

PAID LOCALS

FARM LOANS—R. H. PARKER.—374
KODAKS, FILMS, KODOK FINISH-
ing—W. B. Graves, O'Neill. 30-4

DURING MY FOURTEEN YEARS
of loaning money on farms this is
the lowest interest rate I ever had.
I can now loan money on good farms
at 5½% interest.—R. H. Parker,
O'Neill, Nebr. 40-4

LESSONS GIVEN IN DRESSMAK-
ing.—Mrs. A. E. Stevens. Phone
69. 16-4

IF YOU NEED THE OLD LOAN ON
your farm renewed for another 5 or
0 years, if you need a larger loan
I can make it for you.—R. H. Parker,
O'Neill, Nebraska. 21-4

Old Mr. Carter Helped by Simple Mixture

"After taking Adlerika I feel bet-
ter than for years. At my age (60)
it is ideal—so different from other
medicines." (signed) W. W. Carter.
Adlerika is a simple mixture of buck-
thorn bark, glycerine, etc., which
removes GAS in ten minutes and
often brings surprising relief to the
stomach. Stops that full, bloated
feeling. Brings out old waste-mat-
ter you never thought was in your
system. Excellent for chronic con-
stipation.—Charles E. Stout, Drug-
gist.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Nine acre tract with improvements
½-mile east of Golden hotel. For
particulars see O'Neill National
Bank. 18-4

CATTLE, HOGS & SHEEP.

Do you know that the CORN BELT
COMMISSION COMPANY is one of
the best commission firms on the
South Omaha Market and has the
reputation of having some of the
best Salesmen in the So. Omaha
Yards. Every man that works for
this outfit is a hustler and a live
wire. When you ship to the Corn
Belt Com. Co. you are absolutely as-
sured of unexcelled service, big prices
and big fills. Write, wire or phone
the CORN BELT COM. CO. and get
their live stock quotations before
shipping. 17-4

The Frontier, \$2.00 per year.

THE O'NEILL ABSTRACT COMPANY

—Compiles—
"Abstract of Title"
The only complete set of Ab-
stract Books in Holt County.

DR. L. A. CARTER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Glasses Correctly Fitted.
Office and Residence, Naylor Bldg.
—Phone 72—
O'NEILL :: NEBRASKA

DR. J. P. GILLIGAN
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to
disease of the eye and cor-
rect fitting of glasses.

H. L. BENNETT
Graduate Veterinarian
Phone 304. Day or Night.
O'Neill, Nebraska

C. H. Lubker M. E. Lubker
DRS. LUBKER
Chiropractic Specialists in
Chronic, Nervous and Femals
Diseases.
Phone 316. O'Neill, Nebr.

W. F. FINLEY, M. D.
Phone, Office 28
O'Neill :: Nebraska

I JUST SOLD TWO FARMS. POS-
sibly I can sell more. List your
farm with me and I will try.—R. H.
Parker, O'Neill, Nebr. 52-4

HOUSE TO RENT IN DESIRABLE
location. Inquire of Edward M.
Gallagher at First National Bank.
17-3

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL
buy a 6-cylinder Reo automobile.—
See R. H. Parker. 3-4

FOR RENT—C. H. COOPER RESI-
dence in southwest part of town,
good condition, modern. Inquire of C.
P. Hancock at O'Neill National Bank.
18-2

WANTED — VACANCY NOW OF-
fered to handle Ward's Reliable
Products in Holt County. Gentle-
manly, steady hustler desired. Pre-
vious experience not necessary. Par-
ticulars forwarded on request.—Dr.
Ward's Medical Co., Winona, Minn.
Established 1856. 17-3



We specialize on examining eyes of
children and treating cross-eyes with
glasses. Give your boy or girl an
equal chance with other children. See
Perrigo Optical Co. at the Golden
Hotel, O'Neill, Tuesday, October
13th. 18-2

FOR SALE OR RENT, MY STORE
building and lot.—Con Keys. 15-2

WANTED A HAMPSHIRE PIG
about 75 lbs.—Con Keys. 19-2

FOR SALE—REGISTERED SHORT-
horn Bull, three years old. Price
\$65.—Mrs. Pete Donohoe. 19-5.

A REGISTERED SHORTHORN
Bull for sale. Inquire of Mrs. Han-
nah Donohoe, O'Neill. 19-3

WANTED AT ONCE—FURNISHED
rooms for light housekeeping. Re-
sponsible parties. Inquire at this
office. 19-1

REWARD WILL BE GIVEN FOR
return of one canvas stack cover
with our name stenciled on same.—
Watson Hay Company, Inman. 19-2

ASTRAY WHITE PIG CAME TO
my place September 15th.—T. E.
Markey. 19-3

FOR SALE—8 REGISTERED MAM-
moth Spanish Jacks, 3 to 10 years
old. Prices right.—Max Karo, R. F.
D. 2, Stuart, Nebr. 19-3

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

On October 10th and 11th only, we
will specialize on tomatoes 75c, car-
rots \$1.25 per bu., pie pumpkins 4 for
25c, cauliflower 20c.

