

## PAID LOCALS

FARM LOANS—R. H. PARKER—37-tf

KODAKS, FILMS, KODAK FINISHING—W. B. Graves, O'Neill, 30-tf

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

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 5 1/2% interest.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebr. 49-tf

FOR SALE—TWO EXTRA GOOD grade Hereford bulls.—W. F. Grothe, Emmet, Neb. 20-2

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

IF YOU NEED THE OLD LOAN ON your farm renewed for another 5 or 6 years, or if you need a larger loan I can make it for you.—R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebraska. 21-tf

FARM AND RANCH LOANS, 5 AND three-fourth per cent, no commission.—F. J. Dishner, County Agent Joint Stock Land Bank. 17-tf

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

### FOR SALE OR RENT.

Nine acre tract with improvements 1/2-mile east of Golden hotel. For particulars see O'Neill National Bank. 18-tf

The Frontier, \$2.00 per year.

### PRACTICAL AUCTIONEER

Will cry your sales both large and small. Knows how to sell and when to sell. Rates Reasonable. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

O'NEILL, NEBRASKA.

## John Miskimins

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**WINDMILL & WELL WORK.**  
Raymond Cyclone proof windmills, well work and repairing of wells and windmills.  
**CHESTER MORGAN**

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

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

The O'Neill Woman's Club will hold a rummage sale at the Wise building October 30 and 31. 20-2

LOST — A BOY'S TOP COAT, placed in wrong Ford at the fair. Leave with John L. Quig. 20-tf

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

WANTED — PARTIES TO ROOM and board. Close in. Modern.—Inquire at this office. 20-1

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

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

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

### ARE YOU ALL RUN DOWN.

Many O'Neill Folks Have Felt That Way.

Feel all out of sorts? Tired, achy, blue, irritable? Back lame and stiff? It may be the story of weak kidneys!

Of toxic poisons circulating about upsetting blood and nerves.

There's a way to feel right again. Help your weakened kidney's with Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic.

Doan's are recommended by many O'Neill people.

D. N. Loy, O'Neill, says: "I had a dull, steady pain across my kidneys that was mighty uncomfortable. This dull ache wasn't serious but as time passed it got on my nerves and made me feel out of sorts. The deep-seated lameness and soreness in the small of my back tired me. I knew my kidneys weren't in good condition for they acted too often. It didn't take Doan's Pills long to end the trouble." 60c, at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Be Ready to Put Out Fire

Having a fire extinguisher on hand may mean the saving of valuables. You can make one yourself. All you have to do is to dissolve 20 pounds of common salt and 10 pounds of chloride of ammonia in 7 gallons of water. Pour this into thin glass quart bottles, cork well and seal to prevent evaporation. When you discover a blaze throw a bottle into the flame with sufficient force to shatter it or break off the neck of the bottle and scatter the contents on the fire.

### Maryland "Trails"

By provision of an act of the Maryland legislature of 1704 all roads leading to courthouses were marked with two notches on trees on both sides of the road and roads branching off and leading to ferries had three notches, etc. There were various local marks, as "A" on roads leading to the state capital—Annapolis, etc. These marks were branded with a hot iron and colored red. Not many of these marks or even the trees survive.

### Valuable Eastern Woods

"Ironwood" is the name given to various trees with hard, heavy wood. *Metrosideros vera*, a native of Java and other eastern islands, is much valued by the Chinese and Japanese for making rudders, etc., and is exported in small quantities. The bark is used in Japan as a medicine. *Mesua ferrea*, a native of the East, is planted for its heavy, hard wood and for its fragrant and roselike flowers.

### Sponge That Stays Wet

A rubber sponge, kept wet by running water, is a new time-saving invention for cleaning automobiles, says Popular Science Monthly. A rubber tubing is fastened to the sponge through a hollow handle and the other end of the tubing is attached to a faucet or garden hose. A small stream of water is sufficient to keep the sponge moist.

### Hark, Hark, the Lark!

A little daughter of the slums, on her first day in the country, saw a lark motionless, high in air, pouring forth its lovely music. She listened a moment, then she ran to the matron. "Oh, Miss May," she said, "there's a sparrow up there, and he can't get up and he can't get down, and he ain't doin' a thing but holler about it."

### Largest Man on Record

Miles Darden, who at the time of his death, in Tennessee in 1857, weighed more than 1,000 pounds, is said by some authorities to have been the largest man of whom there is any record. He was 7 feet 6 inches in height, and at the age of forty-seven weighed 871 pounds. He was fifty-nine years old when he died.

### Taking the Edge Off Joy

"I'd hate to give somebody a present," remarked the Man on the Press, "under the impression that it is more blessed to give than receive, and then hear that my gift had been taken back to the store from which it was purchased and credited on the recipient's charge account."—Toledo Blade.

