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O'NEILL CONCERT BAND. Meet Monday night of each week at band hall at 8:00 o'clock. Clifford B. Scott, Leader. E. D. Henry, Secretary-Treasurer.

PUBLIC LIBRARY HOURS. The Public Library will be open each day except Sunday and Monday, from 2:00 until 6:00 p. m.
MARY McLAUGHLIN, Librarian.

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

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.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Sunday Morning Service, 10:00 a. m., Sunday School 11:00 a. m., Young

Service, 8:00 p. m. Midweek Services: Tuesday, 8:00 p. m.; Young People's Prayer Service Wednesday 8:00 p. m., Regular Prrayer Meeting, Thursday, 8:00 p. m. Rev. J. A. Hutchins, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SERVICES:

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Preaching service at 11 o'clock. Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock bible study.

You are welcome to all of these services. Please note the change of time and change in the order of the services. GEO. LONGSTAFF, Pastor.

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.

ARM LOANS-R H. PARKER.37tf RABBITS FOR SALE-John Fox. 4-2 KODAKS, FILMS, KODAK FINISH-ing.-W. B. Graves, O'Neill. 30-tf FOR SALE OR RENT-240 ACRES choice hay land .-- A. T. Whelan. 5-1 FOR SALE—HOUSE AND EIGHT lots. One or all .- Harry L. Page.

FOR SALE-MY RESIDENCE Property in west part of town.-Pat

FOR SALE - 8-ROOM MODERN tea." house, cash or terms.-A. T. Whe-

FOUND-TIRE AND RIM-OWNER may have same by proving property and paying for ad at this office. 6-1 HAVE SOME CITY PROPERTY and 2 Automobiles and \$3,000.00 in

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

THE BRIGHT RESIDENCE FOR sale; also the Furniture. See me at once.-C. L. Bright. WILL HAVE READY FOR DE-

livery July 10-150 Buff Orphington and Rhode Island Red baby chicks at 10c each.—Mrs. G. A. Fox. 4-2

8% INTEREST AND NO COMMISsion. I am now loaning Money on Farms and Ranches at 6% interest and no commission to pay. New Loan Company I just got.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebraska.

FOR SALE CHEAP - LARGE round dining table with four leaves. Six leather seated chairs to match if desired. Call 71. 48-tf

FOR SALE -SLIGHTLY UESD, 3burner, hooded New Perfection Oil Stove. See Catherine Cox at Mrs. Ella Riley's, Friday or Saturday morn-

I can make it for you .- R. H. Parker, brief consultation. Then-O'Neill, Nebraska. 21-tf

under the Depositors Guaranty Fund ing taxi drivers and protesting chaufof theState of Nebraska. Avail your-self of this PROTECTION 8-tf

high grade piano on which party is way. unable to continue payr ents. You can own this piano by paving the unpaid balance, either cash or payments. If interested write A. Hospe Co., Omaha, Nebraska.

Trappers Make Money

In the little island of Tasmania trapping is a very profitable business. The trappers supply a market that used to look to America and Siberia with skins of the humble rabbit, the wallaby, the kangaroo and the opossum. Inexperienced trappers earn \$125 a week and the old hands earn as much as \$300, according to the Washington Star.

One of the leading fur exporters of Hobart states that this sum is a fair average with many of his customers.

The trappers are sought after. Caravans go out into the bush for weeks buying up skins. Before the advent of this industry landowners were glad to have trappers to keep down the game that devastated their runs, but skins have now become so valuable that they lease the trapping rights for big sums and there are many applicants.

The state government has followed their lead in respect to crown lands. Options are now held for two seasons ahead over the trapping country.

Made It Fifty-Fifty

A case was recently brought into divorce court, in which both parties charged desertion, but finally made up their differences and agreed to try double harness for a while longer. It developed that the husband had for years been a golf flend, and because he did most of his work at night and played golf all day, he became almost a stranger to his family.

Nevertheless, he took it for granted that when he did get home, he'd find his wife there, and a meal ready, and in fact, thought of nothing else until one night-she wasn't there.

After searching the house he found a note on his bureau which was short and sweet. It read: "Dear husband, I have learned to

play mah-jongg."

