

THE FRONTIER.

PUBLISHED BY THE FRONTIER PRINTING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

CLYDE KING AND D. H. CRONIN, MANAGERS

VOLUME XIII.

O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, AUGUST 18, 1892.

NUMBER 6.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMIZED

Local News of O'Neill as Caught by the "Kids."

INTERESTING NOTES

Items of Interest Published While News is Still News.

James Mullen was up from Page Monday.

It must require unlimited gall for "Tax-Payer," E. Kline and others to dispute and deny THE FRONTIER'S figures on the supervisor question. Anyone can look up the records and discover that the gentlemen are wrong.

A large crowd went out to Stanton's grove, about three and one-half miles north of town, Monday, to attend a Sunday school picnic given by the Catholic Sunday school children. There were about three hundred present and all had a splendid time.

Mirried, in the parlors of the Tavern on Tuesday afternoon, Miss Jennie Johring to Mr. George Rodenwald. Judge Bowen officiating. The young folks are both well known here and have a host of friends who wish them life long happiness. THE FRONTIER congratulates.

Prof. Hunt, late of the Nebraska university has been elected by the school board as principal of the O'Neill high school, at a salary of \$1,500. Mr. Hunt is a good instructor and under his direction the O'Neill school will keep on ascending the ladder of excellence until it will be as good as any high school in the state. The rest of the teachers will be selected the coming week.

Rushville Standard: E. L. Thompson of O'Neill, was in the city yesterday, looking over the race track and accommodations, with a view of bringing his horses here for the fall meeting. Mr. Thompson had several horses at the Chadron races, last week, and the horses are still at Chadron, and if he does not make arrangements to go to Rapid City, will in all probability come here to train his horses.

Prof. C. E. Watt will give one of his piano recitals in the rink on Monday evening. He will be assisted by several soloists. The Prof. comes highly recommended as one of the best musicians of Chicago. It will be a rare musical treat for the people of O'Neill.

Reserved seats for sale at Corrigan's. Tickets, 25 cents, reserved seats, 35 cents. Doors open at 8 o'clock. Monday evening, Aug. 22.

M. M. Sullivan started Monday morning for Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and New York, where he goes to purchase his stock of fall and winter goods for his trade palace. Mr. Sullivan is doing a splendid business at the present time, as usual, and in his store can be found everything that is needed at a very reasonable price. He is the pioneer merchant of O'Neill and THE FRONTIER is pleased to note that he is enjoying a good trade and is prospering.

Work was commenced Monday on the O'Neill chicory factory by Seelye Sons & Co., of Fremont, who have the contract. The work is in charge of Architect A. H. Dyer, a former resident of this city, and one who thoroughly understands his business. The building will be 24x90 with a wing 29x70 and will be three stories high. The building and machinery will cost about \$15,000, and is to be completed and in running order by September 15. It is located on the Mathews addition.

Jas. S. Kirk & Co., of Chicago, have put upon the market lately, as a result of their half century's experience, their Dusky Diamond soap, a soap adapted to all household uses. By a happy but peculiar combination they are enabled to use tar in this soap, and there is no one that needs to be told that tar is recognized as the greatest of healing agents. It also is recognized for its softening qualities, and anyone troubled with hard hands, cracked hands, sore hands, will become enthusiastic over the "Dusky Diamond" soap after once using it. Your grocer keeps it.

TIPS TO PURCHASERS.

Stock Cattle!

We have on hand and are prepared to furnish stock cattle of all ages and in numbers to suit purchasers. Time given on approved security. Call at section 13, township 28, range 13, or address, FRANK ANDERSON CO., O'Neill, Neb.

We will pay Sioux City prices for 150 head of thin, dry cows.

FRANK ANDERSON & CO., O'Neill, Neb.

WANTED—Local and traveling deputies for the Eclectic Assembly. Face of certificates from \$500 to \$3,000; limited assessment; no double headers; splendid commission to organizers. Write at once.

State Deputy, M. L. ADAM, Lock Box 77, O'Neill, Neb.

Letter List.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at O'Neill, Neb., unclaimed, for the week ending Aug. 20, 1892:

Lee H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, G. G. Golden, Mrs. Josie Woodworth, Miss Lulu Gaskill.

