

# 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. Delegates	County	No. Delegates
Boyd	2	Keya Paha	2
Blaine	2	Kimball	2
Brown	2	Keith	2
Buffalo	2	Lincoln	2
Box Butte	2	Loup	2
Banner	2	McPherson	2
Chayenne	2	Rock	2
Cherry	2	Stuart	2
Custer	2	Thayer	2
Dawson	2	Valley	2
Deuel	2	Webster	2
Dawes	2	York	2
Garfield	2	Thomas	2
Grant	2	Valley	2
Greely	2	Webster	2
Howard	2	York	2
Holt	2	Total	130
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. HARNY, Secretary, Kearney, Neb.

## COUNTY CONVENTION.

The republican county convention of Holt county, will be held at O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of April, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the State and Congressional conventions, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the convention.

The republican electors of the county are requested to meet in caucus at their usual places of holding elections, on Saturday, April 16, 1892, at 2 o'clock P. M., and elect delegates to represent their respective townships in said county convention, and to further give an expression of their choice for president and vice-president of the United States. According to the action of the committee the representation is based upon the vote cast for the Hon. A. M. Post for supreme judge, one delegate being allowed for every twenty votes cast or fraction thereof and one delegate at large. The several townships and wards are entitled to delegates as follows:

TOWNSHIP	NO. DELEGATES	TOWNSHIP	NO. DELEGATES
Patrol	2	Scott	2
Padlock	2	Cleveland	2
Steel Creek	2	Emmet	2
Dustin	2	Verdigris	2
Saratoga	2	Chambers	2
Sand Creek	2	Rock Falls	2
Stuart	2	Green Valley	2
Atkinson	2	Lake	2
Grant	2	Pleasantview	2
Irwin	2	Swan	2
Wing	2	Sheridan	2
Iowa	2	Shields	2
Willowdale	2	O'Neill First ward	2
McClure	2	O'Neill Second ward	2
Wyoming	2	O'Neill Third ward	2
Francis	2	Total	104
Conley	2		
Deloit	2		

G. C. HAZELT, Chairman.  
D. L. Cramer, Secretary.

Last year the democrats incorporated in their platform a free silver plank. This year they repudiate the free silver idea. The democrats are never consistent.

The Fremont Tribune remarks that so far in the campaign no one of very large calibre has bobbed up to dispute Joe Bartley's claim to the republican nomination for state treasurer, or words to that effect.

The democratic convention at Omaha demonstrated to a certainty that Congressman Bryan had not yet become the dictator of his party in Nebraska. His resolution asking for an endorsement of the free silver bill met with an ignominious defeat. Mr. Bryan has not yet attained the position in Nebraska that was once occupied by his great prototype, John C. Calhoun, in his own state and of whom it was said that when he took snuff all South Carolina sneezed.

The Stuart Ledger expresses the situation about as it is with regard to the great majority of men who have left good homes in this country to seek new ones in an unknown country. The mistake made by these men who mortgaged good land and then let it go to foreclosure cannot now be rectified by the original owners, but someone will secure the benefit by buying in the land at low figures, and it is to be hoped it will go to actual settlers. The Ledger says: "Those who are satisfied with this country and are trying to build it up are handicapped in their work by the chronic grumbler and pessimist. More than half the people who leave this country with themselves back. All who can generally come back, but alas, have burnt the bridges behind them, not buying a return ticket when they go away. Do not falsify, run down the country, grumble and make yourself miserable because things do not come your way fast enough. All things come to those who work and wait. What this country may lack in one thing is made up by some other valuable advantage not possessed by any other country. Those who are in hard lines—misfortune will come to the best of people in the best of countries—should not vent their spite on the country by trying to injure it by keeping out immigration and making others dissatisfied. If you must go, go without throwing dirt and in a short time you will appreciate your lost advantages and ten chances to one you will come back if you can raise the money to come on."

