

EDWARD H. WHELAN

* Lawyer *

PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS

O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

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some time to come.

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Popular Rates, will be maintained
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The mint makes it and under the terms
of the CONTINENTAL MORTGAGE
COMPANY you can secure it at 6 per
cent for any legal purpose on ap-
proved real estate. Terms easy, tell
us your wants and we will co-operate
with you.

PETTY & COMPANY
513 Denham Building Denver, Colo.

Old Settlers Picnic.

The Old Settlers Picnic will be held
at Stein's Grove, sixteen miles north
of O'Neill, on Thursday, August 19th.
All concessions will be let to the
highest bidder and bids to be in the
hands of the committee on or before
July 24th.

R. D. Spindler, Meek,
D. Harrison, Black Bird,
J. C. Stein, Meek,
Committee.

This Little Old World.

You c'n talk about pearly gates;
about them streets of gold, and them
there mansions in the sky which some
day we'll behold; the walls may be of
jasper made, the mansions fair to see;
but this here little world, I guess, is
good enough for me. You c'n talk
about your golden harps; of songs
seraphim that fly the clouds among;
the streams with honeyed milk may
flow—on that point I'll agree—but
this here little world, I guess, is good
enough for me. It may be full of
trouble—well, one can't have every-
thing; an' every morning must its
share of joy an' sorrow bring; it ain't
a puffick world, I guess, nor never like
to be; but this here little old world jes'
is good enough for me.

Take the Temperature.

The man who has not the time to
take the temperatures and vaccinate
accordingly has no business vaccinat-
ing hogs. Without taking this pre-
caution, the operator is working in the
dark. Failure to take temperatures
in infected herds and to give an in-
creased dose of serum has been the cause
of bringing the whole serum treatment
into disrepute in certain communities.
All pigs vaccinated showing a high
temperature should be marked either
by placing a nose ring in one ear or
cutting across the hair with a pair of
shears. If the cut is made of good
length and always in the same place,
those pigs can easily be picked out.
For accurate information this is im-
portant.—Department of Animal Path-
ology, University of Nebraska.

Sounds Old Slogan.

As the threshing season advances,
the College of Agriculture again sound
the old, but ever important, slogan of
saving the straw stacks. The Depart-
ment of Agronomy of this institution
says that the crying need of Nebraska
soils as a whole is more organic mat-
ter. This can be supplied at home
with the adoption of proper farm
practices. A straw pile from a 20-
acre field, for instance, is worth from
\$50 to \$75, or \$2.50 a ton, in nitrogen,
phosphoric acid, and potash alone.
When the straw pile is burned, only
3 per cent of the former value is re-
tained.

The means of disposing of straw
varies. On a Nuckols county farm
during the seasons of 1911 and 1912
the wheat straw from a 40-acre field
for two years was distributed by hand
on a windy day on a 20-acre plot.
The adjoining 20-acre plot was left
without straw. The yield of wheat
during 1913 on the plot to which the
straw had been applied was 26 bushels,
and on the other plot 7 bushels.

Late Corn Cultivation.

Some farmers claim to have increas-
ed their yield of corn very greatly
by late cultivation between the rows.
It may be that under certain condi-
tions late cultivations may be of value.
For instance, if the ground packs and
runs together during a heavy, dash-
ing rain; if later this ground comes
up to weeds, crusts badly, and be-
comes filled with cracks, there is rea-
son to think that cultivation would
have been or some value. Under
such circumstances, however, cultiva-
tion must be given early enough
after the rain to prevent the field
getting into this condition. Attempt-
ing to cultivate a field, once it has
reached this condition, seems to do
more harm than good. On the other
hand the repeated stirring of soil
which is already dry, weed-free, and
loose on top would seem to be useless.
Unfortunately such few experiments
as have been carried on thus far
have not proved that late cultivation
is beneficial.—Junior corn bulletin,
College of Agriculture.

Reform In 1999.

(As reported by The Star Gazer in
The Future Age.)