## One of Life's Ironies

By JOHN PALMER

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THOMAS DEAN had been an avenging young American before he voluntarily enlisted in the Canadian expeditionary force for service in the war. He had probably had some trouble with his young wife and enlisted in a moment of pique.

He had never discovered himself. Men are capable of infinite heroism, of infinite baseness. The same individual will display both. Dean had been an average soldier, until the attack on Belleau Wood.

Then, running forward in a shower of lead and bursting shells, with his stomach upheaving and an awful sinking in the base of his spine, Dean found that he could go no further.

He dropped. The result of the attack was never known to him. He only knew that at nightfall a vast empty silence had succeeded the hell of earlier hours.

All about him were dead men. Crawling forward, Dean encountered one of these corpses. The touch of his hand upon the cold face terrified him into hysteria.

However, Dean accomplished what he had set out to do. He exchanged identification disks with the dead soldier. Then he made his way back toward the rear.

It was a time of rout and confusion. Regiments were undistinguishable. Every man was put to whatever job he was at hand for. As a driver of a wagon, Dean found himself a little later back at the base.

He discovered that he was Thomas Jones, incapacitated for further service by reason of disability that had developed. He learned the symptoms and passed the superficial medical test. A month later he was back in Canada. Another month, and he was discharged—Thomas Jones, with a war pension.

A week later he was feeling for his life. The news of the imposture had become known. As Henry Smith, Dean crossed the American border.

Thus an average young American who had quarreled with his wife found himself a nameless man and a fugitive—all because he had not known himself. He might equally have become a hero.

He imagined that the story was known in his home town. For years he wandered from place to place, until at length he thought it safe to return with the object of persuading Mary to accompany him West under the name of Smith.

His fate was with him. He arrived on armistice day. He had not thought of that. It was simply an example of the fatality that dogs one's footsteps.

On the town green a memorial had been erected to the men who fell in the war. In his shabby clothes, disguised with a mustache, Dean mingled with the crowd unrecognized.

He wandered aimlessly to and fro, looking at the statue with the wreaths, at the weeping women. He knew himself more clearly than at any time before for the scoundrel that he was.

Presently his heart gave a great bound. He saw Mary—Mary, leaning on the arm of a young fellow whom he knew as a former friend of his—one Williams.

They were walking very lovingly together. Dean watched them, choking, incapable of moving as they approached him, even had they recognized him.

But they did not recognize him. They did not cast a glance at the shabby tramp standing beside the monument, but halted a little distance away.

"I ought not to have brought you here today," said Williams.

"I'm glad you did, my dear," Mary answered.

Another glance at their demeanor showed Dean that they were married. There was no possibility of mistaking that. Married, not long married, happily married—Mary happy, as she had never been with him.

"I wish I had been a better wife to him."

"He wasn't worthy of you, Mary."

"He was a good man, a brave man."

The mayor appeared. He was standing on the steps of the monument. He raised his hand to speak, and a hush fell upon the crowd.

The mayor was speaking. "Friends, we are gathered here today to commemorate the men who gave their lives for freedom—"

What was he saying?

"And above all, that hero who gave his life gladly to wipe out that machine-gun nest, at Belleau Wood, that hero whose name will remain immortal, Thomas Dean."

### Trained to the Minute.

"Some people are born unlucky. I see where an obstreperous citizen picked a quarrel with a dapper little man and got the thrashing of a lifetime."

"The dapper little man must have been an athlete."

"You said it. He was a drummer in a jazz orchestra."

### Put Edge on Knife.

Guest—Waiter, this steak is like leather and this knife is dull.  
Waiter—You must strop the knife on the steak.—Michigan Gargoyle.

### Wasted Motion.

Bunker—What's that chap who took sixteen putts at the fourth hole?  
Caddy—That's Mr. Dubbe, the efficiency expert.

## LOVE PRO TEM

By JOHN GREGORY.

Nona said it served her perfectly right. Nona was eighteen, still in school, still with ideals that touched the stars frequently. She could not understand how anything could excuse petty jealousy—that is, between engaged persons.

"I'm frankly, quite frankly, ashamed of you, Margaret," she said in her funny, decisive way, as they motored back from the Fenways. "Jerry is just as considerate and nice as he can be, and you really are fearfully unreasonable. As I understand it, he and Miss Douglass were acquainted long before he met you, and it was natural for him to talk with her after she had been away so long—"

"I have no objection to Jerry's talking with his old friends," Margaret had answered frigidly.

"Jerry saw right through it, though. You should have seen his face when he stood behind you and heard you tell Mrs. Fenway you had been called home unexpectedly. I don't blame him one bit for staying."

