

THE FRONTIER.

LOCAL MATTERS.

S. W. Green of Ewing was in the city this morning.

The fire bell tower was taken down Tuesday of this week.

P. V. Hickey received another carload of Overlands last Saturday.

A. A. Driggs made a short business and pleasure trip to Lincoln the latter part of last week.

Miss Mollie Condon of Jonesville, S. D., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Whelan.

Thomas Regan, who has been working here for the past month, returned to Omaha Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. L. C. Peters returned last evening from a three weeks visit with relatives and friends in Lincoln.

The Misses Zeffa and Zella Ziemer left Saturday afternoon for a weeks' visit in South Dakota and Minnesota.

Dr. Higgins and Hugh Birmingham of Atkinson were visiting with relatives and friends in the city last Sunday.

John Enright returned last Saturday evening from a two weeks visit with relatives in South Omaha and Sioux City, Iowa.

Miss Lillian Lindquist left last Saturday morning for Wausa, Neb., where she will spend the summer visiting with relatives.

Jay Burrows and Miss Belle Hobson, both of Harmony, Cherry county, were granted a marriage license by the county judge last Monday.

Hugh McKenna left Monday morning for Fremont, where he will drive J. J. Thomas' horse "Yellowstone" in the races there this week.

Miss Elizabeth Hartly, of Shullsburg, Wis., arrived in the city last Friday afternoon for a two months visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. John Biglin and children of Hastings, Neb., arrived in the city the latter part of last week to spend a few weeks visiting relatives and friends.

Dr. Lyons Mullen of Detroit, Mich., arrived in the city last week for a couple of weeks visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mullen.

William Evans, one of the energetic farmers of Pleasantview township, was a caller at this office last Saturday and extended his subscription to The Frontier for another year.

Harry Reefer, who has been in the employ of P. J. McManus for some time, resigned his position and left Tuesday afternoon for Omaha, where he expects to make his future home.

Bruno Jacobs, one of the old-time settlers of the northeast portion of the county, was an O'Neill visitor last Saturday and favored this office with a short call, extending his subscription.

P. J. Lansworth was in from Paddock township last Wednesday. Mr. Lansworth says they had a splendid rain in his section last Tuesday night, the precipitation amounting to over an inch.

Julius Duft purchased a Willy-Knight automobile from the local Overland dealer the first of the week. Mr. Duft realized the superiority of the Knight's motor which led to his purchase.

There will be a special examination for teachers in all certificate subjects Thursday, July 27 and Friday, July 28. Reading circle examination will be given Friday forenoon, July 28.—Minnie B. Miller, County Superintendent.

Judge and Mrs. R. R. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Donnell and Sanford Parker left this morning at 5 o'clock in Judge Dickson's car for Omaha, where they will visit for a few days and take in the great auto races next Saturday.

Last Tuesday was the hottest day of 1916, according to the government weather bureau, now conducted by Frank Schmidt. The mercury climbed to 98 that afternoon and according to the daily papers Nebraska was about the hottest place in the United States.

D. L. Spellman and son, Edward, of Omaha, arrived in the city last Saturday evening for a few days' visit at the home of Mr. Spellman's brother-in-law, John Sullivan, south of town. Mr. Spellman was a resident of this city in the latter eighties and still has a very warm spot in his heart for the Emerald Tinted city and its people.

In another column will be found the weather chart for the past week, showing the minimum and maximum temperature and the amount of precipitation for the past week. This is kept by Frank Schmidt, deputy postmaster, and will be published in these columns every week. It will also be marked upon the blackboard at the postoffice every day.

Representative B. A. Ainley, wife and children of Belgrade, Neb., were in the city last Saturday on their way to Long Pine, where they were going by auto to spend a few days at that resort. This was Representative Ainley's first visit to this section of the state and he said he was very favorably impressed with the appearance of Holt county.

We put in a few hours in the hustling little city of Ewing last Friday. Everything in that section of the state is prosperous and most of the people with whom we talked are of the opinion that there will be nothing to the election this fall but Hughes. Even some of the strong democrats in that section are convinced that Hughes will be the next president.

Precipitation to the amount of thirty-seven hundredths of an inch fell here last Tuesday night. North, east and south of this city they had a very heavy rain. In some places the rainfall amounted to over two inches, according to reports received in this city. This rain practically assures the small grain crop in that portion of the county in which the rain fell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Uttley of Muskogee, Oklahoma, are in the city today visiting with Mr. Uttley's father, H. M. Uttley. Mr. Uttley is a native of this city but left here some dozen years ago, since which time he has been a resident of the south. He said he noticed a wonderful change for the better in the appearance of this city during the past dozen years.

