THE FRONTIER.

D BY THE FRONTIER PRINTING CO. SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM. CLYDE KING AND D. H. CRONIN, EDITORS AND MANAGERS.

ME XV. O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, JUNE 6, 1895. NUMBER 48.

ANS WHISKERS

erest Told As They Are Told to Us.

D HOW IT HAPPENED.

ings Portrayed For General ation and Amusement.

Dick in O'Neill Saturday,

or went to Iowa Monday

y is very ill. Dr. Furay is e.

arl, of Neligh, was in the y.

lden is visiting relatives in a.

z, of Ewing, was in the city ht.

ckson went down to Omaha rning.

ea and children went down nesday.

rnish is holding down a the State Bank.

Harrington and Golden Butte yesterday.

en went down to Omaha insurance business.

illiams visited relatives and orth Bend last Sunday.

a Lorge returned to her ndolph Monday morning.

le of clothing at Sullivan Co., for the next thirty 48-3

igh ball nine is expected to O'Neill one week from to-

. D. Riggs, of Omaha, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T.

Nichols has repapered, re- d otherwise improved the in- e Critic.

van Mercantile Co., pays the ice for butter and eggs in or goods. 48-3

eals is working in the post- . The deputy, Mrs. Flannery, vacation.

rigan is in Omaha this week. iser looks after the prescrip- g this absence.

Sullivan Mercantile Co, for e have the stock and are pre- ve you bargains. 48-3

car load of the celebrated ur at Walmer's. Get prices chasing elsewhere. 48-tf

McCutcheon Monday issued icense to Jesse E. Purnell, of and Estella Ames, of Spencer.

thur Hammond and children uesday morning for Creston, they will visit for month with

mple passed through O'Neill night on his way home from We are told that he succeeded ng of the bonds voted in that me ago.

Mrs. Barney Ryan left Tues- ing for Chicago, where they n for a couple of weeks, after ey will go to Galesburg for a . Charlie Bright is working re during Barney's absence.

RONTIER has been compelled to e interesting communications ause they arrived at this office y instead of Tuesday. Com- ons must be in this office not Tuesday night of each week.

Y—I have one dark roan pony anded J. L. on left hip and one yearling pony colt, gray, face. Owner can have same g property and paying charges.
J. B. BERRY, Paddock.

l Furniture Company are agents county for the Western Cottage nd will make you figures that rise you. Call at the store and goods, or drop us a line and we our Mr. Reed to see you. 46-3.

miss the clearing out sale at Mercantile Co., for the next ays. A big reduction on all Come and get prices and you d that all goods are marked own at Sullivan Mercantile 48-3

tine Republican: Diamond nd Company's Wild West show o performances here last Satur- ich were greeted by large au- . The show is good and the ment will make a hit with the tion in the eastern and southern

John Drayton, of Ewing, was in the city Sunday.

Frank Campbell lett Tuesday morning for Wisconsin with a car load of fresh milch cows, which he expecte to dispose of there.

The Misses Mamie and Susie McManus and Annie Murphy, left Tuesday morning for Chicago where they will visit relatives for a few weeks.

If you want something way up in the line of briar pipes, at cheap and medium prices, call and see our new line.
48-2 J. P. MANN.

A severe hail storm visited Ewing Saturday afternoon. A good many windows about town were broken, eighteen in the school-house alone.

Having used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and found it to be a first class article, I take pleasure in recomending it to my friends. J. V. Foster, Westport, Cal. For sale by P. C. Corrigan Druggist.

Judge Kinkaid, Reporter King and Attorney Uttley went up to Atkinson Sunday night and from there drove over to Butte Monday morning. Court convened there Tuesday. It is now thought that the murder case will not be commenced before the middle of the month.

These glorious rains cool the ardor of the irrigationists. Interest should not be allowed to lag, however. July and August will no doubt give us their usual amount of heat and drouth. "In times of peace prepare for war;" in times of wet prepare for dry—or words to that effect.

A subscriber to one of our exchanges wrote to the editor asking what the weather in the next month would be like. The reply was: "It is likely that the weather of the next month will be very much like your subscription bill." After a little pondering the inquirer recollected that his bill was "unsettled," and so he at once sent a postal order.

James Dorgan, of Ft. Thomas, Ky., is in the city this week visiting old friends and acquaintances. Mr. Dorgan formerly lived about three miles northeast of this city, from which place he moved south about ten years ago. Since leaving this county fortune has smiled upon him and he is now comfortably supplied with this world's goods, a fact which THE FRONTIER is pleased to note.

