

# THE FRONTIER.

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CLYDE KING AND D. H. CRONIN, EDITORS AND MANAGERS.

VOLUME XIV.

O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, JULY 13, 1893.

NUMBER 1.

## LOCAL NEWS ITEMIZED

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

## OTHER INTERESTING NOTES

of General Interest Published While News Is Still News.

Shanburn and sister visited Sloux last week.

Evered, of the Page Eye, was in city Saturday.

Weekes, of Page, was in the first of the week.

Ryan returned Sunday from visit to the world's fair.

Daly is home from Park City, on a visit to his parents.

Dickson went down to Omaha, returning Sunday evening.

Millard is enjoying a visit with his father and mother of Cherokee.

Grand ball to be given by band boys on Friday evening, 21.

Hall is building an addition to his house in the southeastern part of city.

Mrs. F. C. Cole left last week to Chicago to attend the world's fair a week.

Mrs. Corbett and Mr. and Mrs. Knuch took in the sights at Long Sunday.

Roy came in from the farm and went up to the Pine on the day train.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. DeYar- on Sunday, July 9, 1893, a girl of usual weight.

Ona Skirving went up to Stuart Friday evening where she will visit for a week.

Remember the band boys' ball at the house Friday evening, July 21. A time is assured.

J. Halloran was up from Inman Friday and reports crops in good condition in his locality.

Bentley returned Tuesday morning from Omaha, where he has been employed as a stenographer.

Nellie Daly has resigned her position in Pfund & Wagers' store, and will take a vacation for a few weeks.

Virge Boehme returned to her home in Atkinson, Tuesday evening, after a week's visit with friends here.

Gallagher, Dug Jones and Steve Nichols went up to Long Pine Monday evening, returning Tuesday morning.

The fishing party that went out on Niobrara last week returned home yesterday evening. They report a splendid time.

Mrs. Ed Hershiser and children left today for Onawa, Io., where they will stay with Mrs. Hershiser's mother for a few months.

Kyle, veterinary surgeon, removed his headquarters to Butte last week. He does good satisfaction in this community.

A gentleman with a steam merry-go-round has been turning amusement for boys and girls both young and old for a few days.

Shelhart and family have moved from the Tavern and into the new residence he has just completed in the southeastern part of the city.

FOR RENT—The Tavern. Has been repaired and refurbished throughout, and is one of the best equipped hotels in the city. 1-tf JOHN O'NEILL.

Congressman Bryan was an F. E. Messenger Monday evening, en route for Long Pine, where he was billed to speak that evening. John Harmon accompanied him from O'Neill.

Homer Garretson left last Friday for Chicago to attend the world's fair. During his absence he will also visit his parents at Oskaloosa, Iowa. He expects to be gone about a month.

The O'Neill Silver Cornet Band will give a grand ball in the opera house on Friday evening, July 21. Good music will be furnished and everything will be done to make the ball a success. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

The school board held a meeting last Monday evening and elected the following officers: B. S. Gillespie, moderator; O. F. Biglin, director; David Adams, treasurer. The next meeting of the board will be held Monday evening, when they will elect teachers for the ensuing year.

John and Dennie Hunt went up to Rose Bud Sunday evening where they have a government contract to do some plastering.

People who have any desire to see Spencer's wonderful snake should go over next Saturday, see the races and take in the dance in the evening.

On July 17 the railroads will commence running excursion trains to Chicago. One fare for the round trip. This is as it should be and we are of the opinion that there will be a larger attendance from this on than there has been.

Butte electors will soon have a chance to exercise their right of suffrage on the proposition of bonding the township for \$3,000 to secure an artesian well. O'Neill's advice to Butte would be to let the contract to a responsible and capable firm.

Our readers' attention is called to the new ad. of the Columbian hotel which appears in this issue. This hotel has been fitted up with new furniture and all modern conveniences to suit the public, and all will be well treated. When in the city give them a call.

An accident resulting in the death of an Indian child, occurred at Butte during the celebration of the Fourth. An Indian archer shot a steel tipped arrow high in the air and in returning it struck the child. The steel point penetrated the brain and death resulted.

John Freed, one of the most prosperous farmers of Atkinson township, was in the city last Saturday and made this office a pleasant call. Mr. Freed informs us that crops in his neighborhood are fine, especially corn, which, he says, is the finest he has ever seen in the county.

Although the railroad, on excursion rates, discriminated against O'Neill, as compared with those made for Long Pine, yet it is reported, without any stretch of the imagination, that the "Emerald Tinted City" had an exceptionally large crowd and pleasant time. —Atkinson Graphic.

