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BATTERIES Repaired and recharged

E. M. HAYDEN GARAGE O'Neill, Neb.

EDGAR MULLIN.

Edgar Mullin, son of T. P. Mullin, of Elgin, died in St. Catherine hospital in Omaha, Wednesday morning at seven o'clock, following an operation for appendicitis on the previous Sunday.

The remains were brought here today for burial. The funeral services will be held from St. Patrick's church Friday morning at ten o'clock. Burial will be made in Calvary cemetery.

Edgar was born in Custer county, South Dakota, October 31, 1895. He spent six years of his boyhood days with his parents in O'Neill and moved with his parents to Innisfail, Canada, where he resided for six years before going to Washington, D. C., where he has been for the past seven years studying law at Georgetown university and working in the postal department. At Christmas time he came to Nebraska for a visit with his parents at Elgin and with relatives in Omaha.

Last Thursday he became ill and summoned a physician. Sunday it was decided to operate for appendicitis.

Edgar was not well known in O'Neill not having visited here in recent years. His father, T. P. Mullin, is quite well known throughout the county as he made his home here in the early days.

CHAMBERS ITEMS.

Edward Adams was transacting business at O'Neill Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Grimes and infant son, of Neligh, are spending a few days with Grandma Grimes, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Greetz, who traded their Norfolk property for the Walter Richard place, arrived in Chambers Saturday with their household effects and are now nicely located in their new home.

Little Lois Keller received injuries when she fell while playing, Tuesday, when she fell while playing, Tuesday. Both limbs are badly bruised which will confine her to her home for several days.

While trying to "bulldog" a calf at his father's ranch, at Swan, Thompson Whitcomb, the eleven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Whitcomb, sustained a broken right arm Monday. He was brought to Chambers where he received the required medical attention.

Sarah Cannon, of Ewing, who was making her home with Mr. and Mrs. John Honeywell of Bliss, became suddenly very ill Wednesday with appendicitis. She was taken to the General hospital at Norfolk where she was operated on Thursday. Latest reports are that she is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Taggart left for Waverly, Friday, to be present at the marriage of her son, Paul, to Miss Louise Cook, which was solemnized July 16th. The groom is well known in and around Chambers and we can all vouch for his many qualities. While the bride is wholly unknown to the people of this vicinity yet we are so sure of the groom's excellent judgment in a selection of that nature that we are confident that she is extra nice and will make him a happy and pleasant companion for life. Friends are extending congratulations.

See our line of \$25 and \$35 canton crepe dresses at \$12 to \$18. French gingham for \$1.98. \$25.00 spring coats for \$10.00 to \$12.75; \$25.00 and \$35.00 suits for \$12.00 to \$18.00. All spring and summer hats from \$1.00 to \$3.98. Mrs. Vizzard is an expert at fitting and altering and will alter all garments free of charge. Sale prices are for three days only. Friday, Saturday and Monday, July 18th, 19th and 21st.—Mrs. M. Clinton, Milliner, O'Neill, Nebraska.

IRON HOSE.

Best on earth for the money. 2-tf O'Neill Variety Store.

BENEFIT BALL GAME ATTRACTS MANY PLAYERS FROM WESTERN TOWNS

The ball game played here Wednesday afternoon between two teams picked from the best ball players between here and Ainsworth, was one of the best games yet witnessed this year. The game was given by the ball players along the Northwestern railway, who have been playing together this season, as a benefit to Leo Carney, of O'Neill, who suffered a broken leg in the game Sunday, June 29th, between O'Neill and Emmet, and for Charles Murser who received a broken finger in the same game.

Stuart and Emmet each sent large delegations and a number of their ball players to participate in the game:

Persons, of Ewing, Laws, of Emmet, and Holliday, of Stuart, were the battery for one side and Gosnell, of Newport, Bazelman, of O'Neill and Murphy, of Stuart, were the battery for the other side.

Strikeouts: by Gosnell 2 in four innings; by Lone Star, 3 in four innings; by Laws, 2 in six innings; Persons, 3 in three innings.

