

THE FRONTIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE FRONTIER PRINTING COMPANY.
W. D. MATHEWS, Editor.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The republicans of the Sixth congressional district of Nebraska are hereby notified that there will be a republican delegate convention held in the city of Kearney, on Tuesday the 26 day of April, 1892, for the purpose of electing two delegates and two alternates to attend the republican national convention at Minneapolis.

Also to designate the time and place for holding the congressional convention of this district for nominating a candidate for congress, also to transact such other business as may regularly come before it.

The basis of representation is the same as that fixed by the state central committee for the state convention, but no county shall have less than two delegates, as follows:

COUNTY	No. DEL.	COUNTY	No. DEL.
Boyd	2	Keya Paha	3
Blair	2	Kimball	2
Brown	4	Keith	2
Buffalo	10	Lincoln	6
Box Butte	6	Loup	2
Banner	3	McPherson	2
Cheyenne	5	Rock	3
Cherry	7	Sheridan	3
Custer	12	Sioux	3
Dawson	7	Thomas	2
Deuel	3	Scotts Bluff	3
Dawes	2	Sioux Falls	2
Garfield	2	Thompson	2
Grant	2	Valley	4
Hooker	2	Wheeler	2
Howard	4		
Holt	4	Total	139
Hooker	2		

The central committee recommend that no proxies be admitted, but that each county elect alternates, and in the absence of both delegates and alternates the delegates present cast the full vote of the delegation.

J. E. EVANS, Chairman.
North Platte, Neb.

W. W. BARNES, Secretary.
Kearney, Neb.

Iowa is for Harrison.

JOE BARTLEY'S boom is growing.

The days of caucuses and conventions approach.

Be careful in selecting candidates for the city offices.

"OUR VAL," as he was called by the boys years ago, should be called into the fight again.

THE FRONTIER favors equal taxation. The rich should bear an equal proportion to the poor.

THE BUTTE BANNER evidently has a printer at the case and press, as it is much improved all around.

JACK MCCALL is not a candidate for governor, but he has lots of friends who would throw their hats up for him if he was.

SCOTTY must have felt pretty good over the manner Dec Wells' song was received by the audience the other night.

THE BURWELL ENTERPRISE is a neat paper, thoroughly republican, and worthy the nice patronage it appears to receive.

THE WORLD-HERALD favors Bois for president, so it is safe to predict that the Nebraska delegation will not be very Boiesetrous.

If a country newspaper should work a fake off on its readers once a week it would soon be taboed, but the World-Herald is a daily fake and seems to prosper.

THE ORD QUIZ says that "prohibition is good, but the Keeley institutes are better. A little law within a man is more powerful than a library of law without."

PROBABLY the World-Herald misrepresents when it says that Gov. Thayer will make another effort to wrest the governorship from Mr. Boyd. The general is not crazy, we hope.

OMAHA is in Nebraska, not Nebraska in Omaha, as many country papers appear to think. This talk of fighting every man who aspires to office because he happens to live in Omaha is all foolishness.

THE NIGH LEADER should not refer to the Norfolk Institute as the "Keeley." There are but three Keeley institutes in Nebraska—O'Neill, Blair and Beatrice—and the public should not be misled into believing these imitators to be genuine.

DR. G. L. MILLER before the democratic state central committee: "I can say that I have it not over three days old, direct from Grover Cleveland, that the blunders committed by the present democratic congress have never been exceeded."

A WASHINGTON dispatch says there is a move on foot to bring out Senator Manderson for president. We take it that this is a move to weaken Harrison's strength and we do not believe it will work. Mr. Manderson should consent to 'thing of the kind.

THE FREMONT TRIBUNE wisely remarks: "The supremacy of the party and the glorious principles it contends for are of vastly more importance than that any member of the party should have revenge for any real or fancied wrong. Peace and victory must be had."

"UNABLE to make warp and woof of their own, they have confined themselves to trying to shoot holes through the cloth we have made," is the way Tom Reed describes the democratic situation on the tariff. Reed seems to give the democrats more worry as the leader of a minority than he did as a "despotic Czar" in the chair.

THE Keeley graduates are practical prohibitionists, not theorists. In politics the boys are democrats and republicans, leaving the side issues alone.

In its latest circular the committee of seven of the Columbian party says: "Clevelandism and democracy are two distinct things. Between Cleveland and democracy there is a great gulf fixed, and that is what is the matter with Cleveland now." This is not strictly true. "What is the matter with Cleveland now is that between Cleveland and the democratic nomination there is a Hill, not a gulf.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS said in his speech at Topeka last week: "I am tired of the 'Irish-American,' the 'English-American,' the 'Scandinavian-American,' the 'French-American,' the 'German-American!' Welcome Irishmen! Welcome Englishmen! Welcome Scandinavians! Welcome Frenchmen! Welcome Germans! But welcome only as American-Americans." Mr. Ingalls may be out of politics, but he still knows how to strike the popular chord of patriotism.

