

FUTURE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA

Who and What He Is, Officially and Privately—He is a Farmer and is Identified With the Producing Class.

A Man of Education and Wide Range of Business Experience—His Home Life For Twenty Years on His Boone County Farm.

Abion, Neb., Aug. 3.—Between the daybreak and sunrise on last Wednesday morning 2,500 delegates, representing more than 125,000 voters of the state of Nebraska, rose to their feet as one man and acclaimed W. A. Poynter their choice for candidate for governor of the state. Within less than fifty hours after he had appeared before the delegates to the three conventions in Lincoln and acknowledged the applause which shook the three houses, a visitor to William A. Poynter's farm, who came upon him without warning, found the candidate clad in blue overalls, attending to the morning work of the dairy department of his farm, having just milked the cows in the barn, and running the machinery of the butter-making plant with his own hands. The two situations would seem incongruous with some men, but to one who knows W. A. Poynter, and knows his daily habits of work, the appearance of the candidate for governor in overalls had nothing about it that suggested the out of place. The same man was there watching the work of the farm, as he has for twenty years past, that had stood before the applauding multitude in Lincoln.

A PLAIN MAN.
That W. A. Poynter is a man who, as those who know him best see him, surroundings have but little effect in detracting from, and mere outward conditions are of too little relative importance to add to the impression made by him. Those who have lived with him longest and know him best will bear this in mind.

The home of the fusion candidate for governor of Nebraska is on the quarter section of land where he settled in 1879. It was then merely a quarter section, 160 acres of prairie land. Now it is a farm whose tillage will compare favorably with the best models of the land. When it is said that the owner takes chiefest pride in saying that every tree that now grows there and every post that has been set upon the land was done with his own hands it will be appreciated how he only went from the nominating convention back to the daily avocation that has been his for nearly twenty years at the same place.

A FARMER GOVERNOR.
On the walls of the ante-room of the governor's office at Lincoln are portraits of the past governors of the state. These are Butler, Furnas, Garber, Nance, Dawes, Thayer, Boyd, Crouse and Holcomb, the latter being entitled to a place because the portrait is usually hung at the close of the first term. These cover the time since the state was admitted into the union and though it is, and always has been, a distinctly farming community, there has been no governor since Furnas who was an actual farmer; that is, one who had made farming his chief life business. When W. A. Poynter's portrait is hung there beside those named it will be entitled to the designation of farmer governor. He will be entitled to this both because for nearly twenty years he has worked on his farm with his own hands and because he has done that work well. In all the years when the rough, hard work of breaking out the prairie and building the farm and home was in progress there was never a hired man kept on the Poynter farm up to four or five years ago.

DOWN IN OLD KAINTUUCK.
William A. Poynter was born on a farm near Eureka, Woodford county, Illinois, in 1848, and attended the village schools until he was 16 years old. His father was a minister of the Christian church and William united with that organization at an early age, and he and his wife are now communicants of that church. When he was 16 years old he entered Eureka college, from which he graduated after taking the full course, when he was 19. For two or three years he taught school, his first employment being as principal of a village school in his neighborhood. About this time, in 1869, he was married to Miss Mariah McCorkle, herself the daughter of a minister, and like her husband, she traces her ancestry back to the Blue Grass state. Poynter's father and grandfather were born within a few miles of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. For a short time young Poynter engaged in mercantile pursuits, and then farmed until in 1879, when he moved to his present home and settled upon the land which is now his farm, eight miles northwest of Abion, in Boone county. The Boone county of that day was not the succession of well tilled farms it is today, and it is remembered by old residents that the Poynter house was the only frame structure for twelve miles up and down the valley of Plum creek. All there were of any other kind were built out of the native sod. Mrs. Poynter recalled the other day how on one Sunday afternoon, soon after they had erected their first house, she and her husband walked up to the top of a ridge half a mile or so from their home and looked out over the beautiful rolling prairie as it stretched away for miles on every hand, and there was not a human habitation except their own in sight. Here the young couple lived and worked at their self-imposed life task of making a home in the wilderness, and at the same time ex-