Base on ball, off Lone Star, 1. Hits: off Gosnell 6; off Lone Star 2; off Laws, 4; off Persons, 1.

Following is the line-up:

Higgenbotham's Side—Murphy, Stuart, c; Gosnell, Newport, p; McDonald, O'Neill, 1b; Legill, Newport, 2b; Carroll, Atkinson, 3b; Martin, O'Neill, ss; Bazeman, O'Neill, p; Lone Star, Herrick, p; Beha, O'Neill, c; Troshynski, W., Emmet, 1f

Ford's Side—Holliday, Stuart, c; Persons, Ewing, p; Laws, Emmet, p; Ford, O'Neill, c; Troshynski, J., c; Gannon, Ainsworth, 2b; Gilpin, Newport, 3b; Troshynski, H., Emmet, ss; Harris, Emmet, rf; Troshynski, T., Emmet, cf; Enright, O'Neill, rf; Willging, O'Neill, 2b

LITTLE BABY GIRL HAS NARROW ESCAPE FROM VICIOUS HOG

The little nineteen months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Stubbin, residing at old Mincola, came very nearly being eaten up by a vicious sow belonging to the family, this morning when the mother left the little one playing about the yard while she went for some cobs. Hearing the screams of the child she returned quickly to find that the old sow had cut and bruised the arms, head and the entire body of the little one with its tusches and inflicting deep holes in its head and arms where the tusches had entered. The child was brought to the office of Dr. Carter where the injuries were sewed up and dressed. The child has a fairly good chance to recover.

LIVE STOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA

Desirable Beeves Firm, Top \$10.50. Plain Cattle Lower

HOGS SELL 15c HIGHER

Fat Lambs a Quarter Higher—Idaho at \$14.00@14.25. Demand Vigorous From All Quarters and Trading Brisk.

Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, July 16, 1924.—Receipts of cattle were 7,500 head, and while best grades ruled firm other cattle were slow and weaker. Top beeves \$10.50. Cows and feeders dull and unchanged.

Quotations on cattle:—Choice to prime beeves, \$9.75@10.50; good to choice beeves, \$9.10@9.75; fair to good beeves, \$8.35@9.00; common to fair beeves, \$7.50@8.25; choice to prime yearlings, \$9.25@10.25; good to choice yearlings, \$8.40@9.25; fair to good yearlings, \$7.75@8.35; common to fair yearlings, \$6.50@7.65; choice to prime heifers, \$8.25@9.00; good to choice fed heifers, \$7.40@8.25; fair to good fed heifers, \$6.50@7.35; common to fair fed heifers, \$5.25@6.50; choice to prime cows, \$6.50@8.00; good to choice cows, \$5.00@6.50; fair to good cows, \$3.25@4.75; cutters, \$2.25@3.00; canners, \$1.50@2.25; veal calves, \$5.00@10.50; heavy and medium calves \$4.00@8.50; bologna bulls, \$1.25@4.85; beef bulls, \$4.50@5.25; butcher bulls, \$5.00@7.00; good to choice feeders, \$7.00@7.75; fair to good feeders, \$6.00@6.85; common to fair feeders, \$5.00@6.00; good to choice stockers, \$6.50@7.25; fair to good stockers, \$5.50@6.50; common to fair stockers, \$4.50@5.50; trashy stockers, \$3.50@4.50; stock heifers, \$3.50@5.50; stock cows, \$2.50@3.75; stock calves, \$3.50@7.25.

Hogs Advance Sharply. With 21,000 fresh hogs Tuesday the demand was vigorous from all quarters and trading active at a 15c advance. Best heavy butcher hogs brought \$7.35 and bulk of the trading was at \$6.60@7.30.

Fat Lambs Sell Higher. Receipts were 11,500 head and the market active and strong to a quarter higher than Monday. Best Idaho spring lambs brought \$14.00@14.25.

Quotations on sheep and lambs: Spring lambs, good to choice, \$13.25@14.25; spring lambs, fair to good, \$11.00@13.00; feeding lambs, \$11.00@11.75; wethers, clipped, \$6.50@7.50; yearlings, clipped, \$10.00@12.00; clipped ewes, \$3.50@5.75.