"No one asked him to stay."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going into town to stay with Teresa. She's giving a box party to-night, and has a reception to-morrow for Mme. Cardonza."

"And Andy Forbes will be there," Nona fairly glared down at the utterly innocent face beside her. "I shall go, too. I shall go just to chaperon you."

When they arrived at Teresa's pretty home, she let Margaret absorb their hostess, and marshalled her plan for a campaign. First of all, she called up the Fenways, and had a nice, comradely chat with Jerry. He was hard to manage. Margaret had acted ridiculously, he said, and with unparadonable rudeness to Mrs. Fenway. Miss Douglass had not remained over for the week-end at all. She was going on to the city.

With his promise to come in, at least for the last act, Nona turned her attention to Andy.

"I'm Margaret Everden's sister," she said over the telephone. "What? Yes, the youngest, Nona. Could you come up to Mrs. Brooke's please; just for a few moments—yes, right away, please, and ask for me. It's very important."

Andy was twenty-two, three years younger than Margaret, four years older than Nona. Those four years altered the mental perspective, Nona almost deferred to his opinions.

"You see, Margaret is temperamental, and it will take firmness and patience this time to keep her in line. I knew you'd understand, and Jerry's a splendid fellow."

"Bully," assented Andy, looking at her admiringly.

"So, I thought if we'd make believe that we were tremendously struck with each other—just for to-night—it would help Jerry's case—don't you think so?"

Nona went back alone to the house, slipped quietly upstairs to her room and dressed for dinner. And when Mr. Forbes arrived she met him demurely, as became a younger sister who was not even a debutante yet. Margaret gave him her hand lingeringly. "Andy, boy, you don't know how good it is to see you again."

"It is, isn't it," Andy laughed. "Fine. Why didn't you tell me you had such a girl for a sister?"

And all through dinner there was the puzzled look in Margaret's eyes, and a little wistful droop to her lips. Already she began to feel the tug of regret. Andy, sitting next to her, was having a perfectly wonderful time talking to Nona across the centerpiece of mauve orchids and ferns. Later, he was by her side at the box party, and Nona had never looked so attractive.

All at once Nona glanced at the second box opposite where some late comers had just filed in. Nan Douglass was among them, tall and radiant, and behind her was a middle-aged man, with a decidedly distinguished air.

"That's Taller Phelps, the new minister to Bolivia," Andy whispered over her shoulder. "They're to be married at Easter."

"They are?" Nona's smile was delicious as she turned to look at him. "That's the girl I was telling you about. And this is all for nothing, then. There isn't a bit of danger."

"I think there's plenty for me," said Andy, a bit soberly.

"But it's only for to-night," Nona assured him. "Nobody will ever find out we put it up." She leaned over to tell Margaret the news of the engagement, but Margaret's eyes were cold. Nona turned back with a sigh. "You know I don't believe I'm a diplomat at all," she told Andy ruefully.

"You're a darling," he said fervently. "I'm not going to be dropped after to-night. I want to see you and know you. Jerry and I are college mates. I'll get him on my side. Do you mind?"

There was a movement at the back of their box. Nona saw Jerry entering, looking decidedly fit in his evening clothes, his eyes seeking Margaret. And surely there was relief in hers as she welcomed him.

"Do you mind?" repeated Andy, doggedly.

And Nona's lashes dropped suddenly. "It was only to be love pro tem," she said.

"We'll start a new schedule," answered Andy. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## 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 assured 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-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—6-room house. —P. V. Hickey. 39-tf

## Radio Sure to Work Out Its Own Destiny

A practical joker once suggested as a subject for a debate "The Future of Electricity." As the subject was to be considered by a society of engineers, they at once smelled the proverbial mouse and declined to be led into talking of something so vast and so unlimited in possibilities that no sane man would attempt to do it justice.

A review of the accomplishments of radio the past years and of the prophecies of experts for its future, but causes one to ponder upon the inadequacy of any possible foretelling of what this great gift of nature is to accomplish. We can but gasp and wonder.

In view of the fact that radio has always been with us, excepting for the invention of some apparatus of importance small in comparison with the natural elements used, who can answer the question, "What of the future?" Radio for the transmission of power has such tremendous possibilities within its scope that the most confirmed dreamer and the scientist of the widest vision can only guess in a feeble way.

Radio, now that it has been recognized in the abstract, will work out its own destiny. Such a force once started at work is not to be stopped, but will go on and on, along its destined course. We can only hope that that course will run along peaceful channels and for the benefit of the greatest number of the world's people.

