

CAUGHT-ON-THE-FLY.

Mr. David Moier of Joy was a caller today.

James De Yarman has recovered from la grippe.

Howard Miller was down from Atkinson Tuesday.

The Eagle club will give a dance on the evening of the 23d.

We want a correspondent in every precinct in Holt county.

Editor Wertz of the Stuart Ledger is in town today on business.

The Keeley institute will be open for business on the 23d of this month.

Mr. C. K. Messner of Belden is the new operator at the Short Line depot.

Mr. Dee was on the passenger going west Tuesday evening, bound for Rapid City.

G. W. Wattler, of Carroll, Iowa, vice president of the State Bank, is in town today.

Miss Kate Mann has been a sufferer for the past week from a severe attack of la grippe.

R. H. Taylor is about after being confined to the house with la grippe for a week or two.

Col. D. H. Cronin is resting his weary bones on one of THE FRONTIER's office stools this week.

Earnest Adams was over from Sioux City Sunday visiting with friends. He returned Monday morning.

Cashier McHugh of the State bank made a business trip to Sioux City last Saturday, returning Monday evening.

Miss Josie Howard entertained the teachers, who were here attending the association meeting, Saturday evening.

Sheriff McEvony has been quite sick for the past week, but THE FRONTIER is pleased to learn that he is better at this date.

W. E. McRoberts brought in ten wagon loads of fat hogs last week and twelve loads this week. Gus Doyle bought them.

Joseph C. Tracy, brother of Mrs. J. W. Firebaugh, is visiting at the Firebaugh residence. His home is in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Dr. A. H. Corbett is in Omaha this week attending the photographers' institute in session in that city. He will be absent until Saturday.

Mr. Hiscock, foreman of the Central West, a religious newspaper of Omaha, was in town last Thursday night, going east on the midnight freight.

It is expected that D. W. Rosenkrans will preach next Sunday evening in the Presbyterian church. All are cordially invited to attend.

N. B. Bisbee had business in O'Neill Monday. Mr. Bisbee and Car-gill Graham are feeding a large herd of cattle near Ewing this winter.

Mrs. Quigley and daughter Effie of Sioux City spent Sunday with friends in O'Neill, being the guest of the Misses Bentley. They returned to the city Tuesday.

Mr. Joblin, formerly of the firm of Joblin and Co., well known book dealers of Omaha, was in O'Neill last Thursday, stopping at the Hotel Evans. Mr. Joblin is traveling.

Rev. N. S. Lowrie will preach at South Fork at 11 o'clock next Sabbath, Feb. 14, and at Bethany church the same day at 3 p. m. and hereafter every two weeks at same time.

Mrs. C. P. De Lance, wife of our deputy court clerk, was down from Stuart last Friday, returning Saturday evening. Mr. De Lance will bring his family down to O'Neill in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bowman of Stanton, parents of Mrs. Martin Slaughter, were visiting Mr. Slaughter and family last Friday and Saturday, Mrs. Slaughter returning with them Sunday morning.

THE FRONTIER would be pleased to have a correspondent from every precinct in Holt county. Anyone wishing to act in that capacity will be furnished with paper and envelopes. Send in the news.

Mr. J. J. King returned Tuesday evening from Omaha, where he has been on business for the past month. Mr. King will at once enter upon his new duties as official court reporter for Judge Kinkaid.

Mr. Andrew Russell of Little was in town on business last Saturday. Mr. Russell recently came from London, England and has settled in Holt county. He is preparing to engage extensively in the stock business.

There are two cars standing on the Short Line side tracks that are claimed by Agent Firebaugh to be the largest and finest box cars ever brought to O'Neill. Their capacity is 50,000 pounds, weight 24,700 pounds, and they are 34 feet in length. They are mammoth concerns, to be sure.

Those persons from abroad should bear in mind the fact that the O'Neill Keeley institute is a legitimate offspring from the original at Dwight, Ills. It will be opened for business on the 23d of the current month.

Mr. E. E. Coon, one of Page's substantial business men, was in town on business Monday. Mr. Coon says that business is fairly good at Page and that the town is growing steadily. Considerable hay is being bought at that point.

The O'Neill Keeley institute company will occupy rooms in the McBride-McEvony block. The officers of the company are: President, W. D. Mathews; business manager, A. E. Stuart of Blair; physician in charge, Dr. B. T. Trueblood.