In calling for the above please say "advertised." If not called for in two weeks they will be sent to the dead letter office.

J. H. Riggs P. M.

FIGURES DON'T LIE

County Clerk's Certificate Sustains The Frontier.

LESSINGER A PREVARICATOR

He Has Attempted to Hoodwink the People and Is Caught in the Act.

THE FRONTIER'S second chapter on the supervisor's salaries is a miserable attempt at covering up the glaring falsehoods and misrepresentations found in its first tirade and pointed out by the Independent. THE FRONTIER closes its second chapter with an offer to furnish another on short notice if we desire it. We kindly inform our neighbor that we would like a thorough investigation of this subject if done in a proper way, but simply adding one chapter of falsehoods and prevarications to another does not make the first one true nor benefit the public in the least. And judging from what has come we could not expect anything reliable from THE FRONTIER—Independent.

Anyone who has read this discussion from the beginning can see at a glance that the above extract from last week's Independent does not contain even the ghost of some dead truth or the shadow of a live one. "THE FRONTIER'S" second chapter on the supervisors' salaries is a miserable attempt at covering up the glaring falsehoods and misrepresentations found in the first tirade and pointed out by the Independent," says Lessinger. A newspaper discussion with a man who has any regard for the truth and will not stoop to base prevarication and misrepresentation in order to make a point is one of the amenities of journalism. We have treated this question fairly and honestly. We have made no statements that we did not believe to be true. We have given the figures fresh from the records for every assertion made—and that is something the Independent has not done. True he has given some figures but no one knows where he got them. His statements are not sustained by the records as we are here to prove. He says our second article was nothing but an attempt to cover up the glaring falsehoods of the first. In the second article can be found the following words:

With one or two unimportant exceptions THE FRONTIER'S statements were correct and we embrace the present opportunity to reiterate and, unlike Lessinger, again produce the figures to substantiate our assertions.

This does not look like an attempt to cover up any glaring falsehoods or misrepresentations, does it? Lessinger, probably growing suspicious on account of his own treacherous nature, calls for an investigation from a more reliable source than THE FRONTIER. In making this request Lessinger, while casting aspersions upon our honesty of purpose, admits his own inability to properly investigate the question. But we have overlooked the slur and secured the report of an investigation, made by County Clerk Butler, which confirms everything said by THE FRONTIER heretofore, the second chapter and even the "first tirade." Here is the county clerk's certificate, read it carefully:

STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss
County of Holt, ss
I, C. E. BUTLER, county clerk of said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct statement of the bills filed by the following named persons as supervisors from January 1, 1892, to July 15, 1892, inclusive, as shown by the records of this office:

E. E. PERKINS.
Bill number 605.....\$64 30
" 606..... 7 50
" 178..... 48 43
" 190..... 9 30
Total.....\$129 45

W. W. BETHEA.
Bill number 22.....\$15 35
" 222..... 45 10
" 248..... 18 10
" 504..... 21 10
" 507..... 30 10
" 617..... 54 60
" 667..... 3 00
Total.....\$197 45

C. M. SMITH.
February 15, 1892.....\$72 00
February 15, 1892..... 11 70
March 25, 1892..... 27 00
May 7, 1892..... 22 00
June 15, 1892..... 30 00
July 15, 1892..... 31 00
July 15, 1892..... 3 00
Total.....\$196 70

J. M. HUNTER.
Bill number 80.....\$17 00
" 180..... 21 00
" 245..... 20 00
" 519..... 17 00
" 630..... 14 00
" 658..... 3 00
Total.....\$62 20

HOWARD MILLER.
Bill number 137.....\$54 60
" 177..... 15 00
" 215..... 19 00
" 655..... 17 40
Total.....\$105 60

C. W. MOSS.
Bill number 180.....\$34 30
" 643..... 70 80
Total.....\$105 10

I further certify that all of the above claims were allowed and warrants drawn for same, except claim No. 655 for \$7.50 of Mr. Perkins, which was not allowed.

Witness my hand and seal this 17th day of August, 1892.

C. E. BUTLER,
County Clerk.

The careful reader will notice that the above certificate, bearing the great seal of Holt county and the signature of its honest and disinterested clerk, sustains THE FRONTIER from the beginning, notwithstanding Lessinger says our

second article was but a "miserable attempt to cover up the glaring falsehoods found in the first."

