

# GREAT DISPERSION SALE

Of Carter Brothers' Famous Herd, Consisting of  
**900 Head High-Grade Herefords**  
 To Be Held at the Carter Ranch, 25 miles south of  
**Wood Lake, Nebraska**  
**April 24, 1914**

Commencing at 10:30 a. m. Sharp. Free Lunch at Noon.  
 The Offerings are as Follows:  
 281 High-grade breeding cows and heifers, from 3 to 7 years old; 250 high-grade Herefords and 31 Black Polled Angus. These cows will average better than 1100 pounds straight through and are undoubtedly the best herd of breeding cows in the middle west.  
 105 extra good boned spayed heifers, 3 years old, all big boned, fine quality. These are practically all good true type Herefords.  
 84 extra quality 3-year-old steers. These are as fine a bunch of big type Hereford steers as can be found anywhere in this country.  
 100 2-year-old steers, same quality and kind as the 3-year-olds.  
 100 2-year-old heifers. These are the same breeding as the above described steers, in fine shape and are without doubt the toppest bunch of young heifers in the west.  
 200 yearling steers and heifers, big growthy, thrifty kind, all true type Hereford, almost pure bred, all dehorned. Twice vaccinated.  
 12 Registered Hereford Bulls, these are from such pure-bred Hereford breeding heads as the A. E. Cook herd at Odebolt, Iowa.  
 50 Percheron Horses and Mares; 12 heavy draft teams; 12 matched teams, geldings and mares. Big type Percherons; will weigh from 2600 to 3000 pounds.  
 10 Good Percheron Brood Mares; these are all with foal to registered Percheron stallion recently owned on this ranch.  
 14 Head of Colts; two and three years old, all sired by registered Percheron stallion.  
 I will also sell all the ranch equipment, farm machinery, harness, saddles and hay tools all in good condition and can be bought at your price.

TERMS—Will be announced on day of sale. All credit purchasers please bring bank references.

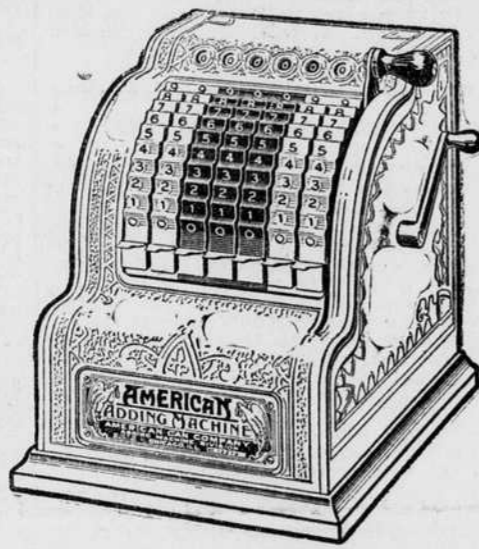
**M. F. NORTON, Owner.**

Cois. Tim Priest, H. F. Slaughter and Dick Hunt, Auctioneers  
 Ernest Jackson of Jackson Brothers, Bankers, Clerk.

## THE American Adding Machine

The latest Adder  
**Costs but \$35**

See our exhibit—ask for 10 day' trial



Here is a new price on a competitor's Adder. On a machine that is rapid, full-size and infallible. The very latest machine, built by men who know, in one of the latest metal-working shops. It is an individual Adder, to be placed on one's desk, close to one's books and papers. To take the place of the central machine requiring skillful operators. It is also intended for offices and stores where costly machines are a luxury.

The price is due to utter simplicity and to our enormous output. Seven keys do all the work.

Each copied number is shown up for checking before the addition is made. The machine will add, subtract and multiply. With very little practice anyone can compute a hundred figures a minute. And the machine never makes mistakes. Countless offices, large and small, are getting from these machines the highest class of service.

Now we make this offer so that offices everywhere may learn what this machine means to them.

### Ten Days' Test

We will gladly place in any office one American Adder for a ten days' test. There will be no obligations, and charges will be prepaid. Compare it with any non-listener—even the costliest. Let anyone use it. See if any machine can serve better than this. Just send this coupon and we'll send the machine.

**J. H. HIBER, O'Neill, Nebraska:**  
 Please send us an American Adding Machine for ten days' free trial.  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_

Manufactured and Guaranteed by  
**AMERICAN CAN COMPANY, CHICAGO**  
 Sold in O'Neill by J. W. HIBER.

