

THE FRONTIER.

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D. M. CRONIN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

VOLUME XVII.

O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, JANUARY 27, 1898.

NUMBER 30.

NEWS SANS WHISKERS

Items of Interest Told As They Are Told to Us.

WHEN AND HOW IT HAPPENED

Local Happenings Portrayed For General Edification and Amusement.

Deputy Sheriff Blackmer is in the city this week.

Bail ties and wire always on hand at Neil Brennan's. 16-1f

Editor Pond was up from Inman Monday on business.

Gr. Gilligan informs us that the gripe is again becoming epidemic.

For first-class horseshoeing on short notice, call on Emil Sniggs. 26tf

TO TRADE—Organ for fresh milk cow. Inquire of G. W. Smith. 29-2

FOR SALE—One good, six-year-old horse. Inquire of Robert Marsh. 21-tf.

John McHugh returned Monday night from a business trip to Omaha.

FOR SALE—A good second hand corn planter. Call on Robert Marsh.

Editor Raker, of the Ewing Advocate, was in the city Monday and Tuesday.

Seth Woods, of Atkinson, was in the city Monday, as was also Jim Morgan.

We have a large assortment of ladies cards on hand. Call around and see them.

Attorney R. R. Dickson went down to Omaha last Saturday morning on business.

A small snow storm Monday followed twenty-three days of pleasant weather for January.

The Odd Fellows are figuring on building a 40-foot, two story, addition to their hall.

Some very interesting "school notes" were crowded out this week by the copy arriving too late.

Sheriff Stewart and family removed to O'Neill Wednesday and are occupying the Swingley property on Kid Hill.

WANTED—A girl for general house work. Permanent place and good wages for good girl. Inquire of Mrs. Dr. Gilligan. 30-tf

Mose T. Elliott returned Monday night from a trip to Iowa. Mr. Elliott says there is 17 inches of snow on the level over there.

Don't forget that the big January sale at Mann's closes Saturday, January 29, and there are lots of good bargains left in all departments.

Little Clyde Hershiser, son of Lee Hershiser, has been quite sick of tonsillitis but is now almost well again, we are pleased to state.

The book of the year, "From the Ball Room to Hell," Facts about dancing. Only 25 cents. 28-3 A. MULLIGAN, O'Neill, Neb.

The cold snap was welcomed cheerfully by the ice men and coal dealers. It was feared for awhile that the ice crop would be a short one.

Think of it! Four crown layer figs only 10 cents per pound. Now eat figs and get health. 29-2 O'NEILL GROCERY CO.

H. S. Shutt, of Atkinson, was in the city Monday on business before the United States land office. THE FRONTIER acknowledges a brief call.

James Connolly's saloon was closed last Friday by the Omaha Brewing association, which institution held a chattel mortgage upon the stock and fixtures.

A new flag was displayed by the weather bureau in this city Monday. It is a piratical looking affair—bright red with a black center. It is said to indicate a blizzard.

Frank Brennan, brother of Mike Brennan, came up from Omaha Monday night for a short visit. It is the first time Mr. Brennan has been in O'Neill for ten years.

Persons having turnips, beets, millet, buckwheat or cabbage for sale should call on H. M. Utley, who will buy for cash, or exchange standard bred poultry or Duroc Jersey pigs for same. 28-3

The Columbian Literary society, of Atkinson, has arranged an interesting program which will be rendered on Friday evening, January 28, at 7:30 p. m., at the Presbyterian church in that city.

During the past two weeks we have had the most successful discount sale ever given in O'Neill. All discounts except on heavy winter goods will be withdrawn Saturday, January 29. Don't get left. J. P. MANN.

Mose Campbell, who has been suffering from an attack of erysipelas in the face, has so far recovered as to be able to attend to his duties on the board of supervisors.

Sally Gwinn has resigned his position with J. B. Mellor's transfer line and accepted a position with the Gem bakery, of which Grant Hatfield is now the sole proprietor.

James Gallagher returned Sunday night from a six weeks' visit with his brother and friends at St. Louis, and is again filling his old position behind the counter at J. P. Mann's store.

Sunday was a very fine day and was greatly enjoyed by many at Hagerty's lake. Almost everyone that knew how to skate was there, and those who didn't know how were there trying to learn.