JUDGE KINKAID has probably received a greater number of complimentary newspaper notices in connection with the republican nomination for congress than any other man in the district, which together with the pressure brought to bear on him by his friends, almost induced him to be a candidate, and had he done so we candidly believe his nomination and election would have followed. But the judge is not in the race, and so positively announces. The position he occupies at this time, all things considered, would have induced almost any man to be a candidate, and had the judge's inclinations run in this channel we presume he would not have refused to run. However considered the enemies as well as friends of Judge Kinkaid must give him credit for being fair and honorable with the gentleman from Atkinson who aspires to a state office and whose interests might have been some what jeopardized had he been a candidate. As is well known the writer has disagreed many times with Judge Kinkaid in his public moves but we admit his strength with the people, and whether right or wrong he has been successful, and "nothing succeeds like success." THE FRONTIER is indeed pleased to note the evident harmony prevailing in the ranks of the party in Holt county on the eve of a great political campaign and trusts that nothing will arise to cause dissension or strife. There is no cause for it. To be sure there are some trifling matters of a personal nature, that cause some friction among individual republicans, but compared to neighboring counties we are practically unanimous for party success. We implore all republicans to forget personal differences, at least until after election. There are no county officers to elect. The issues are national only and for the campaign let us be united for victory so far as this county is concerned.

In the antagonistic economic policies of the two political parties there is no doubt that the great majority of people who support them are thoroughly sincere. Both sides cannot be right, but a policy that brings good to people of one belief must open its advantages equally to people of other belief. A political party is a creation of human ideas, and no policy claims infallibility. It will scarcely be denied, however, that the republican policy is thoroughly national in its views, or that it lends a wonderful stimulus to home industry, or that it is tending to the development of these sources of national strength in every part of the country. The south has grown in manufacturing more rapidly even than the north. The Pacific coast has thriven wonderfully under the fostering of protection. The Atlantic seaboard has developed more strength than the last decade than ever before, while the interior states of the north have in many ways developed more the past decade than in all their previous history. It cannot be successfully denied that the policy works well for all sections. It is a broad, national policy, whose scope looks to the prosperity of the whole American people. Its prosperity is both for those who believe in it and those who oppose it. And even if at the time keenly disappointed by a republican triumph at a presidential election, citizens who sincerely oppose it have often recognized in after years that the country acted wisely. Republican statesmen and republican measures, as they have passed into history, have won the respect of patriotic citizens of all parties. It is one country, one interest, one people, in which every occupation is concerned for the good of all.

The State Journal thus compliments one of our solid and respected citizens: "The men if there are such in Northern Nebraska, who are more widely known or better liked than Neil Brennan, are mighty scarce. Honest, able and loyal to friends and party, he is one of those Irish republicans who cannot understand why any man from his native country should leave it and come to this and vote the British ticket of free trade. In his store in O'Neill he has a picture hanging over his desk and this is what he said about it to a Journal Pilgrim: 'You can appeal to the reason of men through the medium of oratory and logic, to their passions or prejudices with music or injective, but the man who studies that picture arrives at a conclusion short cut and correct. I cut it from an issue of the Irish World; and I have it framed in American tin; as a specimen of art it isn't much but it is a vote maker for the republican party. It simply represents Great Britain hoisting the Cleveland flag in the American campaign now on. As I said before it is not very pretentious looking, but it is one of those quiet things that changes the vote of many a man whom the campaign orator cannot please.'"

It will take a large amount of Christian charity to induce such old staid democrats as Euclid Martin, T. J. Mahony, M. V. Ganon and others of the Martin faction to quietly swallow the snubbing received at the democratic convention in Omaha. These men have never been accused of sulking in their tents, but have ever been found in the front of the fight when the battle was almost hopeless. It will indeed be more than passing strange if these gentlemen become enthusiastic over the nomination or re-election of Governor Boyd.

THE FRONTIER, while not in sympathy with the political affiliations of Milton Doolittle, yet desires to congratulate him upon his election as a delegate to the national democratic convention. This is an honor sought by many, attained by few, and in this instance at least it is most worthily bestowed upon a stalwart democrat, exemplary citizen and Christian gentleman. This honor is appreciated not only by the democrats of Holt county but by the republicans, who appear to be as happy over the matter as though it was not a party affair. And to Tom Golden should be accorded a large share of the credit of Mr. Doolittle's success, as he was the chief organizer and manufacturer of the scheme of securing his election as delegate at large instead of district delegate as first contemplated. There was no show for capturing a place in the district delegation, and so Tom conceived a plan to capture the big honor and so skillfully pulled the strings that all were surprised at the result. This demonstrates that the Keeley boys are in it when it comes to hard work, in politics or any thing else.

The 13th of April and a blinding snow storm from the northeast. What fiendish glee must lurk in the sleeve of "Doc" Mathews over winter's dissipation in the lap of spring.—Stuart Ledger.