Pat Biglin returned Sunday evening from Omaha, where he went to take a course in Clark's School of Embalming. He is in possession of a sheep-skin that says he is qualified and competent to stuff corpses. He will get a chance to practice on the independent party next fall. But what a nauseating job!

An editor down in Missouri has a subscriber who occasionally gets drunk, and on every such occasion comes in to renew his subscription to the paper. He is already paid up till 1896. At last accounts 8,748 different editors had written to find out where he gets his whisky, as they wish to lay in a supply of the same brand.

The editor of an exchange says he knows some people so exceedingly modest that in speaking of a person's leg they persist in calling it a limb, but the Antelope county young lady who, in speaking of a certain breed of chickens called them Brown Limbhorns, is, we think, entitled to the premium, and a gold medal at that.

Doc Mathews and Dave Darr went over to Eagle Mills Saturday a-wheel-back on a fishing trip. The only fish they caught were Sanford Parker and Kid King, who had the temerity to gamble a few shekels that the ride, 20 miles, would not be made in three hours. They made the trip easily in two hours and twenty minutes.

A young woman named Hoyt, from Butte, was being conveyed to the asylum for insane at Norfolk, by her father this morning. She appeared harmless, but with a determined desire to "go west." She arose after all had retired at the Merchant's hotel, last evening, and was apprehended only after persistent and diligent search. —Atkinson Graphic.

How often do we hear people say: "Where in the world do all the flies come from?" The toper makes the blue-bottle fly, the stern father makes the gad-fly, the cyclone makes the house fly, the blacksmith makes the fire fly, the carpenter makes the saw fly, the driver makes the horse fly, the grocer makes the sand fly and the boarder makes the butter fly.

Dr. E. Fletcher Ingals, retiring president of the Illinois State Medical Society, has a timely article in the July Forum concerning the sanitary condition of the world's fair city, Chicago, he says, far from being unhealthful, as its critics have represented, has really a lower death-rate than most American and many foreign cities. He sets forth explicitly the exact condition of the sewerage and the water supply, and the precise precautions needed against sudden changes of temperature. The gist of his conclusions is that nobody need keep away from the fair through doubt as to Chicago's perfect healthfulness, provided he will exercise the ordinary prudence of a summer visitor away from home.

Officers and members of the Holt County Agricultural society are requested to meet at Frank Campbell's office on Saturday, July 22, at 2 P. M.

Miss May O'Sullivan entertained a number of friends at a dancing party in the parlors of the Columbian hotel last evening. An enjoyable time was had by all.

The supervisors are in session this week. A. J. Meals' bondsmen are trying to effect a settlement with the board today. The expert is expected to make a full report tomorrow.

A special from O'Neill in the Omaha Bee of the 13th states that D. L. Darr is cashier of the Holt County bank. Mr. Darr states that he is not the cashier and has had no connection with this or any other bank for more than fourteen months.

Ex-Governor Robert W. Furnas, of Brownville, Neb., quietly celebrated the Fourth in Atkinson—the guest of our fellow townsman, Milton Doolittle. Gov. Furnas has long been a prominent actor and a powerful factor in many of the utilitarian enterprises that has given to Nebraska the proud position she now occupies in the constellation of progressive western states, and his busy and useful life will ever adorn the pages of Nebraska's history which her sons and daughters will review with pride. —Atkinson Graphic.

John Langdon, of Mankato, Boyd county, Neb., was skinned out of \$700 in cash, a team of horses and several cows, one day last week, in a horse race at Fairfax, S. D. Jim Boise held the stakes, Al Hileman handled Langdon's horse and Day, of Fairfax, is supposed to have won the money. Forty dollars of the ill-gotten gains were left in a resort at Butte City to treat the gang, which makes it quite evident that Langdon is a thoroughly cooked. His wife succeeded in securing the horses and cattle, but the gang held on to the cash. —Atkinson Graphic.

One year ago Charles Boger, of Morrisons, Pa., was married. Nine months later he was a widower. He became crazed with grief eventually, and as a result his afflictions produced a dementia pronounced incurable. He raved continually about his wife and entertained the idea that she had been foully dealt with. So strongly did he believe in this that his friends decided to disinter the body. They did so Saturday and the body was found face downward and all the evidence which goes to show that the woman had been buried alive was plainly apparent. The glass in the lid of the coffin was broken to atoms. The shroud enveloping the form was torn to shreds. The limbs were twisted and distorted, the hair matted, and in her hands she clutched a bunch of it. Those who were engaged in disintering the body fell back entirely overcome. The most composed man in the party was the demented husband. He assumed an air of complacency and assisted in the work of re-arranging the body. He has shown no signs of mental aberration since, and from all appearances his mental powers have been restored. —Ex.