Following is the way Lessinger puts it, replying to THE FRONTIER of Aug. 4: FRONTIER SHOWING RECORD SHOWING: Betha.....\$107 35 Perkins..... 129 45 Smith..... 194 70 A difference of \$31 in favor of Betha, \$7.50 in favor of Perkins and \$22 in favor of Smith. Moss.....\$105 10 Hunter.....\$117 10 Miller..... 105

Thus THE FRONTIER lowers Moss' salary \$12, Hunter's \$9.30 and Miller's \$6. And these are not the only figures tampered with by THE "FRONTIER man" (?) unless we are wrong, and if we are will gladly make the correction, but it will require something more than a mere denial by THE FRONTIER.

It seems to us that further comment is unnecessary. Lessinger calls for more reliable investigation than that made by THE FRONTIER and gets THE FRONTIER'S figures certified right back at him. Can he ask for anything more? Speaking of his own report above he says: "And these are not the only figures tampered with by THE FRONTIER'S man unless we are wrong and if we are we will gladly make the correction." We are now patiently holding our breath until Lessinger either honestly admits that he has been intentionally wrong all the way through or that he does not know enough to investigate a subject of this calibre. It is one or the other. We are prepared to believe either one or both.

JOLLY UNCLE JOSH OF O'NEILL.

A Story of Real Life with Real Characters.

"Miss Summers—Polly—I—er—dare I—"

But the speaker took a header over bashfulness only to hear a sweet:

"Yes, Charley."

"Oh, if I might only hope to—er—to—"

Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case, and it might have been, only for a remark:

"Charley, I said 'yes,' twice, and if you mean it, I mean it, too, and—"

And to this day that young man will insist that he popped the question.

All this happened away "down east," and it wasn't long before there was a wedding. Not much longer before there came a letter from Polly's Uncle Josh, out in Nebraska, who wrote effusively of his delight at her exhibition of what he called "grit" and he proposed that if the young people would locate at O'Neill he would give them a start in life.

Of course they accepted and were soon bidding their friends adieu.

A few weeks subsequent to the above conversation, a travel stained party arrived at O'Neill. Our friend, Uncle Josh was in charge and he led the party straightway to a hotel. "The Potter hotel," said he "is a typical Nebraska hotel of the best class. I have known Ed E. Evans, the proprietor, for years and he is mine host after my own heart. A thorough business man, he is endowed with that delightful intuition that makes a guest feel at home, comfortable, contented and in mighty good luck. The house is a marvel of convenience; the apartments are commodious and handsomely furnished; the cuisine all that a superior chef and unlimited orders on the market can make it, and the attendance polite and expert. The drummer—and he's a sign to follow—always makes a special effort to 'Sunday' at the Potter."

"After breakfast," remarked the old man, "we'll go out and buy your outfit. To expedite matters I will order a rig from DeYarman Bros' stable." The carriage arrived, and as Polly viewed the stylish turnout, with prancing horses, elaborate trappings, and a neatly dressed driver at the reins, she expressed great delight. "The DeYarman stable," remarked Uncle Josh, "is one of the best outfitted livery establishments that I know of—the three S's—Speed, Safety, Style—is its coat of arms. If you ever have to run to an off-railroad town be sure to go there for a rig."

"Now we are ready for the cage for your bird," said Uncle Josh, as they repaired to the carriage. "The first thing in order is to engage competent workmen, and none is of more importance than the painter. I recommend Phil Shanburn as painter and paper hanger; there is none better in O'Neill. He has reduced home adornment to a beautiful science. His ambition is to make his work perfect and he is invariably successful. He understands—none better—the true harmony of colors, and under his brushes you will find your home made into a palace of neatness and delightful effects. He also carries a full stock of goods for house decoration."

"For your building material," continued the old gentleman, "you of course want the very best. I have always found it cheapest and most profitable to patronize the Galena Lumber Company's yard, T. F. Birmingham, proprietor.

There is no other establishment in this section of the country where they carry constantly a stock in quality and quantity such as you will like to select from. They are reliable in every respect and not to be undersold." The popular yard was reached in a trice, and a bill covering the whole range of material needed for an extensive house from sills to shingles, with a fancy fence to enclose it was ordered.

