

GRADY'S GROCERY

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(Phones—68—126)

O'Neill, Nebraska

BRAVE BACHELORS.

O'Neill's Galaxy of Gallant Gentlemen Should Suit the Most Fastidious of Fair Females.

(An O'Neill lady recently ran across the following Leap Year Story of the desirables of thirty-one years ago, and wonders how those of next year will compare):

The Frontier fears the golden opportunities of leap year are not being properly appreciated by the fair females of O'Neill, and thus early in the season desires to direct attention to a few of the "attractions" we have on our list.

If the gentlemen enumerated in this truthful writup have not done their duty it is no excuse for the dear ladies who are now longing for a lover in loveless singleness if this unhappy condition continues. Now is your time, girls, and if you do not make a dash that sticks this year you deserve to develop into sour old maids.

In the words of Eli the philosopher and poet, "get there" hard while it is in your hands to do so. The list we have prepared is equal to any in the west of equal number, considered physically, morally and financially, and it would be unpardonable if the ladies permit any of the boys to remain single.

John P. Mann, a smooth article, about 33 years old, all wool, a yard wide, the quaint essence of affability, and with the "stuff" to draw on is an exceptionally good catch. He is wily as a trout however, and the angler will necessarily have to be very judicious and discreet in handling the rod or she will lose him even after getting him on the hook. Habits—pretty good, an after supper cigar and a bot-

tle of imported "Kaiser" with his friends, Mc and Doc, being about the extent of his "sins."

Tom Morris, steady and reliable at all times, about 35 summers, a great smoker but will reform if tenderly handled. Is ready for the sacrifice, but not jump at the first offer by any means. Has had offers the last four leap years and declined. His b. l. a. is rather of an inducement as it drives away dull care.

Dr. P. C. Corrigan is the dandy dude of 'em all, the enemy of the men and to the women an enigma unsolved. Great care must be exercised in popping, as the slick doctor is easily frightened. A good plan would be to make the declaration to his phonograph, and then when the doc gets it in the cool of the morning, it will paralyze his nerve, and if couched in language sufficiently elegant acceptance is liable to follow. Habits good; age anywhere from 25 to 40 years. (The above has got to go, although the doctor has just returned from an eastern trip with a wife.)

Jake Hershiser, Corrigan's right bower, is worthy of any of the girls, and the only chance to make a Benedict out of him will be during leap year, as he is extremely modest, but as he also is obliging it will be hard work for him to refuse. Neither smokes, chews or drinks; age about 25 years; finances in good shape. Call at the store some noon hour when Doc is at dinner, take Jake confidentially down back of the perscription case as innocently as though you wanted an ounce of frummenti or an Alcock porous plaster, and then ask the question plump and fair. In his surprise he cannot refuse.

Clyde King, the Kid, slick, sleek and slim, affects a surfeit of female adoration, but withal is susceptible if properly approached. Feed him taffy

to start on.
 R. R. Dickson, the warm-haired disciple of Blackstone, young in years but old in sin—no, not sin, experience we mean—has it in him to be a magnificent family man, providing some attractive woman can coax him to take time to have the knot tied. Chews a little, drinks ditto, rustles a lot, and will be rich, very rich, when he realizes on his Hot Springs property. Easily approached, cannot be frightened, and will say no emphatically if not suited. A good subject to practice on.

John Weekes, about 25 years, no bad habits mentionable, in good condition and a prime article for a husband. You must catch him out of the treasurer's office, take him to some secluded place without exciting his suspicion that it is not politics, be very confidential, smile sweetly, look lovingly, propose modestly and then the chances are you will be refused.

John Hazlett—well, now girls, here is a good boy, if he is red-headed, age 25 winters and 24 summers, no bad habits to particularize, very easily affected by female influences, but we opine will fight shy of entangling alliances. Handle him quietly and get him pledged before he realizes the situation.

John McHugh, though comparatively a new comer, has a presence in the bank, on the street and at the teapichorean festivals which causes the average citizen, particularly citizens of the female persuasion, to conclude that he would be a desirable catch indeed, and he is the subject of many admiring glances. Age two dozen and two; habits good. A nice girl with financial prospects will captivate him—some-time—perhaps.