## Go To Platt's Paint Shop

For prices on Paints, Oils, Lead and Interior Flat paint.  
 Know where you are at, get estimates covering cost of Material and Painting complete.  
 Everything as reasonable as good Material and Workmanship will permit. Special attention to Interior decoration and Farmer's orders for Material.

**DR. G. E. MICKLE**  
 OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN  
 Naylor Building - O'Neill, Neb.  
 Office Hours: 9-12 A. M., 2-5 P. M.  
 Phone 262.

—See—  
**Dewey Losher**  
 —for—  
 EXCELSIOR MOTER CYCLE  
 Write me at O'Neill, R. F. D. No. 1

PAID ADVERTISING.  
 Block Salt at Gallagher's. 40 cents a block.  
 "My-kind" flour; high quality; reasonably priced. 35-tf  
 Onion Seed—\$1.00 a pound. Phone 227.—C. E. Burch. 43-tf.  
 "My-kind" flour; high quality; reasonably priced. 35-tf  
 Dr. Corbett, dentist, in O'Neill every day. Lady assistant. 35-tf

For Sale—My Modern Residence. Terms to suit purchaser.—Cam Tinsley. 44-tf

Wanted—Girl at the O'Neill Sanitary Laundry. Good wages to the right party. 43-tf.

Own your own home. Monthly optional payment plan. Call on John L. Quig, O'Neill. 23-tf.

Fine Candies and Hot Chocolate.—McMillin & Markey's Bakery and Candy Kitchen. 22-tf.

Star Brand Shoes are better, no substitute for leather ever used. For sale by Fred Alberts. 51-tf.

Wanted—One or Two Men Roomers. Sober ones only need apply.—Mrs. E. D. Henry, south of Creamery. 43

For Sale—Six room house and four lots, in the southwestern part of the city.—Miss Alice Coykendall. 44-tf

Bound to Rise Flour 10 sacks for \$11.00; North Star 10 sacks for \$10.50, for cash, at Gaughenbaugh's. 42-tf.

Special deals and prices on buggies, wagons, feed grinders, gas engines, manure spreaders, at Brennan's. 24-tf.

For Sale—Eggs from Pure White and Buff Orpingtons. 75 cents per setting of 15.—R. N. Britnell, O'Neill. 41-4.

Seed Oats For Sale—I have some good Swedish Select and Big Four seed oats for sale.—G. D. Janzing, O'Neill. 43-2.

For Sale—Eggs from Pure White and Buff Orpington's. 75 cents per setting of 15.—R. N. Britnell, O'Neill. 41-4.

For Sale: Pure Buff Rock eggs for hatching; \$1.00 for a setting of 15 eggs or \$6.00 per 100.—J. E. Harding, R. F. D. No. 1, O'Neill. 40-5

For Sale at a Bargain—If sold within the next thirty days, a good six room house and three 45-foot corner lots, well located. Enquire of C. F. McKenna. 44-2

Strayed—From the Sullivan farm, north of O'Neill, on or about April 8, a team of bay mares with their colts. Please notify Jack Sullivan's saloon, O'Neill. 44-tf.

"My-kind" flour at J. P. Gallagher's, D. D. Harrington Co.'s, J. C. Morrissey's, P. J. McManus', R. R. Morrison's, Thomas Quinn's and J. J. Walsh's. A flour of quality. 38-tf.

Home Grown Seed Corn for Sale—Iowa Silver Mine and Mortgage Lifter. Tested 95 per cent. Sample at First National Bank. Leave orders at bank or write M. W. Spry, Meek, Neb. 44-4

Carey-Ized Block salt, 2 blocks for 75 cents; 100 pound sack 65 cents; 70 pound sack 45 cents; 50 pound sack 35 cents. All other salt accordingly. Bound to Rise flour 10 sacks for \$11.00; North Star 10 sacks for \$10.50, for cash at Gaughenbaugh's. 44-tf.

For Sale—To close up an estate we offer for sale 160 acres of good hay land, 3 miles from Emmet, being the southwest quarter of section 3, township 28, range 13, at \$25.00 per acre, cash. For further information enquire of George Gaughenbaugh, O'Neill, or John Gaughenbaugh, Emmet, Nebraska. 42-tf.

A Bachelor's Dilemma.

A local bachelor has a problem on his mind. He has been reading about one woman who wants a divorce because her husband did not kiss her often enough; another wants a divorce because her husband kissed her too often and a third wants a divorce because she caught her husband kissing another woman. What the bachelor wants to know is: "How are you going to please 'em?"

