

# 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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Harnish has a mortal clinch on re-election, and a double one at that.

Anna Held, the famous stage beauty, has a million-dollar bejeweled dress. Most any old critter would look good arrayed in that.

It is about time the county candidates begin to jingle up a little political enthusiasm. From present indications Holt county is in danger of losing her identity as the center of strenuous politics.

Lincoln has continuous trouble over liquid food and beverages. Now a milkman has been caught who treated his milk with formaldehyde and a cider vender was dealing out an "imitation" as pure apple juice. The "bug juice" variety is said to be no longer obtainable at the state capital.

Fremont Tribune: Should Congress provide for a superintendent of the North Pole, there is a man in this town—you all know him—who can count on our backing him for the job. He carries around enough hot air to make the pole a summer resort, and we can spare him without trouble.

There are several up this way also competent for the job.

The passing of E. H. Harriman, the great railroad king, has called forth country-wide comment on the achievements of the greatest financier of the age. Harriman is easily classed the Napoleon of railroading, but with all his marvelous intellect he was subject to physical decay the same as the merest imbecile. He was not yet an old man, only a little past middle life, but the great strain he must have been continually under was more than his physical force could longer endure. His death will be felt among railroad and financial circles.

At this distance there appears to be a large chunk of envious desire in Commander Peary's claim to the north pole discovery. To say the least he has submitted some ungentlemanly comments on his rival's reports. Dr. Cook so far has followed a candid and manly course and is sure to command the respect and esteem of his countrymen. According to the reports at hand Dr. Cook was at the earth's northern end nearly a year previous to Peary and the future historians who have a desire to state the facts will doubtless write the doctor down as the discoverer of the pole.

St. Paul Republican: It will be a matter of interest to Nebraska folks to know that the recent legislative act putting an occupation tax on corporations in the state of Nebraska, about which the papers tell us the recent legislature made one of its ten strikes, is to be made the subject of a test before the supreme court of the state. This is about the only law which was enacted by this session of the democratic statesmen, which has not already been made the matter of a courting, and in most cases the laws made by that bereaved body have been set aside. And one of the curious phases of the present test is that J. J. Sullivan, about whom we are now hearing so much, he being a candidate for the supreme bench, is the attorney who brought this suit. It will be a matter of democratic

abuse of the court if the law is set aside, and the same democrats will urge that Attorney Sullivan be placed on the supreme bench, in spite of his efforts to nullify the law. That is democratic character.

The O'Neill democratic machine begins to feel as though they had handed themselves a lemon when the county ticket was made up.

## RAILROAD EXTENSION TALK

### Sioux City Interested in Movements of the Burlington.

Persistent rumors of the early extension of what is known as the O'Neill division of the Burlington railroad are current in Sioux City and have been for some time, says the Tribune. That the road will ultimately be extended has been a foregone conclusion ever since it was first acquired by the Great Northern and later turned over to the Burlington.

That this extension will take place in the near future is now generally believed, and the frequent trips of officials of the line over that division have given rise to the belief that early action is contemplated. No official announcement has been made by any of the Burlington officials and an effort to get into communication with George W. Holdridge, general manager of the Burlington system west of the Missouri river, failed, on account of Mr. Holdridge's absence from his offices in Omaha.

The extension of this line when it occurs will be of inestimable advantage to the business interests of Sioux City. This is generally conceded by the business men of the city, and the announcement of the extension will be received with almost as much enthusiasm as would that of the acquisition of another large railroad by Sioux City.

The extension would open up a vast territory for Sioux City to supply, which is now inaccessible to this section, but which would be brought into close connection with the Sioux City markets. In addition to this it would furnish a short line for cattle shipments, which now go to Omaha for the reason that in order to get to Sioux City they have to almost pass through Omaha. The extension would bring all of northwestern Nebraska many miles closer to Sioux City than to any other market, and would open up a territory which naturally belongs to Sioux City by reason of geographical location.

The O'Neill division was originally built as the Pacific Short Line, having been promoted and constructed by a group of Sioux City capitalists, assisted by some eastern capitalists, who were known locally as "The Railroad Syndicate," having figured extensively in the building of roads into Sioux City. The intention of the promoters was to build a short line to San Francisco by way of Ogden, Utah, but the finances of the company were exhausted when the line reached O'Neill.

The road was operated by the builders for a short while, but soon went into the hands of receivers. After the receivers had operated it for a time it was acquired by James J. Hill and made a part of the Great Northern system. Later it was transferred to the Burlington and has since been a part of that system.

Since the Burlington has operated the division, it has become one of the best paying divisions belonging to that system. The country, which it traverses, is an exceptionally rich one and it is one of the principal feeders for Sioux City's large wholesale distribution.