tending a helping hand and words of encouragement to others who came after them. Their life work was that of thousands on the western prairies for many years. After a time the vigorous young farmer came to know and appreciate his qualities of mind and heart, and they sent him to the legislature, and then again they recognized him. This was in 1882 and 1884, and then in 1888 he was the candidate for state auditor on the democratic ticket. In 1890 he was elected to the state senate, and in the session of the succeeding winter he was, as the recognized leader of the populist forces of that body, made president pro tem. of the senate. In 1894 he was the populist candidate for congress in the Third congressional district, the democrats and populists each having a candidate, George D. Melkjohn, the republican, was elected, though he received only a little over one-half of the votes cast. In the meantime, W. A. Poynter, although he had, in addition to his participation in politics, as shown, taken active interest in the various farmers' organizations, had become well known in the management and active work of the State Agricultural society, of which he is still a member, and as such holds a position on the board of state fair managers; he had taken active part in the State Dairy-men's association, and is one of the board of directors, and besides this he has given much time to lectures before agricultural institutes on dairying. On this topic he is quoted as an authority wherever known, and his reputation as a dairy farmer is not confined to Nebraska.

MR. POYNTER AT HOME.
In local agricultural affairs in Boone county W. A. Poynter has been one of the leaders, and for six years just past he was president of the Boone county fair association, and he and his associates made it not only known all over the state, but one of the few financially successful institutions of its kind. Here would appear to be enough work to fill the time of any ordinarily busy man, but in addition to this he has, as said before, tilled with his own hands the 160 acres of land on which he and his family live. Since his son has come to age to be of assistance he has been a valuable ally in the management of the farm, and during the time of vacations it is mostly in his hands.

A BUSY LIFE.
There is, after all of this politics, local public matters, state associations and farm work is attended to, still leisure time in the Poynter home, and this by no means wasted time, but is utilized by parents and young people. There is a daughter, Miss Josie, aged 18, in the family. Parents and children have for years, and do today, keep abreast of the times in all that is of interest in the scientific, commercial, political and literary world. Book shelves filled with the standard works on those subjects which are occupying the students of the day, and tables strewn with the latest magazines attest this to the casual visitor. The head of the family takes delight in trying to keep abreast of the young thought of the day as it is exemplified in the son and daughter, who are both state university students and hard workers, and good thinkers. The culture which came to W. A. Poynter as the result of his college course has not been lost, but through all these years his wits have been kept sharp and his ideas up to date by the hardest kind of study. One of his neighbors, President Mose Thompson of the Abion National bank, said of him that Poynter's chief characteristic which distinguished him from most men was the thoroughly up-to-date and accurate knowledge which he possessed on all matters in which he was interested.

AN IDEAL HOME.
The home of the Poynter family is the ideal home of the farmer. It is not a lordly mansion. It is what would be at once called a comfortable home. A part of the one-story frame house was framed in Illinois and brought along when the young man and wife, with their infant boy, first moved out there. It has been since added to, and today from the outside the visitor sees a white painted cottage nestled among shade trees, with a grassy yard, and here and there bright hued flowers surrounding it. Inside there is evidence before the threshold is passed that refinement, such as only a cultured gentleman can impart, has done more to give character to this home than the mere builder of walls and putter on of roofs.

MRS. WILLIAM A. POYNTER.
The wife who has stood by the husband in the work of breaking out the farm has impressed her personality on every room, and every article of furniture. Mrs. Poynter impresses the most casual acquaintance by the quiet dignity of her presence and it is quickly seen that her intellectual husband and bright son and daughter give her deference not merely from affection for the kindly, gracious spirit that lends a soft light to her eyes, but as much because they see and admire in her learning and culture the ideal after which they themselves strive. Side by side with her children and husband, she

goes in all the studies which interest them, and only one who has known the helpfulness of such a wife and mother can appreciate what a factor she must be in her quiet way in the success of husband and of children. Mrs. Poynter, like her husband, takes an interest in bettering the methods of farm work as it touches the housewife. At meetings of farmers' wives her papers on poultry raising and household topics are as eagerly looked for and received with as much deference as are her husband's on dairying.