That Promised Blessing Came in Good Time

By MILDRED GOODRIDGE

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHEN Robert Crandall and his pretty wife adopted little Dot, an orphan child thrown on the world without a friend or relative, good old Doctor Broos, the minister, told them that a blessing would surely come to them.

A high stone wall separated the humble Crandall homestead from the grand Thorne mansion next door, the home of an afflicted and lonely recluse.

Reuben Thorne was the mystery of Brocton. He was known as "the man with the gray mask." He had lived entirely alone. Once a week a man came from the village to set the place in order. Thorne passed most of his time reading. He never left the walled-in grounds until after dusk. Then he wore a gray silk mask that completely covered his face.

Those who met him, even when darkness partially obscured his strangeness of appearance, were startled. Nervous women watched him as they would a bogie. Children shrank from him. Then the story came out that his face was a mass of disfiguring scars. It was told that in another part of the country, handsome, young, rich, he had loved a beautiful girl. A dark beauty whom he had never encouraged but who was mad after his love, in a fit of jealous rage flung a bottle of corrosive liquid in his face and then drowned herself.

One evening Mrs. Crandall sent little Dot over to the place with a dish of the first strawberries of the season, newly-picked from their own home garden.

A sharp scream caused Mrs. Crandall to rush to the street a minute or two after little Dot had started on her errand.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" she screamed, as she saw amid a cloud of dust a great touring car and an excited crowd gathering.

"She is safe!" called out a voice suddenly, and the speaker and some others drew back as there emerged from amid the confusion the masked man.

He carried little Dot in his arms. She was white with fright, but smiling up at him murmuring lovingly.

"Oh, you good man—to come just as I was being run over!"

A little lad followed with the dish filled with dust and berries. Then there were explanations. The automobile had borne down unexpectedly, the masked man chanced to be at his garden gate. He shrank from the staring crowd, without a word, placed Dot in the arms of her adopted mother and disappeared, followed by the ardent thanks of Mrs. Crandall.

The next day Dot insisted that she must go and see her friend, as she recognized a debt of gratitude to the stranger.

That was the beginning of a rare companionship between the lovable little Dot and the lonely world-weary recluse. All through the golden month of June, hour after hour, the strangely matched twain would wander over the garden. Then one day Dot came home in tears.

"He is going away," she sobbed, "and I shall be so lonely!"

At the barred gate that evening Mr. Thorne met Mr. Crandall and told him that business would call him away for a month to a distant city. He expressed his gratitude for the company of the little child who had brought so much sunshine into his dreary life.

It was a joyful evening when Dot saw a light once more in the solitary old house. She could scarcely sleep, so anxious was she to regain her old friend. The barred gate was kept locked, however. For fully a week the recluse was not seen about the grounds. At dusk one evening he passed the house. Dot ran out impetuously to greet him.

She returned with a white, frightened face. She was trembling and amid great terror she gasped out:

"Oh, papa! oh, mamma! It isn't Mr. Thorne!"

"What is that, my child?" inquired Mrs. Crandall quickly.

No, the clothing was the same, the mask was the same, but oh! she knew: the gruff voice, the touch of the hand. And then suspicion awoke in the mind of her auditors and then investigation.

"A little child shall lead them," and the quick instinct of the precocious Dot's mind did not go astray. It was true—an impostor was personating Mr. Thorne, drawing checks in his name, getting ready to sell the property and decamp.

It was a clever plot of shrewd scoundrels, soon unmasked, the real Thorne rescued from an unhappy imprisonment, and then the old delight of Dot in regaining the afflicted friend whose life was made endurable and even happy through her joyful presence.

That was not all of it. The great burden that oppressed the Crandalls, the mortgage, was lifted, for Mr. Thorne could not do enough to express his gratitude for his delivery from cruel hands. Then, week by week, he was drawn from the old solitude; he became a guest and then a regular visitor at the Crandall home, and finally a permanent member of a happy family circle.

How the Young Attorney Beat in Two Cases

By JOHN GREGG

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

A DUSTY piece of tin plate, one side of which bore the legend, "Tompkins Avenue!"