An editor was once confronted with a question which read as follows: "Is it in keeping with good society for a girl to sit on a man's knee?" The editor read the question and then read it again then answered it in this wise: "If it is our girl and your knee it is not in keeping with the rules of the best society, but if it is your girl and our knee it is all right." An editor has many bright thoughts and this is one of them.

An exchange says: The recent change in the law of our state, which raises the age of consent to eighteen years, is likely to bring about a condition of affairs which was not thought of when the law was passed. It may, under the new law be unlawful for a girl under that age to marry or for the officiating clergyman or officer to perform the ceremony. If the courts should so hold no doubt the result would be beneficial to the community.

T. J. Smith, of Ainsworth, advance agent for Diamond Dick's Wild West show, was a caller Wednesday. Tom is an old newspaper man and published the first paper ever printed in this county, the Holt Record, the first issue of which was printed October 28, 1879, a copy of which, adorned with a gilt frame, now hangs in this office. After leaving here he published a paper at Long Pine and Ainsworth, selling his paper at the latter place about a year ago. THE FRONTIER "Kids," one of whom was the "devil" for Tom in the Record office, about 14 years ago, wish him success in his new position and hope that he will get many a "phat take."

The general reader has no idea of the cost of advertising. It is a mystery as to how the big dailies and magazines can be sold so cheap. It is the advertiser who pays the bill. Here are some figures: A single column in a single issue of the Century taken for advertising costs $500; the Harpers $400 and other magazines at $100 to $200. A yearly column advertisement in the Chicago Tribune costs $28,500 for the lowest rates and $56,000 for the highest rates. The New York World charge, $46,200 for the lowest and $58,000 for the highest priced column. Some advertisers may open their eyes wide at such rates, but the men who pay them are the men who succeed. With these advantages it is no longer a mystery how the big dailies manage to bring our their Sunday editions and how the magazines are sold for a few cents

Mathewss' Free Prec: Jesse Mellor on Monday sold his interest in the mercantile firm of Cramer and Mellor to Mr. S. P. Cramer, father of D. L., and the firm name hereafter will be Cramer & Co. Mr. Mellor has not fully decided as to his future, but it is hoped he will remain in Stuttgart, where during his short residence he has made many friends.

Moses Gaughenbough, and old soldier living south of Emmet, was agreeably surprised Sunday, by a few of his friends who made him a neighborly visit. Refreshments, the best the land afforded, were served for dinner. Mr. Gaughenbough's birthday finds him as hale and hearty as a man in his prime, although he has passed through many vicissitudes in this life. We hope Mr. G. may live to celebrate his 100 birthday.

The Mineola second nine came in Saturday to play the O'Neill second nine. Four interesting innings were played, when a rain storm came up and the game was called. The score stood five to eight in favor of Mineola. The result of the game was not satisfactory to the O'Neill boys so they prevailed upon the visitors to remain until the next morning and play it over. In the second game Mineola won by a score of thirteen to eighteen.

Every club woman will want the June Midland Monthly. (Des Moines, Iowa.) It has over fifty portraits of prominent club women, also two club articles, one descriptive of Wisconsin's Clubs and the other describing the Iowa Federation at Cedar Rapids. Other features are equally strong. Two of its stories, "Belle's Roses," by E. Hough, of Forest and Stream, and "On the Island," a Mississippi river tale, by William Schuyler, of St. Louis, are stricking realistic. Mary J. Reid, a staff contributor, delightfully introduces Julia C. R. Dorr, and her poet contemporaries. Rev. Dr. May takes you on a bicycle ride from Ft. Custer to Livingstone. Lake Minnetonka revels in all its summer glory in this number. A striking feature, also, is Prof. Frank Russell's description of his thrilling adventures in the heart of British America, down the Mackenzie river, to the Artic Ocean, thence around Alaska, a three years' journey of over 18,000 miles. The Midland's third volume closes with abundant promise.