## Band Concert.

The O'Neill Silver Cornet Band will give an open air concert next Saturday evening in the public square at 8:30. The following is the program:

Q. S. Kickers.....	Southwell.
Serenade, Waves of Memory.....	Blanchard.
Q. S. Nost Family.....	Southwell.
Schottische, Love's Magic Spell.....	Ferrazi.
Waltz, Sixth Avenue.....	Southwell.

## A Good Time at Spencer.

THE FRONTIER is in receipt of a bill announcing that on Saturday, July 15, Spencer will entertain her numerous friends with the following program:

Free-for-all running race for a purse of \$15; first \$10, second \$5.  
Pony race, purse of \$10; first \$7, second \$3.  
Foot race, liberal purse.  
Ball game, Fairfax and Ponca nines.  
Grand ball in the evening under the auspices of the Spencer orchestra. The wonderful sea serpent, the "ninth wonder of the world," will be on exhibition.

## Their Name Is Legion.

Reader, there are many blood purifying medicines. There is but one Hood's sarsaparilla. Do not allow high sounding advertisements or other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result.

Hood's sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised, effects honest cures, and gives every patron a fair equivalent for his money. What more can you reasonably ask?

A fair trial guarantees a complete cure.

## For Sale.

Stock cattle of all ages, in numbers to suit purchasers. Time given on bankable paper.

FRANK ANDERSON & Co.  
O'Neill, Neb.

## Holt County Bank Fails.

The Holt County Bank, of this city, closed its doors Tuesday morning. A card was posted on the door bearing the following legend: "Closed temporarily. Cannot collect as fast as deposits are withdrawn." The failure does not effect business men very much and business is being carried on the same as ever and there is no excitement. The other banks in the city are solvent and can pay every dollar of their deposits on demand.

The county, city and township had about the following amounts in the defunct bank, as near as can be ascertained: Holt county, \$25,000; City of O'Neill, \$3,500; Grattan township, \$1,000.

Mr. William Adams, assistant cashier of the bank, informed a reporter of THE FRONTIER that the bank was solvent and would pay deposits dollar for dollar, as there was good security for the money. He also said that they expected to resume business again in about sixty days, providing they could get the business satisfactorily arranged.

Depositors and business men generally have the utmost confidence in the officers of the bank, and believe that everything will come out all right, and THE FRONTIER trusts that it may.

People who give up good money to alleged rainmakers simply throw their money away. There is no scientific basis for these alleged rainmakers to stand on. If rain follows their manipulations, it is because it would have rained anyhow. It is the worst kind of folly to pay for what can't be delivered or for what will be delivered just the same without delay.—Sloux City Journal.

While THE FRONTIER is not the champion of "alleged rainmakers," it believes the Journal to be in error when it says they have no "scientific basis" on which to stand. In our humble opinion they have nothing but a "scientific basis" and if the time has not yet arrived when the clouds can be made, by artificial methods, to yield up their moisture on demand it soon will. It would not be a much greater triumph of mind over matter than the manufacture of ice in a climate where the temperature is 80 degrees or even more. Science, that mysterious subject of which the Journal speaks, each point of which is warmly contested and blankly denied by the most learned, tells us that at a given temperature air is capable of containing no more than a certain quantity of aqueous vapor invisibly dissolved through it, and when this amount is present it is said to be saturated. Air may at any time be brought to a state of saturation by reducing its temperature; and if it be cooled below this point, the whole of the vapor cannot be held in suspension, but a part of it, passing from the gaseous to the liquid state, will be deposited in dew, or float about in the form of clouds. If the temperature continues to fall, the vesicles of vapor that compose the clouds will increase in number and descend by their own weight. The largest of these, falling fastest, will unite with the smaller ones they encounter in their descent, and thus drops of rain will be formed whose size will depend on the thickness and density of the cloud. The point to which the temperature of the air must be reduced in order to cause a portion of its vapor to form a cloud or dew, is called the dew-point: whatever lowers the temperature of the air at any place below the dew-point is a cause of rain. Various causes may conspire to effect this object, but it is chiefly brought about by the ascent of the air into the higher regions of the atmosphere, by which, being subjected to less pressure, it expands, and in doing so its temperature falls and rain is the result. Now if science is not playing cheat with us, the only thing necessary to produce rain is to force the warm air from the earth up into cooler atmosphere, and the proper way to accomplish this is now the only straw in the way of successful rainmaking undertakings. The idea of exploding dynamite seems feasible, and if a drought comes our way this year, O'Neill citizens will attempt a practical demonstration, as a quantity of dynamite is now on hand for that purpose.