It is known that the Burlington has two points of connection with the main line under consideration for the extension but it is not known which point will be selected. It is generally thought that the connection will be made at Theford, Neb., although another point of connection would be Dunning. Either extension would be less than 150 miles in length and there would be very few difficulties of construction presented.

Officials of the road in Sioux City refuse to discuss the matter, saying that they are not advised. It is known however, that officials of the road have found it necessary to be in O'Neill more frequently within the past few months than they have heretofore and from other sources it is learned that the extension is now under consideration and it is proposed to start work in the near future.

### Notice To Grain Dealers.

The Merchants Exchange of St. Louis extends an invitation to every Grain and Elevator man to come to St. Louis during the week of October 4th to 9th, and if he will send his name to this Bureau a visitor's ticket to the floor will be issued, good for six days.

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Reduced rates on all railroads.

PUBLICITY BUREAU.

214 Chamber of Commerce,  
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# MISS LAVINIA'S LOVER

## The Result of the Search For the Man Who Went Away.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.  
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Well, of course," Miss Lavinia confided, "I am glad to have it, but it's unsettling."

Mrs. Briggs sniffed. "It wouldn't unsettle me if any one left me \$10,000. I would know what to do with it."

Miss Lavinia leaned forward eagerly. "What would you do, Jane?" she demanded.

"Oh, well," Mrs. Briggs hesitated. "I'd get some new clothes right away and fix up the house, and entertain my friends, and take a trip and have an automobile!"

"I have thought of those things, but they don't seem to be just what I want, after all. Maybe I'll just put it out at interest."

"Now, look here, Lavinia Latimer," Mrs. Briggs said solemnly, "don't you do any such thing. You've got enough to live on, such as it is, and my advice is to take some of the money and have a good time. Goodness only knows you haven't had many good times."

"No, I haven't," Miss Lavinia admitted somewhat wistfully. "Well, I'll think it over, Jane."

And after Mrs. Briggs had gone Miss Lavinia picked up her big yellow cat and told him her innermost wish. "I'm going to use some of that money to find out where John Forbes is," she whispered, "but I wouldn't tell Jane."

But to look for the man who had left town ten years ago was not an easy matter. And Lavinia Latimer was not wise in methods. But she wanted to know the fate of her old lover, and so it happened that ten days after her talk with Jane Briggs, Miss Lavinia went to town.

"I'm going to buy clothes," was the reason she gave, but when she came to the big town it was not to the stores that she made her way, but to a dusty, musty little office in a squallid street.

"McDermott, private detective," said the sign.

Miss Lavinia was all pink and white and pretty as she stated her case. But Mr. McDermott set her at once at her ease. He was a brisk little man with curly white hair and red cheeks.

"So you want to find John Forbes," he said. "Is he a relative?"

"Oh, no!" And Miss Lavinia blushed.

"Owe you any money?" McDermott demanded.

"Oh, no, no!" Miss Latimer cried distressfully. "We were engaged fifteen years ago, and I couldn't marry him, because I had to stay with my old father and mother—and he—he went away—and I promised that when I was free I would let him know."

"Oh!" McDermott ejaculated, and after a pause, "Were you expecting to find him still single?"

"I—I'm not sure."

McDermott tugged at his mustache. "The chances are that he'll be married."

"Of course," Miss Lavinia agreed, "but I should like to be sure."

"Surely," said McDermott. "You just let me have the case, and I'll bring you news of John Forbes before you know it."

McDermott reported regularly once a week by letter to Miss Lavinia and as regularly received her answers.

Miss Lavinia wrote on pale violet paper that gave forth a perfume of fresh flowers in the stuffy little office. McDermott found himself laying those letters in a little drawer by themselves, and one day in early spring, when he had traveled out into the country on a case, he spied some violets by the wayside. He picked them and brought them home and laid them with the letters in the drawer.

McDermott had money of his own, so that Miss Lavinia's little fortune had no charms for him, but the thought of her delicate presence in his home often came to him with a sense of irresistible attraction.

"But if she finds John Forbes single she will marry him," he would say with a sigh, and the temptation to overlook clues was great.

In June he called on her and found her in her garden with a little low table in front of her on which was set forth a lemonade service. Miss Lavinia was in pale mauve with a hat wreathed with violets. "When you wrote you were coming," she said to McDermott, "I thought you would enjoy it better here in the garden—it's cooler."

"Well, if you knew what a nice change it was from that office in town," sighed the little man.

After that he came often, and gradually it began to be rumored in the town that Miss Lavinia was "keeping company" with a man from the city.

"Well, I must say that I like his looks," Mrs. Briggs told Miss Lavinia when she came over one morning after McDermott had called.

