

PAID LOCALS.

Paid announcements will appear under this head.

If you have anything to sell or wish to buy tell the people of it in this column.

Ten cents per line first insertion, subsequent insertions five cents per line each week.

FARM LOANS—R. H. PARKER, 374
FOR RENT—5-ROOM HOUSE, BARN and 2 lots.—R. H. Parker. 8-3

TWO CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR
Sale Cheap.—Frank Phalin. 8-2

KODAKS, FILMS, KODAK FINISH-
ing.—W. B. Graves, O'Neill. 30-1f

FOUND—A LADIES SWEATER. Inquire at the sheriff's office. 7-2p

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE FOR
sale at the Fitzsimmons millinery store. 8-2p

I HAVE TWO AUTOMOBILES FOR
sale or trade. Come in and see them.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Neb. 41f

I WANT SOME FARM AND RANCH
loans. If you want money come in and see John L. Quig. 32-1f

FOR SALE—TWO HAY MOWING
machines, rake and sweep.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebraska. 7-3

FURNITURE FOR SALE—INCLUD-
ing a good buffet, dresser, beds, stoves and refrigerator.—Grady Hat Shop. 8-1

I CAN LOAN MONEY ON STORE
buildings or residence property, also farms and ranches. Let me figure with you.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Neb. 4-1f

IF YOU NEED THE OLD LOAN ON
your farm renewed for another 5 or 10 years, or if you need a larger loan I can make it for you.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebraska. 21-1f

TAKEN UP—AT MY PLACE, FIVE
miles north of O'Neill, a black sow. Owner can have same by proving property, paying for ad and keeping.—Joe Bahl, Jr. 8-1

HEMSTITCHING AND PECOT
edge work done neatly and promptly on all kinds of materials. All work returned same day as received.—Bon Ton Hat Shop, Ainsworth, Nebr. 61-1f

THE NEBRASKA STATE BANK IS
the only bank in O'Neill operating under the Depositors Guaranty Fund of the State of Nebraska. Avail yourself of this PROTECTION. 8-1f

INVESTIGATE MERITS OF THE
most up-to-the-minute Business College in this section.—Write R. C. Business College, Rapid City, S. D. 8-2

FOR SALE—ONE REGISTERED
Polled Hereford Bull.—J. C. Stein, Meek. 5-1f

PARKER'S WONDERFUL DISCOV-
ery. Given in drinking water. Rids poultry of mites and lice like magic. A real tonic. If you want winter laying, now is the time to clean up your flock. Sold and Guaranteed by C. E. Stout. 7-4p

EXPERIENCED WOMAN COOK
wanted at the Western Hotel.—2-1f

WANTED—COMPETENT GIRL FOR
general housework.—Mrs. S. J. Weekes. 7-1f

FOR RENT—320 ACRES OF HAY
meadow land.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebraska. 7-3

WANTED—SOME COWS TO PAST-
ure in Fair Grounds.—John L. Quig, Secretary. 4-1f

PUBLIC SALE—ON MONDAY,
July 30, at 3:00 P. M., I will sell at public auction my farm of 160 acres, with buildings and improvements, located 4 miles east and 1/2 mile north of Page.—Mrs. Anna Park, Page, Nebraska. 7-2

AM UNABLE TO KEEP UP PAY-
ments on my piano. First class condition—nearly new. Any one can have it by paying me a small amount for my equity and keeping up payments. If interested write for price and full particulars to Lock Box 716, Omaha, Nebraska. 7-4

ALFALFA FOR SALE—3 1/2 ACRES
S. E. part O'Neill.—Fred Bellin. 8-1p

FARM WANTED—WANT TO HEAR
from owner of farm or unimproved land for sale, for fall delivery.—L. Jones, Box 427, Olney, Ill. 8-1p

THE HOME NEWSPAPER IS
LOVED BY ITS READERS

(York Republican.)

A glance into waste paper baskets discloses many hand bills and circulars and stuffers. But did you ever notice the home town paper in the waste basket? Hardly. Short sighted merchants might well ponder this fact. Many devices have been brought forward in the interest of better advertising but nothing has yet been discovered to equal the columns of the home town newspaper that is paid for and read by its readers.