## Sea and Land in Battle

The washing away by the sea of land worth millions of dollars on the coast of New Jersey, pointed to in the annual report of the United States coast and geodetic survey, draws attention to the battle waged year in and year out between the sea and land all over the world. The sea and land have been foes since the beginning of time and, according to some physiographers, these old enemies will remain such until the last mountain pinnacle has been washed down and ground to sand, and the victorious ocean rolls unbroken around the world. But whatever may be the outcome millions of years hence, we are still in the give-and-take era. Many miles of land are washed away annually; but compensating areas are built up in other places.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## Not to Be Caught Twice

There was a queer old custom in England that compelled a person when making a certain kind of statement to add: "Except the mayor." Foote, the comedian, having remarked at an inn: "I have dined as well as anyone in England," the landlord prompted him: "Except the mayor?" "I except nobody," said Foote boldly. For this the landlord had him haled before a magistrate, who fined him a shilling for not conforming to the ancient custom. Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought his accuser "the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor."



# SHEET ROCK

(the fireproof wallboard)

## Won't Burn

—won't warp—won't buckle. Saws and nails like lumber—yet makes walls and ceilings that are solid, tight-jointed, fireproof, soundproof, permanent. No wonder Sheetrock is the world's biggest-selling wall-board!

Bazelman Lumber Co., O'Neill, Nebraska.

## Made Lonely Journey

A woman farmer in a lonely part of South Africa, Mrs. Ida Francis, has just shown that in luck and endurance British women settlers are not behind the men.

About two months ago a cyclone devastated her farm, which lies beyond the western fringe of the desolate Kalahari desert; and then came floods which destroyed the food and shelter for her cattle. The only way to save her animals was to drive them 400 miles across the desert to her son's farm, and this she did, unaided.

She found that many of the water holes in the desert had dried up, and sometimes she had to ward off attacks by lions with her rifle; but she kept steadily on, and in the end brought nearly all her charges through safely.—Family Herald.

(First publication Oct. 15.)

## IN THE COUNTY COURT OF HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the Estate of Adolph F. Widtfeldt, Deceased.

Notice.

To All Persons Interested in Said Estate. Both Creditors and Heirs and All Others:

Notice is hereby given that Carl J. G. Widtfeldt, setting forth that he is a brother, and the owner of 1/2 of the NE 1/4, the SE 1/4 of the NE 1/4 and the NE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Section 8, Township 30, North of Range 12 West 6th P. M., in Holt County, Nebraska; and that said Adolph F. Widtfeldt, deceased, died owning said land, and praying that the administration of the estate of Adolph Widtfeldt heretofore commenced in this court, be reopened for the purpose of having the court ascertain, find and determine the date of the death of said Adolph F. Widtfeldt, his place of residence at the time of his death, a description of the real property of which he died seized, the heirs of the said Adolph Widtfeldt, their degree of kinship and right of descent of the real property of which he died seized, together with the interest in said real estate of the petitioner.

It is therefore ordered by the court that a hearing upon said petition be held at the office of the County Judge of Holt County, Nebraska, at the court room in O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 9th day of November, 1925, at Ten o'clock A. M. at which time and place all parties interested may appear and take part therein.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1925.  
(County Court Seal.)  
BY THE COURT,  
C. J. MAONE,  
County Judge.

20-3

(First publication Oct. 8.)

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate No. 1781.

In the County Court of Holt County, Nebraska, October 6, 1925.

In the matter of the Estate of Alvin H. Corbett, Deceased.

CREDITORS of said estate are hereby notified that the time limited for presenting claims against said estate is February 5, 1926, and for the payment of debts is October 1, 1926, and that on November 5, 1925, and on February 6, 1926, at 10 o'clock A. M., each day, I will be at the County Court Room in said County to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

(County Court Seal.)  
C. J. MALONE,  
County Judge.

19-4

## NOTICE OF TAX DEED.

C. B. Patterson.

You will take notice that the undersigned being the owner of a certain 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 Number 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 delinquent 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,  
Owner.

18-3

## NOTICE OF TAX DEED.

To the unknown heirs at law, devisees and all persons interested in the estate of Jane Cleary, deceased, and Non-descript No. 17 situated in Section 29, in Township 29 North of Range 11 West of the 6th P. M. in Holt County, Nebraska.

Will take notice that the undersigned being the owner of a certain tax sale certificate issued to John Cleary on the 3rd day of August, 1921, for the delinquent taxes for the years of 1911, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920, and that taxes for subsequent years of 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1924 have been paid by the owners of said tax sale certificate.

That the land was assessed in name of Jane Cleary for the several years above mentioned.

That I will apply January 16, 1926, or soon thereafter for a deed to said tract of land.

ADOLPH PETERSON,  
Owner.

18-3