

## Royal Theatre

HOME OF GOOD PICTURES

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

Roy Stewart and Bessie Love in "SUNDOWN"

Friday—Comedy. Saturday—Comedy and Last Chapter "Riddle Rider."

SUNDAY & MONDAY

Huntley Gordon, Pauline Frederick, Mae Bush and Conrad Nagel in "MARRIED FLIRTS" Comedy and News

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

Renee Adoree in "BANDOLERO" Comedy—Cross-Word Puzzle Reel

THURSDAY & FRIDAY

Tom Moore and Anna Forrest in "MARRIAGE MORALS" Comedy

This Coupon is good for Thursday Only, if used with one paid admission.

Coming—  
"Flowing Gold." "Golden Bed."  
"Sea Hawk." "So Big."

## THE FRONTIER

D. H. CRONIN, Publisher.  
W. C. TEMPLETON,  
Editor and Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at O'Neill, Nebraska, as second-class matter.

### DISTRICT COURT OPENED HERE MONDAY MORNING

The first jury case to be tried at the term of the district court which opened Monday morning with Judge Robert B. Dickson, presiding, was the State of Nebraska vs. Charles E. Peterson, of Ewing, who was charged with arson, connected with the burning of the Ewing mill last fall some time. After the state had submitted its evidence the judge sustained a motion of the defendant counsel to instruct a verdict for the defendant.

The case of the State of Nebraska vs. Henry C. Claussen is now occupying the attention of the court and may go to the jury some time today.

### MYER-RANDALL

Wm. Meyer and Miss Bessie Randall were married in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on Wednesday of last week.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Randall residing one and one-half miles southeast of O'Neill. Mr. Meyer is well known in this vicinity having been connected with the flour and feed business with George Bowen for some time until recently.

They returned to O'Neill Friday afternoon. A reception and dance was given for them at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Randall Friday evening. A large number of friends were present.

They are at home to their friends in rooms at the George Bradt residence on east Everett street.

### THOMAS McLAUGHLIN.

The funeral of Thomas McLaughlin, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Carrigg, Sioux City, Iowa, March 11, was held on Saturday last from St. Patrick's church, of this city, Very Reverend M. F. Cassidy officiating.

The deceased was born in Roscommon County, Ireland, ninety-eight years ago, and notwithstanding his advanced age was in good health and fairly active to within a few months of his death.

In 1866 he was one of a Company

of Fenians, who left Louisville, Kentucky to join General O'Neill in his invasion of Canada, but he and his associates were arrested and disarmed by United States authorities, at or near Buffalo, New York.

His early life was spent in Kentucky and New York City. He was married in New London, Connecticut where he and family resided for a few years later going to Kentucky and in the early '80 coming to O'Neill where they located upon a homestead two and one-half miles southwest of O'Neill where they tilled the soil for a number of years. After purchasing the I. R. Smith livery barn in this city Mr. McLaughlin moved his family to O'Neill where he has made his home until last July when he went to Sioux City for an extended visit with his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Carrigg. Mrs. McLaughlin died in this city in August, 1917.

He is survived by four daughters: Mrs. E. W. Norris, of Omaha; Mrs. W. H. Carrigg, of Sioux City; Mrs. John A. Harmon and Miss Mary McLaughlin, of O'Neill, and by several grand and great-grand children. The daughters were all present at the funeral services.

### DEDICATING THE ROSEBUD.

By The Chief.

(By F. O. Hazen, Holt County's Poet Laurette.)

Braves and squaws who make the circle,  
Sadness on your faces show;  
Yet today you heart sings gladness,  
Like the spring that bursts to flow.  
Tho the past is memories blackened,  
Like a whiteman's smitten tomb.  
Our future is like a tiny rosebud  
And your hearts all see the bloom.

Seven moons have passed beyond us,  
Like the waters that have gone,  
Since we turned our faces westward  
Rather than be trampled on.  
And the dead that we've forsaken,  
Blackened furrows hide their woe.  
Yet if they could speak out to us,  
They would counsel better so.

Here away from white-man's sneering,  
Square many sun's tramp, lies fresh sod,  
Gift of Father Fire and Water,  
Thunder, Lightning, White-man's God.  
Heap much antelope and bison,  
Heap much fish and birds that fly;  
Knee-deep grass for many ponies;  
Sights all good to red-man's eye.