Ever since the founder of the Ledger, the gallant warrior Colonel Ketcham, made the startling discovery that the writer was the author of that touching poem, "The Beautiful Snow," that paper has continued to slur and vilify by insinuation and innuendo if not by direct charges of an insane ambition to be a poet. We have thoroughly reformed since writing the B. S., having taken treatment at a regularly organized institute for the cure of this fearful malady of rhyming, but if the Ledger persists in this damnable persecution we shall no doubt be driven back to the horrible slough of despond and inflict upon the public something that will knock out all previous efforts in this line. The Ledger anticipates this result evidently, as it contains this mention:

"Doc" Mathews is revising his "Beautiful Snow." The new edition will be profusely interposed with—?—!—\$—!—\$—!—\$—!—\$—!

Now, John Wertz, take warning or the result will be on your own head.

ANY man's intentions or meaning is liable to be misconstrued, and especially when least expected. To illustrate: Last week appeared in this page a little squib concerning our old-time friend Welch, editor of the Blair Record, in which we attempted to be funny and with no thought of offending. But Welch took it seriously and in his paper expresses himself as surprised and hurt. Now, my friend, you were not as much surprised, nor do you feel more grieved than the writer over this matter, and right here we beg your pardon ten thousand times for what you take as an injury, but what was intended as pleasantry only. You evidently do not know us. No man living has greater respect for the man who has the moral courage to help himself, no man would do more to help, aid and assist in his upbuilding than yours truly. We honor and esteem the Keeley graduate, appreciate all he is doing, prize his friendship and under no circumstances would we question his efforts for good, or in any way, shape or manner do one thing to injure him financially or morally. We ask friend Welch to do us the justice to give this explanation publicity.

The two most pronounced and prominent candidates for the republican nomination for congress from this district at the present time are F. M. Dorrington and James Whitehead, both good men and true to the best interests of the people. Without question either would creditably represent the great Sixth at Washington—represent not the party but all the people and all the interests. Personally the writer is very friendly to the candidacy of Captain Dorrington, and would heartily rejoice in his success, yet stands ready to throw up his hat for Whitehead, or for that matter any other good republican. It is safe to say at any rate, this early, that the republicans will make no mistake in the selection of a candidate.

Dickson put up a political job on Joe Bartley that brought him to O'Neill on the first train to explain his position. Joe hasn't tumbled up to this writing, but when he does he will make it all right don'tcherknow.

## POLITICAL POINTERS.

The Courier notes with pleasure that there is still no apparent cessation of the encomiums bestowed upon the congressional candidacy of Fred M. Dorrington, by the press of the district and from private sources. He is the ideal candidate at this time, we think, being thoroughly in touch with western Nebraska and acquainted with her needs by practical experience.—Gering Courier.

The name of Hon. James Whitehead will be presented to the republican congressional convention whether he will consent to it or not. The demand for his nomination is becoming stronger and stronger every day from the thinking republicans of this district. He is recognized as the one man above all others who could unquestionably carry this district against all opposition of independents and democrats, and redeem the district from its present disgrace.

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No other name mentioned thus far for the nomination has anything like the winning qualities connected with it that Whitehead has; and this taken with his eminent abilities gives strength and determination to the party to demand of him that he accept the nomination and enter the race. The "big Sixth" will score a republican victory if James Whitehead is the republican nominee, as he should be for the sake of the party.—Custer Leader.

THERE appears to be no opposition to the nomination of Joe Bartley of Holt county for state treasurer. And when nominated there will be little opposition to speak of at the polls. The democrats can find nothing against him, except his stalwart republicanism.—Superior Times.

DOC MATHEWS, the rustling and prosperous editor of the O'Neill FRONTIER, came up on the evening train Saturday and tarried over night in Ainsworth. Doc will be a candidate for state senator from his district, and the gentleman who beats him, if he is nominated, will find that he has had a fight on his hands.—Ainsworth Star.

If F. M. Dorrington does not capture the Sixth district nomination for congress, it will not be because he was not boomed by the northwestern newspapers.—Lincoln Journal.

## CY MURPHY'S OPINION.

The President of the B. C. of G. Club on the Keeley Cure.