## Notice.

Notice is hereby given that any person caught fishing on my land from this date without permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

1-1 LEEMAN THOMPSON.

## Notice.

Notice is hereby given that we will receive sealed bids for sprinkling the business streets of O'Neill from July 14, 1893, at 8 P. M., reserving the right to reject any or all bids. Bidders' attention is called to the manner in which the streets are being sprinkled.

Attest:  
N. MARTIN, R. R. DICKSON,  
Clerk, Mayor.

## Notice.

Hood's pills are easy in action.

## NO MAN'S COLUMN.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. As has been shown before. And when she's risen, ten to one, She's crushed to earth once more.

We are in receipt of a poetical communication this week that we must decline, not with thanks, but with sorrow. It is dedicated to "False Woman," and fathered by a love-lorn youth who has loved, and loved in vain; and now swears in lines that would give you a pain, that by the holy smoke he'll never love again. Our advice to this aspiring youth would be to take largely of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, which is said to be good for the liver.

"Darling," she said as she nestled close to him and looked up with a fond gaze into the eyes of her lover, "you know all the preparations for our wedding have been made. The cards are out, my trousseau is complete, but there is one little matter that has not yet been settled."

"I suppose you refer, dear," he replied, lovingly holding her hand in his, "to our wedding trip?"

"You have guessed it, you dear sweet boy!" she cried joyfully; "and let's decide where we will go."

"Let me see," he said, taking out his note book. "There is Niagra and Washington and Old Point and—"

"No dear," she interrupted, "I don't want to go to any of those places."

"Perhaps you would like to go to some real quiet place, like Atkinson, where we could be all alone by ourselves? But, my darling, what is the matter with you? You are not ill, are you?"

Her face had become ashen pale. Controlling herself by a supreme effort she said: "Can you not guess it? Don't you see where I want to go?" And she whispered something in his ear.

Two hours later the figure of a solitary pedestrian might have been seen scurrying along the willow-fringed shore of the Elkhorn. He paused a moment to see that he was not observed, and then moving swiftly to the edge of the clear, cool stream without a moment's hesitation plunged in, exclaiming ere he did so, "No world's fair for me!"

Lady Colin Campbell's remark that kissing was injurious to the complexion, called forth the following from Life.

The Boston girl arises, Transcendentally sedate, And taking off her glasses Says: "I guess I'll oculate."

The comely fair New Yorker With a radiant high-bred smile And bluish says: "My complexion's Got to stand it for a while."

The Philadelphia maiden, With a Quaker quibbling too Prepares her lips to pucker In the quiet drab "Oo oo."

The regal Baltimorean Stoops to conquer with her wit: "Just look at my complexion! It isn't spoiled a bit."

The Washingtonian damsel Such a dear cosmopolitan, With a bluish remark: "The lady Isn't altogether right."

The Richmond girl, in whispers Like some dreamy music, low, States firmly: "My complexion Isn't everything, you know."

The bright Atlanta maiden, With a pretty, harmless flirt, Is sure that her complexion Isn't quite so easy hurt.

The famed Kentucky beauty, In a voice as soft and clear As blue grass skies are, murmurs: "It is my complexion, dear."

The young Chicago woman Twitters in her fond delight: "I want a good complexion, But the price is out of sight."

The coy St. Louis maiden, Who's as cute as she is fair, Announces: "My complexion Isn't in it. See? So there!"

The Denver dear delightful Inquires: "Where am I at? You bet that Lady Colin Is conversing through her hat!"

The far Pacific angel Says she would like to say, She loves a nice complexion If it isn't built that way.

The author of the above lines had the audacity to omit mention of the O'Neill belles, and "No Man" takes the liberty to come forward with a jingle to supply the deficiency:

The O'Neill girl is not particular, And takes them as they come; Little she cares for a fine complexion, When compared to a good yum, yum!