"He is just a business acquaintance," Miss Lavinia protested.

Mrs. Briggs sniffed. "I guess you wouldn't be dressing up in those pretty clothes and waving your hair just for a business man."

Miss Lavinia blushed and sighed. "You don't know how many things I have to look after since I got my money."

To tell the truth, the search for John Forbes began to weigh on her. She realized that with the coming of John Forbes would end the visits of John McDermott.

McDermott continued doggedly with his search. He didn't want to find John Forbes, or if he did find him he

hoped that he would be married. But if Lavinia Latimer wanted anything, she should have it.

And as all things must have an end, the time came when John Forbes was located in a small western town.

"It's your John Forbes, all right," McDermott wrote to Miss Lavinia. "He was born in your town and everything tallies. But I don't know whether he is married. I'll find out. I leave on Monday for the west."

"Please," Miss Lavinia wrote back, "don't look him up. Come out and see me before you go—to supper Sunday night, if you will."

It was the first time that she had invited him to a meal, and her preparations were beyond the ordinary. She had in her days of prosperity hired a competent maid, and they brought out the silver and glass, and when McDermott sat down in the dim, fragrant dining room the feast that was set before him on the old mahogany was of broiled chicken and salad and delicate biscuits and strawberries and cream and cottage cheese and all the wonderful gastronomic triumphs of Maryland cooks.

And when he had finished he sat with Miss Lavinia on the front porch. "I want to ask you a somewhat delicate question," he said, out of the silence of the dusk. "If I find John Forbes is single, what am I to do about it?"

"I don't know," Miss Lavinia faltered. McDermott hitched his chair forward slightly.

"You love him very much?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm not sure," Miss Lavinia murmured in the darkness.

"Well, there's one thing I would like to say right here," the little man stated. "I wish to withdraw from the case, Miss Lavinia."

"Oh," she gasped, "but I can't do without you!"

"Can't you?" he cried radiantly. "Do you mean that you could love me? I've wanted to tell you how much I loved you for a long time—only there was John Forbes!"

"Oh, I didn't dream!"—Miss Lavinia fluttered.

"It's more than human nature can stand," McDermott went on, "to expect a man who loves you to go and bring back another man to marry you."

"Yes," she agreed timidly. "It is. I—I think if you wish it—we will drop the case of John Forbes, Mr. McDermott."

But McDermott didn't drop the case. He went west and looked up the old lover and found him neither single nor married nor dead. But he was divorced and of doubtful reputation.

"He isn't worth another thought," McDermott said hotly when he came back. "And I'm not saying that because I'm prejudiced, either."

"Well, it relieves my mind to know," the lady confessed, "and, anyhow, if I hadn't tried to find him I wouldn't have met you—and—"

"You have promised to marry me in October," said her lover triumphantly, "so who cares for John Forbes or any other man—when you are going to be Mrs. McDermott?"

### Remarkable Power.

A dear old lady was taken one day to a musical service in a Boston church. She had heard much about the fine voice of the soprano and was prepared for a treat.

She sat in rapt enjoyment until the service was over and then turned a radiant face toward her escort, who was a young grandson.

"Dear boy," she said, "you've given me a great treat. Her voice is perfectly beautiful. It made cold chills run all up and down my spine."

"It's too bad, grandmamma," said the boy, "but she didn't sing today, though she was there. The gentleman next me says she's been suffering from a bad cold, and one of the chorus had to sing the solos for her."

"What, dear?" said the old lady, looking momentarily distressed. Then her face cleared, and she patted his arm reassuringly.

"Never you mind," she said. "We can come again some time. But, after all, if she can make me feel that way without singing I don't know that it would be wise for me to hear her. Now, would it?"—Youth's Companion.

### She Gave Herself Away.

Judge Davis was one day in his private office when he was president of the senate and acting vice president. A woman came into the room to see him. He turned and said, "Well, madam, what can I do for you?" She was neatly dressed in black, with an air of extreme poverty. She told a wretched tale of sorrow and suffering, winding up with the climax that she and her little family were actually starving and had not tasted food for two days. The judge seemed deeply moved. He excused himself for not attending to the case for the moment, as the senate was nearly ready to open. He looked at his watch with an air of vexation, as if it were not going, and said, "Can any one tell me what time it is?" His visitor pulled out a gold watch and told him the time. The judge said, "Can it be true that your children have been without food for two days when you have a gold watch in the house?" The woman saw the point of the judge's question and called out, "You are a hateful old thing!" and flounced out of the room. She was a professional deadbeat.

### His Comment.

Howell—What did the poor fellow say when they picked him up with a broken leg after being knocked down by a trolley car? Powell—That it was the first time in his life that he hadn't had to wait for a car.—New York Press.

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