Dr. Connolly performed a very delicate operation on a lady in O'Neill last week, taking from her breast two well-developed cancers that might have cost the patient her life, had they been allowed to remain. The doctor says his patient is getting along remarkably well.

Although only twenty couple participated in the dancing party at the rink last Thursday evening, it was a pronounced social success, and those present report a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. The Norfolk band furnished the music, which was of very high order.

Mr. Frank Enerst, of Grand Rapids, who is one of THE FRONTIER's old time friends, was a caller Tuesday morning. Frank has been visiting in Iowa for several weeks and returned to O'Neill Monday evening, going west on Tuesday's freight.

Mr. Neil Brennan requests the members of the O'Neill Republican club to turn out en masse at the next regular meeting, as there is business to transact which is of the utmost importance. The next regular meeting occurs Saturday evening, Feb. 20. Remember the date and be on hand.

Mr. Selden, of the firm of Estlund & Selden, tailors of O'Neill, has gone into the tailoring business at Norfolk, and Mr. Henry Schroer, who has been with the new firm ever since their establishment, has gone down to Norfolk to take charge of the shop. Mr. Schroer is an excellent tailor and a first class young man, and THE FRONTIER wishes him success.

Dr. Trueblood started for Dwight, Ills., Monday morning, where he will receive instructions from Dr. Leslie E. Keeley in the treatment and administering of his famous bi-chloride of gold remedy. Dr. Trueblood will be the physician in charge of the O'Neill institute. He is a thoroughly reliable physician, and will spend some two weeks with the physician at the Dwight institute.

Two Germans arrived here last Friday evening from Lincoln on their way to Boyd county, having taken up land there. Their names are Herman Kéneser and Herman Schinner. Herman No. 1 was slightly under the influence of mineral water that he had taken on at Lincoln, and Herman No. 2 says he was not accountable for what he did. At any rate, Marshal Lappan caught No. 1 as he passed Dr. Trueblood's store in the act of appropriating to his own use several pairs of boots that hung out as a sign. They rested all night in the city jail and were turned loose in the morning. Herman No. 2 making the explanation given above and adding that he was not aware that his partner had made the grab until the marshal had him in charge.

Ready For War. If Chile or any other country dare insult the American flag, they are everlastingly forewarned that the O'Neill Military company is ready for a rush call at a moment's notice.

After the Indian scare had taken wings and flown away about a year ago, the O'Neill company seemed to have abandoned all desire to achieve honors on the field of battle and by common consent disbanded. However, the opening of a new year put new ambitions into the manly breasts of the young men and the weekly drills have been inaugurated.

At a meeting held not long since the following officers were elected: Captain, Neil Brennan; first lieutenant, M. J. Meredith; second lieutenant, John Davidson; quartermaster sergeant, Clyde King; Sergeants—C. E. Hall, first; S. L. Thompson, second; D. H. Cronin, third; H. E. Murphy, fourth; J. Paul Barchell, fifth. Corporals—S. A. Dowling, first; Merritt Moore, second; Rob Marsh, third; Romaine Saunders, fourth; Charles Bright, fifth; J. M. Robb, sixth; Merritt Martin, seventh; W. J. Outhart, eighth. Wm. Adams, first musician; Denis Hunt, second musician.

Besides the officers given above, the company has on its roll book thirty-eight privates. They meet every Monday evening in the rink for drill. Mr. M. J. Meredith, who by the way is a West Pointer, is drill master. He is well up in army tactics and will soon have the company in shape to appear before the public. The guns and ammunition are packed and ready for shipment from Lincoln and will arrive here some time during this week.

When the guns arrive it might be well for those persons who have pet dogs or cats or who have a cow that they are rearing in the path that cows should go, to keep them tied up in the cellar for a few weeks until the soldiers learn to pull the trigger properly.

BRAVE BACHELORS.

O'Neill's Galaxy of Gallant Gentlemen Should Suit the Most Fastidious of Fair Females.

THE FRONTIER fears the golden opportunities of leap year are not being properly appreciated by the fair females of O'Neill, and thus early in the season desires to direct attention to a few of the "attractions" we have on our list.

