

THE FRONTIER.

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VOLUME XIV.

O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, JANUARY 11, 1894.

NUMBER 27.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMIZED

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

INTERESTING NOTES

General Interest Published While News Is Still News.

Mike Dee was in the city Wednesday.

Albert Ege was up from Ewing Monday night.

Joe Hunter came in from Willowdale yesterday.

A. O. Perry went down to Fremont Tuesday morning.

D. W. Hoover, of Chadron, was in the city yesterday.

Barrett Scott returned Tuesday evening from a trip to Omaha.

Bill Bailey and John Drayton were from Ewing yesterday.

Miss Maggie Perry, of Butte, is in the city visiting her brother Az.

"Samantha Among the Brethren" at Trueblood's Friday evening.

G. O. Smith, of Long Pine, was a guest at the Hotel Evans yesterday.

W. E. Holmes, of Sioux City, was registered at the Hotel Evans yesterday.

We are informed by the Neigh Yeas that the smoke of battle has cleared away.

J. W. Jordan, of Lincoln, had business in the city Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Az Perry returned yesterday on a visit to her folks in Custer county.

Miss Lottie Lucia, of Aurelia, Io., is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. O. O. Snyder.

Mr. Perkins of Iowa, father of Mrs. M. Hershiser, has been visiting in the city the past week.

Editor Armstrong embalmed the O'Neill excursionists in verse. That's a pretty way to treat visitors.

If it is true that a man had better be taken for a knave than a fool the fakir surely has the better of his victims.

Elmer Williams, of Atkinson, heir apparent to the receivership of the O'Neill land office, was in the city yesterday.

We have a special lot of that fine Mocha and Java coffee. Try a pound.

O'NEILL GROCERY COMPANY.

Spelling match at Dr. Trueblood's last Friday evening. Prize given for the best speller. Everybody invited.

When in need of coal go to Biglin's coal yard. He keeps the best coal in town and his prices are reasonable. 26 tf

Go to Dr. Trueblood's next Friday evening and hear the chorus of jubilee singers sing southern camp meeting songs.

The FRONTIER was sorry to learn Monday that W. A. Westfall, of Butte, general merchant, had been closed up by creditors.

George McGowan, of Leonia, is contemplating building a large reservoir for storing storm water with which to irrigate a garden.

Feed a little oil meal to your stock; it will pay you. For sale by 27-2

O'NEILL GROCERY COMPANY.

Dr. Trueblood was called to Eagle Tuesday night to administer to one of Wm. Knollkamper's children, suffering from diphtheria.

The Ladies Aid society will give a throughout social on Friday evening of the week at the home of Mrs. Trueblood. All are cordially invited.

Come and examine our line of dried fruits and get prices. We can surely satisfy you. 27-2

O'NEILL GROCERY COMPANY.

A. L. Shannon, of Ewing, was in the city Wednesday. Mr. Shannon has sold out his interests in Holt county and in the near future will remove to California.

Bob Gallagher was in the city Tuesday. Mr. Gallagher is much taken with the irrigation scheme and promises it will be the financial and moral support in the power.

The Butte Gazette congratulates its readers that with a dozen daily stages running in divers directions it is an easy matter to get out of town. No insinuation.

It was a sad sight Monday night when city men congregated at the rink and attempted to rob a man at his own game. Yes sir, actually fifty men against one.

STRAYED—From this city on last Wednesday evening, an English Mastiff. A liberal reward will be furnished for information concerning the same.

ANDY GALLAGHER.

Preparations are being made to banquet the state officers at the Hotel Evans when they arrive in O'Neill next Wednesday night to muster in the O'Neill militia.

We keep on hand a full line of fish, both salt and canned, such as whitefish, mackerel, herring, whole cod-fish and all kinds in cans. 27-2

O'NEILL GROCERY COMPANY.

Dave Moler, of Leonia, is making a survey for the purpose of putting in a hydraulic engine and he will also build a reservoir for irrigation purposes. Let the good work go on.

Doc Mathews went down to Neligh Monday to make arrangements in regard to the consolidation of the land offices. The consolidation will take place sometime during this month.

The people of Ord have organized an irrigation society with capital stock of \$100,000, nearly paid up, to moisten the soil in that vicinity. They will utilize the water in the North Loup.

Barney Stewart was up from Page Tuesday purchasing la grippe medicine for the afflicted in his community. Barney says the disease is epidemic there, and that he has just recovered from a month's siege.

