

THE FRONTIER.

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D. H. CRONIN EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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O'NEILL, HOLT COUNTY, NEBRASKA, MARCH 2, 1899.

NUMBER 35.

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.

Wait for Leeper's sale.

Joe Mann is over from Spencer.

Cows, calves, bulls, at Leeper's sale.

Corbett's best \$1.00 per dozen. 22tf.

Stoves, chairs, beds, tables, at Leeper's sale.

See Cole's, the jewelers, ten cent music. 34tf.

Plows, cultivators, harrows, at Leeper's sale.

Fifteen hundred copies of new music at Coles. 34tf.

John McHugh came in from Sioux City Tuesday.

Bail ties and wire always on hand at Neil Brennan's. 16tf.

The regular term of district court will convene March 1.

March was ushered in yesterday as meek and mild as a lamb.

D. H. Cronin left Tuesday morning on a business trip to Chicago.

W. E. Scott, of Atkinson, had business at the metropolis Tuesday.

Editor Pond, of the Inman News, had business in the city last Friday.

Finest New York apples at O'NEILL GROCERY CO.

Several choice farms for sale on easy terms. 28tf. C. L. BRIGHT.

Frank Phillips, of Star, was a business visitor in the county's capitol yesterday.

Elmer Merriman, who has spent the winter in Kansas, returned to O'Neill Tuesday.

H. A. Allen came up the Short Line Tuesday evening enroute to his home at Atkinson.

Father Cassiday went up to Chadron Sunday evening, returning home Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is in the city visiting with Mrs. T. V. Golden.

Sisters Alexia and Leopole came down from the Rosebud agency and spent Sunday in O'Neill.

Eli Trullinger, of Page, was in the city Tuesday and paid his subscription up to January 1, 1900.

The Ladies Working Society of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. Lowrie on March 8.

Farmers are beginning to prepare for the spring campaign as evidenced by the new machinery going out.

Mrs. John Golden returned last Friday from a protracted visit with friends and relatives at Creston, Iowa.

For teeth and photos, go to Dr. Corbett's parlors 23rd to 30th, of each month. Photographs \$1 a dozen. 30tf.

The subject of Rev. Haner's discourse sabbath evening at the Presbyterian church will be "The Students Prayer."

When you go east take the "Milwaukee" from Sioux City. Try it once and you will be satisfied with the result. 12tf.

Tom Quilty, brother of Mrs. John Golden, is visiting friends and relatives in this city. His home is in Creston, Iowa.

Miss May Mullen came down from Custer City, S. D., last week and will visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mullen.

Mike Mullen will have charge of the town herd this year, and the season will begin May 1. He will have the Hagerly pasture. See him. 35-1.

Mrs. C. J. Schubert left Tuesday morning for Fremont where she will join her husband, who is musical director of the Fremont Normal School.

Miss Tessie Dykema, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this city for the past two weeks, returned to her home at Omaha Tuesday morning.

For good service and quick time, route your freight from Chicago and the east via the C. M. & St. P. Ry., in connection with the S. C. O'N. & W. Ry. 12tf.

Wisner Chronicle: Miss Edna Morse, of O'Neill, was the guest of her classmate, Fenn C. Kenower, from Sunday to Monday when they returned to Des Moines, Iowa, to complete their studies at the Highland Park School of Pharmacy, after spending a vacation of a week at their homes.

Work horses at Leeper's sale.

Owing to non-advertising, the entertainment at the rink Tuesday night was greeted with a small audience, although it was reported to be a very creditable one.

A marriage license was issued Tuesday by Judge Selah to Thomas Atkinson, of Kirkwood, Neb., and Miss Rosalita E. Jones, of Rochester, N. Y., the groom being 61 years of age and the buxom bride 53.

An attachment case was tried before Judge Selah Tuesday, Mat Schutt vs. C. E. Havens. A verdict was rendered the plaintiff in the sum of ten cents, each paying their share of the costs in the suit.

Judge Kinkaid will hold the Sheridan county term of district court this year, Judge Westover's home county. Judge Westover will sit a day or two the coming term in Holt county and owing to circumstances may sit a day or two at the fall term.

Driving horses at Leeper's sale.

J. W. Leeper, one of Holt county's old settlers and prosperous farmers has decided to sell out his farm machinery and stock and will move to Omaha where he will make his future home. Mr. Leeper goes to Omaha that his children may have the benefit of the city schools.

WANTED—A man of ability with small capital to sell the cheapest and strongest light on earth. One hundred candle power 14 hours for two cents Exclusive right for the county. Address.

THE BEST STREET LIGHT CO., Canton, Ohio.