We are pleased at the honorable and sensible course taken by some of our liquor dealers in refusing to sell to men attending the Keeley Institute. The law is very plain and very severe with regard to selling liquor to this class of men; a saloon keeper takes great chances when he ignores it. Public sentiment is certainly with the institute, and a dealer who deliberately fights it and endeavors to induce its patients to drink is indeed very liable to get into trouble. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

CAPT. F. M. DORRINGTON, of Chadron, was in town last week sizing up the political situation, and expressed himself as satisfied that he was in the congressional race in good shape, with fair prospects of securing the republican nomination. If nominated Fred Dorrington will make one of the best canvasses ever made in Nebraska, and we believe would win. He is a magnetic man, takes well on first sight, and the more he moves around the district the more friends he has. The republicans have a number of available men who would be winners, and under the circumstances whoever is selected no mistake will be made.

The men who know David B. Hill most intimately say the harshest things about him as a public man. Dr. C. S. Carr, of Elmira, Hill's home, spoke to the democrats at Columbus, Ohio, Monday night and divided public men into three classes, as moral, unmoral and immoral, as statesmen, politicians and demagogues, as reformers, conformers and deformers of the body politics. The doctor said he had long known Hill, and being of his own party, he had tried to put him in the second class mentioned, but he had been unable to lift him out of the third class. There is a marked distinction between the estimates put on Hill by those who know him intimately and those on Harrison, or Blaine, or Reed, or McKinley, or Cullom, by people in their own homes, without regard to politics. To regard Hill as a great man it is necessary to get a long distance away from him.

THE writer is a personal friend of senator Arthur Briggs, of Omaha, and ought not to give him away in his political or private aspirations, yet the temptation is too great in this instance. The Senator came up to O'Neill last week, and as plain Arthur Briggs commenced to feel around the political soft places in the endeavor to cause to be born a little boomlet for himself for United States senator to succeed Paddock. Arthur is a modest little cuss and an old bachelor, and laboring under the old chestnutty delusion that is necessary to make friends first with the women and babies he applied himself assiduously in that direction until finally he really became convinced that all fair females were stuck on him. This is where he overreached himself, and he is today a political ruin. Arthur was quite plain and even grangery in attire when he first came, but in a few days he assayed the airs of a dude, wearing button hole bouquets, waxing his moustache and parting what little hair he had on his head in the middle. In fact he was a lullah, and the men soon grew to hate him. He was trespassing on their preserves. But they got even with the pretentious Omaha senator, busted his boom all to pieces and sent him home in disgrace. Arthur had loafed around the Keeley club rooms a good deal and told some big stories about his ability as a hunter. This interested Geo. Merritt and the writer, and we proceeded to pump him, and as we are both familiar with the pump gun we soon ascertained that in reality Briggs wouldn't know a prairie chicken or duck if he met one on the street. Merritt casually remarked that young chickens were now about big enough to eat and young mallards were beginning to fly a little. Briggs took it all in and was anxious to go out for a hunt. To make a long story short we got our outfits out, same as though it was in August instead of March and went over on Dry creek. It was a little chilly of course, but Merritt had a bottle of Keeley medicine for himself, the writer some peppermint and Briggs some of Andy Gallagher's best budge, so we managed to keep interested. We as-

ured the senator that we must divide the party and go singly and afoot. So we headed the Omaha ninrod into the sand hills, telling him he would surely find sand hill cranes anyway. The gallant senator, arrayed in corduroys, rubber boots, with gull and dog, was soon lost to sight but to memory, oh dear, Merritt and the writer then found comfortable quarters at Erychleb's and awaited results. In about four hours we became alarmed. It was growing colder and night was coming on. We started out to find Briggs. We found him, but oh, heavens, what a sight! Oh, for a kodak! His clothes were in rags, his boots torn to shreds, his gun gone, ditto the dog, cactus and sand burs adorned his person, and his hands and face bleeding profusely. Evidently the senator had taken a tumble to the racket, but he was game, you bet. He said he had killed eighty-nine chickens, twenty-four ducks, eleven cranes, fourteen geese, and better than all a magnificent elk. Well, here was a liar that would shame Ananias. We wanted to know where his game was and he said he had it all in a pile over in the hills, all but the elk—that he only wounded it and after a hard fight the noble animal had taken the gun in his mouth and run off. Diligent search failed to find the small game, but we did strike a bloody trail, and following it for a mile found a yearling steer in the brush on the creek in the agonies of death. One sight of Briggs caused it to give up the ghost. The noble senator was so excited that we feared to tell him the truth, so we permitted him to call the steer an elk, had it hauled to Erychleb's house, promised that it should be brought to town and shipped to Omaha. Senator Briggs was taken to his hotel after dark, repaired and refurnished as far as possible, and the next morning he unostentatiously took the varnished hurry cars for home. He certainly looked sad and forlorn, but probably was happy, at least he promised to come up and see us next fall when jack rabbits and bears were ripe.