As the verdict was pronounced and
the prisoner led from the court-room,
escorted by the sheriff and a cordon
of police, the long-suppressed feelings
of the crowd broke loose. Fearing the
mob spirit and a display of violence,
the mayor took immediate steps to
curb the passions of the angered multi-
tude. The soda-water fountains were
closed, as were also the pop stands and
lemonade dives. The licenses of two
near-beer resorts were revoked, and
the proprietors were warned not to
permit the sale even of buttermilk.
Dance halls and other public places
where ginger ale is sold received
notices to close down within an hour.
Investigators were sent out to the
hotels and cafes to determine whether
grape juice or other beverages were
being served. Prosecutions were
threatened in case any proprietors

AUTO LIVERY

GO DAY OR
NIGHT * * *
NEW * CAR.
PHONE-219.

Charles A. Calkins

were detected in a violation of law.
The Dry Town committee had its own
investigators scattered throughout the
lemonade district, and announced that
it would attempt to make this the be-
ginning of a crusade for the perma-
nent suppression of all drinks.
Thousands of citizens during the day
crossed the bridge into the next state
where pop resort keepers transacted a
land-office business.

Baseball In 1895.

Remember how the festive scribe
used to write about the baseball games
back in 1895? Maybe you'll have to
get a translator, but here's the way it
went: The glass-arm toy soldiers of
this town were fed to the pigs yester-
day by the cadaverous Indian grave
robbers. The flabby one-legged Reu-
bens who represent the Red City in
the reckless rush for the pennant, had
their skins toasted by the basilisk-
eyed drivers from the West. They
stood arond with gaping eye-balls, like
a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the
visiting grizzly yaps to run bases
until their necks were long with
thirst. Hickey had more errors than
"Coin's Financial School," and led the
rheumatic procession to the morgue.
The home boys were full of straw and
scrapiron. They couldn't hit a brick-
wagon with a pick-axe, and ran bases
like pallbearers at a funeral. If 3-
base hits were growing on the back of
every man's neck, they couldn't reach
'em with a feather duster. It looked
as if the Amalgated Union of South
American Hoodoos was in session for
work in the thirty-third degree. The
geezers stood about and whistled for
help, and were so weak they couldn't
lift a glass of beer if it had been all
foam. Everything was yellow, rocky
and whangbasted like stig tossed full
of doodlegammon. The game was
whiskered and frost-bitten. The Hogs
were bad enough, but the Sox had
their fins sewed up until they couldn't
hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied
around their necks. Roast the scarey-
eyed crocodiles, anyhow!

Inman Items.

Miss Rena Gannon visited with Miss
Mayme Stein at Meek a few days last
week.
J. E. Candee and nephew, Lawrence
Malone, went to Alton, Kansas, last
Thursday to visit relatives, also to
drive Mr. Candee's car back.

Miss Lucy Judd went to Tilden
Thursday to see her brother Clarence,
who was in the hospital at that place.
Miss Barbara Souvener came home
from Battle Creek Thursday, where
she had been visiting the past week.

Mrs. Deville Butler and children of
Ewing were guests at the Candee
home last week. Miss Fannie Warner
and Miss Alice Bain of O'Neill were
the guests of Miss Dorothy Wilcox
last Sunday.

Dr. Campbell of Tilden was in In-
man last Thursday on business.

J. P. Cunningham of Basset was in
Inman Wednesday visiting his sister,
Mrs. E. C. Sharp.

Lark Davis, who was visiting his
brother-in-law, Myron Lewis and
family at Pearson, Iowa, was accident-
ly drowned last Sunday while swim-
ming. The body was brought here



YOU go just where
you drive—
straight, sure, in all
weathers—when
you equip with

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"Chain Tread" Tires

—the famous, popular-
priced, long-mileage,
anti-skid tires.

Ask us the price of the size
you use—and let us show
you why "Chain Treads"
are real economy tires.