"And now to see about furniture," remarked Uncle Josh, whereupon Polly declared that she had heard so much about O. F. Biglin's establishment that she desired to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewildering display that the girl was puzzled at first how to select. But she soon yielded to the seductiveness of a magnificent parlor suit and a bed room set in oak (sixteenth century finish) that would have done credit to old Antiquity herself. To these she added a dining room set with all accessories, a complete kitchen outfit and didn't forget a most convenient ornamental writing desk for "hubby."

"A pretty good start," said the old man, "and now we'll go to Neil Brennan's hardware store." Here Polly's house-wife instincts had full play in marvels of kitchen apparatus. There is not an establishment in the west that carries a more comprehensive stock of household furnishings. Every possible piece of kitchen furniture from a tin-dipper to a cooking range is here in all styles and variety. If Polly fails to accomplish wonders in the culinary art it will not be the fault of superior utensils. Her purchases included a Garland cooking stove, a Leader heater, Dangler gasoline stove, a Lenord refrigerator, a Western washer, Novelty wringer and a Lightning freezer. Charles also ordered the tin work for his new house.

Polly was soon engaged in shopping, whereupon Uncle Josh calmly and deliberately winked at Charles. That astute young gentleman followed him to the sidewalk.

"I want a fresh glass of beer," said the old man and I know you won't object to one, so we'll just drop down and see my friend Pat Gibbons. He conducts a most respectable place, and, by the way, is just the man to supply your callers. I'll guarantee the quality of his liquors—he handles such brands as Old Crow and Zeb Claytons, and the finest of native and imported wines and cigars."

When they rejoined Polly she declared that she must have hats and bonnets to match her costumes. Uncle Josh took the hint and introduced her to Mrs. M. C. Roberts. By the exercise of exquisite taste in selecting stock and liberal dealing, this house has established itself as a leader. Polly was soon reveling in realms of bliss over the stylish bonnets and hats, and wonderfully beautiful notions in millinery, and if over a feminine soul was delighted and satisfied in the possession of a bewitching array of hats and bonnets for all purposes hers was straightway.

At the refreshment table Uncle Josh waxed philosophical. "Never neglect your larder, young lady," said he. "That important adjunct of house keeping controls masculine temper. To that end you must patronize grocers upon whom you can depend for honest goods. Through a long term of years I have found Pfund & Wagers thoroughly reliable. You will find them careful dealers, always full-stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries, fresh and first-class—no shelf worn goods there—while the prices are down to brass tacks."

"It doesn't follow though," he continued, "that carefully attention to matters of the table need only be paid to groceries and provisions; the meat question is equally essential. To locate the man who carries constantly choice meats, juicy steaks, and game and fish in season, is quite an undertaking. But I heartily recommend Fred C. Gatz. He is cheap, always well stocked, handles nothing but the choicest of prime and well conditioned meats, and makes a strong point of combining quantity and quality for the money."

"As you are going to farming," remarked Uncle Josh, "you will need harness. The boss harness milliner in this section is J. F. Pfunder. He employs only expert workmen and gives personal supervision to the minutest detail of manufacture. There is nothing in his line that cannot be had of him—heavy and light, single and double, plain and fancy, work and buggy harness, he has them in stock. He carries everything else found in a complete stock—saddles, whips, fly nets, dusters, lap robes, everything that a farmer or a gentleman horse owner can possibly desire, and as to prices, well, he can't be undersold."

"Oh, I must have an album, Uncle," exclaimed Polly, "and—"

"Yes, and a bible with reasonable big family register," interrupted the old man, "so we'll go down to the complet-

est establishment in town, Morris & Co.'s drug and book store. You'll find many articles indispensable for the parlor as well as library there." And as for variety Morris & Co. have an unequalled stock and Polly's purchases included miscellaneous books, fancy stationery, (all the latest agonies) bric-a-brac, the latest new styles in wall paper and house decorations, and all manner of pretty things for the center table her enthusiasm only subsided when Uncle Josh wickedly suggested that she could find toys, etc., there when she needed them.

"Who is a good horse shoe, Uncle?" asked Charles. You know how particular I am about my mare, Kitty."