Maylon Price has moved his barber shop into the building formerly occupied by Ed Grady, which he recently purchased. The interior has been neatly decorated and it makes handsome quarters.

During the Greek editor's absence this week Clyde King has occupied the front desk and set his rusty think machinery to work, and also set the intelligent compositor crazy with his terrible and awful penmanship.

Mr. McKenna says Donald McLean's talk of extending the Short Line reminds him of the story of the black hen that did all of her cackling before she laid, and then laid a soft-shelled egg. Mr. McKenna is a philosopher and a wit of the old school.

The buying of horses both for export to Europe and for use in the east is now in progress in the state. Last week buyers were at York and Seward making purchases and paying from thirty-five to seventy dollars per head for average horses.

John Dillon is making a successful tour of Nebraska towns this winter in a new play called "Bartlett's Road to Setzerville." Why is O'Neill deprived of the pleasure of seeing this good thing? The opera-house managers might answer, perhaps.

The big sale at J. P. Mann's ends Saturday. If you haven't got your share of the benefits you are losing a chance you won't get again for a year. Remember, there are big reductions on everything in the store during this sale, except groceries.

State Journal: There is a farmer in Holt county named Slaymaker who contests each year for the premiums offered by seed houses for the best vegetables. This year he took a half-dozen premiums, and a year ago his premiums from this source aggregated him over \$200.

Dan Binkard was in the city Monday on his way to his home at Lexington, Neb., after a week's visit with relatives and friends at Dorsey. Mr. Binkard is engaged in farming at Lexington and is doing fairly well. He lost 180 head of fat hogs a week ago, they dying of cholera.

The skaters—ice skaters—have caused the old dam to be repaired in the river at the head of the race. This was done in order that the water might be carried through the race to the flat east of the F. E. depot, which will be used for skating purposes when properly flooded and frozen.

Walt Townsend, of Stafford, was in the city last week. He had just returned from the hospital at Sioux City, where he went expecting to have a foot amputated. Upon examination Dr. Warren decided that amputation was not necessary. Mr. Townsend is recovering slowly.

A heavy horse stepped upon the hand of Mr. and Mrs. Wyant's little 5-year old girl last week, breaking the fingers badly. The little one was brought to town by the father and Dr. Gilligan set the fractures and hopes amputation may not be necessary. Mr. Wyant resides near Chambers.

We had an immense trade on fancy dishes, glassware, etc., during the holidays, and our line is somewhat broken, but we still have some very nice cups, saucers, plates and glass sets which we will close out at very low figures. Now is your chance to make your friend a present. 29-2 O'NEILL GROCERY CO.

C. S. Evans, of the Meadow Grove, Neb., Tribune, formerly of the O'Neill Tribune, has invented a newspaper folding machine which is attracting some attention in Nebraska. Among other features, the machine automatically prints the names of the subscribers on the papers as they pass through the folder, deposits the folded papers in a pile outside the machine, and rings a bell when each list is printed. It can be attached to any press having a rotary motion.

Jack Meals left O'Neill Monday morning for Omaha where he will join a party bound for the Klondike. Another member of the party, we understand, is Chever Hazlet. They go from Omaha to Edmington via the Canadian Pacific, and from there to the great northwest via what is known as the eastern route. We certainly wish the boys the very best success, but—

Col. William F. Cody, "Duffalo Bill," was in Deadwood, S. D., the other day en route to the Big Horn basin on business in connection with his scheme for irrigating a 225,000 acre patch of land. The Deadwood Independent says the colonel is looking strong and vigorous, a little more gray and portly than when first known in Deadwood, but otherwise unchanged. His wild west show will open the season at Madison Square garden, New York, on March 28.

Scott Hough went down to Sioux City Wednesday of last week to be operated upon for permanent cure of hernia. The Sioux Valley Medical association was in session there and a limited number of operations were performed gratis, at the clinic after the meeting. The operation was successful and Mr. Hough is recovering nicely, although he will probably be confined to the hospital for a couple of weeks. Dr. Warren performed the operation.