Quickly now we'll set the wigwams,  
String the bow, and shape the spear.  
Here we'll raise a mighty village,  
Peace and plenty they are here.  
White man promised, no more bother,  
Ours forever—land and sky.  
Land of Rosebud: This we call it;  
Live for it or for it die.

—F. O. HAZEN.

### Names for Nautical Fare

The sailor resembles the quick order restaurant waiter in that he invariably has a pet name for articles of diet. Salt beef, that standby of the menu at sea, was known during the Nineteenth century as "junk," "old horse," "salt horse" or "salt junk." It was responsible, held one writer of sea stories, for the mahogany complexion of sailors, which was commonly attributed to a combination of rum and the weather. A stew answered to the name of "lobscouse," and was made of salt beef, biscuits and potatoes, seasoned highly with pepper. A dish of cold fish and potatoes was labeled "twice-laid," while a pudding of dried peas boiled in a cloth was named by the sailors under the name of "dog's body." Ship biscuits were even then called "hardtack," while soft, white bread was christened "soft tack" or "soft tommy."

The Frontier, \$2.00 per year.

## Vengeance of Abdul Khan

By ARCHIE JOSCELYN

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

IT WAS not Mecca; but to Abdul Khan it was Mecca, which sufficed. Its streets, crooked and narrow and reeking with the stench of accumulated centuries, dark at midday and avenues of death at midnight for the unwary, were as they had always been in the land of the prophet. In the newer, cleaner portion of the city, with its modern business and dominance of the sultan's favorites, Khan prospered. His western training showed in his air, his speech and manner of living. And his wife, a woman of beauty, went with unveiled face. There was no doubt that he loved her, and she well content.

Searim, of all the friends of the sultan who lived in Khan's Mecca, was the most powerful and by the same token the most unscrupulous. Also, with his well-carried figure and military caste, aided not a little by a milk-white steed of the desert, he was more handsome even than Abdul Khan. Unveiled faces are to be seen, and what is seen is apt to be desired. What is desirable, such as Searim take. So Abdul Khan's wife became the favorite of the sultan's favorite—and she went willingly.

One flash of Abdul Khan's western spirit showed then—by the modern post he sent word to Searim that he would have revenge, and, though it be long in coming, it would be ample.

Searim's reply was characteristic. Protected by the law and might of the land from Abdul Khan, he turned that same power to bring Khan dead to his feet. To save his life Khan fled the country, for a dead man cannot attain vengeance.

The business that Khan had built up was a rich haul even for a favorite of the sultan, who might pillage as he wished. But Searim added nothing to his injury of Khan when he took his wealth, for to Khan, life had held but one thing—his wife, and business was but an end to help her. Business was no aid to vengeance.

Four years, the passage of a slice out of life, much to some and little to others, saw an increase in the power of the sultan's favorite, a redoubled vigilance against those of the rabble of those oppressed who might do him harm, a slight fading of the beauty of her who had been the wife of Abdul Khan, though she was still Searim's favorite; a forgetfulness on their part of Abdul Khan's vow of vengeance, and, in one of the filthier parts of the city, the setting up of a humble shop of a rug weaver.

But treasures came not always from the brighter palaces. Soon word went about Mecca, even that city of hidden treasures, that in the shop of Kadul the weaver was a treasure such as no one had found before in the East. Many looked at the rug, and sighed, and asked the price, but none there were who purchased. Some there were who would have—but fear stood between. Searim—Searim would hear of it and wish it, and woe to the worm who took it from him!

It was Searim himself who rode his horse through the doorway, and over the bent form of Kadul, who hardly managed to crawl aside. The price was cut in half and cut again—Searim the powerful so ordered. That, or death to the merchant. And Kadul went in person to deliver and place the rug of fire in the house of Searim.

It was an hour past the usual rising hour that someone screamed in the house of Searim. In his bedroom the sight which first caught the eye was of the marvelous fire-rug, spread by Kadul the weaver. The sunlight was striking upon it, showing its weave and texture, myriad of colors, which seemed to glow as fire, and the effect was as if smoke arose. Nowhere else in the East was there anything like unto it.

Across the bed lay two figures. One was she who had been the wife of Abdul Khan. She was stretched there as if in repose, but very still. Across her feet, equally still, was stretched the body of Abdul Khan himself, no longer was there resemblance to Kadul the weaver of death. On the floor, lying at the feet of both, was Searim. All three were in their bare feet, and tiny red marks were upon the feet of each. Woven in the rug, points uppermost, were countless needles, infinitely small, tipped with poison.