The rule in the Poynter household is that the greatest part of the evening is devoted to chats on subjects which have been brought up by recent reading or have presented themselves in the course of the day's work. The father makes it a rule of his life to study the science of things touching farm matters and to apply this and all knowledge practicable to his daily work. In the free parliament the mother is the arbiter of all disputed points, and the soundness of her judgment is attested by dozens of the neighbors, who know her well. One of these, a man who has mixed with the world, said the other day: "It will be a pleasure to see Mrs. Poynter in the position of wife of the governor of the state of Nebraska, because we who know her best know how gracefully she will meet all the requirements of the position."

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.
W. A. Poynter is what is known as a general farmer, and he has a specialty in the shape of a dairy herd. How successful he has been in this work need not be told further than has already. That success has been of the highest order. One of the characteristics of the man is his thoroughness in whatever he goes into. This is illustrated by the testimony of an expert, who told the writer that Poynter's herd of hogs would rank with the two or three best herds in the state. Now, the hogs on his farm are merely an incident to the herd of dairy cattle, but the rule to make of everything the best possible has brought the hog herd up to the front rank of those whose owners make of that branch of stock breeding a specialty. The rule on the Poynter farm is to have no scrubs, and everything is thoroughbred Hereford, Poland China and Plymouth Rocks.

A POYNTER STORY.
It is told of W. A. Poynter that when he first talked of coming out to Nebraska his neighbors in Illinois thought it was foolish for him to do such a thing as to bury himself on the unbroken prairie, as they thought. One of these called his attention to the well known fact that his (Poynter's) father was well-to-do and would help him to a business start and on his death the property would naturally be divided so that William would be comfortable in his old age. Why would he leave all this and go off to the barren, or at least untried, western frontier. William listened to the talk and then plainly told why he was going to make the change. "If I stay here I will always be the son of my father. If I go out there whatever of success may come to me will be mine and I will be known as W. A. Poynter. However small that success may be and however circumscribed the life I may have to lead, the feeling that I am indebted to no one's influence, but only to my own exertions, will fully compensate me." This was the key to one side of W. A. Poynter's character. A sturdy independence that accords ease and competency to the result of being "the son of his father" is just like W. A. Poynter.

IS A GOOD NEIGHBOR.
One of the things in which W. A. Poynter takes pride is that in the twenty years he has lived at his present home he has never had a disagreement with a neighbor, and there is not one, no matter who it would be, who would not do all he could to help him in a neighborly way. The story has been told around the state for some time that when the drought of 1890 left the most of the farmers without seed grain Poynter, with his neighbors, would naturally what he had and only asked them to return him bushel for bushel from the next crop. Certain it is that the owner of this farm which has never seen an approach to a failure in the twenty years, except in 1894, when the state suffered, is held in the highest esteem and regard by his neighbors.

A witness of this was seen when the people of Abion and surrounding country turned out to give their hearty congratulations to their neighbor and friend upon his nomination for governor. Republicans, democrats, populists and all political parties were represented in this gathering.

REPUBLICANS TESTIFY TO HIS WORTH.
Moses Thompson, republican, and president of the National bank of Abion; F. M. Sackett, grain dealer, realtor and publisher of the News; D. Brewer, lumber and coal dealer, and other citizens of opposite politics joined in the heartiest commendation of the character of W. A. Poynter. Brewer said "he will make, if elected, the best of governors. The general sentiment of the part of the community opposed to W. A. Poynter in politics is reflected in the following from the pen of A. W. Ladd, editor of the News, the Abion republican paper:

W. A. POYNTER FOR GOVERNOR.
"The News always rejoices at the good fortune of honorable recognition of any citizen of Boone county. It is thus we can truly say we rejoice at the honor which was bestowed on our fellow citizen, W. A. Poynter, in being nominated for governor on the triple-alliance ticket. If this state must have a populist governor, we believe Mr. Poynter will make the best one of any of the names mentioned for that office. Laying politics aside, Mr. Poynter is one of our county's best and most enterprising citizens, and if elected will be a credit to our county. It is to be regretted that he did not receive this nomination two or four years ago, when he could be elected, as it would be quite a valuable acquisition to our county to have a sure enough governor in our midst. It is too soon to judge how his nomination will be received by the different conflicting elements of the several parties participating in his election, but the unexpected strength he showed on the first ballot was a surprise to everybody. While it is not probable many republicans will feel inclined to vote for him, we predict that the vote of Boone county will be reasonably satisfactory to him."
D. H. B.