THE FRONTIER is in receipt of a letter from Walt Tesch, of Lexington, in which he informs us that he has taken unto himself a wife, whose maiden name was Ursula Ulrich, of Elm Creek. THE FRONTIER congratulates.

Frank Campbell was tendered a surprise party by his wife last Monday evening, to which a large number of their friends and neighbors were invited. It was a complete surprise on Frank and all present had an enjoyable time.

We notice in an exchange where a cigarette fiend by the name of Ed Gallagher blew his brains out. It was not our Ed however. Our Ed is a 2 per cent. fiend and he lets the other fellows do the "blowing brains out" act.

Charlie Cole has opened up a jewelry store at Spencer. THE FRONTIER trusts and predicts that Charlie will make the investment a profitable one and also prove a valuable acquisition to the circle of progressive business men of Spencer.

The O'Neill land officers received word Monday night of the consolidation of the Neligh office with the one here. The officers will now, no doubt, soon receive word of the appointment of new officials to preside over the consolidated concern.

We will give away on February 22 a handsome parlor set of furniture to our customers. It will not cost you a cent, so if you are not lucky enough to get it you cannot lose anything by trying. Call at our store for particulars.

J. P. MANN.

Graphic: J. C. Harnish, ex-deputy county clerk, was in Atkinson Tuesday evening, visiting his three-link brethren. Mr. Harnish has accepted the position as assistant receiver of the Holt County bank—a position that he is eminently qualified to fill.

Miss Etta Davis was tendered a birthday party at the residence of her sister, Mrs. H. C. McEvony, last Monday evening. There were about twenty-five people present and all had an enjoyable time, cards and dancing being the features of amusement. Supper was served at midnight.

The Sun says in its want column: "Wanted—Every democrat in Holt county to subscribe for the Sun." This is a realistic idea of a "long felt want." An ad. from the democrats of Holt county would no doubt read: "Wanted—A democrat to edit a democratic paper."

Back Berry, of Paddock, is in the city this week at the bedside of his son, Johnnie, whom THE FRONTIER last week reported very ill with typhoid fever at Barrett Scott's residence. Johnnie is a very sick boy, so Dr. Gilligan says, but we trust he may pull through all right.

The Butte Gazette, speaking of last week's excursion to its town, says: "Speeches were made by Mayor Dickson, J. P. Mann, Wes Evans, Clyde King and W. J. Dobbs, of O'Neill, and responded to by citizens of Butte." This joke can only be fully appreciated by the members of the junketing party.

Here is what Peter Cooper, who died worth many millions, said of a newspaper: "In all towns where a newspaper is published every man should advertise in it, if nothing more than a card stating his name and business he is engaged in. It does not only pay the advertiser but it lets people at a distance know the town in which you live is a prosperous community of business men. As the seed is sown so the seed recompenses. Never pull down your sign while you expect to do business."

THE FRONTIER has "produced many articles in the past that have won for it admiration and applause, but never in the course of its existence has it printed anything that gave such universal satisfaction as the "touching up" of the First National bank. We did not suppose the institution had so many enemies.

Soldiers Relief Commission meet on the 9th and made their annual report to the board of supervisors. During the year of 1893 warrants were drawn to the amount of \$584.70 and paid out to needy soldiers' families, tiding them over many trying places. Robert Gallagher was re-elected member of the board for three years. WM. BOWEN, Sec.

Col. H. S. Hotchkiss, inspector general of the Nebraska national guards, was in the city Wednesday getting acquainted with our militia boys and making preparations for the mustering in of the company, which will occur next Wednesday evening. Mr. Hotchkiss is a very pleasant gentleman and made warm friends during his short stay in our city.

At the regular meeting of General Coburn Post G. A. R., No. 251, at Leonia, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander, D. Moler; Sr. V., J. Darr; Jr. V., M. Hubby; Adgt., G. McGowan; Q. M., H. Hodgkins; Surg., J. Hubby; O. D., S. Simonson; O. G., R. E. Bowden; Chap. M. Miller. R. E. Bowden and M. Hubby were elected delegates to attend the department encampment.

Otto Miltz is working for the O'Neill Cigar Factory since the rascals turned him out of the court-house. The factory, so Proprietor Captain Cal Moffat tells us, was never in a more prosperous condition and that they have all the work they can possibly do, and are working overtime to catch up with orders. THE FRONTIER is pleased to mark the prosperity of O'Neill institutions.

E. O. Blake, George Sale, H. D. Green, Price Jamison and Deputy U. S. Marshal Liddie, of Rushville, came over from Butte Tuesday evening via the Concord stage line. Mr. Liddie went west in the evening and the balance of the party proceeded to Omaha in the morning, at which place Mr. Blake had been summoned to appear and show cause why, as postmaster at Butte, his account should be \$700 short.