WARNER & SON
O'Neill, Nebraska

Tuesday afternoon and the funeral
was held Wednesday morning. Lark
Henry was the eldest son of Mr. and
Mrs. George Davis of Inman township.
At the time of his death he was
25 years, six months and twenty-one
days old. He was born at Franklin,
Franklin county, Nebraska, in 1889
and resided there a short time, then
came with his parents to Holt county
where he resided up to the time of
his death. He was a young man of
quiet disposition and exemplary habits
and was loved by all. He leaves to
mourn his untimely death his father,
mother, three sisters and seven
brothers, and a host of other rela-
tives and friends. The bereaved
family have the sympathy of all who
know them.

WITH THE JOKERS.

Seven Charges.

"The good business man turns
everything—weather, war, crops—
to practical use in his business."
The speaker was George W. Perkins,
the millionaire of New York. He con-
tinued:
"Just as the clever girl turns every-
thing to practical use toward getting
settled in life, you know.

"I said the other day to a gir:
"Well, have you learned to swim
yet this summer?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "seven
times."—New York Globe.

Reassured.

"Say, looky yur!" snarled Sand-
storm Smith, widely known Oklaho-
man, emerging from the elevator in a
Kansas City hotel five minutes after
he had apparently retired to his room
for the night. "Who in blazes is that
cuss in the next room to mine?"

"A guest who was in an automobile
accident this afternoon," replied the
clerk. "The gasoline caught fire and
burned him pretty badly. I am sorry
his groans disturbed you, but—"
"Aw, that's all right. I thought it
was one of them infernal cabaret per-
formers practicing on an accordion."

Yankee Fodder.

Christian Herald: Senator Hoar
used to tell with glee of a southerner
just home from New England who
said to his friend: "You know those
little white, round beans?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "the kind
we feed to our horses?"

"The very same. Well, do you
know, sir, that in Boston the enlight-
ened citizens take those little, white,
round beans, boil them for three or
four hours, mix them with molasses
and I know not what other ingredi-
ents, bake them, and then—what do you
suppose they do with the beans?"

"They—"
"They eat 'em, sir," interrupted the
first southerner impressively, "bless
me, sir, they eat 'em!"

Quick Wit Saves Him.

Chicago Herald: A minister in a
local church, known for his absent-
mindedness by the members of his
own family, but not to his congrega-
tion, saved himself from complete
exposure at a recent service by his
quick wit.

He had studied his sermon care-
fully, but had neglected to make any
notations of the number of the chap-
ter and verse from which the text
was taken. In the pulpit he announ-
ced the text and then stopped short
while the congregation waited to hear
from what place in the Bible it was
taken.

As he noticed the absence of notes
to this fact he quickly announced,
"I'm going to give you a week to find
from what chapter and verse this
phrase was taken." So the exposure
was averted.

Benefited by Chamberlain's Liniment.

"Last winter I used Chamberlain's
Liniment for rheumatic pains, stiffness
and soreness of the knees, and can
conscientiously say that I never used
anything that did me so much good."
—Edward Craft, Elba, N. Y. Ob-
tainable everywhere.

COMFORTING WORDS.

Many an O'Neill Household Will Find
Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a
bad back removed—to be entirely free
from annoying, dangerous urinous dis-
orders, is enough to make any kidney
sufferer grateful. The following ad-
vice of one who has suffered will
prove comforting words to hundreds
of O'Neill readers.

J. J. Lingel, farmer, Page, Neb.,
says: "I had a lot of trouble from
backache and an almost constant sore-
ness just over my kidneys. If I took
cold, the pain got very severe and left
me so lame for a few days that I
couldn't work. I tried several medi-
cines but with no benefit. Finally, I
used Doan's Kidney Pills and they
cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
cured Mr. Lingel. Foster-Milburn
Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

An American Messenger

He Carried a Dispatch In
the European War.

By GEORGE Y. LARNED

Cyrus Delano, an American, went to
Italy when he was twenty years old
and was so delighted with the coun-
try, the climate, the historical associ-
ations, that he found it hard to get
away. Finally he settled in Rome and
became a foreign resident of that in-
teresting city. Several years passed,
during which Delano became intimate
with many Italian citizens of promi-
nence and was invited to social func-
tions in the royal circle. On several
occasions he met the king, who seem-
ed to take a great fancy to him.
Then like a bolt from heaven came
the great European war. Italy found
herself in a very equivocal position.
A member of the triple alliance with
Germany and Austria, a bitter hatred
existing on the part of Italians against
the Austrians, unprepared to enter the
fray on either side, the government
was in a quandary. Nevertheless the
sympathies of both the government
and the people were strongly in favor
of the allies.

