

The Frontier

Published by D. H. CRONIN.
ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Assistant Editor
and Manager.

\$1.50 the Year. 75 Cents Six Months
Official paper of O'Neill and Holt county.

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Perhaps its the railroads that are responsible for the delay in the McGreevy cases.

The Omaha Bee's New Year's jubilee number can not fail to impress the outsider with the importance of Nebraska's metropolis, and should have a wide circulation.

The Frontier's resolutions for 1906 are simply to do the best it can by its many endeared readers. This issue may be thought to be a poor beginning—as, indeed it is—but misfortunes over which the lone editor and compositor has had no control has militated against anything better.

Postmaster-General Cortelyou has asked for \$193,000,000 to run his department for the next fiscal year, an increase of \$12,000,000. There was a deficit of \$14,572,584 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905. "This amount, the difference between the expenditures and receipts," it is officially announced, "may be said to represent the net cost of the service to the people." The postmaster-general estimates that \$29,000,000 will be required to run the rural free delivery service, an increase of nearly \$3,600,000, and asks for an increase of \$3,600,000 for railway mail service.

The Clarkson Herald makes a good point by thus stating it: "A revision and reduction of freight rates would, without doubt, be a grand thing for the country; but a revision of the habits of thousands of our people would result in a ten-fold greater good, and the saving of a hundred dollars where one can be saved in freight rates. A reform that has to do with the morals and happiness of a people is oftentimes neglected, while one which has politics and money only connected with it has advocates galore." A noted French president once said: "There is much clamor with little suffering in a free country, and much suffering with little protest in a despotic state." American citizens as a class are today the best clothed, housed and fed and most enlightened of the people of any country in the world, and yet they are becoming ensnared in evil habits that need revision worse than the railroad tariffs. It is only as the individual citizen adheres to the moral standards of right living can the nation remain prosperous and great.

The Independent let out a dismal wall last week over the verdict in the Whittemore case. By innuendo, it is charged that the jury was "fixed." Such a charge against twelve as good citizens as there are in the county is worthy the tactics of the gang of manipulators who have studiously sought to cover up the truth and keep the wreckers out of jail ever since the collapse of the Elkhorn Valley bank. The day has passed in Holt county when the gang of political pirates that once held sway can control juries and run courts with a high hand. If its "queer" to this gang why this suit went as it did, its also "queer" to others why the McGreevy cases have not been tried. The McGreevy suits were started long before the Whittemore suits, but everything that might tend to bring the rascality to light, protect the depositors and afford a measure of justice has been studiously avoided by the manipulators while their star actors put on the legal farce just closed. Mighty "queer, isn't it?" The intelligent citizenship of Holt county—well represented by the twelve men on the jury in the Whittemore case—repudiates the conduct of the manipulators.

RUINS OF ST. PAUL'S.

Origin of Macaulay's Phrase in an Eighteenth Century Poem.

It has long been understood that the real inventor of Macaulay's famous New Zealand was Horace Walpole, who, in a letter to Mason, written in 1774, said: "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbes and Palmyra." But Mr. Bertram Dobell writes to the London Academy giving the idea an earlier date. He finds it embodied in this old title page:

Poems, by a young Nobleman, of Distinguished Abilities, lately deceased; particularly, The State of England, and the once flourishing City of London. In a letter from an American Traveler. Dated from the Ruinous Portico of St. Paul's, in the year 2190, to a Friend settled in Boston, the Metropolis of the Western Empire. Also Sundry Fugitive Pieces, principally wrote whilst upon his Travels on the Continent. [Motto from Juvenal.] London, 1780.