O'NEILL CONCERT BAND.

Meet every Monday night at band hall at 8:00 o'clock.

Please be prompt.

Clifford B. Scott, Leader.

E. D. Henry, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sunday Morning Service, 10:30 a. m., Sunday School, 11:30 a. m., Young People's Service 6:30 p. m., Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.

Midweek Services: Tuesday, 7:30 a. m.; Young People's Prayer Service Wednesday 7:30 p. m., Regular Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m., Morning Choir Saturday, 7:30 p. m., Rev. J. A. Hutchins, Pastor.

PUBLIC LIBRARY HOURS.

The Public Library will be open each day except Monday from this time on until further notice:

Afternoons, 2:00 to 5:30.

Evenings, 7:00 to 9:00.

Sundays, 2:00 to 5:30 p. m.

MARY McLAUGHLIN, Librarian.

The Village Artist's Revenge

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Yes, there's been some changes in Freeport, marm, since you went away. Quite a few of us old folks gone, I guess. My cottage? Why, yes, there has been some changes, too. Them pictures? Now, I'm glad you noticed them. You remember Ellen?"

"Why, it's queer about Ellen. You know, when she took that craze to go to the city and be a painter, nobody thought very much about it. But, you see, Will Calder had jilted her—so they said, and I guess it's true—after her father only left her five hundred dollars instead of the thousands we all thought old Mr. Nash was worth."

"Well, she must of been gone nine or ten years, I guess, and here she comes back—bought the old house, now—and she 'pears to be a famous painter, though none of us knew it. Making her fifteen thousand a year, they say. Yes, Freeport's certainly proud of her daughter."

"Oh, them pictures? Why, she painted them for me. Charge? Nothing. Pretty, ain't they? And she's painted for a lot of the folks, but as for her old flame, Will Calder—why, say, she's stacked his house up with the paintings she's done for him. Pretty scenes! I don't wonder she's succeeded."

"I was looking in wonder at the pictures, for, of all the daubs I had ever seen, these were the limit. Broad, flaring bands of color, conventional sweet things, girls' faces and country scenes—just what would appeal to the unsophisticated."

If these were samples of Ellen Nash's work, then Ellen Nash's story that she was a famous painter was a lie, transparent to the person with the smallest knowledge of art.

"I walked up the hill to Will Calder's place. Will was at work, but his wife remembered me and showed me over the house with pride. The living room was full of Ellen's paintings."

"Ain't they pretty?" said Mrs. Calder. "I do think it was sweet of her doing all these for us—and not a cent, mind you—just because she and Will used to be friends."

She giggled, and it was clear that she meant that they had been something more than friends.

But if Mrs. Thompson's paintings had been bad, these were positively vile—the vilest daubs that I had ever seen. Perhaps the cheapest of cheap department stores might have ventured to offer them at a knock-down price of a dollar ninety-eight, but I doubted that.

Can't you see the things? The livid blues and browns, the splotches of paint, the red lips and the cream-colored cheeks of the girls? The cattle browsing pastorally in the greenest of green grass? It hurt me, for I remembered Ellen, and I was on my way to see her.

I stopped at the old place. It was Ellen herself who opened the door to me. She was so pleased to see me, and I was as pleased to see her. She had grown refined, spirituelle. I marveled more and more that such a girl could have painted those awful things.

I marveled more—I gasped when I saw the pictures on Ellen's walls. I recognized two of these as the work of the young woman painter, Miriam Keith, who had been the rage of the season. It was evident that Ellen appreciated good pictures. Then how, in heaven's name? . . .

It was Ellen who opened the subject, after I had told her that I had called on Mrs. Thompson and Will.

"I suppose you are wondering about the paintings?" she asked, slowly.

"Well—yes," I ventured.

"I," said Ellen, "am Miriam Keith."

I sat gasping at her like a stranded fish.