Dominick McCaffrey was in from the ranch Monday and called at THE FRONTIER office for a few moments' chat in the morning. Mr. McCaffrey thinks Fitzsimmons the greatest living fighter and doubts very much that Corbett is sincere in his demands for another meeting, but rather thinks his challenges and vigorous talk are for the effect of keeping his name before the people and booming his theatrical business, out of which he is making money. So far as he himself is concerned, Dominick says he would rather push hay than fight.

Patrick Barrett died last Monday at his home three and one-half miles north of O'Neill. Several years ago Mr. Barrett suffered from a severe attack of the gripe that shattered his strong constitution and he never fully recovered. It was from the effects of that disease that he died. Mr. Barrett came to Holt county in an early day and was one of our most highly respected and substantial farmers. The funeral took place Wednesday morning from the Catholic church and was attended by a large number of friends of the deceased, who sympathize with the bereaved family. We will publish an obituary next week.

Tom Tierney made a trip out to Joe McCaffrey's ranch during the storm Monday. It happened in this way: Dominick McCaffrey was in the city and in a crowd spoke of it being a pretty tough ride out. Andy Morgan, who lives in the vicinity of the ranch, spoke up and said it was a pretty bad trip. Tom Tierney remarked that the boys were tenderfeet to be afraid of a day like that. Morgan said, "Hub! I'll bet you five dollars you don't dare drive it." Tierney produced his little old well-stuffed wallet, put up the money, hitched up his team and started. He was to return by 12 o'clock that night and bring a note from McCaffrey certifying that he had been there. The distance to the ranch is 20 miles, through a sparsely settled country, but Tom made the trip and had time to spare.

Editor Cronin went down to Lincoln Monday morning to attend the annual meeting of the Nebraska Press association. These meetings are becoming an annual event that is looked forward to with great interest by the press gang, and the attendance increases with each succeeding meeting. And they are a good thing. It gives the boys a chance to become acquainted each with the other, intensifies the fraternal feeling and inculcates a higher regard for the amenities of journalism. They meet in business session and discuss matters and things of particular interest to their business and themselves, and then gather about the round table and expatiate upon the merits of the different brands of tobaccos and the various vintages of the grape. They tell stories both old and new and as they grow more convivial indorse one another for postoffices and things. In point of interest this meeting promises to eclipse all previous ones. Besides an exceptionally fine program for the regular meeting a trip to the Omaha exposition grounds is on the books for Thursday. This latter feature comes by special invitation from the World-Herald and the trip will be made without expense to the members of the association. They will be taken from Lincoln to Omaha over the B. and M. Upon their arrival at Omaha they will be met by a World-Herald committee, which will take them out to the grounds. Upon their return to the city they will be entertained at the Paxton hotel, where lunch will be served.

We are going to make you a special drive on that standard maple syrup we handle each year in order to close it before the flap jack season is over. 60 CENTS PER GALLON WILL BE THE PRICE. You certainly can use some at these figures—We also carry a nice line of sugar syrup, pure cane New Orleans and fine sorghum. Try us for sweetness. 29-2 O'NEILL GROCERY CO.

Editing a paper is a nice business. If we publish a joke people say we are rattle-brained. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selection we are too lazy to write. If we give a man a puff we are partial. If we compliment the ladies men are jealous. If we don't we are publishing a paper not fit to make a bustle of. If we remain in our office we are too proud to mingle with the "common herd." If we are on the streets we are not attending to our business. If we wear good clothes we don't pay for 'em. Now what shall we do? Some may say we stole this from an exchange, and so we did.

The following paragraph from Walt Mason's weekly contribution to the State Journal would indicate that the state fair is on its last legs, which, if true, will be regretted by the residents of this part of the state who have always been liberal patrons of the fair: "When the state fair was taken to Omaha, we remarked with that clear insight into the future and that profound wisdom so seldom encountered outside of a musee, that it would be a dismal failure; we remarked, in ringing language, that Omaha wasn't built right to accommodate a state fair, and events have shown that our words were prophetic. At this writing it seems entirely probable that the state fair is a thing of the past. Most of the members of the state board of agriculture seem of the opinion that they can do more for the farmers by compiling wholesome and palatable statistics than by monkeying with a fair. The crying need of the Nebraska farmer is statistics. He doesn't care about spending money to see the same old tricks at the fair year after year but in his home life he feels the need of fresh reliable statistics. We are glad that the state board of agriculture realizes the force of this great truth. However, it is not probable that the present condition of affairs would confront us had the fair remained at Lincoln. There it always was a success, and Lincoln took a pride in it, and would not suffer it to languish. People who regret the decadence of the fair should empty the vials of their wrath upon Omaha."