Lewis Kopecky,
White house with black trimmings
on west side of road 3 miles south of
Inman. 19-1p

Weather Experts to Make Study of Ocean

The influence which the ocean has
upon the weather is very great.
"The study of the waters of the
oceans," declares Lieutenant Com-
mander George E. Brandt of the
United States navy, "will yield results
worth millions of dollars to the agri-
culture and industry of the nation,
because from this study we can get
a better understanding of the weather,
and will probably be able to pre-
dict the weather a year in advance,
especially the periods of rainfall and
drouth and their duration." Com-
mander Brandt says that the waters
of the ocean are a great reservoir for
storing and distributing the heat
which comes from solar radiation.
During each hour of sunshine more
heat is being added to this great reser-
voir. This heat in turn is given off
again by the ocean, influencing very
materially the weather over land and
sea. Observations made by the
Smithsonian Institution show that the
radiation of the sun varies consider-
ably from time to time. It is this
variation, says Commander Brandt,
which makes the study of weather so
complicated. "Since the waters of
the ocean act as an intermediate
reservoir," he says, "the full effect of
a change in solar radiation is not felt
until some years after the change
takes place.

Porcelain Has Long Been Known to World

Porcelain, factories and stores are

Souvenirs Her Hobby

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"THIS is the room occupied by Gen-
eral Washington after the battle
of Trenton," piped the little, withered-
up, old landlady.

"Looks like an ordinary room to
me," granted Jim Crane.

"Oh, James, how perfectly sweet!"
exclaimed his wife enthusiastically.
"Just think of our sleeping in the
room Washington slept in after the
battle of Trenton. Who else slept
here, Mrs. Starch?"

"This room," piped Mrs. Starch in
melancholy tones, "is called the celeb-
rities' room. It has been occupied by
Lincoln, General Grant and Edgar Al-
lan Poe at various times. This chair
is one Benedict Arnold once sat down
in."

"Oh, Jim, do look at Benedict
Arnold's chair! Isn't it dear?" cried
Molly.

"Well, they can say that James
Crane also sat down in this chair,"
grumbled her husband, planting him-
self heavily in it.

"Jim, you are so unromantic!"
"Seventy bucks a week, just to say
we've sat down in B. Arnold's chair
and slept in the room occupied by—"

"But that bed was slept in by Gen-
eral Washington after the battle of
Trenton!" exclaimed Molly. "Just
think of it, James! It's something to
be proud of all one's life, to say one
slept in the bed Washington slept in."

Jim Crane grunted without answer-
ing. He had too much common sense
to respond. He knew his wife was
crazy on the subject of antiques.

Besides, the little country inn, which
looked no better than a small farmer's
cottage, was packed with the wealthy,
indulging in the luxury of residing in
the same house as Washington, Grant,
Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe and Benedict
Arnold. But of all the guests none
equaled the Cranes, who were envied
and esteemed—for they had the celeb-
rities' room.

"All I got to say," grunted Jim
Crane next morning, "that if Washing-
ton, Lincoln, Grant, and Edgar Allan
Poe occupied that bed they must have
slept mighty badly."

"Now, Jim, you are horrid!" ex-
claimed Molly. "You know perfectly
well in those days they had great soft
feather mattresses."

"Humph!" said Jim Crane. "Still,
I'm not surprised B. Arnold preferred
to sit up all night in that chair. It
doesn't look like a very old chair to
me."

In fact he had a curious sort of idea
that he had sat in that chair before.
He dared not tell Molly, however, be-
cause he knew she would tell him it
was reincarnation.

The week wore away. The Cranes
were tortured and envied; they slept
the sleep of the damned, but everyone
pointed them out during the day as
the people occupying the celebrities'
room.

Old Mrs. Starch was the fifth of the
generations to occupy the old Starch
mansion. It had housed all the lead-
ing men of Revolutionary and Colonial
times. In short, Mrs. Starch, when
she was left impoverished, had sud-
denly struck a gold mine by converting
her home into a hotel and charging
proportionate prices.

"Well, I hope you've enjoyed your
visit, Molly," growled Jim Crane, on
the last afternoon. "One more night
in George Washington's bed and I'll
be glad to hit the hay in our own
little home."

"Listen, Jim," said Molly. "I believe
Mrs. Starch would sell us Benedict
Arnold's chair for two thousand dol-
lars. She hinted—"

"Two thousand! Say, that's the
limit!" yelled Jim Crane, tearing his
hair.