I will sell at public auction at the Cress restaurant on Saturday, March 11, sale beginning at 2 o'clock p. m., my entire stock of tin and graniteware, groceries, washboards, dishes, tea and coffee pots, candies, perfumes, soaps and other goods too numerous to mention. Oyster stews will be served on that date for 10 cents per stew. Mrs. Cress.

M. T. ELLIOTT, Auctioneer. 35-2.

Corn planter, mower, rake, at Leeper's sale.

The Plainfield, Illinois, Enterprise, gives the following good advice to the young men: "Boys, if one of you ever come across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says, when you come to the door to take her for a ride or for a walk, 'I can't go for half an hour, for the dishes are not washed and I must help mother with her work,' you sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you would lose a prize and an angel. Wait for that girl every time and then stick to her like a burr on a mule's tail."

Brood sows, shoats, pigs, at Leeper's sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Kearns, of Park City, Utah, arrived in the city Monday evening for a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. J. A. Testman. Mr. Kearns is well known to the people of O'Neill and vicinity, being formerly a resident of Holt county but moving from here to Utah where he became largely interested in mining and has been very successful, accumulating a large fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Kearns have been making a tour of the United States and stopped off here on their return home. A very enjoyable party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Testman Tuesday evening in honor of their guests, which was attended by about twenty couples, all of whom very pleasantly enjoyed the evening.

Everything goes at Leeper's sale.

One week ago last Tuesday Patrick Bagley and son, Peter, who resides four miles northwest of O'Neill, attended the auction sale held here on that day and returned home on the same evening. When the elder Bagley was about to open the gate leading to the house his son, Peter, struck him twice on the head with a large piece of iron inflicting two severe scalp wounds. But the father regaining consciousness and then his murderous son fearing to get into the arms of his aged father fled from the scene. Mr. Bagley walked about a mile to his nearest neighbor, arriving there about two o'clock in the morning, covered with blood and nearly exhausted. We understand that the assault was made for the purpose of robbery as the old gentleman had about \$90.00 on his person. Would that we had in our vocabulary words specially coined and of such a temperature that their very expressions would cause this unnatural cur (I dislike to use the word son in this connection) to melt and fade away down to the lowest depths of hades. The community demands and the officers of the law must see, that he never sets foot on the soil of this county, and if caught here we say revive the almost forgotten whipping post and flay him until his shrieks for mercy would forever ring in the ears of all thieves, robbers and murderers.

Wagon, buggy, at Leeper's sale.

An Interesting Letter From Cuba.

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 16, 1899.

Dear Folks at Home: Just received your last letter yesterday, also a package of papers which were very welcome, as reading matter is none too plentiful with us.

The last time I wrote you I was feeling pretty "groutchy" over my sore arm the result of vaccination. It is a great deal better now, although not entirely well yet, and won't be for ten days or more.

The vaccinations went pretty hard with most of the boys, but all are nearly well now, except one poor fellow from company C, who died day-before-yesterday of lock jaw, the result of his vaccination.

There are very few cases of smallpox among either the soldiers or Cubans, and I have heard of only one death from yellow fever since we have been here. Of course, this is the healthy season; it will probably be considerably worse during the summer. We may be here and we may not. There are all sorts of rumors afloat, and it is hard to make up one's mind which of them to believe.

For some time past we have been making preparations for a review of the entire 7th Army Corps, and it has been generally understood that it was to be the last one, as the corps was to be broken up the latter part of February. What was to become of the regiments comprising it was not definitely decided on by dame rumor, one report being to the effect that we were to leave for the States about the 1st of April, and another that we were to be scattered all over the island, on provost duty. The latter report, however, does not gain much credence, as there is no demand for a provost guard of the larger cities, at least, there has not been so far, and there are no indications that there will be. The boys were all instructed to appear in their best apparel at the review, and a majority of them drew new clothing for the occasion.

Several different dates were decided on, but something always caused a postponement, until today, and today it rained, but that did not prevent our falling in, in our new clothes and marching a mile in a pouring rain before the review was again declared off. It is fun to be a soldier.

Last Sunday Lieut. Hall, Sergt. Galaher and I started out on a hunt for sea shells. We went on the train to Playa, a distance of five miles, or more, and then walked up the beach from there about eight miles.