WORK OF THE SUPERVISORS. The supervisors are now in annual session and have been for a couple of weeks. All members are attending the session. They are working this week on the settlement with ex-Treasurer Mullen and other ex-county officers.

The county treasurer and clerk have each been allowed one deputy at a salary of \$700, and such other clerks as are necessary at a salary of \$600 each. There seems to be no limit to the number of clerks that may be employed in these offices.

The county superintendent's salary was fixed at \$1,200 per annum, with a deputy at \$480. This is quite an increase in the salary of the deputy.

The sheriff is allowed one deputy at \$700, and a jailer at \$1.50 per day for time actually employed.

Frank Moore, ex-treasurer of the Soldier's Relief committee, deposited \$37.50 in the Exchange bank of Atkinson. After the failure of the bank he filed a claim for the amount. The supervisors decided to accept this claim and relieve Mr. Moore from further responsibility.

The bond of the Stuart bank was approved in the sum of \$20,000. This entitles the bank to county money in amount not to exceed \$10,000.

The committee on settlement with the county superintendent reported that the statement as filed was correct. The total disbursement for the year was \$322.95; balance on hand January 6, \$125.27.

The contract for supplying the courthouse with coal was let to the Galena Lumber Co. at \$10.50 per ton for hard coal and \$9 for soft coal.

The contract for furnishing stationery was awarded the Independent.

The bond of the Farmers' bank of Page was approved in the sum of \$6,000. W. R. Butler was allowed two bills, one for \$29.66 and one for \$39.45, as "expenses in county matters." What the expenses were the journal failed to relate. It might be "interest on salary."

Don't annoy others by your coughing, and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and lung troubles.—Hershiser & Gilligan.

What About Canned Vegetables?

This is the time of year when they should be used liberally in every household. We have an immense stock and are anxious to move them out. We have:

| | |
|---|------|
| Lily of the Valley corn, worth 12¢—now 8 cans | 25c. |
| Minnesota sweet corn " 10c — " 4 " | 25c. |
| Bruce tomatoes..... " 12¢ — " 3 " | 25c. |
| White wax beans..... " 12¢ — " 3 " | 25c. |
| Green string beans.... " 10c — " 4 " | 25c. |
| Sweet potatoes..... " 20c — " 2 " | 25c. |
| Boston Baked-beans... " 20c — " 2 " | 25c. |
| Marrowfat peas..... " 10c — " 4 " | 25c. |

These prices ought to sell these goods and will be good only until our stock is reduced.

O'Neill Grocery Co.

IRRELEVANT THOUGHTS BY AN IRRELEVANT FELLOW.

No man has such keen contempt for the boozee as the man who sells him the boozee.

Mighty oaks from little acorns grow, and a 10-cent bottle of bromo will often cure a \$50 headache.

The harder a man slams his card down upon the whist table the less he knows concerning the correctness of the play.

We heard of a man the other day who is so doggoned stingy that he refuses to exercise his right of franchise in order that he may save his vote. No doubt he belongs to the family of the man who is so inhospitable that he will not entertain an idea.

Receiver Jenness went down to Lincoln Monday morning to be present at the meeting of the press boys. Although out of the business, Dick, like the rest of the craft, still hovers, moth-like, about the candle. There is something in the smell of a print shop and some charm about the seely clothes of an editor that fascinates a man. When he has once smelled the smell and once worn the clothes you might as well attempt to reclaim the hopeless morphine fiend as to attempt to reclaim the newspaperman. They are both goners.

How time does fly! While passing down the street the other day we noticed a sign, "Valentines," and the sight of it reminded us again that time, urged on by the spur of the moment, or something else, is truly fleeting. It seems but a few days since our Fourth of July headache; then came Thanksgiving indigestion; then a financial stringency at Christmas, followed by New Year's resolutions which are long since broken. It will soon be Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Years again, and thus the world wages away. Pops had the situation sized up about right when he said that man had just about sufficient time on this earth to look about him and to die.