JOE OF WASHOE. How He Kept His Promise to a Woman.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the horn at Tin Pan Diggings began to blow, and 400 men threw down pick and spade and hastened to what was called the public square. As they came running in all directions they found half a dozen men surrounding a camp mate, and the cause of the alarm was soon explained. The prisoner, who was known as Jim Rodgers, was a hanger-on. That meant a speculator and a gambler and a general blackleg. He had been "warned" two or three times, but he stuck to the camp, and that afternoon, having been detected in cheating at cards, he had drawn his gun and attempted to kill. The horn had been sounded and the men called in to give the man a trial before Judge Lynch. He was defiant until he looked around upon the hundreds of stern faces and caught the muttered words of menace. Then he grew pale and silent. The president of the diggings acted as judge. It didn't take over thirty minutes to settle the case.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, when the jury had returned a verdict of guilty, "we ar' goin' to hang you. We ain't no wolves thiratin' for blood, and we ain't anxious to make no record in the matter of haste. You will be duly executed arter breakfast in the mornin'."

That was all. The prisoner had nothing to say, and most of the miners went back to their work. The man was put under guard in one of the shanties, and there were none to defend or plead for him. At sundown Joe of Washoe arrived on horseback. Nearly everybody at Tin Pan knew him for the "squares" man in all the diggings, and he was warmly welcomed. He learned of the trial and sentence, of course. Indeed, the judge said to him:

"Joe, I'm powerful glad you ar' here. We've got to hang a critter in the mornin', and I want things reg'lar and shipshape. 'Pears to me like there order be some singin' or readin' from the bible, or suthin'. It don't look right to hang a man same's as you kill a dog. Jest think it over and help us out."

"I'll take a look at him and see what's to be done," replied Joe, and half an hour later he was admitted to the shanty where the man lay bound. Joe looked at him long and keenly, and then drew a deep breath and said: "I was afraid of it when they told me about you. I was on your trail, and if I could have got here before noon it would have been all right."

"You—you have seen her?" stammered the man.

"For sure. She's over at Sand Hill."

"And looking for me?"

"And looking for you. She's been looking for days and weeks. You must be the meanest, low-down critter on the face of the earth."

"I've been a bad man," sighed the prisoner.

"And you'll deserve being hung."

They conversed for an hour or more, and when Joe of Washoe left the shanty he left a bottle of whisky with the miner who had just come on duty to stand sentinel for the night. To the president Joe reported:

"Yes, it'll be more ship-shape and civilized to pray or sing suthin', and I'll think it out during the night."

When daylight came the sentinel was found in a drunken sleep, and the prisoner was missing. Joe's horse was also found to have vanished during the night. Nobody could say what hour the man had escaped, but it was certain that he was safe from any pursuit by the miners. There was a loud outcry and general indignation, and when the drunken sentinel was at last aroused there were a hundred men who demanded that he be hung in the other's place. Down upon the "hanging tree" there was a barrel on end with a noosed rope dangling from a limb. While men were crowding and shouting and demanding Washoe Joe unbuckled his gun, removed his hat and jacket, and making his way through the jam, mounted the barrel and slipped the noose over his head. The whole camp followed and surrounded him, and presently a great hush fell upon the crowd. Then he looked calmly about him and said:

"A week ago a little woman reached Sand Hill by the stage—the first woman ever seen in that town. She was little and she was purty, and her heart was breakin'. She had come a thousand miles—she had braved the Injuns and the hardships—she had dared morn' a man—jest to hunt up that critter you was calculatin' to hang this mornin'. He is her brother."

There was something almost appalling in the silence around the speaker, and he was paler as he continued:

"No matter what he was, she didn't know it. She jest looked upon him as a bit wild and a wanderer. There was an old mother back in the states who was grievin' and weepin', and who wanted to see her boy again before death came. When that little woman told me the story—when she told me of her long journey and how she had sarched and sarched and been disappointed—when she appealed to me to aid her, I gin her my hand an my promise. It was the hand and promise of Joe of Washoe, and he never goes back on either."

his heart, and has still got a feelin' for his mother and sister, and he'll go because I'll hunt him down and kill him if he don't. That was the understandin' before I helped him off. Yes, I helped him off. I cut his bonds and told him to take my horse and ride like the devil, and by this time he's jined his sister."