"Jesse so; you want no botcher about her," said Uncle Josh. "Well, there's only one first-class horse-shoer in town to my notion and that's Emil Sniggs. He understands perfectly the construction of the horse's foot, just what kind of a shoe is needed and how to make and put it on. A first-class blacksmith, too, he is the very man to give your reaping and especially your plow work to."

"Hello!" exclaimed Charles, "there goes a Columbus buggy. I didn't know you could find them out here."

"Young man," almost solemnly remarked Uncle Josh, "you have a heap to learn. We have an implement and vehicle house that the whole community is proud of. Come with me to Moses Campbell's and I'll surprise you." And sure enough, Charles was astonished; more than that, before leaving he purchased a Harrison wagon, a phaeton for Polly, a Buckeye road cart and a full line of farm implements including a Little Yankee and Norwegian plows, Havana drill, Defand corn sheller, Deering binder, Buckeye mower, Acme stacker and Holiday wind-mill.

Passing down the street Uncle Josh paused before a handsome drug store. "Here is P. C. Corrigan," he said, "and he may prove to be a valuable acquaintance."

"But Uncle, we don't—"

"Oh, I know, you don't need medicine now, and imagine you never will. But I reckon it won't be unreasonably long before this young man will be taking a decided interest in the matter of paregoric, and—"

"Uncle!"

"Well, well, come in. Sometime you may want a 'prescription' compounded and this is the place. They are competent pharmacists, employ only trust worthy assistants and carry only the purest of drugs and medicines."

"Uncle," said Polly, "I wish you would recommend a laundry. I am afraid I can never satisfy his lordship here with respect to his linen."

"All right," laughed Uncle Josh, "that's easily done; send it down to the Elkhorn Steam Laundry. I never saw laundry turned out so near the acme of perfection as their's is, and the beauty is that your articles come back unharmed, not even a button missing. All the gentlemen patronize J. W. Rath-bun."

Charles now bethought himself of some abstracts that he needed and having been recommended to R. R. Dickson & Co. as a reliable party who makes abstracting a special business, thither he repaired and found that he had been well directed. Not only has this firm the best set of books in Holt county, but they are pains-taking and competent experts. Their abstracts are pronounced perfect by the most exacting eastern loan agents.

"Uncle," remarked Polly, "you promised to take me to Young & Co.'s music store. He sells the Packard, Mason & Hamlin, Bridgeport and Hillstrun organs, and I shall be dreadfully lonesome without one. They are very kinds of instruments; they combine purity of tone with sweetness and power in a manner attained in no other instruments, and are very miracles of beauty in design."

"All right," laughed the old man, "you shall have one, and I intend to present you with either an Everett, Bradbury or Decker Bros. piano, too. This firm sell them also. In fact they carry a full line of musical instruments and merchandise. They also sell the Domestic sewing machine and Cleveland safety bicycle."

"Where had we better buy our fuel?" asked Charles, whose mind was constantly turning to the practical.

"Why, of the Chicago Lumber Company; I ought to have thought of that. They handle all kinds of the best grades of hard and soft coal and from a long business acquaintance with them I can personally guarantee that you may depend on getting full weight and measure and the lowest market price. This company prides itself on its established good reputation, and enjoys the cream of business in its line."

"Now," cried the old gentleman, "now for a picture of this crowd. In good old country fashion we'll go to the photographer gallery, and O'Neill has a first-class one, that of my friend A. H. Corbett. His pictures are wonderful in fidelity and finish. I want our full sized photos for my study and some small ones for friends. Mr. Corbett is famous for successful enlarging and I want to give you a life size representation of 'yours truly.' Mr. Corbett has the soul of a true artist; all his work is a labor of love, in which he will not stop short of perfection."

Enroute to the hotel the gentlemen called at THE FRONTIER office. "You'll want the news every week," said Uncle Josh, "and as this is the favorite paper here I'll subscribe for it."

Upon rejoining Polly she began to volubly express her thanks. "You have bought us everything," she exclaimed. "Only forgot one thing," remarked Uncle Josh reflectively, "but I can remedy that. Biglin always has a fine line of them when ever you want it; I'll pay for the best."

"W-h-y?" exclaimed Polly with great curiosity, "what ever is it?" "Well, it's—a—a baby wagon, and— But Polly had fainted.