"What is my portion of the First National bank ad?" asked a prominent Holt county man as he walked into our sanctum Monday wearing a double-leaded smile. We informed him that the small loss occasioned by the discontinuance of the bank ad. had been more than twice made up to us since our last issue, but the gentleman insisted on donating something, so we just took a \$1.50 and gave him credit with it on subscription that was already paid many moons in advance. Thus does virtue meet its reward.

One of the daintiest of New Year calendars is that issued by the proprietors of Hood's sarsaparilla. It will fully satisfy every expectation as to beauty and utility. "Sweet Sixteen" is the head of a beautiful girl, the lovely picture being lithographed in many delicate colors. The pad harmonizes with the exquisite array of color above, while the dates are easily read. Hood's calendar may be obtained of your druggist or by sending 6 cents in stamps for one or 10 cents for two, to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Since the last issue of THE FRONTIER the cashier of the First National bank, before mentioned in these columns, has indulged in sundry threats, which, put in execution, would prove a serious impediment to the welfare of the editors of this popular journal and forever bar them from worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience and untrammelled pursue life and happiness according to the letter of the constitution. He even went so far as to employ that much learned doctor of law, Michael Forger Harrington, to investigate the case with a view to bringing suit. But what on earth, or under the earth, or in heaven, or in the air he could sue for mystifies us. He most certainly could not sue for defamation of character—the reason is self-evident—and for the same reason he could not sue for criminal libel, and an action for damages would not hold because one of the high officers of the bank stated to us personally that we could not injure the bank, so in the face of these circumstances we are at a loss to understand how and by what law he will pursue us legally. Gallagher and Harrington vs. THE FRONTIER would make an interesting case anyway and would develop a bushel of fun. THE FRONTIER has a fine collection of unpublished truths concerning this political intolerant that would make interesting reading even were they penned from the cheerless interior of a cell in the Holt county bastille. If we must have war, let it be to the knife, and the knife to the hilt.

Because Col. Doyle is a democrat and an applicant for the O'Neill postoffice and Charlie McHugh is an independent and editor of the Sun and also a candidate for the O'Neill postoffice, the Sun took occasion last week to say that Col. Doyle owed the Sun \$15.25, which same he would not pay until he got ready. We feel sorry for the Sun and hereby agree to pay it \$15.25 for its claim and in that way relieve Charlie of that "distressed feeling after eating." Bring your claim around to our business office any time, Charles.

Three out of the four O'Neill papers, THE FRONTIER among the number, started the new year by making mistakes in the date line of the first issue. It's not surprising that Kautzman should make a mistake, in fact it would be surprising if he did not as he doesn't know any better, but there can be no valid excuse for THE FRONTIER. The Sun's offense might be condoned by concluding that Charlie's time is so completely taken up these January days scanning the political horizon with a free trade horoscope for that democratic commission to the O'Neill postoffice.

When a petition was circulated last week to raise a small fund to send a couple of surveyors out to locate an irrigation ditch it was with difficulty that \$50 were secured, but when a man came to town Monday night with a fake he scooped in a couple of hundred in no time. And all because men thought that the fakir represented the populist idea of the money question and there was a good chance to get something for nothing. If you have any money to blow, spend it for the public good or come around and subscribe for THE FRONTIER and Inter Ocean, both for \$1.50.

Back Berry received word yesterday that his son, Tommy, had been taken sick with typhoid fever, and left for his home at Paddock. Mr. Berry surely has cause to attest the truthfulness of the adage that "misfortunes never come as single spies but in whole battalions." His wife died from this same malady a short time ago, a younger son and daughter lying very low at the same time, and afterwards himself confined to his bed for weeks with the same disease, and now his two oldest boys' lives are hanging in the balance. This is not only hard luck, but seems even more than one man's portion.

The installation of newly elected officers of General John O'Neill Post G. A. R. was held in the Odd Fellows' hall last Saturday night. Comrade Silas Smith was installing officer and the work was performed with neatness and dispatch. After the ceremony oysters were served, and speeches made by Messrs. Mack, Lyons and others. The occasion was also the 51st birthday of Past Commander Slattery. Following are the officers of the post: Commander, J. L. Mack; Sr. V. C., W. E. Merriman; Jr. V. C., Fred Plunder; Adgt., E. S. Kinch; Q. M., John Skirving; Surg., Dennis Lyons; Chap., B. Welton; O. D., M. Slattery; O. G., Patrick McCoy.