John McKenna returned last Sunday from a ten days' trip through Montana and Wyoming. He put in a couple of days at Riverton, Wyo., where many former O'Neill people have located and he says they are all prosperous and happy. Jack is of the opinion that Riverton is destined to become, within a very few years, the best city in the state of Wyoming.

We are in receipt of another very interesting letter from Doc Mathews telling of the old days in this county, which will appear in The Frontier next week. The last letter from Mr. Mathews was very interesting and was eagerly read by thousands of old and new residents of this county and they all wished to read something more from Doc's facile pen and we are sure that the next installment will prove very interesting.

Spencer Advocate: Thomas Dennis left Wednesday noon under orders from the War Department to report at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He has been assigned to the quartermaster's department. Mr. Dennis is about sixty-five years old and served thirty years in the regular army. He has been watching the Mexican situation very closely and he could no longer resist the smell of powder, so he offered his services and was accepted.

Judge Dickson held a term of district court the first of the week. Among the cases disposed of were the following: Mollie Connolly was granted a decree of divorce from John Connolly. In the equity case of Peter Greeley vs. Cynthia Carson judgment was rendered for the plaintiff in the sum of \$31,472.50, at 8 per cent interest, and judgment for taxes paid in the sum of \$157.20, with interest at ten per cent. Decree of foreclosure and order of sale were issued.

The K. C. Team went to Atkinson last Sunday to cross bats with the team of that city and the result was

a rag chewing match that broke up in a row in the eighth inning with the score standing 9 to 10 in favor of O'Neill. It was a hard hitting game, both teams scoring some good clean drives that were responsible for the large score made. These two teams will play another game upon the local diamond next Sunday afternoon and a good fast and warm game is looked for.

Leighton E. Huston has filed suit for divorce from Hattie E. Huston, in the district court of this county. In his petition he alleges that they were united in marriage in Green Valley township, this county, on August 8, 1887. For the past five years he has been a resident of this county, while his wife, he alleges is living with her mother at York, Neb. He asks for a divorce on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment, alleging that his wife is constantly nagging him and accusing him of misconduct with other women, all of which he alleges is untrue.

A change in the time of the Northwestern passenger train No. 3, will go into effect next Sunday. This train which now leaves Omaha at 4:25 will leave Omaha, commencing next Sunday, at 5 o'clock and will arrive here a little later than it does at present. Many people living along this line were hopeful that when the next change was made in the time card that the train would leave Omaha about midnight, arriving here in the morning, but we will have to wait a while for service of that kind. No change will be made in the time of the other trains.

Zimmerman & Son paid out for country produce during the month of June \$14,195.44. This is the greatest amount ever paid out in one month by this hustling produce firm and is \$6,000 more than the amount they paid out in June last year. During the first six months of this year they have paid out as much for produce as they did during the year 1915, which shows that this business is rapidly increasing in this section. And the price this year is much better than that paid last year. They are now paying five cents per pound more for butter fat than they did in July last year. Any man who has a nice bunch of cows can live on easy street.

Mrs. Kate Ratzliff of Oakdale appeared in county court here last Monday and filed a complaint against Fred Hinkle, who ran a doll rack at the Savidge Carnival, on a charge of criminal assault on her daughter, Fannie, aged 18 years. She alleged that the crime was committed in this city on the evening of July 4th. A warrant was issued for his arrest and turned over to Sheriff Grady who left for Newman's Grove, where the carnival is now showing, on Tuesday morning. Hinkle had left the company and Sheriff Grady returned Wednesday without his man. It is said that Hinkle left here on the early train Sunday morning for points unknown.

To Whom It May Concern:
O'Neill, Neb., July 5, '16.
To the people having hogs and pigs inside the corporate limits:
You are hereby ordered to remove them forthwith or I will proceed to enforce the ordinances governing this matter. No exceptions will be made.
DR. J. P. GILLIGAN,
4-2 Health Officer.

First Ward Caucus.
The republican electors of the First Ward, O'Neill, are hereby called to meet in caucus in O. O. Snyder's office, in the First Ward, O'Neill, Nebraska, at 7:30 p. m., Saturday, July 15, 1916, for the purpose of electing six delegates to the republican county convention to be held in O'Neill, Nebraska, Saturday, July 22, 1916, and to transact such other business as may properly come before them.
P. C. HANCOCK,
Committeeman.

Third Ward Caucus.
The republican electors of O'Neill 3rd Ward, O'Neill, Nebraska, are hereby called to meet in caucus in Engine House in said ward in O'Neill, Nebraska, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., Saturday, July 15, 1916, for the purpose of electing seven delegates to the republican county convention to be held in O'Neill, Nebraska, Saturday, July 22, 1916, and to transact such other business as may properly come before them.
C. L. DAVIS, Committeeman.