We received the following letter the other day:

SOUTH SIOUX CITY, NEB., March 12.
W. D. MATHEWS, O'NEILL, NEB.
Dear Sir:—Z. M. Baird, of the Times, showed me your letter to him, from which I learn that you are connected with the Keeley Institute at O'Neill. I at one time knew W. D. Mathews in Lena, Illinois, a printer and known as Doc Mathews. Are you the same person?
Yours respectfully,
ELIAS STAMM.

Yes, verily the same, Uncle Eli, and yet it is hard to realize that we are the same "Little Doc" you knew as a boy nearly a quarter of a century ago. Your letter brings to mind many pleasant and many unpleasant recollections. Once more we feel the beneficent influences of a dear christian mother, attend the Sabbath school regularly with Uncle Eli Stamm as teacher, and how well we remember his explanations of the questions that came up. In fact among all our adult friends when a boy, none is held in more high esteem than Elias Stamm, and though many years have passed we feel that we should recognize his honest old face in a moment from the photograph so indelibly impressed on our mind. Not only in the Sabbath school but in the daily walks of life Uncle Eli was the boy's friend. During the trying times of war, when father and brother were down south, and mother and the little kids were struggling along as best they could such men were our friends, and the pleasant smile is before us now and the words, "Well, Doc how is everything at home?" or "Had a letter from your father lately?" and sometimes it was a five or ten cent shin plaster that gladdened our boyish heart and made us feel that Uncle Eli was indeed our true friend.

Since then we have passed through many trials and troubles, experienced many pleasures too, and the days of boyhood revived by this letter are good to think about. Made an orphan when very young, we knocked around the world considerable, at times forgot early training, and it is not strange that we did not become a saint when it was so much easier to become a sinner. It is not near so hard work to raise a crop of wild oats as tame ones—the crop is easily sown and requires no exercise of care and judgment. However, Uncle Eli, we have never forgotten what is right, and now that we have settled down as a staid "old man," with wife and five children to look after, we can afford to retrospect a little, commiserating the wrong and felicitating the good we have done. Sometimes we think the good predominates, that if not a christian in the ordinary meaning of the term, we at least have the conscience of one who has at least tried to do right, and that when it comes to a final settlement with Him who alone decides the future, the judgment will not be of the most severe character.

But come over, Uncle Eli, and we will have a good, old-fashioned visit, and if your arms and legs are well festened, you will at least be physically safe.

THE REPUBLICAN CLUB.

(Continued from last week.)

After listening to one of these tin plate singers the other day until I shed tears for the working man and his dinner pail, and I really think I could have filled the pail with tears. I stepped into Mr. Brennan's, one of our hardware merchants, and inquired of him the

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BED ROCK Prices at the CHICAGO CLOTHING HOUSE
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J. E. SMITH, Manager.

prices of tin at this time, March 1, 1892, and he replied as follows:

Tin never was cheaper than now. Before the McKinley bill we sold 8 qt tin pans at 25, 20 and 15 cts; at this time 10 cts. Pint cups before McKinley bill 7 to 10 cts; since 5 cts. Milk pails before McKinley bill 20 cts; since 15 cts. Dinner pails ten years ago \$1.25; now 75 cts. Two qt pails four and five years ago 20 to 25 cts; now 15 cts.

From there I went home and weighed my tin ware, and I think I have about as much as the average family, and found 35 pounds including the wire, the solder, the basis of pails, &c.—35 pounds all told, and some of it I have used in my house and also in the hotel business for twenty years. I was so filled with grief that I could hardly figure, but then I did, and how much do you think I have? Or how much would I suffer if I had to buy this tin now? To begin with let us suppose that the tariff is a tax (this is hard for a republican) but we will give the democrats a chance and see how they will come out. If it is a tax it would cost us 2-2 1/2 cents per pound more than if admitted free and my 35 pounds of tin would cost me 77 cents, and as I do not buy my tin every year I will strike an average. Some I have had twenty years and most of the rest will last from three to ten years. A fair average is seven years. That would be 11 cents a year imposed on me by this brutal tariff. Just weigh once more for the tin pail, if you please. But there is the sugar—tax is off sugar—and we will figure the democratic way and on every dollar's worth or twenty pounds of sugar we buy, we make 40 cents. So in order to get even with McKinley we will have to buy six pounds of sugar, and just think that the republicans insist on having the next president.