"But, Jim, dear, just think of having
it in our drawing-room and—"

"I won't fall for that stuff!" howled
Jim, and Molly, with an offended ges-
ture, sallied out of the room, leaving
him in despair.

He knew that she would have her
way. It was a clear waste of two
thousand honest dollars. Left alone,
he stared at the chair, which leered
back at him with its crooked arms
and splay legs sprawling.

With sudden uncontrollable anger
Jim Crane raised his shoe-tree and
brought it down, smash, smash, upon
Benedict Arnold's chair.

The chair collapsed into brittle sec-
tions. Startled by the sounds, Molly
and Mrs. Starch came running in.
They screamed.

"Um, what have you done?"

A False Alarm

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"WHAT a city to loot!" said
Blucher, when he rode into
London in triumph after the battle of
Waterloo.

Bill Pickens had much the same
feeling about Small Fork, a thriving
township at the edge of the desert.
There was some irrigated land around
it, with peach orchards. A good deal
of money was made by the growers.
There were three banks. Everything
had been created by the big dam miles
up in the mountains.

Bill Pickens and his friend Smiler
were in hard luck. Small Fork had
not been good to them. They had hit
the town only to be escorted to the
boundaries by the sheriff and warned
not to return. They didn't like it.

They hung around for a while, bum-
ming from the peach-growers. The
peach-growers were not kind. After a
while it was intimated pretty plainly
that their presence could be dispensed
with. It was emphasized by a dog, a
large hound, which had ripped another
patch out of Bill Pickens' trousers.

They hung about the dam for a
while, until they wore out their wel-
come there. Hard luck stared them
in the face.

"And down there—they bloated
banks!" said Bill to Smiler. "Gosh, if
we could have Small Fork to ourselves
for an hour or two!"

Smiler reflected over this saying as
they lay side by side among the trees
some distance from the dam. "Bill,"
he said presently.

"Aw, what ya chewing now?" de-
manded his partner sullenly.

"Bill, kin you git a horse?"

"Sure, I kin git that horse of the
boss's. But what good'll that do?
That's hanging, horse-steal' is."

"Listen! It's been rainin' pretty
hard this last week. I heard the boss
say' something about the strain on
the masonry."

"Well, what ya gittin' at?"
"Listen!"

They put their heads together.
Dawn smiled over Small Fork. Peo-
ple rose early there, to rest in the
heat of the day. The stores were
opening, the banks were opening, the
young men and girls were getting
ready to go to business when a hubbub
arose.

In the center of Main street a crowd
was gathering about a dusty, unrecog-
nizable man upon a horse.

"The dam's goin' to bust! I rode as
hard as I could git. They ain't no
chance of saving it. You got jest one
hour, folks, before the Salamoosa
river hits this burg!"

Terror arose. The long threatened
inundation was almost at hand. Once
the masonry walls gave way, the pent
up stream would come roaring down
the narrow valley. In a few minutes
from the time it started it would over-
whelm Small Fork.

The township lay in a hollow among
the peach orchards. The force of the
flood would simply batter it to de-
struction. Not a building would sur-
vive. Not a man, woman or child
could hope to escape unless they
reached the rim of the higher ground
five miles away.

The bells began to ring. Criers ran
through the streets. In two minutes
Small Fork was vomiting out a crowd
of terror-stricken people. Horses and
rigs were called into requisition. Mo-
tor cars were jammed full of the
scared inhabitants.

Within five minutes the entire popu-
lation of Small Fork was in exodus
toward the horizon.

It was a panic-stricken mob that did
not stand upon the order of its going,
but went. It straggled away in a long
line out of the doomed valley. Nothing
remained—nobody, that is to say, ex-
cept Bill Pickens.

Satisfied that he was the sole sur-
vivor of the town, Bill made his way
to the First National bank and whis-
tled.

Out of a doorway stepped his friend
Smiler. The partners winked at each
other.

"Left everything open," said Bill
Pickens. "I reckon Small Fork ain't
such a bad little burg after all,
Smiler?"

"You said it," answered Smiler, as
he picked up a wad from the cash-
ier's drawer.

"They's a train passes Big Fork at
three o'clock. We got to hurry. You
take this First National and I'll try
the Orchard association. They got
their shipment just ready to go."

At three o'clock the travelers

To Those Who Fail

"All honor to him who shall win the
prize."

The world has cried for a thousand
years:
But to him who tries, and who fails
and dies,
I give great honor and glory and
tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sub-
lime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of
years,
They were born with Time in ad-
vance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a
name,
But greater many a many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in
shame,
And lets God finish the thoughts sub-
lime.

And great is the man with a sword
undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains
from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still
fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of
mine.

—Joaquin Miller.