Caucus.
The Republican electors of Paddock Township are hereby called to meet at the township hall on Saturday, July 15, 1916, at three o'clock p. m.; for the purpose of electing five delegates to the county convention to be held in O'Neill, Saturday, July 22, 1916, and to place in nomination a full township ticket; and to transact any other business as may lawfully come before the caucus.
P. J. LANSWORTH,
Committeeman.

Second Ward Caucus.
The republican electors of the 2nd Ward, O'Neill are hereby called to meet in caucus in McGinnis Creamery Co., office in the 2nd ward, O'Neill, Nebraska, at 7:30 p. m., Saturday, July 15, 1916, for the purpose of electing four delegates to the Republican County Convention to be held in O'Neill, Nebraska, Saturday, July 22, 1916, and to transact such other business as may properly come before them.
J. F. GALLAGHER,
Committeeman.

HUGH O'NEILL ON OLD TIMES

Pioneer of Northern Holt Grows Reminiscence After Reading Doc Mathews' Letter.

Anncar, Neb., July 4, 1916.
Editor Frontier: It behoves me to take advantage of the 4th of July to say something.

I see by your paper that Doc Mathews even presumes to question the veracity of an old timer, and says that I got things considerably mixed. Well wouldn't that choke you?

We may have been misinformed about the load of lumber, or about him editing a paper in Marinette, Wis., or about him ever wanting to work at manual labor, for that was only heresay, but what we gave as personal knowledge, is a dead sure fact for he sure drank that peach brandy, and the language he used may yet appear before him on judgment day, where a denial will be different to a controversy with T. J. Smith. Mr. Michael Cavanaugh was the man who burnt the peaches, and a grand old man he was, and if I am not greatly mistaken H. M. Uttley used to joke him about the burning.

If I have made any error about the language Doc used in sampling the decoction, it is due to my modesty, but I really think he talked in a foreign language part of the time, which I could not understand. It sounded like the war pow wow of the Wisconsin Manomina Indian, may be that was the reason I thought he was an ex-editor from Wisconsin. But he has violated an old compact of early days when he questions the sacred certainty of any thing an old timer says, and he knows the penalty, one gallon of the best—and no peach brandy goes—to be served to the old reliables.

If I had squealed, it would have been different. If I had said anything about going to baptize two fellows in the Elkhorn; or about the photograph that some one sent to the eastern police; or about one time when I saw a fellow citizen anxious to head a crowd to find the man who shot at T. J. Smith in the dark; or about Hagerty's cedar posts; or about any of those things, his denial would be justifiable. But, Ge-Whiz! I didn't, but if he keeps on I may get reckless enough to give myself away and not care who knows it, the same as an old timer who once lived in the northern part of Holt county did.

He had been to camp meeting and skipped out early before the rest, and was so bewildered by the profundity of the sanctimonious exhortation, that he made a mistake and stopped at the wrong house and got into bed with the wrong fellow. When the meeting adjourned the rest missed him and suspecting his whereabouts, stopped and knocked. Hearing them coming he jumped out of bed and crawled under the bed and hid. They were told to come in and all sat down and began to enjoy a prolonged visit. It was a log house, and in a locality where rattle snakes were plenty, and often came into the houses, coiled up in corners, especially under the beds.

The fellow could hear the conversation of the visitors and lay still, but of a sudden his elbow touched a coiled bunch which he knew to be a rattle snake, and, quick as thought, came a whir and a blow, the snake had buried his fangs in the fellows' ear, with a yell like a comanche Indian, he went from under the bed, and out among the crowd of men and women (minus his daily apparel), and shouted, "I'm snake bit, and I don't give a d— who knows it." Of course consternation prevailed in the room, all knew he would die, and screaming "snakes" they rushed around not knowing what to do; one thoughtful old sister sucked the blood out of his ear, and the rest rushed for clubs to kill the snake, slowly and cautiously they moved the bed, and all stood ready with uplifted clubs to kill the snake, when, to their surprise they found an old setting hen, which had stolen its nest under the bed and was hatching, but had picked a hole in the ear of the now exposed hider.

This serves to show the folly of getting reckless before 'tis necessary, and I ain't going to shout snakes unless Doc gets me scared, and no use of being afraid I'm going to peach, for I ain't, he has no right to question by veracity, until it becomes necessary to make people suspicious, of what I say; if he does it again, he will have to take another dose of peach brandy. But he has acknowledged he met Jim Perry, and that Jim sent Cleveland to get their names and that he and Jim and Cleveland talked over starting a republican paper. Now I think our old friend Doc has slipped a cog, for I think that Jim Perry right then and there hitched up and brought his old school mate to O'Neill, and both drank peach brandy on the first trip, then went back to Jim's and knowing he could start the paper, came back on that equine skeleton he got from Jim Fegles, and took the stage back to Wisconsin.