"You see, when I went to New York I chose to take another name. I wanted nothing to remind me of this hateful place. I was an unsophisticated girl. I—I succeeded at last. Then, when I was rich, I felt the longing for a country place, and I bought the old house. Here I shall remain Ellen Nash. In New York I am Miriam Keith. Now—do you understand?"

She said no more, but suddenly I did understand. I saw the scorn and the revenge of the artist upon the people who had gossiped about her, lied about her. These pictures were on their own level, and she had taken a clever and such a subtle revenge upon them!

And upon Will Calder, most of all, filling up his house with those trashy daubs. I wondered whether there had been anything in that story about them? Certainly the man could be nothing to her now.

In a way I thought it was a revenge upon Ellen's own youth.

Winds Watch by Walking.

A Californian possesses the only watch in the world that winds itself. He bought it years ago in the East, and it was so old then that he could not ascertain when it was made. It was represented as a square French timepiece, and it is so arranged that a lever oscillates with every footstep the owner takes, thus keeping the spring tightened. It is contended that it is the only watch known that winds itself by the jar occasioned in walking.

It keeps accurate time despite its peculiarities of construction, and it has survived several good cases. At present it is encased in gold. A key is provided for emergencies, so that if the owner should be ill or be obliged to refrain from walking for several days, the timepiece can be wound.

Another Use for X-Ray.

The French investigators, who are among the most ingenious, have discovered that the X-ray furnishes a very ready means to detect stony impurities in coal. Now, carbon is very transparent to the Roentgen rays, while silica is opaque to them. Consequently the silicates, which form slag when coal is burned, can be seen like a skeleton when the shadow of the coal is projected upon a fluorescent screen. It is reported that this method is much in vogue in France.—Washington Star.

His Opinion.

"I was reading in the paper last night," remarked Gabe Giggery, "that over there in Rooshy you can beg a divorce as easy as buying a sack of peanuts, and then get married in five minutes, if you want to."

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Judging from the pictures I've seed of them there Rooshian ladies, if I got a divorce from one of 'em I shore wouldn't want to marry another'n for several days."—Kansas City Star.

Had Assistance.

In the recent drive to raise money for the Radcliffe endowment fund an alumna of that college employed two small boys to sell soap. "Why are you selling the soap?" inquired a lady at a house on Johnnie's beat. "To raise \$3,000,000 for Radcliffe," was the prompt reply. "Three million dollars!" the lady exclaimed, amused at the youngster's seriousness. "And are you going to raise it all by yourself?" "No, ma'am," said Johnnie, "there's another little boy helping me."

Yes, Quite Fair!

According to the New York Morning Telegraph, Mr. John Barrymore, strolling aimlessly through the Plaza recently, was encountered by an old friend. "Why, Jack!" exclaimed the old friend. "It's been such a long time since I've seen you. How are you, anyway?" Mr. Barrymore announced that he was perfectly splendid, or something to the same effect. "But look here! Aren't you opening in 'Hamlet' tonight? What about it?" "Well," he remarked in a noncommittal tone, "it's a good part."

Rotary Plover for Snow.

A Wisconsin inventor's rotary plover for highways throws snow in a stream 200 feet to one side and is equipped with picks for breaking frozen snow and ice.

OLD SETTLERS PICNIC

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16th
The old settlers picnic will be held in the Hudson grove, 16 miles north and 2 miles east—only 2 miles east of the state highway—on Thursday, August 16th. There is plenty of shade and other accommodations.

TAXI LINE

I have purchased the Taxi line from Walt Wyant and will be pleased to serve you at any time day or night. Office Phone 314; Res. 307.

A. G. WYANT

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH CATHOLIC
Sunday Services: First Mass 8 a. m., Second Mass 9 a. m., High Mass at 10:30 a. m., Vespers 7:30 p. m.
Daily Mass 8 a. m.
Catechetical Instruction for First Communicants 3 p. m. Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Confession, Saturday from 3 p. m. to 6 p. m. and from 7 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. Children's Confession, First Thursday every month at 1:30 p. m.
Very Rev. M. F. Cassidy, Pastor.

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