It was my first ride on a Cuban railroad and was a little different from anything I ever before experienced. There were three classes of coaches, 1st, 2nd and 3rd, and the only difference I could distinguish between them was, that the first-class coach had padded seats covered with bamboo matting, and this sign pasted up in a dozen different places: "Gentlemen do not put their feet on the seats, others must not." But the passengers interested me the most. The first person I noticed on entering the car was a big black nigger in the uniform of a lieutenant of the Cuban army. A little further down the aisle sat a still blacker negro in the uniform of a colonel and there were several other Cuban officers in the car, of various shades of color and styles of dress. The dress uniform is quite pretty, consisting of a suit of dark blue kersey, a little darker than our coat, and trimmed with black braid and dark green facing. The shoulder straps are of gold braid. After I had sized up the officers to my satisfaction and meditated deeply whether or not to try to purchase a machete from a captain, finally arrived at the conclusion that I hadn't better make the attempt. I turned my attention to the feminine portion of the passengers, keeping constantly in mind your oft repeated warnings against my too great susceptibility to a pretty face, but it was not needed on this occasion, for the first lady (?) my eyes rested on was blacker than Satan's imps. It was her failing and not her fault, however, for she had endeavored to remedy the defect by the liberal use of a powder puff, and the effect was somewhat startling. She must have applied the powder without the assistance of a mirror, for it was stuck on in spots, giving her a sort of polka-dot appearance and arousing in my mind a confused jumble about an Ethiopian who changed his spots or something of that sort.

Next my eyes rested on a pretty, plump little Cuban maiden of about 17 years who was seated in a corner of the car and looking as I thought, quite lonely. Telling the boys that I believed I could get a better view of the country out on the platform, I started down that way, but upon reaching the section in which she was seated, I discovered crouched down in the seat opposite her a regular old ogre of a man, ugly looking enough to give a man the horrors, and with a matchet in his belt at least twenty inches long. As he seem-

ed to have an interest in the young lady of larger duration than my own, I did not press the matter, but went out and stood on the platform and looked at a tree on which the Spaniards hung forty Cubans and regretted that they didn't make it forty-one.

We reached Playa at 11:30 a. m. and after eating a couple of sandwiches apiece, with a glass of lemonade on the side, for which we were charged the modest sum of \$1.00 American money, we started up the beach.

Before we reached the limits of the village, we passed, and paused to examine an old Spanish watch tower, which was built of coral, rock and cement. It is about 15 feet in diameter, 50 feet high, and the stonework is in a good state of preservation yet. At the foot of the tower lay an old Spanish cannon, half eaten up with rust.

As there were a good many soldiers scattered along the beach searching for shells, we did not follow the beach up, but took a road that ran parallel with it, and went up about three miles before we commenced our search for shells and even there found poor picking, so we "hyked" on for a few miles further.

It wasn't our day for shells, apparently, for we did not find any nice ones, so after a bath we started back.

The beach, nearly all the way, was sharp coral rock, making very hard walking, so we concluded to take a trail that led toward where we thought the road ought to be, but somehow we missed connections and the first thing we knew we were following a trail that wound around through a Cuban jungle, we knew not whither.

We endeavored to follow the main trail, for the general direction, as near as we could tell, seemed to be toward Playa, but it was a hard thing to do for other trails were continually leaving or entering the main one and the first thing we knew our trail ended abruptly at the edge of a lagoon. As there was no boat in sight, or any sign of one ever having landed there, we were forced to turn back and look for another road out. After wading through the swamp for a mile or so further we got out of the jungle and shortly afterwards stumbled onto a pineapple field that has been neglected and had been allowed to run wild. We left our trail at once and started through the field looking for ripe pineapples but we were a little ahead of the season, for most of them were not larger than my fist.

After crossing that field we came to a road and on the other side of the road was a cultivated field of pineapples, but none of them were ripe. Following the road for a short distance we came to a magnificent grove of banana trees. They were planted about 15 feet apart and the tops interlocked so as to form a fine arbor, at least an acre in extent. It is out of season for them now, and there were only a few scraggly bunches to be seen.

There are six different varieties of bananas grown on the island, one or two varieties being only fit for cooking purposes.

After we passed the banana grove we came to a sugar plantation that the Spaniards had spared, and which is in operation. The mill was not running however, but they were hauling four large hogsheads of syrup to Playa.

At the plantation we inquired the way and after that had a well traveled road to follow, which led through as pretty a valley as one would wish to see. On either side of the road were well cultivated fields of tobacco, sugar cane, pine apples, and bananas being planted in the same field.

The banana trees are set about 15 feet apart, each way, and the intervening spaces are filled with pineapple plants, set in rows about 20 inches apart the plant being about 6 inches apart in the rows.

The pineapple plant grows to a height of from two to three feet, and bears one apple which springs out of the center of the plant and grows to about half the height.

We reached Playa at about 5 p. m., only to find the engine we had expected would pull us back to camp, wrecked and the prospect of an addition walk of five miles ahead of us, and all the fun gone, for it was dark by this time, and the road was hilly.

However, a lunch refreshed us somewhat, and we started bravely forth, but before we reached our camp our feet dragged heavily, for we had covered at least thirty miles since noon, but we felt well repaid for our trip for we had seen many things of interest that we knew of before only by hearsay.

marines from the battleship Brooklyn, and one battalion of the 3rd Neb., marched to the cemetery and did honor to the brave dead.