Frank Mann, in the language of one of The Frontier's lady friends, "is the most fascinating creature alive." He has a faculty of adapting himself to all circumstances, no matter how perplexing, and is perfectly at home either in a dress suit and frilled shirt, or cowboy pants and a revolver. Frank is not only a very gallant youth, but has it in him to make a successful business man. He is out to Spencer just now—and, say—that wouldn't be a bad place to go to begin operation. Its a trifle lonely there, and the matter could be more easily adjusted. Our advice is to take a carriage and proceed to Spencer at once. (A bird which just flew through the broken glass in our office door, says that the candidate is pledged, and its no use to attempt to break the iron bond oath.) This is sad.

Dr. C. A. Wells, so much of a chum of McHugh's that he sleeps in his bed, drinks his—water, wears his clothes, uses his toothbrush, reads his love letters, counts his chips, stacks his cards, and calls him "Canada Jack," is a sporty brunette of so pronounced a type that Prof. Hazlett insists that he is an Ethiopian from darkest Africa, or at least is a Florida refugee, 36 years old, good habits aside from gum chewing and cubed smoking, and would make a sweet hubby, as is evidenced from his gallantry toward all females, especially pretty ones. The girl who captures the Doc must have music in her soul, love in her heart and gold in her teeth.

Will Adams, young enough to be manageable, sweet enough to be lovable, and long enough to be useful, needs only to be asked. The proper way is to "wheel" into his good graces and thus tap his nice little bank account.

Pat and Jim, brothers, McManus are among the most eligible, and it is a shame to permit them to hide their light under a bushel or waste their sweetness on the desert air, although Jim is not doing that sort of thing to any alarming extent. Pat, however, is fancy free, handsome as a god (with a little g you notice) and just about the right age to start on the matrimonial voyage in proper shape and steer clear of all breakers.

Jesse Mellor, our lean and lank, though withal handsome, generalissimo of the city transfer line, is a subject worthy of the careful consideration of the girls. Age a score and a quarter, habits most exemplary, barring an inordinate and uncontrollable passion for fan-tan, and—say, when it comes to hearts he discounts all the boys—we mean that he avoids capturing hearts with surprising success, and unless some bewitching girl places her heart on a silver dollar and presents it to him draped with a five dollar bill she will get left. And don't forget to praise the mules.

Levi Hershiser is too attentive to business perhaps to be popular with the young folks, because he always keeps his lights brightly burning, which is not conducive to unalloyed and successful courtship. However we are inclined to think he would break the circuit if it would result in a "pop."

Homer Garretson, the electrician and engineer, is a smooth article just of age, and if the conditions are right and all connections properly made, insulations perfect, no wet blankets on his dynamo, is capable of switching on a shock when the proposal is made that will pleasantly electrify the heart of the proposee and culminate in the most burning love, and light with effulgence all their walks of life.

Dick Dwyer and Tim Hanley, the twins of Sullivan's trade palace, are a pair of eligibles not to be sneezed at. They are susceptible, too, and being much sought after it is necessary to make advances early in the season, as they are bound to go in '92. Combined age just fifty-two and a half; habits good, complexion a trifle dark, nationality Italian.

Ed. Grady is a jewel of the first water, attentive to business, affable and sun-tempered, age about 28 years, and as the best things are done up in

small packages, the girl who gets Ed. can rest assured she has drawn a capital prize. Prospects, a good business and a mine in the black hills.

Will Blair is lightning itself either at the depot or in society, and will soon be taken out of the list if appearances are not deceptive. Age about a quarter of a century and habits good.

James Cavanaugh, whose tastes and accomplishments would suit the most fastidious; is about 25, genial, sociable and with plenty of first-class, unadulterated Irish wit. The head of the family of which James is an honored member has a most enviable reputation as a humorist, and the son in this case has inherited much of the old gentleman's genius. Jim is what might be termed a "good catch," but the catcher must necessarily exercise considerable calm deliberation when the times comes to apply the bait. Therefore, the writer, would caution the fair ones to go easy and not break into the mystic charm of bachelorhood too suddenly in this case.

Gene Norton is young, but so far as known has not been taken in. A few smiles, liberally bestowed at certain intervals, would do for a starter, and then it would be advisable to drop a pair of gloves or a necktie in his path. A short ride into the country or a moonlight stroll on the bridge would finish the business for Gene. (N. B.—The only point against the subject is that he hails from Niobrara.)

Otto Miltz, whose name is an indication of his nationality—and the nationality is O. K.—is a quiet, orderly young man who has a good start in the cigar business, and who would be able to blow beautiful ringlets of pure Havana happiness around the fireplace of a modest, humble home—the humbler the better. Age, not given in the last census. Red moustache—but that could be amputated.