There were angry shouts from a hundred throats at the admission, but Joe waved his hand for silence and said:

"She was a woman, and I felt sorry for her and gin her my promise. I had to play Tin Pan Diggings low down to keep my word, but I didn't run away from you. No, I stayed right yere to explain matters, and to say that you shan't be disappointed in a hangin'. I'd a heap rather died with a gun in my hand and for a better man, but she was a little woman, and she was breakin' her heart. Gentlemen, let the hangin' proceed."

No man moved or spoke.

"I'm up yere with the noose about my neck, and if some of you will kick the bar' away I'll make as good a show as the man who got away."

They began to fall back. They kept their eyes on the man, but they fell back and melted away from him and never uttered a word. He looked down upon them with folded arms and a queer smile on his face, and by and by only one man was left—the president of the diggings.

"What's the matter, Tom?" queried the man on the barrel.

"No hangin', Joe," was the laconic reply.

"But why?"

"Because she was a purty little woman who had come a thousand miles, and he was her brother!"

Tricks in the Laundry Business.
"Many people have never known how the laundries of Denver worked the bunco racket on patrons while they were running cheap prices," said a man yesterday who was driver of one of the wagons, says the Denver Post.

"For months it has cost only five cents to have a white shirt rendered fit for further service in some of the laundry offices. During the same period other laundries have been charging 10 cents for shirts, and they have been explaining that the ten-cent was the superior to the one that cost five cents.

"This is where the men were fooled, but they did not know it, hence it is all the same in the end. Many people would be happier if they knew less of many things. The same laundry houses have been keeping different offices, some for the cheap trade and some for the high-priced trade. The latter exploits because it thinks when it pays bigger money it receives better service. When the shirts from the cheap offices and the high-priced offices come into the place where the laundry trust does all its work, they are dumped into the same vat, containing a decoction which bleaches them and takes out all the dirt. The same is true of collars and cuffs. Subsequently all such articles are placed upon the same ironing and smoothing apparatus, and the five-cent shirts emerge looking just as well as the ten-cent shirts. Also, the collars which were taken in to be washed and ironed for two cents appear as nicely finished as those for which perhaps four or five cents was collected.

"This is one of the tricks of the laundry business in this city that has been exceedingly successful in Denver. Under the new schedule of prices I suppose it will continue. All the short, collar and cuff ironing in the laundries is done by machinery, and bosoms and cuffs and collars cannot be varnished until they shine except by hand. The Chinese excel at this. They were given a hard blow when the American laundries inaugurated the scale of cheap prices. The new schedule is not raised enough to put much work back into the hands of the Celestials."

English Jacobite Society.

To judge from the list of Jacobite clubs and associations given in the "Legitimist calendar for 1895," which includes the orator of White Roses, the Devon White Rose Club, the Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain and Ireland (ponderous title), the Eastern Counties' (shade of Cromwell!) White Cockade club, the Forty-five club of Grimsby, the Glasgow Jacobite club, the Oxford University Legitimist club, the Jacobite Restoration league, the Surrey White Rose league, the Mary Stuart club of Lanmark, the Legitimist Registration union, the National Royalist and Jacobite association, the Order of St. Germain and the Hemingford Grey Royal Oak club, not to mention our old familiar Thames Valley Jacobites and two or three foreign legitimist bodies, it ought not to be difficult for the supporters of the lost house of Stuart to put several hundred adherents in the field (or even Ludgate circus) if they so decide.

A cow is the last creature one would expect to see with ear rings, yet every cow in Belgium must wear them now. The director general of agriculture has issued a regulation that all animals of the bovine species are to wear ear rings as soon as they have attained the age of three months. Breeders are obliged to keep an exact account of the animals raised by them, and the ring, on which is engraved a number, is fastened in the animal's ear to prevent the substitution of one animal for another.

"Everything seems to be against me," he said.

No doubt he exaggerated, but there was certainly a good deal against him, for the girl who sat by his side and pilloved her head on his many breast weighed not less than 250 pounds.