Time to Sow Alfalfa.

This month or next is the time for the spring seeding of alfalfa, either in the eastern or western part of the state, says the Nebraska College of Agriculture. The advantage of planting now is that the plants may be given an early start on account of the spring rains. However, care must be taken to see that the alfalfa does not have to contend with a large crop of weeds, or it will be choked. The safest way to prevent a growth of weeds is to clean the ground by previous cultivation. If the field that will be used for alfalfa was plowed in the fall, it should be disked as soon as it can be worked and kept disked and harrowed until seeding. This will not only destroy the weeds but conserve the moisture. Additional information concerning alfalfa may be had from bulletins No. 120 and 132 from the bulletin department of the University farm, Lincoln.

Choleraic Pigs

Pigs from immune sows are not always immune to cholera. Some litters may be farrowed in infected pens and go past weaning time without becoming infected, while others get cholera within two or three weeks after farrowing. The safe method, says the Animal Pathologist at the University Farm, is to give these pigs serum alone at about three weeks, which will usually carry them well past weaning time when they can be given the simultaneous treatment. There are some herds where the pigs seem to be very susceptible to cholera. In these it will be necessary to give serum alone more than once in order to carry them several weeks past weaning. Pigs given the simultaneous method soon after weaning sometimes lose this protection within a few months. To acquire a long time immunity, pigs should weigh at least 50 or 60 pounds at the time of receiving simultaneous treatment. At this weight the immunity usually lasts the ordinary life time of the hog, although in some instances hogs that have been proved positively immune at 125 pounds have later developed cholera. Nature is not constant.

## The Kimberley Gem

It Was Taken From the Owner, and He Was Obligated to Steal It

By ARTHUR STANTON

There was but one way out of the situation—I must become a thief, a thief of my own property. Possession is nine points of the law, and possession was with my opponent. He held the gem, and I could fight for it in the courts. I must get possession of it and let him fight for it by law. No; I could not do that either, for if I stole it the law would convict me of being a thief and restore the diamond to its supposed owner. If Benton hadn't peached I could have got away with my property without any trouble. This is how it happened. Thrown on my beam ends, yet young and vigorous, I resolved to strike out for some new country where there were chances for a fellow to get a clutch on the rounds of the ladder. Fate decided where I should go. Loitering on the dock in New York, where a steamer was loading for South Africa, I went aboard, saw the purser and told him I would like to work my way across the big pond. I knew how to figure, and he needed a clerk, so he gave me a job, my pay being my grub and my passage.

Well, in time I found myself in South Africa and, being strapped, was obliged to go to work in the diamond mines to keep myself from starving. We were all searched on leaving work each day to make sure that we had no stones in our possession. It was hard work and poor pay, especially for me, who had been brought up in refinement. But I had to stand it.

One Sunday I took a long walk into the country. It was a hot day, and to get out of the sun I went to some low hills where there was shade and sat down on the bank of a stream. Stones and dirt were being constantly washed down, and my eyes becoming fixed on a brown pebble, I picked it up and looked at it. It was about the size and shape of a large almond. It looked to me like a diamond in the rough, and if it hadn't been so large I might have suspected that it was a diamond. I hadn't been working in the mines long enough to become expert in such matters, so I put it in my pocket and took it home, intending to get Jim Benton, a fellow workman with whom I had fallen in and who seemed disposed to be chummy with me, to pass upon it.

"I'll never forge, the look on Jim's face when he turned it from the stone to me.  
 "How in the world did you ever get out with it?" he asked.  
 "Get out with it! What do you mean?"  
 "Out of the mines?"  
 "I didn't bring it out of the mines. I found it miles from the mines. What is it?"  
 "It's a diamond."  
 It was now my turn to look peculiar. I had a fortune in my possession, but I saw at once that I would be suspected of stealing it while at work and not only lose it, but serve a term in prison.

"For heaven's sake, Jim," I said, "don't say anything about it! I took a long walk today and found it by a stream. It must have been washed out by the water. It looked something like the stones we are digging out of the ground, but it was so large that I didn't think it could be a diamond."

Jim had a cast iron conscience and, believing that I stole the stone, considered it his duty to inform his employers, though he might have been moved by the hope of reward or the splendid position the act would give him with the management. Anyway, he went that very evening to the superintendent's house and told him the story. Not having got any promise from him to keep his mouth shut, I took pains to bury my treasure where no one would find it.