He was a prepossessing appearing gentleman and came into O'Neill Monday night and advertised a "free show for men only" at the rink at 7:30 sharp. The affair was shrouded in a mysterious mystery and the "men only" clause seemed to catch so the gentleman was greeted by a fair-sized house when the curtain was rolled up for the first act. From his opening remarks it was gleaned that he had patent medicine to sell at a nominal price and with each package it was his intention to give away a gold watch and five and ten dollar bills. That is, he said that to his audience it would appear that way, but in reality he would do nothing of the kind but would swindle every man that bought a package. With this introductory warning the sale commenced, the hook was baited and the suckers came in schools to bite. Old men and young men and men who have been on earth long enough to know better contributed liberally and the fakir left the city a couple of hundred dollars richer than when he landed. The supervisors were there blowing in their mileage and some of them the equivalent of five days' work, trying to catch the sparkling eye of the tickle goddess of chance. One worthy yeoman from the north who had hoped to be Hamilton's deputy went against the game for \$30 and men from O'Neill who were never known to contribute a cent to charity, public enterprise or advertising, dropped from \$5 to \$15.

Money talks these days, and the Omaha Weekly World-Herald is offering \$200 in cash prizes for the closest guesses on the temperature of the coldest day in February. The offer is only open to those who subscribe for the World-Herald this month for one year and send \$1. Write to the World-Herald for free sample copy giving full particulars of the offer if you want to compete. 27-2

The county board met Tuesday in regular session and were called to order by County Clerk Bethea.

It being the first meeting of the new year it was necessary to re-organize and with that end in view Peter Kelley was elected temporary chairman, which election was afterwards made permanent.

Having been granted a little time, the chair announced the following standing committees for the ensuing year:

Judicial and legal—Wise, Hayes and Jilson.

Printing and supplies—Phelps, Slaymaker and Wise.

Finance and official bonds—White, Moore and Ails.

Settlement—Jilson, Waring, Murphy, Donohoe, Phillips and Wilson.

Roads and bridges—Conger, Crawford, Kennedy, Haigh and Roll.

Taxes—Hayes, Miller, Trullinger, Kelley H. B. and Doolittle.

Claims—Brodie, Hodgo, Slaymaker, Gilson and Dennis.

Court-house and jail—Greigg, Calkins, Eckley, Schindler and Phelps.

It was then decided that Expert Stitt would not be employed to make annual settlement with county officers.

Soldiers' relief committee submitted their annual report, which was accepted. Robert Gallagher was elected to fill vacancy in the committee.

A committee of three was appointed to visit the several county officers and ascertain the number of clerks they would require for the ensuing year, and reported as follows: That deputies be allowed a salary of \$700 per year and that other necessary clerks \$650.

Banks desiring to become county depositories were called upon to furnish bids and bonds.

Mr. Handlan was re-appointed janitor at a salary of \$30 per month.

A jury was then drawn for the next term of court, which will publish in full next week.

A committee of three, to be known as the legal committee, was created and the chair instructed to appoint. This committee was empowered to commence suits and dismiss suits now pending or that may in the future be commenced.

The printing committee this morning reported on the several bids for county supplies, which started a discussion that consumed the entire forenoon. THE FRONTIER had the lowest bid by about \$55 and it required considerable scheming to knock it out but it was finally done by deciding to re-advertise. It was anything to beat THE FRONTIER, even if the board was compelled to reverse their action of last year on the same question. A republican paper stands about as much show of getting justice before this board of supervisors as a snow-ball does of not being dissolved in hell.

The board will probably adjourn today.

A FRONTIER representative has circulated considerably the past week among the new county officers. They all seem to be catching onto the work nicely and like the place. Superintendent Jackson says Mr. Dudley left his office in excellent and model condition and that he hopes to be able to conduct it on the same lines. County Judge McCutcheon has re-arranged his office somewhat; built a little rostrum from which to hand down even-handed justice and add somewhat to the dignity of the position. THE FRONTIER editors, however, can never feel kindly toward Mr. McCutcheon until he reduces the price of marriage licenses when taken in blocks of two. Bill Bethea is almost as accommodating and affable as his predecessor, Mr. Butler, and the reporter esteems it a pleasure and a privilege to toast his shins at Bill's fire, smoke Bill's cigars and see Bill look pleasant when a customer comes in with an instrument that requires filing. In the treasurer's office—ab, well, J. P. Mullen is treasurer. We have not met Sheriff Hamilton since he has wrapped about him the populist ermine of office, but Charlie O'Neill, his deputy, is an agreeable gentleman with whom to do business, and he is not to be blamed if he does smile when asked if Bradstreet is to be deputy. John Skirving, clerk of the district court and the only republican within the walls of the court-house, bears the affliction heroically and breathes easy as he views those two long years of official tenure stretching away in the dizzy future. It is safe for republicans to enter this theatre of populists unarmed and with no life insurance.