From time to time we see a great deal of print concerning happiness, and what is necessary to constitute that sweet boon. Just the other day we saw published interviews on the subject with prominent people, and last Sunday Walt Mason preached a sermon in the State Journal named the matter, from the text, "Let the tail go with the hide." It is interesting to note the great difference of opinion. Some wanted wealth, others health. Some wanted one thing and some another, while there were those who would require the heavens and the earth and the fulness of both. The great diversity of opinion inclines us to the belief that they are all wrong. Happiness is nothing more nor less than contentment, a mere state of the mind, and is as often drained from the tomato can of the consumptive tramp as from the jeweled cup of the robust millionaire.

WINEGARTNER-HATFIELD.

Miss Mamie Winegartner and Mr. Grant Hatfield were united in marriage Saturday evening, January 23, Rev. Crews, of the Methodist church, officiating.

The bride is a young lady who has resided in O'Neill for several years and has many friends. The groom is one of our young business men who has spent many years in O'Neill and is well liked by all. They have gone to house-keeping in the residence formerly occupied by Henry DeYarman and family.

THE FRONTIER tenders its congratulations.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great pile remedy.—Hershiser & Gilligan.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

The following marriage licenses have been issued since our last publication: January 20, John B. Jones and Barbara C. Minar, both of Atkinson.

January 23, Joseph Minar and Libuse Kubart, both of Atkinson.

January 23, John Wedge and Marie Steinhauer, both of Stuart.

January 24, Mike A. Peterson, of Omaha, and Hattie M. Crosser, of Iaman.

A new woman exclaims: "Onward! roll onward! oh, time in your flight, make me a woman that's clear out of sight; give me the bloomers and breeches and shirts, let me get out of these horrible skirts. A whisker producer invent if you can, give me a head that grows bald like a man; grow a tobacco that won't make me sick, and learn me to chew, a la man, very quick. Let me, oh, let me drink whiskey and swear, bet on the chickens and back the fleet mare; stay out at night, hold office and vote, take in the town and a six-shooter tote. Sit in the buzzard roost row if I choose, play baseball and football and wear those spike shoes. Forward, roll onward, oh, time quickly fly, make me a man or else help me die; this world as it is fairly fills me with woe, but were I a man 'twould be heaven below." To which an exchange adds: "Give her the horrid bloomers and breeches that bag at the knees, a great big piece of battle ax to chew and squirt at her case. Give her the whiskers that man has and a head without any hair, a little brown jug of red-eye, a chicken and a fleetfoot mare. Learn her the latest cuss words and give her a gun to tote, let her have ball and spike shoes and go to elections to vote. Then round her neck place a big rope and lead her to the nearest tree, give her a taste of high life from the acts of a lynching bee.

Walt Mason: Editors have many vexations of spirit. A few months ago, when business in the newspaper line was at a very low ebb, a country editor in Nebraska determined to canvass the entire business portion of the town, and try to drum up some advertising. He started at one end of the main street, and worked to the other, visiting every business house, and in all of them he met the same old excuses, trade was too slow to justify an expenditure of money in advertising, printers ink didn't pay, anyhow; and so on. All the business that the editor was able to rake in was about \$2 worth of paid locals, and he had to take his pay in goods out of the stores. A few days later a man with a scheme struck the same town. He got up a great big card, about the size of a map of Texas; in the center was a space for a glowing description of the town and county, while the outside space to be occupied by business and professional cards, at \$5 each. He got every merchant, lawyer and doctor in the town, and cleaned up about \$200 in less than a week, and the cards are hanging around the town yet, as a monument to the business sagacity of the folks who patronized it. When a fakir strikes a town with articles to sell, the merchants make a great roar and the newspaper champion their cause. But when an advertising fakir comes, he find suckers on every block. The merchants who won't do business with the home newspaper will always hand over their money cheerfully to the fakirs.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing between Grant Hatfield and C. E. Hall, under the firm name of Hatfield & Hall, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. C. E. Hall retiring and Grant Hatfield continuing the business. All parties owing the firm will make settlement with Mr. Hatfield and all claims owing by the firm will be settled by him. Dated at O'Neill, Neb., Jan. 10, 1898. GRANT HATFIELD. C. E. HALL.