Explaining the Sexton

Schoolboys in a Munich suburb were instructed recently to write a composition about the sexton in the local church, and the following effort People's Service 7:00 p. m., Evening attracted so much attention that it is being reproduced in many Bavarian

newspapers: "The sexton is a useful man. He rings the bells at five o'clock in the morning so the people know they may sleep two hours longer. At eleven o'clock he rings the bells again, indicating to the farmers in the field that they should become hungry. In the evening there is more bell-ringing, which indicates to small children they will get their ears boxed if they do not run home rapidly. Sometimes the sexton is very troublesome, especially when he rings at night to announce a fire. The sexton thrives on weddings, christenings and the dead. He earns the most money through death. Therefore he is glad when many people die."

••••••••••••• He Chose

to Drink a Cup of Tea

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

VOU win," said Sotherby at the club. "I was sure the income tax would be reduced before the end of the financial year, and I lose. Name the forfeit!"

Briggs smiled sarcastically. "Seems to me, Sotherby, you'd better go a little slower on that betting propensity of yours in future. You can either pay me the five thousand or-" He paused and looked about him at the expectant circle. "Or sit down in the middle of Fifth avenue at three o'clock in the afternoon and drink a cup of

"I'll drink the tea," said Sotherby. "You're crazy," answered Briggs. "On Friday afternoon at three o'clock. Have your witnesses."

Anybody who has not seen Fifth avenue at three o'clock in the afternoon can form little idea of the magcash to trade for a good farm.—R. H. nitude of Sotherby's undertaking. Four Parker, O'Neill, Nebraska. 3-tf lines of motorcars, crawling at a snall's lines of motorcars, crawling at a snall's pace, omnibuses, taxis and other vehicles; in the center towers of direction at intervals, policemen holding up their hands and blowing whistles to stop the trainc east and west or north and south to permit swarms of pedestrians to pass. Order out of confusion, multitudes of human beingsa veritable hive.

Into this confusion, at half-past two on Friday afternoon, a burly Irishman stalks, followed by a gang of Italian laborers with shovels and pickaxes and ropes. A letter to the police officer on duty at the intersection of Thirty-fifth street, a hurried consultation, a walk to the street telephone box.

At the city hall a 'phone girl's running her switch to the empty office of incumbrances-the head was away that day. The girl got a cool thousand for her services, the clerk in the office fifteen hundred-he valued his job, but was quite willing to start for Hawati on the night train with fifteen hundred, to learn to grow pineapples. IF YOU NEED THE OLD LOAN ON An answer to the sergeant who had your farm renewed for another 5 or reinforced the patrolman at the tele-10 years, or if you need a larger loan phone box. A call to headquarters. A

Whistles are blown. Patrolmen sta-THE NEBRASKA STATE BANK IS tion themselves at the four corners of the only bank in O'Neill operating Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth. Cursfeurs are shunted around four streets. A block of Fifth avenue grows bare WE HAVE IN YOUR VICINITY A as the pedestrians scurry out of the

nue at Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth. The intervening space is empty. A gang of laborers strings itself out in single file in the middle of the road. Pickaxes descend into the asphalt. The burly Irishman shouts violent com-

"Fer the love of Mike what they 'oing? Bullding a new subway here?" "Naw, taking up the drain pipes." "You're dippy. They're laying a ew transmarine cable!"

Speciators press against the ropes. A squad of police comes up at the double. They form a thin line about

the excavators. The work proceeds. The asphalt flies up in greasy chunks. From the windows of the club Briggs and his friends watch in growing amazement.

They cannot believe their eyes. "If Sotherby worked that trick it's going to cost him fifteen or twenty thousand in damages alone, not to speak of a few years to cool his heels in the pen."

"Bah, it isn't Sotherby. They're re pairing an underground wire."

The work proceeds. It is three o'clock. The burly Irishman strides from curb to curb. He measures the distance. He draws a yard-measure from is pocket and measures off half the distance. He takes a soap-box and sits down on it in the middle of the street and in the middle of the gang. From a pocket of his capacious overcoat he draws a vacuum bottle. From another pocket he takes a cup of graniteware. He fills the cup from the thermos bottle. It contains tea. He rises to his feet, bows to the club window, and drinks.

"By God, it's Sotherby!" Sotherby, having finished his tea, lips under the ropes and disappears. Once out of sight he takes a taxi to the pier.

An excellent time for that longprojected trip to Japan and the Philippines.

Their Occupation

A wild yelling caused a motorist in the Rumpus Ridge region to hasten around the next bend in the road. He beheld a pack of children, composed of parts of the Johnson, Giggery and Yawkey families, jumping up and lown and beating their bosoms with their clenched fists, while they howled with great vigor.

"What's the matter?" asked the traveler. "Are you in trouble?" "No!" they shouted in unison.