Old Aunt Dina, a former employe of the house where the birds of paradise nestle in iniquity, and entice 57 cent dollars from the pockets of amorous youths and greenbacks from the bald-headed sports, left O'Neill Monday. Before leaving, this daughter of Ham charged her reservoir with red liquor and under its congenial influence proceeded to bid friends a sad farewell. It mattered not that some of her acquaintances were married and would rather have been excused the trying ordeal of saying good-bye on the crowded thoroughfare. It seemed that it was not her intention to slight anyone, and judging from the number she accosted, it will be a difficult task to find the man without sin that he may cast the first rock. It was laughable anyway, and "No Man" dedicates the following lines to her victims:

Old Aunt Dina has gone away; Some folks hope she's gone to stay; Left the boys in a familiar way, Ta-ra-ra boom de aye!

## The Victory of Beer, Blood and Bombs.

Under the above caption Town Topics, of New York, perpetrates the following piece of fine satire on Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, after the pardoning of the convicted bomb throwers. The picture is no doubt slightly over-drawn, but it contains food for reflection:

SCENE—A beer cellar in the capitol building at Springfield, Ill. Governor Altgeld, with a frankfurter sandwich in one hand and a stein of Munchner in the other, is dictating to a stenographer. Governor Altgeld's hair grows after the fashion of a shoe brush, and his beard looks as though it were intended for a floor mop. The odor of the apartment is a combination of limburger and dynamite.

Altgeld—Wrride town: To der beepel off der Shtet of Illanoice—

Stenographer (interrupting)—How spellen you dot vort Illanoice?

Altgeld—I duple hell arr henn a—e—e—e—ess. Hef putten you dot town yet already?

Stenographer—Ya!

Altgeld—Vell, den wrride. It les shoost now der obblinyon off der Guffnor—

Stenographer—How spellen you Guffnor?

Altgeld—Ghee—oo—dupple heff henn—o—orr. Now go shot! It les der obblinyon off der Guffnor dot vef haf in dot Chollyedde Brisson pud dree grade badriots, dose veller dot iss salt by mean beepel to dro der tinymlate bump vat killut der boltizmen by der Haymokit in Checawko four years gone py aretty. Tell me dis: iss anyvon see oo dit dro der bump, unt iss anyvon see oo dit pud tinymlate in der bump, and vat der ell iss a boltizman ennahoe?

Unt eff no von heffent saw dot bump by somevon flit mit tinymlate, unt by somevon drone, den vat for haf dese Cherman chentlemens by dose brisson been putten. Tell me dot.

The governor takes off his collar and shoes and lies down on the sofa for a nap. When he awakes he calls for more frankfurters and beer. When they are brought he resumes his dictation.

Altgeld—Vat taken I off ven I vas before spikken?

Stenographer—You vos esk vat for der Chermans haf by dose brisson been putten.

Altgeld—Oh, ya! Go ahet. Dose chudge unt chury ought to be pud by der brisson, so heb me, unt insheet off schatutes off der boltizmen peen putten in der Haymokit, schatutes off der jet ennergists in der world's vair shoult pe bullet.

Stenographer—Hooray!

Altgeld takes another nap, after which frankfurters and beer were again served to him.

Stenographer—Vile you haf asleep bin dese telegrams haf arrifed. Her is one from Herr Most in Neu Yorrige.

Altgeld—A splendit chentleman. Reat vet he haf salt.

Stenographer—To Altgeld, guffnor of Illanoice, Greentink. In antixibashun off der release of der badriots from Chollyedde ve ar trinken doo hundred kegs of laker peer. Hoch for Ennergy! Hook for Altgeld! Purn! Billagel Rob! Kill der boltizmen! Amerriga for der Chermans! Your brother, Johann Most.

Altgeld—Das iss goot. Sent back vort to trink ewig kegs laker peer at my exbenzes. Haf all der telegrams framed unt ve hank dem per ver dall here. Bay, dese sauchesses iss'nt goot ass dose vat yesterdai I haffen. Dell Fritz dot he vas nceden a new imbordashun. To lunch I go now, unt ven I kom peck ve vanish dot broglamashun.

Altgeld puts on his shoes, but as it is a warm day he does not don his collar again, and adjourns to Fritz' beer cellar. He eats heartily, and this time suaverkrast adorns his frankfurters. With these and some pickled eels with yumperricket, accompanied by one dozen glasses of Munchner, he gains the necessary inspiration for finishing the document that sets free the imprisoned bomb-throwers, and encourages the fendish lawlessness that precipitated the terrible tragedy of four years ago. Altgeld will be entertained by Herr Most when he visits New York in the fall.

## SPECIAL SALE...

Monday, July 17.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS

PARASOLS

FANS

Cut prices

One day only

J. P. MANN