And there's Sammy Thompson—who could object to Sam? An extraordinary good helpmate, Sam would make, for he is a first-class cook and is able to get up a dish of oysters or fry an egg to a turn without burning his fingers or swearing. Has a good start in business, and is endowed with a first-class variety of hustle. A Nebraska boy, age 23, and hair a delicate brown. Has made declaratory statement to the effect that he will establish a moustache, the one he has being the outgrowth of the filing of first papers.

Dennis Cronin, the bashful young Greek editor and printer, is a good match for some fair damsel, and if he should pie a form or two in endeavoring to get rid of being proposed to don't be alarmed. He is so bashful to know.

Mike Bayer, age and nationality unknown, says he is not in it at all, but as he is reported to have a sock full of rocks hid away somewhere he should be looked after.

Pat and Jack Mullen are the pick of the Mullen family, and as they are much sought after since coming to town they are bound to go off soon. Get right after 'em if you don't want to get left.

Harvey Bently is about the right age to think about it now rather seriously, and there is no doubt but a hitch-up could be effected. Handle gently.

Will McNichols, age 22, habits out of sight, can be reached best when on his rounds with the delivery wagon. Meet him at the kitchen door and when he works you for a grocery order you work him for his heart and hand.

Arthur Coykendall—Taken, measured, wrapped up and labeled with a precautionary note to "handle with care." No bidders need apply.

Romaine Saunders, The Frontier's handsome job printer, has a well developed ambition to be a historian, but by a little persuasion could be induced to take to matrimony instead. No bad habits at all, except smoking. Age 22, moustache and light hair, has a 3-year-old colt, and a buggy bargained for. Printers always make good husbands, and Romaine is no exception to the general rule. Apply at the side door after office hours.

The Newell boys although new comers should not be counted out on that score. They are manly, ambitious young men, ages 21 and 19 respectively, and with a leaning toward athletics, but by that term we do not mean brutish fighting, but legitimate sport and gymnastics. They are from Grand Island, and are city bred; gentlemanly, polite, with fascinating eyes and hair curled with a pitchfork.

And there are the two Gibbons boys—Miles and Pat. Pat lives most of the time at Spencer, but that should not go against him. Of course not, who said it would? Spencer is not a bad place. Sanford Parker and Sumner Adams live there. Pat is able to hoe his own row. Has a strong fascination for turkey shoots and raffles, but is a rustler. Miles is a young man after his father's own heart, and is so proud of the city of O'Neill and so much taken up with her charms that nothing will induce him to stay away. Not even the chance of securing a diploma from a celebrated college would induce him to remain away. Handle Miles tenderly, drop a hint or two unobserved, and the path is clear.