The "human ostrich" that exhibited in O'Neill a couple of weeks ago, had a little experience up at Gordon. The Journal tells the story in the following language: "There was a glass eater in town Tuesday. He ate broken lamp chimneys with as keen a relish as a girl chews her quid of Yucatan. He swallowed carpet tacks and old rusty nails as a sort of appetizer. He took up a collection before giving his wonderful exhibition, agreeing to refund the money if he did not perform all he had agreed to. The eollection failed to meet his expectations and he cooly pocketed the cash and did not give the promised exhibition. About 9 o'clock in the evening, the boys gathered up all the ripe hen fruit they could find, and when the "professor" made his appearance on the street they greeted him in a most familiar style. As he dashed through the kitchen and dining room of the Dean hotel, he resembled an "egg omelette." He was not long in making his exit from the town; but when, where, and by what means no one seems to know."

When a woman sends her subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal special privileges seem to go with it, besides getting her full money's worth in the magazine. She can take the fullest advantage of a perfect educational plan by which she can educate her daughters or sons at the best colleges in the country free of charge, and now the Journal has arranged it so that she can buy her books—even a single book at a time—at prices heretofore obtained only by large buyers. There comes to us from this magazine a very artistically gotten up illustrated booklet of over 250 pages, called "5,000 Books," which serves as an easy guide to the best books in any department of reading. This guide is very well done. The besl literary experts of New York, Boston and Philadelphia were engaged by the Journal to select the 5,000 books which it presents as the most desirable for a home library, and their work has been admirably carried out. Very clear explanatory comments are given by these men of books, and besides there are given no less than 160 portraits of leading authors. No book will, perhaps, do so much to extend good reading as this guide, so carefully gotten up, so beautifully printed, and so generously offered, free of any charge, by the publishers of the Ladies Home Journal. "5,000 Books" is unquestionaly the best and easiest guide to a wise selection of books that has been issued for a long time.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

DECORATION DAY.

Decoration day was observed in O'Neill in patriotic style. The day was rainy but that did not have the effect of keeping citizens away from the exercises, although on account of an extraordinary heavy shower the program was somewhat delayed.

It was about 2:30 o'clock when the procession, headed by the O'Neill band, followed by the G. A. R., Bartley Guards and a long line of citizens, marched through the mud to the courthouse, where the program was as follows:

Song by the choir.
Address by T. V. Golden.
"The Little Black-eyed Rebel," Martha Cress.
Recitation, Maud Pfunder.
"The Drummer Boy's Burial," Rose Fallon.
Recitation, John Biglin.
Song, Mike and John Sullivan.
"The Night After Shiloh," Letty Gillespie.
Address by Mrs. Taylor.
Song by the choir.
Benediction, G. A. R. Chaplain.

This program, although pretty long, held the closest attention of the audience during its renedition. It was good in every detail, and particularly the addresses of Mrs. Taylor and T. V. Golden, and the music by the choir.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies in the hall the procession formed on Benton street facing east. The order of formation was as follows:

O'Neill Silver Cornet Band.
Members of G. A. R.
Co. F, Second Regiment N. N. G.
Flower Girls.
Mayor and City Council.
All Other Carriages.

The line of march was east on Fifth avenue, south to Douglas street, west to First street and north to cemetery, where the ceremony was of the usual character and very impressive.

CITY COUNCIL.

The Mayor and city council met in regular session and as a board of equalization, last Monday evening in the council rooms and adjourned until Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

The meeting was called Tuesday morning pursuant to adjournment. No one appeared before the board of equilization. A few bills were allowed after which the appropriation bill for the ensuing year was passed:

The city council upon motion made the following estimate of the probable amount of money necessary, for all purposes, to be expended in the city, during the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1895:

Salaries of city officers and employees	$1,380
Fuel, lights and rents	$1,552
Building and repairs	350.00
O'Neill City R. R. bond interest	1,320.00
Water works bond interest	1,050.00
Printing and sundries	200.00
Water works	200.00
	$5,952.00

The entire revenue of the city for the previous fiscal year, was, upon motion, duly considered by the council and found to be as follows:

Occupation tax	$1,200.00
Account of tax levy	1,128.02
Water works	900.00
From other sources	21.00
	$3,249.02

O. F. BIGLIN, Mayor
Attest: N. MARTIN, City Clerk.

The marshal was instructed to see that stock was kept out of the city park.

Upon motion THE FRONTIER was selected as the official paper of the city.

There has been considerable talk the past two or three months about doing away with the street lights and having the city do its own pumping, as it was claimed the lights cost too much. The supply committee found that it would cost the city about $110.00 a month to do its own pumping, while the pumping and the lights cost now only $134.00 a month, so that the lights cost the city only $24.00 a month, or $3.00 each, and the coucil decided to keep them.