One day when Cyrus Delano was
walking idly down the Via Nazionale,
watching the knots of people discuss-
ing the advance of the German troops
into Belgium, he felt a tap on his
shoulder. Turning, he saw a gentle-
man he did not remember to have seen
before, who said to him:
"Signor Delano, will you please ac-
company me. The minister of foreign
affairs wishes to speak to you."

Wondering what in the world so dis-
tinguished a functionary wished with
him, Delano accompanied the man to
the foreign office and without any de-
lay whatever was ushered into the
office of the secretary. There was an-
other person present whom Delano
recognized as the French ambassador.
The former asked the American to be
seated and then began to interrogate
him. When he had finished the ques-
tions he said:

"Mr. Delano, this is the ambassador
from France. He desires to send a
very important message to his govern-
ment at Paris. In this I am equally
interested on behalf of the Italian gov-
ernment. We are beset by spies. If
we send an Italian or a Frenchman he
is liable to be waylaid by secret emis-
saries of the members of the triple al-
liance. An American will have a far
better chance to get through with the
message than one of a different nation-
ality. Besides, you Americans are fer-
tile in expedients. Indeed, you are a
very bright people."

Delano, though he had no preference
for either side, was quite pleased with
the idea of such a service and at hav-
ing been chosen for it. He accepted
the mission and was told that the dis-
patch would be sent to him the same
afternoon and it was desirable that he
depart at the earliest possible moment
afterward.

"However," said the secretary, "we
have decided to intrust you with a
knowledge of what the message con-
tains. If you are waylaid and robbed
of the document you can in that case
proceed and deliver your message
orally. We shall send a person
known to be in our confidence to con-
firm what you say. What we desire to
impart to the French government is
this: As members of the triple alliance
we are expected to threaten France in
the south while she is attacked in the
north. All the French troops will be
needed on the northern border. We
are sending word by you that we have
no intention whatever of attacking
France. For the present at least we
shall remain neutral."

"I confess, your excellency," said De-
lano, "that I feel highly flattered at
having been chosen to carry a message
of such vital importance."

Delano was then furnished with
funds for his journey and given in-
structions as to the different routes he
might pursue. Then he took his de-
parture and began preparations for his
journey.

The shortest route from Rome to
French territory is by way of Genoa.
Therefore if spies were on Delano's
track they would naturally expect him
to proceed by this route. It was there-
fore decided that he should go by
Switzerland, passing through Lucerne,
Berne and Neuchatel.

Having received the dispatch, which
was written in as small compass as
possible, Delano called a cab and was
driven to the railway station. Walk-
ing back and forth on the platform
was a lady whom he had met at func-
tions at the Quirinal palace, Mme.
Tatiani, a Greek, who he had un-
derstood was distantly related to the
queen of that country. The lady on
seeing Delano smiled graciously, though
he did not remember to have been
present to her.

"Oh, Signor Delano! Are you going
on the train? Yes? I am so glad. I
dislike traveling very much and shall
be glad of your company."

Delano said that he was going to
Switzerland, since he could no longer
stand the midsummer weather of
Rome. He expressed himself pleased
in words at the lady's company, but
his brows were knit, for he had been
assured that he could trust no one, and
the most effective spies were women

of high degree. However, resolving
to be on his guard, he made the best
of what he considered a misfortune
and at Mme. Tatiani's invitation took
a seat in a compartment that she had
engaged for her own exclusive use.

The lady was a woman verging on
thirty and had been very beautiful.
That beauty had but little faded, and
her mental attractiveness was at its
best. Delano soon became aware that
she was endeavoring to fascinate him.
She adored Americans, pronounced
them a marvelous people, and the ab-
sence of European conventionalities in
them gave them a freshness that other
people did not have. Her eyes were
very expressive, and she kept them
constantly fixed on Delano's.