Early the next morning I was called to Hartwell's office. He told me he had understood that I had a valuable stone in my possession and demanded it.  
 I acknowledged I had a stone, but had found it outside the mines. He gave me my choice of giving it up or standing trial. I knew what standing trial meant. I had a valuable diamond in my possession which there was every reason to suppose came from the company's mines and I would be convicted. I agreed to give up the gem on a promise of not being prosecuted. I was only discharged.

Having told where the stone was to be found, I went to Jim, and from the way I talked to him he was convinced that I had really found the diamond and knew he had deprived me of it.  
 He was very much cut up and volunteered to do what he could to mend matters by telling Hartwell that he had done me an injustice.  
 "Don't make a fool of yourself a second time," I retorted; "if you really wish to undo what you have done do it in another way."  
 "How?"  
 "Well, the diamond is mine and I'm going to have it. You've got Hartwell's confidence. Learn from him where he keeps it and advise me."

"You're crazy. Do you suppose you can ever get possession of a diamond in the hands of the diamond company?"

"You do what I say."

Jim was so upset at having acted with such haste that he finally consented to do as I asked. That's the trouble with these frightfully conscientious people. They swing as far in one direction as the other. After all, it isn't the conscience that's bad. It's the judgment, or, more likely, the impulse. Jim, who was in high favor with the company on account of having peached on me, was given \$500 for telling on me. He offered me all the money paid him for my forgiveness. I needed money to carry out my plan to get my diamond, so I accepted it as a loan, promising to return it if I succeeded in getting my property. By this time Jim, who was thoroughly repentant, agreed to help me all he could.

One day he came to me and said that diamonds were sent periodically to England. They were taken to the coast, where they were shipped by steamer. I at once made inquiries about the route with a view to finding some weak point on which I might operate and learned, among other things, that the gems were shipped just in time to catch the mail steamer for Europe. If through any delay they did not reach the coast before the vessel sailed they were locked up in the postoffice till the departure of the next ship.

I asked Jim to find out for me when my stone would be shipped, and he tried to do so, but only learned that it was still at Kimberley. I at once started over the route looking for some point where I might lie in wait and catch the convoy napping. I came to a stream where the carriers must be ferried over. It occurred to me that something might be done here, but after racking my brain I could hit upon no plan that seemed feasible. I went on, but as I proceeded I formed a scheme a part of which pertained to this ferry. Reaching the coast, I at once went to the postoffice to look over the ground there.

I had nearly all of Jim Benton's \$500 in my pocket and was well dressed. I represented myself as a post-office official, whose duties were to travel about and make reports on different postoffices. But I made no pretense at supervising the postmaster at this point. Instead, I invited him to dinner and treated him sumptuously. This gave me access to his office. I learned where diamonds were locked when delayed in transportation.

One evening after the clerks had gone home I sat with the postmaster in his office. Suddenly I fell over in a pretended faint and on reviving begged him to go for a doctor. He did so, and while he was gone with some wax I had provided for the purpose I took an impression of the lock on the safe where diamonds waiting transportation were kept. When he returned with the doctor I was so far recovered that I did not need the latter's services.

The next day I returned to Kimberley and charged Benton to keep a sharp lookout for the shipment of my diamond. It may be wondered that, since I was intending to steal my own property, I was punctilious as to taking this particular stone. It was, firstly, because I should have had to take a good many other stones to make up its value, and, secondly, Jim Benton's conscience was so stiff that if he had believed that I intended to take any but the stone I had found he might have swung the other way and peached on me again.

Jim did good work for me in looking out for the shipment of my stone. He was so thoroughly trusted by all those in authority that he could ask questions about it without exciting suspicion.  
 One day he came to me and said that a shipment of diamonds was to be made the next morning, and my stone was among the number. It was considered so valuable that a double convoy would be sent out. Within an hour I started for the coast.

Coming to the stream the party would be obliged to cross, I unchained the boat, pulled myself over and on reaching the opposite shore sent the boat adrift. As I saw it disappear on the current I felt sure the diamond convoy would be delayed. Then I went on to the coast.

I had the happiness to see the delayed diamond carriers coming in when the mail steamer was well out at sea. They took the gems to the postmaster, who, I felt sure, would lock them in his safe, and I had a key in my pocket that had been made from the impression I had taken. The party went back to Kimberley, and soon after their departure I reappeared at the postoffice, where I was heartily greeted by the postmaster, whom I told that I had inspected the postoffice at Kimberley and would await the next steamer for home.