THRONE FOR MARY LEITER Chicago Girl May Become Ruler Over India.

Before the year ends a Chicago girl may be sitting on the most magnificent throne in the world, assisting in ruling the destinies of the most densely populated country on earth. In plain words, the brilliant young woman who was Mary Leiter of Chicago, now the wife of George N. Curzon, will probably be vicereine of India.

Lord Elgin retires next November as viceroy. The office is the grandest appointive position under the British government. His successor will be one of three men—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, now secretary of state for Scotland; the earl of Jersey, who held many diplomatic posts; or Curzon, who is under secretary of state for foreign affairs and Salisbury's right hand man.

Predictions are freely made that Curzon will be appointed. He is 39 and has had a brilliant career. The most remarkable feature of the situation, however, is that his American wife will be one of the strongest reasons for appointing him. It will testify in the highest possible way England's regard for an Anglo-Saxon alliance. It would be the finest compliment the English nation could pay America. This fact is seriously taken into consideration by Queen Victoria and the ministry.

The court of Calcutta and Simla is far more magnificent than that of St. James or any other European power. The viceroy and vicereine alike rank as imperial sovereigns to countless millions of people in the far east. The vicereine is a modern Queen of Sheba. In reality she bows to but one other woman, Queen Victoria.

Rightly or wrongly, Simla believes England fails to realize the imperial importance and grand magnificence of the viceroy of India. His actual stipend is 20,000 rupees a month, his allowances countless. The pay of a viceroy is five times greater than the pay of a prime minister in England. The viceroy of India rules 300,000,000 men. His sway extends from the shores of Arabia to the borders of western China. Persia is on his frontier, and restless Afghanistan, savage Tibet and uncertain Siam on his borders. Weak officials are a constant trouble to him.

Russia, with hungry glare, looks down from the north, eager to mark his smallest fault. France, jealous of her far eastern reputation, keeps a watch to the south for the least occasion of offense.

The viceroy of India rules over 300,000,000 men. The population of the British Isles is, say 40,000,000, of the United States 70,000,000, so this modern king of Hindostan has the power of life and death over people numbering almost thrice the total population of the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon blood.

The golden howdah and earth-shaking elephant play but a little part nowadays in viceregal pageantry, but let it not be supposed his magnificence has departed. The viceroy rushes across his vast dominions in a private train, which is nothing more or less sumptuously appointed than a palace. Where the train halts barbaric splendor waits their excellencies. All that wealth can supply, all that Oriental taste can suggest to render their visit a brilliant and noteworthy pageant is presented and the night is made brighter than day with the illuminations.

The Indian mail tonight brought a most interesting letter on this possibility of an American queen for India. From the United Service club of India, one of the old-timers in the Indian service writes under date of July 6:

"The next viceroy is the question of the hour. All agree that the next ruler must be a strong man, a man of affairs who can keep a level head in a crisis. But another point on which all opinions coincide remarkably touches the personality of the viceroy's consort.

"We don't talk of this too seriously, because for some occult reason Whitehall deems it a matter of no importance. Goodness knows why. Why should a mere man all suffice as a representative of the queen-empress of India and no notice be taken of the woman who must preside over the viceregal courts of Calcutta and Simla.

"I might dilate on the importance of her being a grande dame who can entertain regally, who can enter joyously into the life of our society, give it tone and set the fashion in all things both great and small. These matters to English readers may sound trivialities. They are not. They make for the peace and prosperity of the empire. But the fact on which I would lay special stress is the sacred reverence in which the womanhood of the queen empress is held by the princes and people of India. This divine womanhood can only be fitly represented by a woman, and I and many more who think with me desire to see the new viceroy accompanied by a vicereine beautiful, gracious and accomplished; one who will place all her gifts, all her talents unreservedly at the service of India.

"Mrs. Curzon is an American woman—wealthy, accomplished, charming. Anglo-Indians pride themselves on their freedom from insular prejudice, and we should accord the warmest of welcomes to an American vicereine. Two days ago—it was Independence day—one heard the wish expressed on all sides that the day might be signalled by a great American victory. So it had been, though we wrongly anticipated victory by land and not by sea.