there behind it, resting on the sloping bank, were the outlines of a flat bottomed skiff beneath a covering of tarpaulin and dried seaweed.

After fifteen minutes labor he had the covering cleared away and the boat afloat. Rowlocks there were none, but Emery could paddle even with a broken oar, so he pushed off and went bobbing slowly toward the brambly cottage, which was also bobbing on the tide and headed straight for the narrow, wicked looking channel.

Perhaps the girl had suddenly thought of the channel, for all at once she arose and went to the railing and leaned over and looked long and anxiously at the course of the cottage. She saw Emery just then, and in response to his hail he heard a faint response.

The current was stronger now, and the speed of both cottage and skiff was accelerated, so that Emery did not gain much on the little house, but after awhile his strong, steady persistent strokes counted for results, and just when he was beginning to feel the

strain of his hurried efforts a wave brought the skiff to the edge of the porch and he reached out and grasped the edge. In another instant he was standing on the boards, ankle deep under water, and making fast the painter of the skiff to the railing.

As he turned from this task the door opened behind him and revealed the girl of the balcony standing there. Brown as a berry were hair, eyes and brow. Her skin was deep cream, with a powdering of golden freckles across her lovely face. Even in that moment of danger Davis Emery realized her beauty, and he drew a sharp breath of admiration. But the girl's voice, soft and cultivated, brought him back to the urgency of the situation.

"If you have come to help us," she said quickly, "you can best do it by keeping us out of the channel—if you can."

"I'll try," said Emery promptly. "Have you got a heavy rope or a chain aboard—I mean in the house?"

"No, but there is one in my motorboat. See—it is in the same current and will soon reach us! If you can get aboard and start the engine you can easily pull us out of the current."

By the time she had finished speaking Emery was back in the skiff and paddling away with his broken oar. It was a matter of minutes before he had boarded the large motorboat, started up the engine and caught up with the brambly cottage. The girl cheered him heartily as he passed around to the rear of the building, where he fastened a stout chain to a ringbolt in the back porch and, starting up the engine once more, had the satisfaction of feeling that the cottage was drawing steadily in his wake—out of the current and toward a low sandy shore.

All at once a large black face surrounded by a bright bandanna turban appeared at one of the windows.

"Fo' de lan's sake, man, buccome yo' heah?" she demanded belligerently.

"Hev yo' ask Miss Faustiny yit?"

"I have Miss Faustina's permission to tow you to safety," laughed Emery heartily.

"Dat's all right, den. But dere's folkses always tryin' to take liberties wid Miss Faustiny, and her's only too easy wid 'em. But dey don't git by me; no, sah!" Cleopatra withdrew her brilliantly adorned head, and Emery heard her clattering among the pots and pans. Presently her voice sounded once more.

"Man, ef yo' could manidge to git us ashore down by high bar I could git a mess o' clams for dinnah!" she called amicably.

"I'm under Miss Faustina's orders," returned Emery.

At that moment the girl appeared at the back door. "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness in rescuing us," she said sincerely. "If we had gone on the rocks in the channel I am afraid we would have fared badly. When our cottage suddenly drifted off at 7 o'clock Cleopatra and I had just arisen and were upstairs. I thought we would simply float across the bay to the other shore and we could easily be towed back from that point, so I felt no alarm until I discovered we were in the current and making for the channel. We owe a great deal to your pluck in getting us into smooth water."

"I'm mighty glad I happened along," responded Emery. "Now, would it not be a good plan to beach the cottage on the sand here? And when the tide shifts late this afternoon it will be comparatively easy to tow it back to its location with this boat."

Faustina agreed heartily, and in another half hour Emery had skillfully maneuvered the brambly cottage to a temporary resting place not far from the high bar which showed a long strip of mud flat in the falling tide. Cleopatra descended to the sand with clam rake and basket on her arm and trudged to the mud flat.

Emery assisted Faustina Standish to land, and when he had made both house and motorboat secure beyond any encroaching wave he sat down beside her on the sand and explained how he had happened to invade the shore of her little bay. Of course the service he had rendered her and the spirit of the adventure in which they had both taken a part rapidly promoted a friendship that was not broken for many months, and then for a most excellent reason.

Cleopatra presently summoned them to an appetizing clambake, which, combined with the meal she had been busily preparing, quite rounded out a delightful morning.

It was sundown when the brambly cottage was once more securely moored above high water mark near its old resting place. Davis Emery's permission to fish in the bay contained many added privileges, such as calling upon Faustina Standish once in awhile and enjoying Cleopatra's culinary triumphs, for Cleopatra approved of Davis Emery.

His basket was empty and his lines quite dry as he passed Leander Kittredge's back fence at sunset. Leander was there playing with an awkward, long legged colt.

"Hev a good ketch?" grinned Leander sociably.

Emery found himself smiling at a sudden recollection. "Very," he said.

"Found Faustina and the brambly cottage, did ye? I reckoned she'd let ye fish—never heard of her refusin' anybody yet—but, of course, nobody ever knows what notion a woman'll take into her head!"

"See you again," said Emery in farewell, and as he walked home through the quiet woods he wondered if Faustina Standish would ever "take a notion" to like him better than anybody she had ever met, and it turned out that Faustina did that very thing, and so when their friendship ended love began and remained ever after.



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