Canadian Towns Given Mother-Country Names

The giving of the name of "Wem-
bley" to the latest railway station in
Canada, 15 miles southwest of Grand
Prairie, Alberta, is another illustra-
tion of the homely method the Domi-
nion has often adopted of naming new
towns after persons and places in this
country, says London Tit-Bits. Onta-
rio, for example, has a Windsor,
a Woodstock, and a Chatham, as well
as a London-on-the-Thames in Middle-
sex county.

Prime ministers are commemorated
in the same way: There is an Asquith
postoffice in Saskatchewan, a Bonar
Law station in Ontario, and a Beas-
tonfield and a Gladstone in Manitoba.
Kitchen, in Waterloo county, Onta-
rio, earlier known as Berlin, was
renamed in 1913. Lethbridge, Alberta,
bears the name of the first president
of the Northwestern Coal company,
who was once a partner in the firm of
W. H. Smith and Son; whilst Revel-
stoke, British Columbia, commemo-
rates the first Lord Revelstoke, of
Baring Brothers, whose taking over
of the first bond issue of \$15,000,000
of the Canadian Pacific railway was
an event of importance in the history
of the Dominion.

Canine Good Fireman

Did you ever hear of a dog whose
whiskers never had a chance to grow
because he had a mania for putting
out fires? Brownie, the beautiful
three-year-old collie owned by Albert
R. Allen of Worcester, is such a dog.
says the New York World.

Light a match within his hearing.
Zip! Brownie has snapped it from
your hand before the flame fairly
caught. Light a bonfire in the yard.
As soon as he sees the flame Brownie,
with a bark and a yelp, is on it paw-
ling like mad, scattering the burning
pieces of paper and, heedless of sparks
in his fur, scraping the dirt until not
even a wisp of smoke remains. And
he loves a light lunch of live bees.

Outside of that he is the most nat-
ural, play-loving dog in the world.

Historical Ring

The ring which Queen Elizabeth
gave to the earl of Essex, the one
which the countess of Nottingham se-
cruely withheld when the earl lay
under sentence of death, is said to be
the very ring which Elizabeth gave
to her cousin, Mary Stuart, when the
latter married Darnley. The ring was
made for a lady's finger and was af-
terward enlarged. It was set with a
sardonyx engraved with a portrait of
the queen. Many people have claimed
to possess that fatal ring, but the ring
which is exhibited as having belonged
to Lady Frances Devereaux, daughter
of Essex, is thought to be authentic.

LITTLE TO SAY



Mary—So your husband is devoted
to the rifle—a fine marksman, I sup-
pose?



SHEET ROCK

(the fireproof wallboard)

Transform

your attic into a cozy
playroom, a sewing
room, or extra bedroom.
A few sheets of this
fireproof wallboard and
a few hours' good car-
pentering will do it.
Sheetrock is solid, tight-
jointed, permanent.
May be decorated artis-
tically with wall paper,
paint or Textone.

Bazelman Lumber Co.,
O'Neill, Nebraska.

PRACTICAL AUCTIONEER

Will cry your sales both large
and small. Knows how to sell
and when to sell.—Rates Rea-
sonable. Satisfaction Guar-
anteed.
O'NEILL, NEBRASKA.

John Miskimins

STOP THAT BACKACHE.

Many O'Neill Folks Have Found The
Way.

Is a dull, nerve-racking backache
wearing you out? Do you feel older
and slower than you should? Are
you tired, weak and nervous; find it
impossible to be happy, or enjoy the
good times around you? Then there's
something wrong and likely it's your
kidneys. Why not get at the cause?
Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic
to the kidneys. Your neighbor
recommends Doan's. Read what this
O'Neill resident says:

Mrs. Viola Morgan, says: "When-
ever kidney trouble came on back-
ache gave me a lot of distress. At
these times dull, bearing down pains
across my kidneys made me feel
miserable and when I bent over dar-
ting twinges caught me across my
hips. My back was sore and lame,
and the misery across my kidneys
put my nerves on edge. Headaches
and dizzy spells were frequent and
my kidneys acted too frequently.
One box of Doan's Pills from Gilli-
gan & Stout's Drug Store benefited
me."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn
Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE OF TAX DEED.

C. B. Patterson.
You will take notice that the un-
dersigned being the owner of a cer-
tain tax sale certificate issued on the
14th day of October, 1922, to one T.
H. Strong and by him duly assigned
to the undersigned, who is now the
owner thereof, will apply to the
County Treasurer of Holt County,
Nebraska, for a tax deed on or after
the 16th day of January, A. D. 1926,
for the following described real
estate embraced in said tax sale
certificate, viz: Non-descript Num-
ber 18 situated in Section 29,
Township 29, Range 11, as recorded
in the office of the County Clerk of
said County.

That said tax sale was for the delin-
quent taxes for the years of 1911,
1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and
1920.

That said real estate was assessed
in name of C. B. Patterson.
ADOLPH PETERSON,