Our Clubbing List.

THE FRONTIER and the Semi-weekly State Journal, \$1.75 per year.

THE FRONTIER and the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, \$1.50 per year.

We will give the readers of THE FRONTIER the benefit of our reduction on any paper, magazine or periodical for which they may wish to subscribe. By subscribing through this office you can save from 10 cents to \$1. This is the average reduction allowed us as dealers.

NO MAN'S COLUMN.

A MODERN SHYLOCK—OR A TRUE STORY IN REAL LIFE.

[EXPLANATORY—Some years ago a certain banker in O'Neill by his smooth talk, winning ways and suave manner inveigled a poor farmer into his den and loaned him coin of the realm at ruinous interest rate, taking, of course, an iron-clad mortgage on all the goods, chattels and other earthly possessions of the borrower. Time pursued the even tenor of its way until the mortgage notes matured, and found the farmer in straightened circumstances owing to financial reverses, and then did the smiling visage of this Janus turn to fierceness and he, Shylock-like, pressed to his bosom his mortgage and dogged his victim until in desperation he blew out his own brains.]

Scene—A Farm North of O'Neill.

Banker—Farmer, your mortgage is due to-day.

Farmer—Of the fact I am sadly aware, respected sir, but owing to the stringency of the times, financially speaking, I have not the wherewithal to liquidate, although if graciously given a slight protraction of time I am confident that I will be enabled to remunerate you with principal and stipulated interest.

Banker—Sir, it is written in the mortgage that the holder thereof at any time, feeling unsafe or insecure, may, at his own direction, seize the goods and chattels therein enumerated and sell the same at public vendue, and he shall also be entitled to the costs incident to such sale. See? here it is: (Reads from mortgage). Now I feel unsafe and insecure and by the law of the land I will take your all, and those tears shall avail you nothing.

Farmer—But, sir, grant me a little time, I pray!

Banker—I do not find it in the mortgage.

Farmer—But, most gracious sir, I have a family, who, by the enforcement of the letter of the mortgage, will be reduced to abject poverty and want.

Banker—That is no fault of mine.

Farmer—But have you no feeling! No mercy!

Banker—Business is business and I will have my forfeiture. Come! Cease to shed idle tears! Lead me to the property enumerated in the mortgage: it is mine.

Farmer—Oh, hard-hearted and unfeeling wretch! May the time come to you that you will feel the pangs that now rend my breast! Aye, by every dart that pierces my heart and by every tear that dims my eye may you suffer ten thousand times the tortures that you now inflict!

Banker—Ha! I am used to scenes like this and am unmoved by your entreaties and imprecations. I came for the forfeiture of my mortgage and nothing else will satiate my yearnings. Make haste!

Farmer—But look yonder where plays that sunny-haired babe upon its mother's knee! Will not that move you to leniency?

Banker—(Peruses his mortgage)—I see nothing written about sunny-haired babes upon their mother's knee and I stand upon the letter of the mortgage. Be quick! I will have the forfeiture.

Farmer—If you insist, you shall have it. It is yours, but remember when you take my house and goods you take my life. Farewell, wife, children! Banker, my blood is upon you. (Draws a pistol and shoots himself.)

We are told that on his way home the other night the Jew was held up by a venal vampire in the shape of a corporation moribund. We do not vouch for the truth of this statement but this week's issue of the Microbe will settle the question.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript explains the origin of a familiar phrase thus: "An old-time New England expression, 'getting the mittens,' meaning getting your offer of marriage rejected by your 'best girl,' has an origin in the customs of the earlier days. One hundred years ago gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young man, going home from singing-school with the girl of his choice, was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable the hand would remain. If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would 'get the mittens,' but would not get the hand."

No Man would prefer to hold both hands and in that way get both mittens.

One of the youthful readers of this column contributes the following incident of school pleasantry:

At a village school a precocious boy, being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word when he said:

"Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person, singular, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary?" Asked the master, in astonishment.

"Yes sir," responded the urchin, with a grin; "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how would Mary milk the cow?"

Hood's pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.