

THE FRONTIER.

PRINTED BY THE FRONTIER PRINTING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

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

VOLUME XV.

O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, MARCH 14, 1895.

NUMBER 36.

SANS WHISKERS

Interest Told As They Are Told to Us.

AND HOW IT HAPPENED

Openings Portrayed For General Education and Amusement.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Thompson pay a girl.

Butter and Eggs to the Mercantile Co. 35-3.

about half-way acknowledges about Frank Phillips.

divan Mercantile Co. take Butters in trade for goods. 35-3.

Evans returned last Saturday from a week's visit in Sioux

Cole came in from Amelia returning Wednesday after-

Evans went down to Sioux Sunday morning and returned in

ing. who pine for a city office have

Wednesday to get their name set by petition.

Beaman, representing the Car-

paper Co., of Omaha, was a

saunders has given up the idea

south and has accepted the

of news agent on the Short

new's face, covered with a frosty

finds one of the last glimpses of

tail as it plunges headforemost

icket.

Barrett returned to O'Neill last

night from Minnesota. His

lying very sick at his home

in this city.

Kinkaid and Reporter King re-

turning Saturday morning from Ains-

where they had been holding

a week.

making of the city administration

edge says it matters "very little"

itor. He has considerable to say

in who pays no taxes.

Evans is sick of the numps at

of Mr. and Mrs. Lou Schel-

in Sioux City, where she has

staying for a couple of weeks.

have some special drives that are

our while to examine into, such

Crackers, Syrup, Dried Fruits

35-2 O'NEILL GROCERY CO.

Sun advises people to burn THE

before reading. That is the

proper way to use one of six

best weekly papers in the state.

rd Parker came over from

last Saturday. He brought with

or Receiver Williams, a very fine

of Boyd county, drawn by U. S.

of Spencer.

McCormick, who formerly

about 10 miles northeast of this

California Oranges on Saturday next,

Jack Hazlett left this morning for

Butter and Eggs wanted at J. P.

Dr. Gilligan returned Monday morning

THE FRONTIER received this morning,

A new line of Dried Fruits, Fish and

D. A. Doyle went to his old home in

The advisability of doing away with

Clarence Selah and J. P. Mann went

Several strange manifestations are

Water Commissioner Hall went down

Mrs. Con Keyes was taken very ill

Mrs. Annie Davis, aged 76 years, died

Two years ago city warrants were

Well let's see. Mr. Biglin was mayor

If you don't sow you can't reap. We

I am now displaying a full line of

The Smudge says O'Neill could hire a

Plainview Gazette: Our populist

In this instance the attorney was

Word reaches us from the north

Her object in this was to try and

Her searching glances into the eyes

Another there was whose peculiar

Dark brown were they, and though

With the light of hell's lurid fire

Mrs. Charles Stephon died at her

In the case of Patrick Hagerly as

Fremont Tribune: Representative

The following named ladies of the

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

Politics in Holt County.

Some people say there was no politics

Members of what political party

And this is done by the so-called

Who was it that said Barrett Scott

And what are the politics of those

And what are the politics of those

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

What are the politics of those who

Soliloquy of the Unscrapped Ham.

They accuse me of bearing on this

They say I'm the father of the

If their story be true, my success

As the following sequel will tell;

They came from the canyons, the

Here once stood a "soddy,"—now

And here from the sight of the

When at last o'er the prairie the

But swiftly on o'er the dreary

Who cast fell of the joys, or the

Kind-hearted he was, with a free

Had discovered however, in sur

For when "haling" distance of

The shrieks of the wife, the

Had their volleys proved fatal

Not an eye in the band would

It miraculous seems, but 'tis

Not a soul in the carriage

Or the father above with His

And 'neath its shot-riddled

"Get out of here, Scott!"

As his eyes, like a tiger's,

Felt the gripe of a murderous

Accompanying Scott's party

Was a lass who was surely

Which characteristic you

In the girls born and reared

As Scott was being ruthlessly

By the boss o' this villainous

She sprang to his rescue—the

Were the marks of her nails

The grip on the throat of

Who, knowing that further

Stepped from the carriage,

Into the midst of his foes

"We are after that Holt county

"Tis for that you are held up

Or your life the whole forfeit

Scott hadn't the money and

To give them free access to

That nothing, from them, would

Scott protested that this was

But the offer, by them, with

In fact, the subject of money

Of diverting his thoughts

But they went through his

From the former they drew

The contents of which they

In lieu of any Holt county

The wife of their victim

Her heart overflowing with

To leave nothing undone

To divert from the loved

She prayed that the life

And while making this

Her keen eyes were bent

This feature alone being

Her object in this was

If to her faint ray of

That the eye is a mirror

For no sign of goodness

Her searching glances

Were soon after found

For the color and expres

Were scared as with

Another there was whose

An accessory, to be,

Dark brown were they,

With the light of hell's

The victim is now left alone

While they, with the captain

Drew away a few paces

For some things adverse

The ill-fated couple

Of the men in the mob

They followed the ravines

In a last, long, loving

'Till they reached the

That husband and wife

A halt is now called

And his will to the

The scenes that were

The arms of the wife

Her entreaties were

No prayers could

Not even the pleadings

Which she lisped

The father now said

This feeling also, being

But the seconds protested

That 'twas cash

"Come, this business

words of the chief;

The time for

Then the last kiss

word spoken.

The heart-rending

A one seated buggy

Its use to the

Then a vigilant

And the team

Thus were they

'Till the day was

They were then

With permission

In the meantime

Who deprived of

Have reached the

The old barn

Smith is now

That he is

He is also

And give his

As he felt the

Who had been

He felt like

And offered to

But Scott bade

as he could be

The demons

his life;

And as no

He thought it

was useless

to cause any

strife.

The "Dutchman

was then told

to enter the

cart.

Along with

a ruffian

who the noose

may

yet feel,

And was

jolted about

in a bewildering

way.

Then given a

direction—which

was wrong—

to O'Neill.

When the driver

of the cart had

returned to

his band.

The work of

the hell-hounds

on their victim

begun,

And not till

the chill hand

of death

claimed

the man

of these

bloody-thirsty

vampires

considered

it done.

The poor fellow

was strangled

at the end of a

rope.

And the life

thus released

returned to

the

Giver;

There for

the purpose

of concealing

their

crime.

The form

which contained

it was