

PAID LOCALS

FARM LOANS—R. H. PARKER—37tf
 KODAKS, FILMS, KODAK FINISH-
 ing—W. B. Graves, O'Neill 30-1f
 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. 49-1f

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

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
 6 years, if you need a larger loan
 I can make it for you.—R. H. Parker,
 O'Neill, Nebraska. 21-1f

FARM AND RANCH LOANS, 5 AND
 three-fourth per cent, no commis-
 sion.—F. J. Dishner, County Agent
 Joint Stock Land Bank. 17-1f

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

FOR SALE OR RENT.

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

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 Reason-
 able. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

O'NEILL, NEBRASKA.

John Miskimins

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**O'NEILL ABSTRACT
 COMPANY**
 Compiles—
 "Abstract of Title"
 The only complete set of Ab-
 stract Books in Holt County.

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 Glasses Correctly Fitted.
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 Phone 72
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 Special attention given to
 disease of the eye and cor-
 rect fitting of glasses.

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 Chiropractic Specialists in
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 Diseases.
 Phone 316. O'Neill, Nebr.

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 Mfg. Co.**
 Austin-Western Road
 Armco Culverts
 Everything in Road
 Machinery. Western
 Representative.
L. C. PETERS
 O'Neill :: Nebraska

WINDMILL & WELL WORK.
 Raymond Cyclone proof wind-
 mills, 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. 20-1f

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

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

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

I JUST SOLD TWO FARMS. POSSI-
 bly I can sell more. List your
 farm with me and I will try.—R. H.
 Parker, O'Neill, Nebr. 52-1f

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 kid-
 neys!

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 kid-
 neys 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 Mary-
 land legislature of 1704 all roads lead-
 ing 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 col-
 ored 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 val-
 ued 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 run-
 ning water, is a new time-saving inven-
 tion 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 pres-
 ent," remarked the Man on the Car,
 "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 pur-
 chased 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 aver-
 age 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 indi-
 vidual will display both. Dean had
 been an average soldier, until the at-
 tack on Belleau Wood.

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

He dropped. The result of the at-
 tack 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 sol-
 dier. Then he made his way back to-
 ward 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, un-
 til at length he thought it safe to re-
 turn 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, dis-
 guised 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 him-
 self more clearly than at any time be-
 fore 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, chok-
 ing, incapable of moving as they ap-
 proached him, even had they recog-
 nized 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, hap-
 pily 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 stand-
 ing 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 com-
 memorate 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 ma-
 chine-gun nest, at Belleau Wood, that
 hero whose name will remain immor-
 tal, 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 life-
 time."

"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 effi-
 ciency 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 en-
 gaged 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 unreason-
 able. 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 talk-
 ing 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. Cardozna."

"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 marshaled 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 ridicu-
 lously, he said, and with unparadonable
 rudeness to Mrs. Fenway. Miss Doug-
 lass 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 place; just
 for a few moments—yes, right away,
 please, and ask for me. It's very im-
 portant."

Andy was twenty-two, three years
 younger than Margaret, four years old-
 er than Nona. Those four years al-
 tered the mental perspective, Nona al-
 most deferred to his opinions.

"You see, Margaret is temperment-
 al, and it will take firmness and pa-
 tience 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. Marg-
 aret 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 cen-
 terpiece 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 Doug-
 lass was among them, tall and radi-
 ant, and behind her was a middle-
 aged man, with a decidedly distin-
 guished air.

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

"They are?" Nona's smile was deli-
 cious 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 as-
 sured him. "Nobody will ever find out
 we put it up." She leaned over to
 tell Margaret the news of the engage-
 ment, 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 fervent-
 ly. "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 enter-
 ing, looking decidedly fit in his even-
 ing clothes, his eyes seeking Marg-
 aret. And surely there was relief
 in hers as she welcomed him.

"Do you mind?" repeated Andy, dog-
 gedly.

And Nona's lashes dropped suddenly.

"It was only to be love pro tem,"
 she said.

"We'll start a new schedule," an-
 swered Andy.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspa-
 per 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 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. 17-1f

FOR SALE OR RENT—6-room house.
 —P. V. Hickey. 39-1f

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 engi-
 neers, they at once smelled the pro-
 verbial 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 jus-
 tice.

A review of the accomplishments
 of radio the past year and of the
 prophecies of experts for its future,
 but causes one to ponder upon the in-
 adequacy 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 possi-
 bilities within its scope that the most
 confirmed dreamer and the scientist
 of the widest vision can only guess in
 a feeble way.

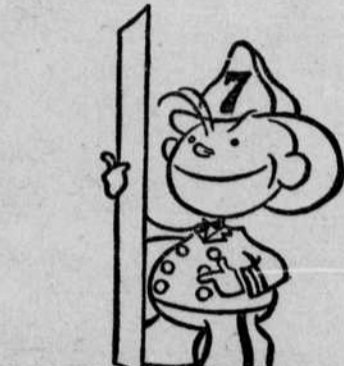
Radio, now that it has been recog-
 nized in the abstract, will work out
 its own destiny. Such a force once
 started at work is not to be stopped,
 but will go on and on, along its
 destined course. We can only hope
 that that course will run along peace-
 ful channels and for the benefit of the
 greatest 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 at-
 tention 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 begin-
 ning 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 out-
 come millions of years hence, we are
 still in the give-and-take era. Many
 miles of land are washed away an-
 nually; 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 no-
 body," said Foote boldly. For this the
 landlord had him haled before a mag-
 istrate, 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 Christen-
 dom—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 be-
 yond the western fringe of the desolate
 Kalahari desert; and then came floods