My position to-night is of a somewhat anomalous character. For the first time since my boyhood days I find myself addressing an audience without the exhilarating influence of "poten." The subtle juice of the worm was ever present with me in my endeavors to advocate the cause of my clients, or in my feeble espousals of the great truths of democracy on the stump, and upon more than one occasion have I entered upon the discussion of temperance and attempted to unravel the intricacies of prohibition, inspired by the wine which we are forbidden to look upon when it is red, and yet with a mind freed from the black cloud of intemperate excesses, and in soberness and truth I still adhere to the same theory I have always advocated upon the liquor question. I am not a prohibitionist and will always be found in opposition to sumptuary laws of whatever character as a means of enforced abstinence. They are wrong in their inception and have ever proven a farce and lamentable failure in their attempted execution. Nor do I have any desire to delineate upon the horrors of a debauch, to picture the agonies of the drunkard's remorse, the tears of a neglected wife, the prayers of a mother's love, his untimely death and dishonored grave. Tongues more eloquent than mine have depicted these scenes of anguish in words of living light and with a pen of fire the record has been made of those who have succumbed to the insatiable appetite for intoxicants until both mind and body have become diseased, loathsome to himself and former friends, an associate of those whom he would have spurned with scorn in his sober manhood, dispised even by those who cater to his unnatural wants, a vagabond and a wanderer upon the face of God's beautiful earth, is but the experience of many bright minds who have toyed with the cup of intoxication. But let the dead past bury its dead and the charity of oblivion cover forever the memory of those unfortunate ones. We live in the present, with the future before us, made glad by the bright star of hope that shines brilliantly in that heaven where all before was gloom and darkness. The bow of promise glittering with prismatic colors, rejoices the soul of him who but a short time since groped his cheerless way in a charnal house of despondency and despair. With glad tidings of great joy the truth is heralded in music as soft and sweet

as the chimes of silver bells to the eager listener, proclaiming that a golden panacea has been found that will break the fetters of the imprisoned soul, and again clothed in the created manhood of his God, he can bid defiance to the tyrant who has enslaved him so long. The discovery of Dr. Keeley is not ephemeral but is for all time and, eighty thousand rejuvenated men to-day attest the efficacy of his treatment. Temperance associations and prohibition impossibilities are dwarfed into insignificance when confronted with the living fact that the truth of science is shown by her victories where sentiment has failed. I confess that I was skeptical as to the results of the Keeley cure, and although I had read encomiums from the pens of those who had honored the "ermine," and physicians noted for their skill who had experienced the treatment themselves, yet it was with grave doubts and many misgivings as to a successful ending when I consented to become one of the inmates of the O'Neill institute. Still another thought was ever uppermost in my mind. It seemed to me, and I have no doubt you have all had the same feeling, it was of that of offended pride, the subjugation of will-power, admitting that I was not able within myself to govern my appetite. But gentlemen we are not alone in this failing. The author of "The Raven," DeQuincy and Byron and the innumerable hosts who have crowned the higher intellectual walks of life since the dawn of creation have become the slaves of intoxicating cups. Some men have never had the desire to indulge in wine, and others do not possess a sufficient amount of brains to enjoy a glass of good whisky. To these persons I have nothing to say. No danger lurks in their path; but to him who is unable to control his desires for intoxicants the door of the Keeley is open and the relief certain. And when the short period of his tutelage within the walls of the institute is passed, the sun will be brighter, the world will have lost its sombre gloom, and with retrieved manhood and bright anticipations of the future he can exclaim with Byron:

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me  
Here's a heart for every fate.

To you, my companions, with whom the associations of the past month have been so pleasant, permit me to congratulate you upon your emancipation from a galling servitude, and when your minds revert to the tortuous path we have trod in the dark past, remember it only as a distorted dream. The shibboleth of the future is yours and with it the gates of promise will open to you. May it ever be your bright guiding star by night and a pillow of cloud by day and with the aid of Him who once calmed the billows of angry sea. The goal is won, the prize gained and all is well. I but voice the sentiments of all who have received the benefits of the institute in the acknowledgment of the universal and thoughtful care of Dr. Trueblood, the physician in charge, and our worthy president and manager, W. D. Mathews. Their treatment of those who have been unfortunate in the walks of life can only emanate from hearts filled with kindly impulses. That life's pleasures may smooth their pathway leading onward to the great unknown, is our prayer. Nor do we forget the sympathetic pressure of the hand and the hearty "God speed you" of the many friends in O'Neill. The treatment accorded a gentleman has been the rule, while the sneer of the scoffer is the exception, and now, with a reluctance such as ours has been, and with the hope that you may all be the recipients of God's choicest blessings, I bid you farewell.

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