The Cubans were there by the hundreds, all the ladies bearing baskets and garlands of the loveliest flowers with which they completely covered the graves. It was an impressive sight I assure and one that will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present. A good many Spaniards were present as spectators, but they took no part in the ceremonies.

With regards to enquiring friends, I remain, ARTHUR COYKENDALL.

COMPLIMENTARY.

In the absence of the editor we will take the liberty of publishing a few complimentary notices from the state press on his appointment as postmaster:

As predicted by the Star several weeks ago D. H. Cronin, the able editor of the O'Neill Frontier, has been appointed postmaster of his city. Well, D. H., shake, we are glad of it.—Madison Star.

D. H. Cronin, of the O'Neill Frontier, has been commissioned to edit the postoffice of his town for the coming four years. This is a just recognition of one who has ever been a faithful and consistent republican.—Albion News.

It is now Postmaster Cronin of O'Neill. The newspaper boys of the state will congratulate Dan on his appointment. The News hopes that the licking of stamps and the care of Uncle Sam's mail bags may be an added factor in bringing the success so richly deserved by the large hearted editor of the Frontier.—Norfolk Daily News.

The newspaper men generally, and especially those of the Nebraska Press association, were pleased to read in the daily papers Friday that D. H. Cronin of the O'Neill Frontier had been confirmed by the senate as postmaster at that city.—Humbolt Standard Leader.

The Hub extends its congratulations to Postmaster Cronin of O'Neill. He has had a perilous job at times in standing up for the republican party in Holt county and defying the vicious elements to do their worst, but he has stuck to the job like a hero. The appointment of postmaster of his town is but a slight token of appreciation and a small reward for the services he has performed so faithfully and courageously as editor of the O'Neill Frontier.—Kearney Hub.

D. H. Cronin has been appointed and confirmed as postmaster at O'Neill and the writer hastens to congratulate Cronin upon his good fortune and the people of O'Neill on the splendid service which he will

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

DURING LENT.

- New Cabbage, Lettuce, Celery,
- Mackerel, White Fish,
- Split Herring in Bulk.
- Canned Oysters, Mackerel,
- Sardines, Trout,
- Oranges and Apples.

Yours respectfully,

O'NEILL GROCERY CO.,

F. M. RAYMOND, Manager.

give them in his official capacity. Cronin has published a newspaper at O'Neill for many years and has shown up the dark schemes of the vigilantes and the pops at all times. He has been rewarded for his faithful republicanism and newspaper men all over the state who delight in a personal acquaintance with big-hearted, good-natured Dennis Cronin will rise with one accord and congratulate Cronin and praise the administration which has thus honored him.—Chadron Journal.

Our old-time typographical friend, Dennis H. Cronin, of the O'Neill Frontier, has at last received his reward for meritorious service as a republican worker in his appointment as postmaster at O'Neill. Dennis is deserving of the position, and the Tribune believes he will make as good a postmaster as he is a newspaper man—and that is at the top of the heap.—Crawford Tribune.

By the daily papers Monday we learn that D. H. Cronin has received the appointment of postmaster at O'Neill. "Denny" has long been the editor of that straight republican paper, the Frontier, and as a reward for his valuable service in spreading the great truths of the republican doctrine is justly entitled to the plum.—Butte Gazette.

Dennis H. Cronin, editor of the O'Neill Frontier, has received the appointment of postmaster at that place. Mr. Cronin is an able editor and a staunch republican, and is deserving of the position. The Advocate desires to congratulate Bro. Cronin upon securing the position.—Neligh Advocate.

We are pleased to note that D. H. Cronin, editor of the O'Neill Frontier, has been appointed postmaster at O'Neill. Mr. Cronin has long been in the front ranks of the faithful, working for republican success, and this appointment has been properly placed.—Lynch Journal.

OUR SPRING STOCK

Is now Arriving and will be Complete in a few days.

CARPETS ARE CHEAPER

Our New Stock of Carpets is now ready for your inspection and is over double the size of any former season. The prices will be a surprise to you as they are lower than we have ever quoted before and will compare with the best houses in any large city.

- Straw Mattings, - 15, 20, 25 and 30 Cents.
- Hemp Carpets, - 15, 20, 25 and 30 Cents.
- Ingrain, two ply, - - 40 and 45 Cents.
- Ingrain, two ply, strictly half wall, wool, 50 Cents.
- Ingrain, two ply all wool, the best, 65 Cents.
- (This grade a year ago was 75c; last season 70c. None better.)
- Brussels, new goods, 50, 65, 75, 85 and 90 Cents.
- Moquettes, very beautiful patterns, 85 Cents.

Handsome line of RUGS and OIL CLOTHS, just in. Come early and get the best selections.

Yours for continued business,
J. P. MANN.