NEVER

In the history of our special sales have we offered as good bargains as this week on

Fifty Suits

mostly light colors but good weights.

We have selected them from our stock to close out less than cost and offer:

$22.00	suits	for	$15.00
$15.00	"	"	$10.00
$13.50	"	"	$9.00
$12.00	"	"	$8.00
$10.00	"	"	$6.65

Among our $6.65 suits are some all wool. They are all extra good bargains and summer has only commenced. Examine them, they will please you.
48-2 J. P. MANN.

Short Line Time Card.

Passenger leaves 9:35 A. M., arrives 9:07 P. M.; freight leaves 9:07 P. M., arrives 7 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

Notice.

Strayed from P. F. Thompson's, four miles south of Swan Lake, March 21, 1895, one sorrel horse, white face, three white feet, weight 750. When last seen had halter on and was shod all 'round.

A liberal reward will be given for same by D. F. FELTON,
45-3 Swan, Holt county, Neb.

THE FOOL EDITOR.

He is plentiful and multiplying. The fooler he really is the smarter he thinks he is, and the smarter all fools think he is. He is generally engaged in what he calls "roasting" somebody or something anybody or anything, and he thinks he is a master-hand at ridicule.

His article generally has a sensational head over it, and gives the reader the impression that he is about to be made acquainted with the worst kind of crookedness and venality. But on reading down the column, the eye all the time on the lookout for the expected rascality, we finally come to the end and find that there is nothing in it whatever, except the fool editor's or somebody else's spleen.

And there is nobody who is safe. There used to be such a thing as reasonable safety from western desperadoes. The wort cutthroats that ever infested the camps of the Sierras were fellows who confined their attentions as a general thing to their own class, and a man who went along about his own business was as safe as he would be in the streets of Riverside today. Not so with the fool editor. You dare not shake a stick in his little kingdom, you dare not stir outside your door, and even in the sacred limits of your own home you know not when a missle will be hurled. From the cunning nets of politicians you can escape—though sometimes they seem to hold the very nation in their villainous grip. From robbers and thieves you can protect yourself by eternal vigilance. But from the "enterprising" fool editor the shield of Ajax would be no defense. To him there is nothing sacred, nothing pure, nothing innocent. The vandal's blade is his sword, the alter of Mammon is his shrine. Abuse is his daily profession, to which all else is subordinate. The great, the holy, the learned, the earnest, the devoted—these can stand serene in the fierce light of public gaze, but wait till the fool editor arrives, then all go down in one commingled dust of odium and ruin.—Riverside Reflex.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder 'World's Fair Highest Award.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUHGS WITH YOU.

Oh, you all have heard of Mudville,
Heard of mighty Casey, too;
Of the groans amid the bleachers
As the ball thrice past him flew;
But you haven't heard the story,
The best story of them all,
Of the day in happy Mudville.
When great Casey slugged the ball.

'Twas the day they played "the giants;"
And the score stood ten to eight;
Two men were on the bases,
And great Casey at the plate,
"Swiper her, Casey," yelled the rooters,
And the hero doffed his cap;
Three to win and two to tie
And Casey at the bat.

Mid a hush of expectation,
Now the ball flies past his head;
Great Casey grins a sickly grin:
"Strike one," the umpire said.
Again the pitcher raised his arm,
Again the horse hide flew;
Great Casey spat upon the ground,
And the umpire said, "strike two."

"It's a roast," came from the grand stand,
"He is bought without a doubt."
"He is rotten," roared the bleachers,
"Throw the daylight robber out!"
"I'll break yer face says Casey,
"That wan wint below me knee;
If I miss the nixt, ye blackguard,
Ye won't live long to see."

The next one came like lightning,
And the umpire held his breath,
For well he knew if Casey missed,
'Twould surely mean his death;
But Casey swung to meet it,
Backed by all his nerve and gall:—
Oh, if you had but heard the yell,
As Casey smashed the ball!

He caught the pigskin on the nose,
It cleard the big town lot,
It sailed above the high church tower,
In vain the fielders sought:
And Casey didn't even run,
He stopped awhile to talk,
And then amid the deafneing cheers,
He came round in a walk.

And now he keeps a beer saloon,
He is mayor of the town,
The people flock to see him,
From all the country round;
And you need not look for Mudville
On the map upon the wall,
Because the town's called Caseyville;
Since Crsey slugged the ball.