If the gentlemen enumerated in this truthful writeup have not done their duty it is no excuse for the dear ladies who are now longingly lingering in loveless singleness if this unhappy condition continues. Now is your time, girls, and if you do not make a mash that sticks this year you deserve to develop into sour old maids.

In the words of Eli the philosopher and poet, "get there" hard while it is in your hands to do so. The list we have prepared is equal to any in the west of equal number, considered physically, morally and financially, and it would be unpardonable if the ladies permit any of the boys to remain single.

John P. Mann, a smooth article, about 33 years old, all wool, a yard wide, the quint essence of affability, and with the "stuff" to draw on is an exceptionally good catch. He is wiley as a trout however, and the angler will necessarily have to be very judicious and discreet in handling the rod or she will lose him even after getting him on the hook. Habits—pretty good, an after supper cigar and a bottle of imported "Kaiser" with his friends, Mc and Doc, being about the extent of his "sins."

Tom Morris, steady and reliable at all times, about 35 summers, a great smoker but will reform if tenderly handled. Is ready for the sacrifice, but will not jump at the first offer by any means. Has had offers the last four leap years and declined. His b. l. a. is rather of an inducement as it drives away dull care.

Dr. P. C. Corrigan is the dandy dude of 'em all, the enemy of the men and to the women an enigma unsolvable. Great care must be exercised in popping, as the slick doctor is easily frightened. A good plan would be to make the declaration to his phonograph, and then when the doc. gets it in the cool of the morning, it will not paralyze his nerve, and if couched in language sufficiently elegant acceptance is liable to follow. Habits good; age anywhere from 25 to 40 years. [The above has got to go, although the doctor has just returned from an eastern trip with a wife.]

Jake Hershiser, Corrigan's right bower, is worthy of any of the girls, and the only chance to make a Benedict out of him will be during leap year, as he is extremely modest, but as he also is obliging it will be hard work for him to refuse. Neither smokes, chews or drinks; age about 25 years; finances in good shape. Call at the store some noon hour when Doc is at dinner, take Jake confidentially down back of the prescription case as innocently as though you wanted an ounce of frummenti or an Alcock porous plaster, and then ask the question plump and fair. In his surprise he cannot refuse.

Clyde King, the Kid, slick, sleek and slim, affords a surfeit of female adoration but withal is susceptible if properly approached. Feed him taffy to start on.

R. R. Dickson, the warm-haired disciple of Blackstone, young in years but old in sin—no, not sin, experience we mean—has it in him to be a magnificent family man, providing some attractive woman can coax him to take time to have the knot tied. Chews a little, drinks ditto, rustles a lot, and will be rich, very rich, when he realizes on his Hot Springs property. Easily approached, cannot be frightened, and will say no emphatically if not suited. A good subject to practice on.

John Weekes, about 25 years, no bad habits mentionable, in good condition and a prime article for a husband. You must catch him out of the treasurer's office, take him to some secluded place without exciting his suspicion that it is not politics, be very confidential, smile sweetly, look lovingly, propose modestly and then the chances are you will—be refused.

John Hazelt—well, now girls, here is a good boy, if he is red-headed, age 25 winters and 24 summers, no bad habits to particularize, very easily affected by female influences, but we opine will fight shy of entangling alliances. Handle him quietly and get him pledged before he realizes the situation.

John McHugh, though comparatively a new comer, has a presence in the bank, on the street and at the terpsichorean festivals which causes the average citizen, particularly citizens of the female persuasion, to conclude that he would be a desirable catch indeed, and he is the subject of many admiring glances. Age two dozen and two; habits good. A nice girl with financial prospects will capture him—sometime—perhaps.