The reason I think this, is because he says his first trip to O'Neill was in May. I started that saloon the 4th day May, 1880, and Joe Davis helped me attend bar for over a month. Johnnie Wynn helped to, and Gus Hagenstein, now of Spencer, helped put in the bar, which Doc says was an 18 inch plank, but instead it was made of inch boards painted blue, with a full front and shelves under the top, and I moved it just as it was down to the City Hotel where the Knights of Columbus Hall now stands, and turned it over to Barney Kearns when he took my place and by the way, it was between that bar and the stairs, in the old City Hotel, that Baeny was shot, and the evidence in the trial of Billy Reed included a description of that bar, it

was not a "plank about 18 inches wide." Gus Hagenstein helped me move it from Doc Daggert's drug store to the "Cottonwood board shanty" Doc Mathews tells about.

Now, for the Cottonwood board shanty. That small house where Doc took his "first drink" was all hardwood, sawed from hard pine logs on Long Pine Creek by H. M. Uttley, and hauled down to O'Neill by D. J. Sparks with a sorrel white faced team, and built and rented to teach school in. Dan Sullivan's sister, now I believe, Mrs. Arthur Barrett, taught school in it. Ask H. M. Uttley or Myron Sparks. I think he went to school there and should know.

Now our old friend Doc is a first class fellow, but he ought to know better than to contradict any thing I say, for he is sure to err in doing so.

He also says that he took the stage and that Bob Powers and Billy Meriman drove the line. Now he is right about Powers, but wrong about Billy Meriman, for Meriman the summer of '80 drove from O'Neill to Paddock and also occasionally to South Side or Old Keya Paha and I think Elmer Meriman exchanged with him occasionally, for Billy was going to help Doc and I put F. J. Fox and a whole bunch of his chums in the creek one dark night. Ask Elmer Meriman which is right, and I know, for Billy was sparking Kate McCormack who worked for Mrs. Martin in our Hotel.

Again Hank McEvony did tend bar for me, but it was after I had been running saloon a month when Joe Davis went to help Mr. Sparks put up hay the last of June or in July so he could not be in that small house in May on Doc's first trip; it must have been his second trip to O'Neill for he describes Old Hank just as he used to sit when alone in the bar, but he never attended bar in May. I did that myself and opened up in May, and borrowed the money from Jim Perry to pay the State License \$25 on a county order which I sold to Mike Long to get the \$25. So if he came to O'Neill he found me there in May, and he drank that Peach Brandy too, and said it was good. But I am not through yet, I am mad. I signed "Old Settler" and called myself "Jones" so that some one else would be suspected of writing that article and without the least compunction or remorse of conscience. Doc had to squeal on me, and now I am going to explode a Krupp Gun on him as a matter of revenge. He says when he and his family crossed the Missouri River the summer of 1880 the town of Niobrara was flooded with water, and they were traveling in boats and they were the streets in boats and they were the river two miles. Now the heavy rains of 1880 washed out some small bridge west of town and kept my humble servant a prisoner in Niobrara nearly a week, with my load of beer and booze in Pete McStays' and Charley Dilge's back yard, while I was being entertained by the Rev. Williams whom every day took a long walk, "arm, in arm" around the town with me, and no boats ever floated over those streets in the summer of 1880. Now the whole world knows that the big snows of 1880 and 1881 caused the floods in Niobrara in the spring and summer of 1881 a year after Doc came here, and the boats were used then and only then, and that fall the town was moved up the river two miles.

Doc, you see, saw the boats then and got the sight confounded with the time he crossed in 1880. He also saw Old Hank McEvony in my saloon in June or July and got it mixed with his first trip to town. Now this must be so for he tells about Hostetters Bitters bottles. Now I never had Hostetters Bitters bottles. (That was a ruse of Doc Daggert's to sell under his drug license and had fine demijohns which I remember well, as a wild and wooly patron nearly knocked a hole in my upper story with one. Doc has that mixed with some other time he and Hank took a "dose" in Daggert's or Capwell's. You can safely bet your chancens in the next world that Doc drank peach brandy on his first trip.

He also says: "My good old erratic Irish friend." Now if he had understood "good" two or three times I would like it better, but that word "erratic" means changing, wandering, unfickle, unstable. Well, if that don't gag the natives. Why, I never changed my politics; I never was

either a republican or democrat. I was always a christian and enjoyed the constancy of that pleasure.