We're looking for it!"-Kansas City

Precisely

"I have been writing to a matrinonial agency. They offer to introluce me to lady with a million dolars. I asked for a photograph, but mey declined to furnish one. I think 'll marry her, though, if I can." "But you don't know what she looks

"True, but I know what a million lollars looks like."

Why She Refused to Marry Him

By JAMES BLACK

WARD seven had just one empty

bed, and that was not likely to remain empty long. The big hospital was generally overcrowded. Nurse Bascombe moved from bed to bed on night duty, speaking a few words to the patients, smoothing their bedclothes, turning the helpless ones or

The senior surgeon, Gerald Wickham, watched her as she moved. At thirty-five Nurse Bascombe was as graceful as a girl. Next in line for matron. He had known her for several years.

There had been a time, two years before, when he had asked her to marry him. He had felt almost confident of success, but she had refused him as gently as she did everything.

"Is it hopeless?" he asked. "I'm afraid so."

"You can never care?" Somehow she escaped answering that question. A wonderful woman, with a mystery in her life, every one agreed. Something unusual had brought that gentleness, that poise to her. Never ruffled, never upset, she was a tower of strength to the senior

He watched her. They had remained good friends since she had refused him-good friends, but nothing more. Very tactfully she had let him see that his hope was destined never to be fulfilled. Her whole life was given up to her work. He had accepted her decision. . . .

A stir without. They were bringing a patient into the ward. The matron came in advance, came up to Wickham. An accident. A man badly crushed by a truck. There was no hope, no use to think of operating. They were bringing him in just as he

A filthy tramp, exhaling the odor of bootleg whisky. A low, degraded face which yet bore the stamp of former breeding and decency. Better that such a creature should pass out in that unconsciousness which had already mercifully supervened.

The screen was drawn. The orderly was stripping the rags off the newcomer. A flannel nightgown was put over the mangled body. He was lifted into the bed.

Nurse Bascombe turned back the sheets. She folded them over again. A sudden indrawn hiss of her breath. The senior surgeon looked at her in surprise. Her face was deathly white, her body rigid.

Only for a moment. Next instant she was herself again.

"Nothing can be done for him," said Wickham, "He won't live through the night. You've been overdoing it, nurse. Better let Nurse Braham watch by

"No, I'll stay here," she answered. His duties called him away. He was gone an hour when the word came that the bed in ward seven was likely to be empty soon. He went back. Nurse Bascombe still sat by the dying man. She was bending over him, looking into his face.

Wickham came and stood silently beside her. It was a matter of minutes now. The breath was hardly perceptible, the pulse imperceptible. Suddenly, however, the dying man opened

He seemed to recognize them, the eyelids fluttered, the lips parted-then the head fell back on the pillow. The senior surgeon stooped over him, and then drew the sheet over his head.

"Is he identified?" he asked. "Nothing has come about him." An orderly came forward. Behind him walked a policeman, treading the floor uncomfortably. The orderly whispered to the surgeon, who drew

back the sheet for a moment. "That's him." The policeman nodded. "Guess that's the best thing could have happened to him."

"You wanted him?" "Wanted him for months. Seven years ago he killed and robbed an old man and got away with it. We got on his trall again. I guess that's the best

When he was gone Nurse Bascombe gripped the surgeon's wrist flercely. 'He was-my husband," she said in a ierce, strained voice. "Do you understand-everything?"

And with a little sigh she collapsed nto his arms, unconscious. But a great happiness was being orn in Wickham's heart.

That Quieted Them

The only son had just announced his engagement to his family. "What? That girl! She squints!" emarked his mother.

"She has absolutely no style," added his sister. "Red-headed, isn't she?" queried ais aunt.

"She's fidgety," said grandma. "She hasn't any money," put in his "She doesn't look strong!" ex-

claimed his first cousin. "She's stuck up!" asserted his second cousin.

"She's an extravagant thing!" interposed his third cousin. "Well, she has one redeeming feaure," said the son thoughtfully. "And what's that?" asked the fam-

ly in chorus. "She hasn't any relations," was the julet reply.-Pittsburgh Chronicle relegraph.

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LIVED LONG ON HOPE AND WATER

But Entombed Miners Did Not Establish Record

Surprise has been expressed that the men rescued from the flooded pit near Falkirk, Scotland, were able to exist for nine days "on hope and water."