At 10 o'clock Delano left the lady's
compartment after she had exacted a
promise from him to see her the next
morning. He was intending to give
her the slip at Lucerne and tried to do
so, but when he was hurrying away to
a train for Berne a man stepped up
to him and informed him that a lady
wished to speak to him. Resigning
himself to another meeting with his
fair companion of the evening before,
he followed the man to the waiting
room, where he found her.

"Ah, Mr. Delano," she exclaimed,
with a reproachful look, "were you
going to desert me? Did I not tell you
that I was going on the same route as
yourself? What have I done that you
should treat me so?" The last words
were spoken with a tinge of sadness
and a look from her beautiful eyes that
would have conquered almost any man.
Delano was certainly affected by her
apparent preference for him, and had
he trusted any one he certainly would
have trusted her. He would have re-
signed himself to travel further with
her without reluctance had he not been
sensible of the great importance of the
message he bore.

On reaching Berne the lady begged
him to see that her trunks were put on
the train for Neuchatel, which did not
leave for an hour. Delano went off to
look for the trunks and was directed
from one railway official to another till
he was in a far distant part of the sta-
tion. Suddenly he saw a man coming
hurriedly toward him and two others
from another direction. They closed in
on him and were dragging him to an
exit when they were in turn attacked
by several others.

Delano, whose brain worked very
quickly, saw at a glance what this all
meant. The Greek was an agent of
others and had sent him after her
trunks to get him where he could be
attacked by agents of the secret ser-
vice with a view to robbing him of his
dispatch. What he did not know was
that the Italian government had sent
men to follow him and be ready to as-
sist him should he be interfered with.
He supposed those who had come to
his rescue were persons who had seen
a stranger attacked and considered it
their duty to help him.

The rescuers were all powerful men
and soon drove off the assailants.
Then one of them picked up Delano's
hat that had been knocked off in the
fray and offered it to him. The others
disappeared in different directions.
Then the one who was left said to him
in a whisper:

"Follow me."
Leaving the station, the man struck
into the town and after turning in dif-
ferent directions went into a wineshop.
Delano followed him and was told by
him that he was an officer of the Ital-
ian carabinieri, or national police. He
and half a dozen men in plain clothes
had been sent by the government to
shadow and protect him.

"There is another train tonight," he
said to Delano, "which we will board
at the first station west of Berne. My
men will meet us there. Any one of
us seen to get on the train here would
give us away. I do not expect to avoid
them, but it is possible by the plan I
propose to do so."

"But how," asked Delano, "did they
get word of my coming on my mis-
sion?"

"Spies—spies everywhere. They are
among the clerks even of the govern-
ment offices. Doubtless your visit to
the foreign office was reported immedi-
ately."

Delano and the carabinieri remained
where they were till dark. Then the
latter sent out for a cab, and, entering
it with their hats drawn down over
their faces, they were driven some ten
miles to a station, where they boarded
a train. The other members of the
party got on at different points, and
Delano was informed that there were
in all a dozen men, stout and well ar-
med. All were in citizens' dress and
many of them disguised.

Evidently the arrangements made
for Delano's protection were far more
perfect than those of the other side,
for, though the officer in command of
the carabinieri pointed out various
persons who were secretly watching to
take him, they were not in sufficient
force to do so. However, on changing
trains at Neuchatel they made one last
effort. Delano was walking through
the crowded station when some one
cried out:

"A spy!"
Immediately there was a rush for
him by many persons. But the carabi-
nieres, who came from all directions,
formed a circle about him, and some
with their fists and others with their
cane repelled the crowd till the police
began to arrive, when the ringleaders
vanished and the rest dispersed. Then
Delano, guarded by the Italian chief,
entered the train and was whirled
away to Paris.

When the messenger was driven to
the president's residence and sent in
word that he was the bearer of dis-
patches from the Italian government
he was admitted immediately.

"This," said the president, "is the
most important announcement you
could have brought."