Why in 1882 I asked Hon. M. P. Kinkaid to run for state senator, so as to build a bridge over the Niobrara river. That project caused more political fighting, personal hatred and rag chewing, in the state, than any thing else and after thirty-four years fighting I just drove for the first time July 3, 1916, to-day, across the bridge and got home to read in The Frontier that I was "erratic".

Why Doc if you only knew how I made up my mind to stay in this country and the many, and various ways the people have tried to get me to change my mind, and not a change yet. Now Doc I am going to write a book and I am going to be good about it. I don't want you to challenge me to a deadly combat, if you do, that gives me the choice of weapons and I will choose a long distance telephone and I will make you wish the boat had capsized in the streets of Niobrara and drowned you there in 1880.

If I can get Doc as a deadly adversary, and in a linguistic battle, I will kill him off by an inexhaustible magazine of ammunition and he will die in spasms or with spinal meningitis.

But I am mad. He said I was "erratic", that is, whimsical, notional, fickle and so on, changeable. Why that is preposterous! I tried to get married for thirty-six years and never changed my mind once, but I kept right on trying. I know a great many people who joined church, and went from one church to another. Now I never changed once.

I have read the different kinds of heavens presented by the various tribes of man; the Jews theory of "Golden Gates" and marble floors, and angels with golden wings, and the Golden Throne with the 30,000 jewels in the crown of the Diety, and yet have remained unchanged, for I know the Jew loves gold and precious stones. I have studied of the Esquimaux's heaven, of a grand ice palace and his eternal feast of blubber and fat after death in his heaven; but I knew he loved blubber and fat and an ice palace on earth, and had also made a heaven consistent with his love of earthly things; so I did not change then, nor go and sit on a cake of ice and try to drink fish oil or kerosene. I still was steadfast. I used to hunt and fish with the American Indian in the cool and shady forests of Northern Wisconsin, where summer resorts now are; but then the cool running brooks and crystal lakes were only disturbed by the sounds of singing birds or splashing deer, and although an Indian story I loved the "Happy Hunting Ground" and fancied a heaven among the beauties of the "God of Nature" more enticing than among the gold and jewels of the "God of the Jew", but yet I remained unchanged, and yet Doc called me "erratic".

Well at last I read the book of Mahomet, the Koran, and here I found another theory of heaven and how Mahomet got to his heaven and found it by riding a very fast horse, a flying horse, into heaven, his heaven, which was a church full of beautiful women, and by gosh that, I will acknowledge at last, got my goat. I always loved a fast horse and a nice one, and a beautiful woman and I just about concluded to go to Mahomet's heaven.

Well I got the fastest and nicest horse that ever trod the western plains and was going to call him "Pegasus" but John McDonough called him "Tyron" and I was seriously contemplating riding in search of Mahomet's heaven when, just about that time, I married the nicest looking woman God Almighty ever made, and I never gave a darn for Mahomet's heaven since. This you see was the success of a life pursuit without a change, and still that vilifying "Doc" called me "erratic".

Now if you think Doc ain't off and got things mixed, ask Charley Millard if he didn't see Billy Meriman, Gus Hagenstein and myself down in the basement of the old City Hotel in the summer of 1880, on the evening of a week day after he had got back with the mail. Now he never could be there if he was carrying mail with Bob Powers or on that line, for he could not get to town until dark. Next witness, call Frank Campbell, he lived in

(Continued on page eight)

THE SMALL ACCOUNT

Many people hesitate about opening a Bank Account, because they have not much money with which to make the start. They seem to think a small sum is to trival. They overlook the fact that the preatest fortunes in the world began with small sums—are composed of single dollars—made up of single dollars. This Bank has never put a limit upon the amount with which you can open an account with us. We welcome the small, thrifty depositor. Some day such a depositor is BOUND to become a big depositor. May we welcome you here—never mind how small an amount you may bring?

Always remember life holds nothing trival.—Louis XI.

THE O'NEILL NATIONAL BANK

O'Neill, Nebraska

This bank carries no indebtedness of officers or stockholders and we are a member of The Federal Reserve Bank. Capital, surplus and undivided profits \$100,000.00.

The Life Blood of Industry

That is money. The heart of industry, that pumps this lifeblood all over the industrial body, is the Banking System.

If your own heart action is right, your body is apt to be healthy. If your banking transactions are done with the Nebraska State Bank, your business affairs are likely to be properly arranged.

The Officers of the Nebraska State Bank will gladly explain the advantages of this bank to you.

Nebraska State Bank