The rest of my work was dead easy. I complained of not feeling well and was invited to lodge with the postmaster, whose rooms were in the same building with his office. In the middle of the night I went down in my stocking feet to the safe, opened it, felt among the stones till I recognized my diamond, relocked the safe and went back to bed.

There was no hurry for my departure, for the diamonds would not be taken out of the safe till put on the steamer. I sailed on the same ship with them and, on reaching Europe, went to Amsterdam, where I had my stone cut and sold it for a fortune.

I concluded to forgive Benton, in consideration of his valuable assistance, for peaching on me and offered to give him a part of the proceeds. But he would take nothing and, for aught I know, is still handling a pick in the Kimberley mines.

## THE FRUGAL PAST

A Pair of Trousers Went a Long Way in the Good Old Days.

WAIL OF A MAN IN A GROUCH.

His Wife's Reckless Gift to a Tramp of One of His Battered Castoff Garments Moved Him to a Touching Discourse on the Vice of Extravagance.

"A poor man came to the door this afternoon and asked if I had any old clothes I could spare," said Mrs. Jamesworthy. "I gave him those gray trousers of yours, as they were too badly worn out for you to use them again. They were all faded and full of holes."

"The next time you undertake to distribute my raiment among the proletariat," Mrs. Jamesworthy, returned her grouchy husband, "you might at least consult me. You are assuming altogether too much when you take it for granted that I am done with a pair of trousers. As things are going now in the business world I find it expedient to wear such garments so long as there is any way to fasten my suspenders to them.

"Times are growing worse and worse, and the financial stringency is breaking all records, and the man who strives to support his family has troubles enough without coming home to find that the wife of his bosom has given his purple and fine linen to some body's wandering boy.

"I had expected to get two seasons' wear out of those trousers, and I had a sentimental fondness for them, as I wore those trousers on that red letter day when, three years ago, I stood in the White House and proudly shook hands with the illustrious president of this great and glorious republic. I hoped to hand them down to my children's children, so that when I am cold in my grave they might contemplate those historic trousers with streaming eyes and recall the glorious occasion I have referred to. Now I no longer have a souvenir of my meeting with the president, and posterity is robbed of a great privilege by reason of your heedless course.

"I'd never think of giving away anything of yours without your approval, Mrs. Jamesworthy. Time and again I have been tempted to call in some poor but respectable widow with a large family to support and give her your false hair, which has become an eyesore to me, as I find it lying around wherever I go, but I felt it would be doing you an injustice and refrained. Yet when an unknown hobo comes to our door asking for refreshments you hand him my cherished trousers, which are more to me than pride of ancestry or pomp of power.

"Your action is a fair sample of the extravagance which keeps men forever walking in the shadow of the poorhouse. I have no doubt that my sainted mother would roll over in her grave if she could know of such doings. Under her wise and skillful management my father had a chance to accumulate a few plasters for his old age. He wore his trousers until they were full of holes; then my mother took them and half sold them and made them as good as new, and he wore them for another term of years until it was impossible to tell what their original color might have been.

"When they were too far gone for further use mother made them over so the older son could wear them, and when he had used them five or six years there still was enough sound material in them to make a pair for the youngest son. I was that youngest son, and all through my boyhood and even in early manhood I was wearing expurgated editions of my father's trousers.

"You may make as many faces as you please, Mrs. Jamesworthy, and point the finger of scorn until the cows come home, but that doesn't change the fact that it was economy of this sort that kept our parents in ignorance of such things as the bankruptcy court and the associated charities. When I had worn those historic trousers for a few summers and winters, until they would answer the purpose no longer, my mother cut them up into strips and made rag carpets of them, and those rag carpets were more sensible and more serviceable than the tailor made affairs you have strewn over these floors.

"After this, please, you will call me into executive session before giving away any of my habiliments, Mrs. Jamesworthy."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

**Concrete Bells.**  
 The peculiar vibratory or nonvibratory properties of concrete are strikingly shown in bells made of this material. A bell cast in concrete will ring almost like a metal bell, but a slight touch of the hand serves immediately to stop vibration and the resulting sound. This is due to the lack of homogeneity from the standpoint of sound transmission.—London Standard.

**On the Go.**  
 "My husband is not home two nights a month."

"You should get the minister to see him."

"He is the minister—always being called away to see people."—Kansas City Journal.

When you don't need any help it is wonderful how many people are eager to come to your assistance.—Philadelphia Record.