Mr. Dobell explains that, though the book is dated 1780, the poem in it on London is dated March 21, 1771. He attributes it to the profligate second Lord Lyttelton. Here is one of his extracts from the composition:

And now thro' broken paths and rugged ways,
Uncultivated regions, we advance
Towards fam'd Augustus's towers, on the Thames
(Whose clear broad stream glides smoothly
thru' the vale)
Embank'd, and stretching o'er the level plain,
For many a mile her gilded spires were seen,
While Britain yet was free—alas! how changed,
How fallen from that env'd height;
She rul'd the subject nations, and beheld
The Spaniard crouch beneath her spear,
and all
The Gallic lilies crimson'd o'er with blood.
Extinguish'd are their glories, and her sun
That once enlighten'd Europe with his beams,
Sunk in the West is set, and ne'er again
Shall o'er Britannia spread his orient rays!

These were my thoughts whilst thro' a falling heap
Of shapeless ruins far and wide diffus'd,
Paul's great Cathedral, from her solid base,
High tow'ring to the sky, by heav'n's command
Amidst the universal waste preserv'd
Struck my astonish'd view.
On this fair object my fix'd eyes were kept
In pleasing meditation, whilst my guide,
A poor emaciate Briton, led me on
Through streets, and squares, and falling palaces,
(Where here and there a habitat was seen)
To whence stood once amongst the peopled town
Th' Exchange of London.

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WHOLE OR HALF TRUTHS.

Better be single in peace than married in war.

The rock of success isn't located in a field of roses.

The fellow who objects to discipline needs it the most.

You can inherit ability, but you've got to hustle for experience.

The optimist has an easy time of it. He smiles while others work.

It doesn't cost anything to say "good morning" even if it's raining.

Some folks ought to take their consciences out once in awhile for exercise.

Silence isn't always golden. The talker with something to say is worth a dozen keep stills.

The optimist who thinks that folks are civilized should yell "Fire!" to a crowded house and watch results.—From "Gumption," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

A Shoppirl's Fines.

It was not a very cheerful memorandum and the shoppirl's look was not very cheerful either, as on pay night, she brought it home to her mother.

It was a memorandum of the fines that had taken a good slice out of her wages, and it ran:

Standing on chair \$0.10
Leaving less than one yard on ribbon 10
roll 10
Permitting patron to depart unserved 25
Lateness 05
Gum chewing 10
Error in addition 05
Writing indistinct duplicate 10
Error in address 10
Total \$0.85

"There are 100 rules posted up in our little shop," said the girl bitterly, "and an infraction of any one of them is finable."—New York Press.

Good Listeners.

In conversing with one's friends nothing is so chilling as an apparent lack of attention and sympathy. It might be added that nothing is more vulgar were not the listener's indifference common to the majority of our most cultured people. If when one is addressed she will remember to incline the body slightly forward an attitude of rapt attention will soon be unconsciously assumed and, whether really worthy of it or not, new recruits gained for the always popular, as rare, class known as "good listeners."

A Tough Problem.

The following letter received at this office has been referred to the Lancaster Literary society: "I married a widower and went to live in the home where he had lived with his first wife. I find a number of her clothes in a closet—to wit, one brown dress skirt, two petticoats, three pairs of stockings, one pair of slippers and a black silk waist. How shall I dispose of them in a way that will be satisfactory to her relatives and the neighbors?"—Acheson Globe.

Malignant.

Ethel—I suppose I shall have to wear this veil. It's the only one I have. It's so thick one can hardly see my face through it. Edith—Oh, wear it, by all means. Everybody says you never had on anything half so becoming.

FOSSIL CORKSCREWS

QUEER FREAKS OF NATURE THAT ABOUND IN NEBRASKA.

Gigantic Spirals of Mineral Fashioned So Mathematically as to Be Easily Mistaken at First Glance For Works of Art.

Nobody knows with certainty what the so called "devil's corkscrews" really are. They are found by tens of thousands in Nebraska, most particularly in Sioux county, and some of them are as much as forty feet in height, without counting the gigantic "roots" presently to be described. Quartz is the substance of which they are made, but how they came to be imbedded, numbers of them together, in the sandstone cliffs of that region is more than anybody can tell, unless, perhaps, one theory, to be mentioned later, is to be accepted as correct.