While we are paying a tax of 5-12 of one cent on a dinner pail which will last us five years. But, my dear friends, the tariff is not a tax and if you will study the matter carefully you will soon discover that your tin pail song-and-dance man has been prevaricating, that the tin humber is all a lie. If you do not believe it weigh your tin and figure yourself, and when you have thoroughly mastered the subject you can safely bet the last dollar you have got that every one of the free trade campaign stories are just as thin as the tin plate story.

The aim of every American citizen without regard to party should be to vote for such measures as would best advance the prosperity of our country, to give employment to the unemployed and to open up our mines and forests to help build up every new industry which will give aid to the working man without imposing additional burdens. England is a standing menace to the prosperity of the United States, and has been since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the bleak coast of Massachusetts. In our troubles with foreign countries and in the war of the rebellion her hand has been always working to down America and her people, and in congress her money is a potent factor in passing laws in the interest of her manufacturers. Why there are so many people in this country who hate England so cordially that will constantly vote for her and against Americans in name of party, is beyond my comprehension. The closer the subject of the tin industry is studied the plainer is shown the fact that it would be suicidal to admit tin free. To maintain the present tariff will soon give an impulse to the various industries related to its manufacture, the mining of iron ore, lead, limestone, coal and tin. The lumber and brick industries will receive the stimulus resulting from the home manufacture of tin plate, the increased consumption by this new army of laborers will bring a home market for all the products of our western farms and at increased prices. Let us bid farewell to the belief that we have to look to England for markets. Let us build up our

own homes and before another century passes by England will be among the has-beens.

At the close of his remarks Col. Towle was loudly applauded and congratulated upon the able manner in which he had handled the subject.

Mr. Neil Brennan, who was to have addressed the members upon "The Effect of Free Trade in Ireland," was suffering from an attack of lagrippe and was unable to appear. However, at the next meeting of the club, March 19, Mr. Brennan will be on hand. In addition to this the program has been made doubly interesting by the announcement that the Hon. L. T. Shanner will address the club upon "The Iron and Steel Industry."

Republicans, Attention.

There will be a meeting of the Republican Central Committee in the Republic Club rooms at O'Neill, Neb., on Saturday, March 26th, 1892, for the purpose of calling a convention to elect delegates to attend the state and congressional conventions to be held in April, 1892, and to take action on any matters pertaining to the good of the party.

G. C. HAZELET,
Chairman Central Committee.

Irrigation.

To the Editor of THE FRONTIER:

We have lately been provided with numerous articles on this subject and it is one that has deep interest to the residents of this county. All of those articles have advocated irrigation by ditches or a ditch supplied by water from the Fikhorn river, and the writers do not seem to realize the absorbing character of the soil through which that water will have to be conducted in this county, and that such a ditch would have to be cemented throughout to make it possible to retain any water for any distance. All the conduits leading from the main one to accommodate the citizens must also be lined with cement. The sandy and gravelly nature of the soil is of such a resistable character that breakages would be frequent from its shifting nature, that large and constant losses would occur with the probability at times of having to dam the source and empty the whole ditch for repairs, and likely at a time when it would deprive the patrons of the needed supply and be fatal to the crops.

Another feature of the scheme is that in some localities the hilly nature of the country is such that it would be impossible for some farms to be supplied with water from this ditch at a point that would enable it to be led and properly distributed on land that would be cultivated, and I am of the opinion that irrigation from the streams by ditches in Holt county is a subject that though it may sound well in the papers is entirely impracticable and illusory.

A possible way to irrigate here would be to have a well sunk on the most elevated part of the cultivated land on the farm, have a cemented reservoir of suitable size built on the surface and banked with earth at the sides, the water to be raised by a fifteen-foot wind mill with a large sized pump, and then at the proper time for flooding with the reservoir full of water and the pump kept in operation, let the water from a gate in the reservoir and conduct it by trenches over the land to be irrigated. I think by this means each farm might be provided with the facilities for irrigation and if the lay or surface of the land cultivated is such that all of it can not be flooded, that which can be flooded will produce enough more to make up and perhaps exceed the product of the whole without irrigation, and avoid total failure that might result from hot winds and excessive drought.

E. B. H.
For sale, by D. P. O'Sullivan, living one mile west of O'Neill, two good brood mares, both with foal, and one good young horse. Will sell reasonable.

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