Frank Mann, in the language of one of THE FRONTIER's lady friends, "is the most fascinating creature alive." He has a faculty of adapting himself to all circumstances, no matter how perplexing, and is perfectly at home either in a dress suit and fringed shirt, or cowboy pants and a revolver. Frank is not only a very gallant youth, but has it in him to make a successful business man. He is out to Spencer just now—and, say—that wouldn't be a bad place to go to begin operation. Its a trifle lonely there, and the matter could be more easily adjusted. Our advice is to take a carriage and proceed to Spencer at once. [A bird which

just flew through the broken glass in our office door, says that the candidate is pledged, and its no use to attempt to break the iron bond oath.] This is said. Dr. C. A. Wells, so much of a chum of McHugh's that he sleeps in his bed, drinks his water, wears his clothes, uses his toothbrush, reads his love letters, counts his chips, stacks his cards, and calls him "Canada Jack," is a sporty brunette of so pronounced a type that Prof. Hazelet insists that he is an Ethiopian from darkest Africa, or at least is a Florida refugee, 36 years old, good habits aside from gum chewing and cubeb smoking, and would make a sweet hubby, as is evidenced from his gallantry toward all females, especially pretty ones. The girl who captures the Doc must have music in her soul, love in her heart and gold in her teeth.

Will Adams, young enough to be manageable, sweet enough to be lovable, and long enough to be useful, needs only to be asked. The proper way is to "wheel" into his good graces and thus tap his nice little bank account.

Pat and Jim, brothers McManus, are among the most eligible, and it is a shame to permit them to hide their light under a bushel or waste their sweetness on the desert air, although Jim is not doing that sort of thing to any alarming extent. Pat, however, is fancy free, handsome as a god (with a little g you notice) and just about the right age to start on the matrimonial voyage in proper shape and steer clear of all breakers.

Jesse Mellor, our lean and lank, though withal handsome, generalissimo of the city transfer line, is a subject worthy of the careful consideration of the girls. Age a score and a quarter, habits most exemplary, barring an inordinate and uncontrollable passion for fan-tan, and—say, when it comes to hearts he discounts all the boys—we mean that he avoids capturing hearts with surprising success, and unless some bewitching girl places her heart on a silver dollar and presents it to him draped with a five dollar bill she will get left. And don't forget to praise the mules.

Levi Hershiser is too attentive to business perhaps to be popular with the young folks, because he always keeps his lights brightly burning, which is not conducive to unalloyed and successful courtship. However we are inclined to think he would break the circuit if it would result in a "pop."

Homer Garretson, the electrician and engineer, is a smooth article just of age, and if the conditions are right and all connections properly made, insulations perfect, no wet blankets on his dynamo, is capable of switching on a shock when the proposal is made that will pleasantly electrify the heart of the proposee and culminate in the most burning love, and light with effulgence all their walks of life.

Dick Dwyer and Tim Hanley, the twins of Sullivan's trade palace, are a pair of eligibles not to be sneezed at. They are susceptible, too, and being much sought after it is necessary to make advances early in the season, as they are bound to go in '92. Combined age just fifty-two and a half; habits good complexion a trifle dark, nationality Italian.

Ed. Grady is a jewel of the first water, attentive to business, affable and sun-tempered, age about 28 years, and as the best things are done up in small packages, the girl who gets Ed. can rest assured she has drawn a capital prize. Prospects, a good business and a mine in the black hills.

Will Blair is lightning itself either at the depot or in society, and will soon be taken out of the list if appearances are not deceptive. Age about a quarter of a century and habits good.

James Cavanaugh, whose tastes and accomplishments would suit the most fastidious; is about 25, genial, sociable and with plenty of first-class, unadulterated Irish wit. The head of the family of which James is an honored member has a most enviable reputation as a humorist, and the son in this case has inherited much of the old gentleman's genius. Jim is what might be termed a "good catch," but the catcher must necessarily exercise considerable calm deliberation when the time comes to apply the bait. Therefore, the writer would caution the fair ones to go easy and not break into the mystic charm of bachelorhood too suddenly in this case.

Gene Norton is young, but so far as known has not been taken in. A few smiles, liberally bestowed at certain intervals, would do for a starter, and then it would be advisable to drop a pair of gloves or a necktie in his path. A short ride into the country or a moonlight stroll on the bridge would finish the business for Gene. [N. B.—The only point against the subject is that he hails from Niobrara.]

Otto Miltz, whose name is an indication of his nationality—and the nationality is O. K.—is a quiet, orderly young man who has a good start in the cigar business, and who would be able to blow beautiful ringlets of pure Havana happiness around the fireplace of a modest, humble home—the humbler the better. Age, not given in the last census. Red moustache—but that could be amputated.