For four years, Abdul Khan had followed the profession of his fathers, weaving the rug, and into it he had woven his vengeance. Searim, the powerful, the unapproachable, lay at his feet.

### Debt for Monument

It was while Indianapolis was host to a large convention of national character, a year or so ago, that A. B. Crampton, chairman of the board of control of the Indiana Soldiers and Sailors' monument, came across a stranger who was admiring Indiana's memorial to her fallen heroes.

"That certainly is a wonderful monument," said the stranger, adding, "beautiful, artistic and inspiring."

"Yes," replied Mr. Crampton, "Indiana is proud of it and we veterans of the Civil war love and cherish it."

"Yes, sir; that's fine," said the other, "But you know if it had not been for my state, Indiana would not have such a grand monument."

"If it hadn't been for your state?" asked the veteran.

"Indeed, sah; I'm from South Carolina."—Indianapolis News.

### CORRECTING THE PROF.

A professor met two students outside the campus during one of the hours for study. He walked up to one of the students and, taking out his notebook to jot down the reply, asked:

"Pray, sir, what might your name be?"

"Julius Caesar," said the student.

"What, sir? Do you mean to say your name is Julius Caesar?"

"Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it might be."

### Made a Serious Mistake

The star comedian in the road show didn't know what had caused the riot in the theater until the day he left the hospital.

He had thoughtlessly sung "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" in the western town where a drought had prevailed for two months.—American Legion Weekly.

### UNIMPORTANT THINGS



"We're made happy by the unimportant things."  
"Yes—that is, if they're pretty regular in bringing their salaries home."

### Evolution

Why should I climb, with study grim,  
A family tree,  
To meet upon the topmost limb  
A chimpanzee?

### Me, the Sacred One

A Mohammedan married a very ugly wife. On the day after the marriage the bride asked her husband, after oriental custom, before which people she might appear without her veil.  
"Before anybody—except me!" replied her husband.—Munch Meggen-dorfer Blatter.

### Quite the Contrary

"I'm afraid father was very angry when you asked him for me, wasn't he, Jack, dear?"  
"Not at all. He asked me if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your three sisters?"

### DASHED HER HOPES

The young man produced a small square box from his pocket.

"My dear," he said, "I have a birthday present for you. I don't know whether it will fit your finger or not, but I'll—"

"Oh, Jack!" she interrupted, blushing vividly. "Why, I never even thought—"

Then he opened the box and produced a silver thimble, and the room became suddenly cooler.

### Turn About

The clergyman held up his hands in horror.

"Stephen," he said, "the last time I met you you made me the happiest man in the parish, because you were sober. But today you make me the most miserable, because you are drunk."

"Y-e-e-s, parson," said Peter. "Today it's my turn to be happy."

### SAFE FROM THE KNIFE



Much-Operated Lady—So you don't expect ever to undergo an operation? May I ask why?

Never-Operated Lady—Well, you see I'm a surgeon's wife.

### Evolution

By "evolution" they would show  
How modern forms appear,  
But this is what I'd like to know:  
Where do we go from here?

### Practice Makes Perfect

A barber reported to work two hours late.

"What's the big idea?" demanded the boss.

"I'm sorry," replied the barber, "but while I was shaving I talked myself into a shampoo, haircut and massage."—Good Hardware.

### Not One of the Rich

"My husband handles bricks all day."

"Lucky woman! They say bricklayers get enormous wages."

"My husband doesn't. You see, his work is packing ice cream bricks at the factory."



**H.B. BRAND**

## EXTRA GOOD HARNESS

There is a reliable harness man near you who sells H. B. Brand harness. He has probably sold it for years, knowing it's honest value. Made of finest leather by expert harness makers, H. B. Brand outwears and outworks ordinary harness. Costs less in the long run. A style for every purpose. Reasonable prices. Your H. B. Brand dealer will be glad to show them to you. Get a copy of our 1925 catalog from him or write us.  
Harpham Brothers Company  
Lincoln, Nebraska

### Colors in Grease

Lady (to clerk)—I want to buy some lard.

Grocer—Pail?

Lady—I didn't know it came in two shades.—The Widow.

### Didn't Dare

Manners—Do you ever take your wife to a prize fight?

Smithers—Never. She knows enough about scrapping now, without teaching her more.

### Taking No Such Risk

He—They say that in time people who live together get to look exactly alike.