You are traveling, let us say, on horseback through that part of the country, and, as often happens, you see, standing out from the face of a sandstone cliff, a gigantic spiral. If, as geologists have proved, the sandstone rock be chipped away a corkscrew shaped thing of quartz is exposed to view, fashioned so mathematically as to be easily mistaken at first glance for a work of art. The white spiral may be free, as a sculptor would say, or, in other cases, may be twined about a sort of axis, as a vine would run around a vertical pole.

Somebody awhile ago gave to these spirals the name "devil's corkscrews" for want of a better and as expressive of the mystery of their origin. Scientists discussed them in vain, and many theories were formed in regard to them. There were authorities who declared they were fossil burrows excavated in tertiary times by gophers of a huge and extinct species. And, to confirm this notion, the bones of some burrowing animal were actually found imbedded in the substance of one of the "screws." This seemed to settle the matter for awhile, until the controversy was started again by the discovery of the osseous remains, under like conditions, of a small deer. Nobody could assert that a deer was ever a burrowing animal, and so that notion had to be abandoned.

Other theorists declared that the "fossil twisters," as some folks called them, represented the prehistoric borings of gigantic worms that lived in the very long ago. Yet others suggested that they were petrified vines, though it was difficult to explain how or why the "poles" on which the alleged vines seemed in many cases to have been trained had been so admirably preserved, or, for that matter, originally erected.

In the midst of so many contradictory theories the problem seemed likely to defy solution indefinitely. The one that held out longest and gained most adherents was that of the extinct gophers. It accounted for the "root"—a shapeless appendage often nearly as big as the "twister" itself and attached to the lower end of the latter—which obviously, as it seemed, had been the nest of the rodent animal, the "corkscrew" representing the spiral hole by which it made its way to the surface of the ground. What could possibly be more easy to comprehend?

Professor E. H. Barbour, however, has declared—and his decision is accepted provisionally until somebody offers a better—that the corkscrews are of vegetable origin. They are, he asserts, the fossil remains of ancient water weeds of gigantic size, which grew millions of years ago on the bottom of a vast sheet of water that covered all of Nebraska. These must have been the biggest aquatic plants that ever existed, and when the huge lake that overflowed the region in question dried up the remains of many of the plants were left behind buried in the accumulated detritus at the bottom.

In the course of time—ages after the bottom of the ancient lake had been converted into solid rock—rivers plowed their way through the land, cutting this way and that and exposing to the view of the modern traveler on the faces of the cliffs the fossil casts of the prehistoric water weeds just as they stood when they grew hundreds of thousands and probably millions of years ago. Their tissues were replaced as they decayed by silica from the water, particle by particle, and thus, as if by magical means, their likenesses have been preserved for the wonder and admiration of the present survivors on the earth.

Such is the theory now pretty well accepted by scientists in regard to the origin of the "fossil corkscrews." Possibly it is not correct, but if otherwise there is room for the exercise of anybody's imagination in the consideration of this veritable romance of the ancient history of the world.—New York Herald.

Personal Beauty.

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity and which by expending the capacities of the soul gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.

A Man of Action.

Hicks—There isn't a man in town who can keep the conversational ball rolling like our friend Gayrake. Wicks—Nonsense! He never says anything worth listening to. Hicks—No, but he does a lot of things worth talking about.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He who feels contempt for any living thing hath faculties that he hath never used, and thought with him is in its infancy.—Wordsworth.

THE COFFEE PLANT.

A Native of Abyssinia That Was Transported to Arabia.

The origin of coffee is lost in the mists of antiquity, but the plant is believed to be a native of Abyssinia and to have been carried thence into Arabia early in the fifteenth century, whence the Meccan pilgrims soon carried it to all parts of the Mohammedan world. A bureau of commerce and labor publication notes that Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621) makes this reference to it: "Turks have a drink called coffee, so named from a berry black as soot and as bitter, which they sip up hot, because they find by experience that that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and promoteth alacrity."