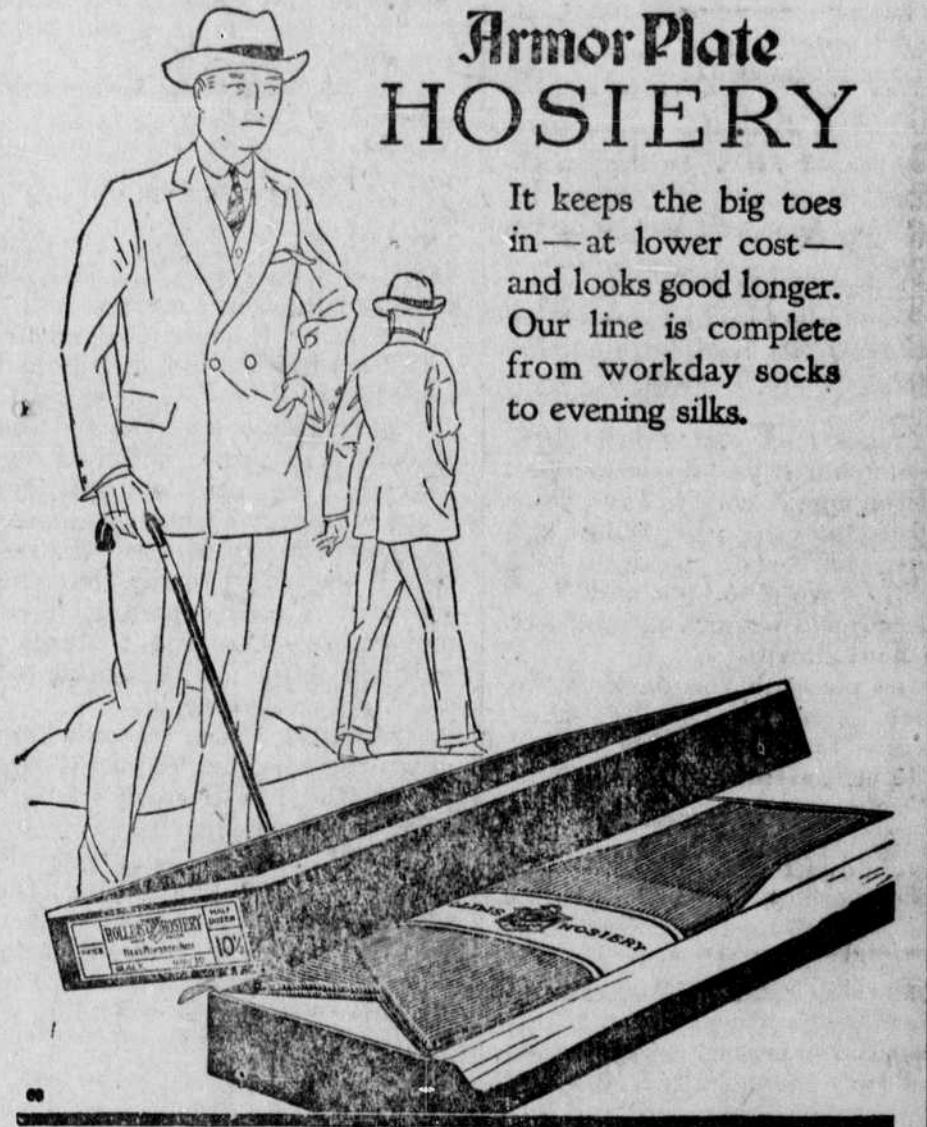
M. D. Long, the little Phil Sheridan of Holt county in the days of auld lang sine, when he was clerk and Flannagan, Bitney and Townsend were commissioners, is still in the ring, refumigated, renovated, rectified, restored and rebuilt by the famous Keeley cure (institute at O'Neill) will make some woman a splendid hubby. We desire to help Mike out right here. He says that the Keeley treatment for a time impairs the memory, that he is under the impression he was engaged to

Men!

we can recommend

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Bowens Racket Store

some lady, but when he returned home he couldn't remember who it was. Will the lady please take pity on Mike's unfortunate condition and put him right. Age 36 years, habits good, you bet, nationality French with a very slight mixture of Irish.

H. E. Murphy, the alliance orator and fine political schemer, is a couple of dozen years of age, and also essays to act on the stage and practice law. He is on the market and swears that he will accept the first offer. Now, don't all speak at once.

Jim Harrington is all right, but he is spoken for, so no need to tantalize the girls by enumerating his virtues.

Pat Biglin, the dexterous mixologist, age 26, can be caught first rattle out of the box if approached right. Praise his dog, admire his—Pat's—phiz and physique, flatter his picture in the cigar case—we mean Pat's, not the dog's picture, and then set 'em up to the house.

Ed. E. Evans, the quarter of a century plant that blooms in the bank basement, and essays the role of farmer-editor, is irrevocably pledged, and there is no use of the girls wasting time on him. He will make a good husband, however, and if you have

nerve wade in and break the combination. Roscoe Conkling, at this day and date the only living Roscoe, has we understand re-entered the ranks of eligibles for this season only. Age uncertain; the habits and address of a genial gentleman.

M. P. Kinkaid, our worthy district judge, while last on our list is by no means least in the lottery of matrimony. He is a trifle particular to be sure, but he is a courteous, dignified gentleman, whose affable ways subdue the storms of political passion and prejudice incident to man, and it is reasonable to suppose with the opposite sex he could, should and will in time be as successful, unless leap year privileges result favorably. He is wary however and must be handled with care. It will take time to make the victory sure, but the prize is worth the effort. Age a little short of forty, habits the best, a big bank account, and an honorable position.

This list has grown lengthy for one write-up, and so we will close it, with this admonition to the ladies: Wade in.

And if at first you don't succeed try, try again.

Closing Out Sale!!

My Entire Stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubber Footwear, etc., Will go on Sale

Saturday, March 17

Goods Must Be Sold.

Arthur Ryan

CASH FOR EGGS!

- Flour, Fancy Patent..... \$1.60
- Tea, per package 35c
- Peanut Butter, per lb..... 25c
- Tomatoes, per can 15c
- Jello, 2 packages 25c
- Cocoa, per pound 12½c
- Cooked Macaroni, can..... 25c
- Maple Sugar, per lb..... 35c

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J. C. Horiskey