She—Then you must consider my refusal final.—Stray Stories.

### The Missionary

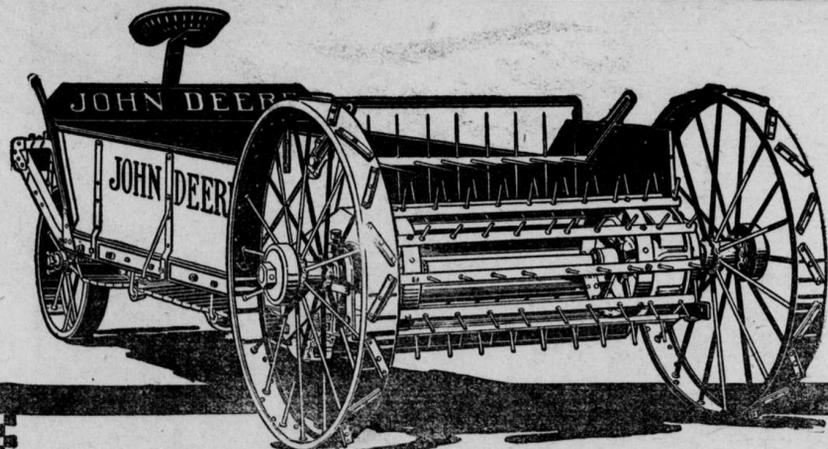
Anne—It's awfully sweet of you to organize this Homemakers' club, but how do you find time from your home?

Vina—Oh, dearie, I'm divorced.

### Father Gets the Truth

Father—How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?

Y. M.—Oh, it's great! It's great!



## Get These Additional Spreader Advantages

Every user of a manure spreader readily admits that this equipment is one of the best investments any farmer can make, but remember this—there's a world of difference in manure spreaders—a difference in loading, in draft, in the work done, in the life, upkeep costs and the service they give.

### JOHN DEERE SPREADER

The Spreader with the Beater on the Axle

has these distinctive advantages—advantages over others that result in saving time, labor and money.

**Easier on you.** It is only 36 inches from the ground to the top of the box—from 6 to 10 inches lower than others—saves about half the work of loading because the manure is in the box without the hard part of lifting necessary when loading other spreaders.

**Easier on your horses.** High drive wheels materially lighten the draft—from 4 to 8 inches higher than others. The manure on the endless apron is rolled back to the beater on 48 roller bearings. If you were going to move a ton weight the easiest way you wouldn't drag it—you would put rollers under this load and roll it, as on the John Deere.

**Does better work.** It isn't necessary to pile the John Deere Spreader with manure high in the

center to get on a load; consequently, the spread is even the entire width. Another point, the beater on the John Deere is low to the ground—manure is not thrown high in the air for side winds to catch it and cause drifting.

The revolving rake, a patented feature, imbeds its teeth into the manure and revolves with the load—this permits the beater teeth to tear the manure apart. No bunching—no uneven spreading.

**Lasts longer.** It has only about half the parts ordinarily required.

**No clutches—no chains—no adjustments to make.** All of the main working parts are on the axle where they can't get out of line to cause extra wear, binding and breakage. The upkeep costs are extremely low and the service it gives is much longer.

All of these advantages are evident when comparisons are made.

Come in and see the John Deere on our floor ready for your inspection.

## Warner & Sons

Get Quality  
This Store



and Service  
Gives Both

# At Our Big Combination Sale

Saturday, March 28th

We are selling furniture, machinery, horses, cows, hogs, seed corn, kaffir corn in 100lb. sacks, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Nine horses, 2 cows, 5 pure bred Barred Plymouth Rock roosters, 1 Collins & Morrison saddle, 1 two-row cultivator, 1 John Deere check row planter, 1 mower, 3 double-row elies, 3 sets of harness, 1 lister, 1 eli, 1 power washing machine, 1 rocker, 1 kitchen cabinet, 25 bu. Early Minnesota yellow seed corn, 1 DeLaval separator, 22 bu. White seed corn in bushel sacks, 1 Economy King separator, 200 pounds Kaffir seed corn, rockers, tables, chairs, etc., 1 Ford Sedan in splendid condition, starter and everything, 1 Ford Touring car, guaranteed and in good condition.

Remember this is a Consignment Sale and not an Invoice. Come and get these bargains.

Nine months' time on approved security.

John L. Quig, Manager

Col. Jas. Moore, Auct. O'Neill National Bank, Clerk.