—NAT WRIGHT.

Mrs. Blifkins—Do the bathers shodk you?

Mrs. Snifkins—Oh, no. I've traveled in Africa.—Town Topics.

I thought it the prettiest ankle
That ever a fellow did see,
But alas! I saw at the seashore
It extended clear up to her knee.
—TOWN TOPICS.

"These are hard times," said the thief, as he dropped a couple of clocks and picked them up unbroken.—Syracuse Post.

Judge—Your age, miss?

Miss Elder—Thirty-two.

Judge (to secretary)—Put down born in 1838.—Fliegende Blaetter.

"I should have you know, sir, that I am a Londoner, as I was born in London."

"But I, sir, was born in Cork and I am a Corker!"—Boston Globe.

PHOENIX ITEMS.

The sweet, balmy days of June are with us again.

The grass and small grains are booming since the recent rains.

The late frosts did considerable damage in this neighborhood, killing most of the wild fruit.

Miss Gertie Emerson, who has been attending school in Atkinson the past nine months, has returned to her home at Catalpa.

Mr. Ed. Coburn is farming the Chambers place this year.

Ralph and Lewis Colburn Sundayed at Paddock.

Joseph Weston is working for his uncle at Paddock.

Listing corn is a thing of the past.

Albert Ames is taking music lessons from Professor Greely.

Mr. Greely has planted five acres of potatoes on his irrigated land.

We are to have one of the greatest whoopemuplizyjane celebrations ever heard of, on the fourth of next July in S. P. Mullen's grove.

Morton is beginning to recover from his long illness. He has been feeling badly ever since last September, but says he is feeling better now than he has for a long time.

The hot weather of last week made Frank Damero's mustache turn red.

Miss Kate Hahn, who has been teaching school in the Keeler district, has returned to her home at Atkinson.

Perry Miller, the expert card and croquet player, was in O'Neill last week. BIG BILL.

CHURCH NOTES.

Children's day will be observed in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath, with appropriate exercises. The exercises will occur in the evening at 8 o'clock taking the place of the evening service. Good program, good music. The Sabbath school has secured new hymn books to be used in the S. S., C. E. and prayer meetings; the title of the book is "Best Hymns." All who like to sing and those who like to listen can come to these meeting and test the new book. There will be preaching at 10:30 A. M., Sabbath school at 12. C. E. meets at 7 P. M. Topic: "How to Study the Bible," Josh. 1: 1-9. Leader, H. H. Bentley. All are welcome to the services.

R. E. LEE HAYES, Pastor.

Long Pine Republican-Journal: Diamond Dick and Company's Wild Western show pitched their canvass in this city Monday and gave a performance in the afternoon and evening that was well worth walking twenty-five miles against the wind to see. The show was a great treat, a representation of real border life, by men who have been on the frontier for a life time, some of whom never looked upon a railroad train until a few das ago, when they struck Deadwood. They have with them an old stage coach which was attacked in '76 at Canyon Springs, by Indians and outlaws, and rescused by Diamond Dick, his scouts and cowboys. It is also the stage from which "Lame Johnnie" who, though in the custody of the sheriff, was taken out by his pals, near a little creek afterward named "Lame Johnnie Creek," and hanged to a tree. John W. Thompson, better known as "Honest John," who has driven the stage for nineteen years, is still with it. The show has several features, any one of which is well worth the price of admission.

Some time ago I was taken sick with a cramp in the stomach, followed by diarrhoea. I took a couple of Doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and was immediately relieved. I consider it the best medicine in the market for all such complaints. I have sold the remedy to others and every one who uses it speaks highly of it. J. W. Strickler, Valley Center, Cal. For sale by P. C. Corrigan, Druggist.

BACKACHE and RHEUMATISM relieved by Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

Westminster, Cal., March 21, 1894.—Sometime ago, on awakening one morning, I found that I had rheumatism in my knee so badly that, as I remarked to my wife, it would be impossible for me to attend to business that day. Rembering that I had some Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my store I sent for a bottle, and rubbed the afflicted parts thoroughly with it, according to directions, and within an hour I was completely relieved. One application had done the business. It is the best liniment on the market, and I sell it under a positive guarantee. R. T. Harris. For sale by P. C. Corrigan Druggist.

Jones—How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?

Brown—On crutches, I believe.—Life.

Great Bargains in Clothing For the Next 30 days at SULLIVAN MERCANTILE COMPANY.