Although brought to Venice by a physician in 1591, it was only in 1652 that the first coffeehouse was established in London, and it only became fashionable in Paris in 1669, says the same authority. England gradually forsook coffee for tea, but the progress of the beverage, though slower, was steeper in France.

Until 1696, when the Dutch began to successfully grow coffee trees in Java from the Malabar (India) bean, all coffee came from Arabia. The coffee culture of the West Indies and Central and South America had its beginnings, it is said, in a slip taken from a tree in the botanic gardens at Paris, which had obtained a vigorous growth from a cutting said to have been stolen from the plantations of the old and new world are practically derived from the specimens taken from Arabia, first to India, thence to Java and elsewhere.

ANTIQUE SEVRES.

You Can Always Distinguish the Genuine by Its Gilding.

False Sevres in the bric-a-brac shops is offered as genuine by "reputable dealers" in London and Paris as well as in New York. It is old, it is true, but only as old as the "restoration" in France, although the marks would indicate a much earlier and better period. The counterfeits may usually be detected by the surface of the gilding. In the real it was burnished in lines by means of metal nails with rounded points, which were set in a piece of wood.

The imitations of later date than the real have been burnished in a similar manner, but with an agate. It required considerably more force to obtain a bright surface by the ancient method than by the use of the agate point; hence the burnished lines in the genuine ware are perceptibly sunken, while in the counterfeit ware they are flush with the general surface of the gilding. There are other means of "spotting" the imitations, such as the inexact copying of the marks which have served since 1753 to denote the date of fabrication, and the use of chrome green, which was not discovered until 1802, but the test of the burnished parts of the gilding is the easiest for the ordinary buyer.—New York Herald.

Earrings.

Girls who are fond of earrings may perhaps be interested in hearing a few facts about them. Sad it is for the emancipated woman of the present day to learn that these fashionable ornaments were originally a mark of slavery. In bygone days the slave always wore his master's earrings. In the east they were a sign of caste and were buried with the dead. Some ancient earrings were very elaborate, and many statues had their ears bored in readiness for votive offerings of earrings. In England the earliest earrings were very cumbersome and made of stone or wood. The eighteenth century saw the glorification of the earring, fashionable beauties outvying each other with the rarest and most beautiful jewels.—London Graphic.

A New Application of Scripture.

There was rejoicing in the village at the killing of a pig. Being dead, it was cut up. A neighbor's cat stole secretly into the larder and annexed a piece of pork, which she brought in triumph to her mistress. Next day the clergyman of the parish visited the old woman, who recounted to him the remarkable sagacity of the beast. "It was quite beautiful, sir," she said piously, "to see the way the sweet creature brought me the piece of pork. It brought to my mind what we read in the Bible about Elijah and the ravens."

Not Seeing, Not Believing.

There was a man in Nottinghamshire who discontinued the donation he had regularly made for a time to a missionary society. When asked as to his reasons he replied: "Well, I've traveled a bit in my time. I've been as far as Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, and I never saw a black man, and I don't believe there are any."—London Standard.

The Physical.

The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and teachers. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact ought to give to the food we eat and the air we breathe a transcendent significance.—Tyndale.

A Story of Voltaire.

One day when D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire they proposed to converse on atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn. I do not wish to have my throat cut tonight."

Short of Cash.

Uncle George—Harry, I suppose you keep a cash account. Harry—No, Uncle George; I haven't got so far as that, but I keep an expense account.

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O'Neill, Nov. 22.—To Mr. Neil Brennan: After thoroughly testing the Monarch Malleable Range bought of you, I freely say there could be no better stove made for general purposes in the kitchen. It is the best baker and requires less fuel than any stove I ever used.
Mrs. Peter Donohoe.

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