Carol Marston, the young lawyer, looked at it idly. It was lying in a dry ditch beside the roadway.

The discovery seemed not of the smallest importance. Marston had long since dismissed it from his mind when he had a call from Pretty Elsie Vincent.

"Sit down, Miss Vincent," he said, offering her a chair. He knew her by sight, although they had never spoken to each other. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to bring a suit against the Richards company," answered Miss Vincent. "They engaged me by the month as telephone operator in their new apartment house at New avenue and Seventh street, and dismissed me on the seventh with a week's pay because they are dropping the service."

Old Sol Richards had the reputation of being the meanest man in town; but this was worse than anything he had done, for Lewis Vincent had started him in business twenty years before.

Lewis Vincent died when Elsie was a baby. He had once been wealthy, but had backed a note for Richards, and when he died it was found that all the property had to go to meet it, Richards being insolvent.

"And I just mean to get this forty-five dollars out of the old skinkflint," said Elsie to Carol Marston. "Just to show him what I think of him. Now, why is it, if I have a clear case, no other lawyer will take it?"

"You have tried?" inquired Carol. "Yes," the girl admitted. "You see, Mr. Marston—" here she blushed prettily—"you seemed so young."

Carol smiled rather grimly. "I guess they are all afraid of Richards," he said. "But I will take your case—and win it, too."

"And I have a lot at the corner of Tompkins avenue and Seventh street," the girl confided, "so I can pay you by selling that."

Three days later Richards came stamping into his office.

"What's this I hear about your filing a claim against me on behalf of that Vincent woman?" he roared.

"I don't know what you have heard, Mr. Richards, but it is true," answered Carol.

"Do you know I can ruin you, young man?" cried the infuriated old man. "Say, are you plumb crazy?"

"Can't say," answered Carol imperturbably, "but that claim is going to be met."

"We'll see," grunted Richards, and stamped out again.

That was the beginning of the trouble. One by one Carol's clients dropped away from him. The case never came into court, for Richards paid; and thenceforward Carol was deprived even of the solace of Miss Elsie's occasional visits. The young man had little capital, and it seemed the Richards would make good his threat.

And then one night, while he was turning over his situation in his mind there flashed across it the remembrance of that old tin plate.

The next morning Carol paid a visit to the town hall and spent the whole forenoon burrowing among old maps and charts of the village. It assumed enough importance to inspire the young man to write an urgent letter to Richards, inviting him to come to his office.

When Richards stamped into the lawyer's office, anticipating a plea for mercy, he was considerably astonished to see Miss Vincent there, and Marston seated at his desk and bearing no traces of spiritual humility.

"Well, young man, so you've come round, eh?" growled Richards.

"Sit down," said Carol. "Mr. Richards, when you attempted to deprive Miss Vincent of three weeks' salary I did not realize that you were actually in possession of stolen property of hers."

"What'd you mean?" growled Richards, turning pale, nevertheless.

"The records of our town were destroyed by fire fifteen years ago," Marston went on; "but fortunately certain deeds were saved—among them that to your apartment house at the corner of New avenue and Seventh street."

"This is a conspiracy!" yelled Richards, rising.

"Miss Vincent," continued the young man, "possesses one of those deeds, giving her possession of a vacant lot at Seventh street and Tompkins avenue."

He rose and, shaking his finger with that dramatic air that was well known in the courts afterward, continued:

"You infernal scoundrel, Tompkins avenue used to run where New avenue runs today, and Miss Vincent's lot is that on which your apartment house now stands!"

Five minutes later Richards got up from the floor and brushed his knees, which were very dusty.

"I'll send that check for ninety thousand as soon as I can fix the mortgage, Mr. Marston," he whimpered. "And you'll let it go at that?"

"Yes," nodded Elsie, and Marston said "yes" obediently.

But it was not more than a minute before Miss Elsie was saying "yes" also—in obedience to the singular stipulation above mentioned.

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CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to extend sincere thanks and appreciation for the assistance and sympathy extended to me during the illness and following the death of my husband.

Mrs. C. Stebener.

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