And there's Sammy Thompson—who could object to Sam? An extraordinary good helpmate, Sam would make, for he is a first-class cook and is able to get up a dish of oysters or fry an egg to a turn

without burning his fingers or swearing. Has a good start in business, and is endowed with a first-class variety of hustle. A Nebraska boy, age 23, and hair a delicate brown. Has made declaratory statement to the effect that he will establish a mustache, the one he has being the outgrowth of the filling of first papers.

Mike Bayer, age and nationality unknown, says he is not in it at all, but as he is reported to have a sock full of rocks hid away somewhere he should be looked after.

Pat and Jack Mullen are the pink of the Mullen family, and as they are much sought after since coming to town they are bound to go off soon. Get right after 'em if you don't want to get left.

Harvy Bentley is about the right age to think about it now rather seriously, and there is no doubt but a hitch-up could be effected. Handle gently.

Will McNichols, age 22, habits out of sight, can be reached best when on his rounds with the delivery wagon. Meet him at the kitchen door and when he works you for a grocery order you work him for his heart and hand.

Arthur Coykendall—Taken, measured, wrapped up and labeled with a precautionary note to "handle with care." No bidders need apply.

Romaine Saunders, THE FRONTIER's handsome job printer, has a well developed ambition to be a historian, but by a little persuasion could be induced to take to matrimony instead. No bad habits at all, except smoking. Age 22, mustache and light hair has a 3-year-old colt, and a buggy bargained for. Printers always make good husbands, and Romaine is no exception to the general rule. Apply at the side door after office hours.

The Newell boys although new comers should not be counted out on that score. They are manly, ambitious young men, ages 21 and 19 respectively, and with a leaning toward athletics, but by that term we do not mean brutish prize fighting, but legitimate sport and gymnastics. They are from Grand Island, and are city bred; gentlemanly, polite, with fascinating eyes and hair curled with a pitchfork.

And there are the two Gibbons boys—Miles and Pat. Pat lives most of the time at Spencer, but that should not go against him. Of course not, who said it would? Spencer is not a bad place. Sanford Parker and Sumner Adams live there. Pat is able to hoe his own row. Has a strong fascination for turkey shoots and raffles, but is a rustler. Miles is a young man after his father's own heart, and is so proud of the city of O'Neill and so much taken up with her charms that nothing will induce him to stay away. Not even the chance of securing a diploma from a celebrated college would induce him to remain away. Handle Miles tenderly, drop a hint or two unobserved, and the path is clear.

M. D. Long, the little Phil Sheridan of Holt county in the days of auld lang sine, when he was clerk and Flanagan Bitney and Townsend were commissioners, is still in the ring, refurnished, renovated, rectified, restored and rebuilt by the famous Keeley cure (institute at O'Neill) will make some woman a splendid hubby. We desire to help Mike out right here. He says that the Keeley treatment for a time impairs the memory, that he is under the impression he was engaged to some lady, but when he returned home he couldn't remember who it was. Will the lady please take pity on Mike's unfortunate condition and put him right. Age 36 years, habits good, you bet, nationality French with a very slight mixture of Irish.

H. E. Murphy, the alliance orator and fine political schemer, is a couple of dozen years of age, and also essays to act on the stage and practice law. He is on the market and swears that he will accept the first offer. Now, don't all speak at once.

Jim Harrington is all right, but he is spoken for, so no need to tantalize the girls be enumerating his virtues.

Pat Biglin, the dextrous mixologist, age 26, can be caught first rattle out of the box if approached right. Praise his dog, admire his Pat's—phiz and physique, flatter his picture in the cigar case—we mean Pat's, not the dog's picture, and then set 'em up to the house.

Ed E. Evans, the quarter of a century plant that blooms in the bank basement, and essays the role of farmer-editor, is irrevocably pledged, and there is no use of the girls wasting time on him. He will make a good husband, however, and if you have nerve wade in and break the combination.

Roscoe Conkling, at this day and date the only living Roscoe, has we understand re-entered the ranks of eligibles for this season only. Age uncertain; the habits and address of a genial gentleman.

M. P. Kinkaid, our worthy district judge, while last on our list is by no means least in the lottery of matrimony. He is a trifle particular to be sure, but he is a courteous, dignified gentleman, whose affable ways subdue the storms of political passion and prejudice incident to man, and it is reasonable to suppose with the opposite sex he could, should and will in time be as successful, unless leap year privileges result favorably.