In point of fact, it was just because these men had fresh water and did not abandon hope that they not only survived their horrible imprisonment, but were actually able to crawl down to the shaft bottom, unaided, to join their

For a healthy man a nine days' fast is, in itself, no very dreadful ordeal. There are indeed plenty of people who habitually fast at intervals for from three to seven days simply for health's sake, observes Henri Pickard in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not, of course, that there is any comparison between lying comfortably in bed without food and existing in the pitch darkness of a flooded coal pit, breathing bad air and always under the hideous uncertainty of whether you will ever get out or not.

Even so, these miners were not so badly off as a shipwrecked crew in an open boat. The mere fact of having water all around you, yet none to drink, is literally maddening. Yet the survivors from the Medusa, wrecked in the year 1876, managed to live through 13 days on a raft, without food or water, exposed, too, for much of the time, to a burning sun.

Of miners the longest entombment of which we have any record is that of the last survivor from the Courrieres mine in France, after the awful explosion of March 6, 1906. He was, in all, 26 days below ground before being rescued. But he had food for the first week of his imprisonment.

Doctors are divided as to how long a man can exist without food. Professional fasters, such as Doctor Tanner and Succi, have abstained for 40, even ted in the Lancet of 1853 of a of sixty-two who refused food for four months and recovered.

The period of fasting before death ensues varies with different individuals. Generally speaking, a healthy person can go without food until he or she has lost one-third of the bodily weight.

But different people do not lose weight at the same rate. Succi, for instance, lost 34 pounds 3 ounces during a 40 days' fast, but Jacques, the champion faster, lost only 28 pounds 4 ounces in the course of his record fast of 50 days.

Medical jurisprudence assumes that a fat person will live longer without food than a thin one, for, like the hibemuating bear, a fasting man consumes his own fat.

The muscles, too, lose much weight; even the skin and hair decrease in weight during the fast. The only part of the body which loses nothing is the

The Frontier, only \$2.00 per year.

STOCK FARM FOR SALE. 320 acres, well improved. Located 11 miles east of O'Neill, the county seat of Holt County. 180 acres under plow, balance pasture and hay mead-ow. Fenced and crossfenced. Price

\$85.00 per acre. ANTON SOUKUP, Page, Nebraska.

SCENIC CIRCLE TOURS TO BLACK HILLS VIA CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

Everybody can not go to California. Yellowstone Park or the Atlantic Coast but the folks in Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska should enjoy the scenic attractions of our own Black Hills, reaching there practically over night. A land of great natural beauty, tree-clad hills, rugged can-yons, tumbling water falls, beautiful lakes and streams, excellent trout fishing. Make this a Black Hills Summer and enjoy a rare scenic treat.

Daily during the Summer months, the Chicago & North Western Ry. will sell excursion tickets to the Black Hills, including grand scenic circle tour at fares which are a real bargain. Ask any Ticket Agent for illustrated booklet and further particulars.

(First publication June 5.)

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE. By virtue of an order of court di-rected to me by the District Court of of Holt County, Nebraska, on the report of the Referee appointed by said court, in the case wherein Anna B. Schmidt is plaintiff, and Anna E. Newman, Nee Schmidt, et-al are de-fendants, to sell at Public Vendue at

the Front door of the Court House in the City of O'Neill, Holt County, Ne-braska, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The South 45 feet of Lots 9, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 17 of Hazeletts Addition to O'Neill, also beginning at a point 35 feet South and 45 feet East, of the S. W. corner of Block 17 of Hazeletts Addition to O'Neill, Nebrasla, Thence South 225 feet, thence West 45 feet, thence South 203 feet more or less to the section line on the and Succi, have abstained for 40, even South side of Section 30, Township 50 days on end, and there is a case re-, 29 North Range 11 West 6th P. M., thence East_along said Section line 602 feet, thence North 428 feet, thence West 557 feet to the place of beginning, being a part of the W½ of the S. E. % of the S. W. ¼ Section 30, Township 29, North Range 11 West 6th I'. M. being all of Blocks 19 and 20 of Hazeletts Addition to O'Neill, except Lot 8 of said Block 20 as surveyed and recorded, for cash, and in compliance with said order I will offer said real estate as above described for sale and will sell the same to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the 9th day of July, 1924, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the City of O'Neill, Holt County, Nebraska, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned sole referee.

Dated this 5th day of June, 1924. Matters having arisen which make it practically impossible for the referee to attend the sale on the date above fixed, the same is continued until Julp 15, 1924, at the same hour. STEPHEN J. WEEKES,

Sole Referee.

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