He is wary however and must be handled with care. It will take time to make the victory sure, but the prize is worth the effort. Age a little short of forty, habits the best, a big bank account, and an honorable position.

This list has grown lengthy for one write-up, and so we will close it, with this admonition to the ladies: Waded in. And if at first you don't succeed try, try again.

There was a genuine surprise party at the Cavanaugh residence last Thursday evening. The party as originally planned was to be a surprise on Miss Lizzie, but a day or so before the time set, some of James' friends took the matter in hands and the result was a general surprise on the entire household. Twenty-six couples participated in the entertainment, and games consisting of cards, checkers and chess, were indulged in. The carpet was taken off one of the larger rooms and the merry crowd danced until a late hour. Daniel Davis and Hank Mills furnished the music for the occasion. A very pleasant time is reported.

HIS WORD FOR IT.

An Artesian Well Expert Says we May Have A Well Yet.

Mr. M. Hall, an artesian well expert from St. Paul, was in O'Neill several days last week, coming in last Saturday evening. He was sent here to make a thorough examination of the well and to ascertain if it were possible to get the pipe and drill, that are now lodged in the "hole," out, and by that means proceed with the work of boring. Mr. Hall has completed his inspection and states positively that he will be able to get the tools out of the ground and soon have things in shape for the men to proceed with the work. He went to Sioux City Monday to arrange to have the necessary machinery sent on at once.

This will indeed be gratifying news to the people of O'Neill, whose patience has been stretched to the limit in this case. In conversation with Mr. W. T. Evans concerning the well, Mr. Hall said: "There is no reason for being discouraged at the condition of affairs. With proper machinery on the ground—and I will have it here in a few days—I will soon be able to shape things so the men can proceed at once. There is also every reason to hope for a flow with as great a capacity for producing power as the well at Niobrara. I don't think it will be necessary to go down more than 100 feet before the water will spout forth."

Artesian well stock will take a shoot up in the air if these predictions are found to be reliable. Wait for O'Neill's artesian well.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Corrigan.

There was a quiet wedding in Monroe, Wis., last week, and one of O'Neill's popular business men took a prominent part in the ceremony.

Two or three weeks since Dr. Corrigan started for a trip east, presumably on business, and not one of his most intimate friends had any knowledge of the fact that his mission on this journey was to take that important step in the career of every man's life, when he joins heart and hands with the woman of his choice.

Miss Bridget Nulty, who will now be known to O'Neill people as Mrs. Dr. Corrigan, is one of Monroe's fairest daughters and brings with her to her western home the well wishes of a host of admiring friends in that city. The doctor and Miss Nulty were quietly married in Monroe last week and immediately started for O'Neill, arriving Friday night last. They at once began house-keeping in the Barney Mullen cottage in the western part of town, and have settled down to the enjoyment of a quiet life.

THE FRONTIER joins the many friends of Dr. Corrigan in extending a hearty welcome to his charming wife, and wishes them a pleasant journey through life.

Loved Ones Who Are Missing.

John Lawless, living two miles from O'Neill, came into THE FRONTIER office Tuesday afternoon and scoured the services of this family journal to assist him in ascertaining the whereabouts of a brother whom he has not seen or heard from but once in twenty years. Mr. Lawless says that when he and his brother parted in Washington, D. C., twenty years ago, he went to Pennsylvania and subsequently moved to Nebraska, settling on his farm a short distance from O'Neill. Since coming west he has not heard a word from the brother, and as he is getting pretty well along in years he is earnestly desirous of meeting or hearing from him again. The writer will communicate with the postmaster in Washington and hopes in a few weeks to locate the missing man. His name is Michael Lawless, age about 50 years; is a working man, but has no trade. When last heard of he was living near the government printing office near the capitol. He is a married man and has several children.

Mrs. Welsh, living near Knoxville, Knox county, has a son who has been in the far west for several years. THE FRONTIER has made extended inquiries for the lost boy, having written several letters to prominent newspapers and postmasters in the state of Washington, but of no avail. The son's name is Patrick Welsh, and any information concerning him would be gladly received by the sorrowing mother at Knoxville, Knox county, Nebraska.

Any information concerning either of the above mentioned parties if sent direct to THE FRONTIER will be immediately forwarded to the right parties.