

THE FRONTIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE FRONTIER PRINTING COMPANY KING & CRONIN, EDITORS.

A LITTLE learning is no more a dangerous thing than a little power.

THE notice that the Sun gives Mr. Harmon upon his appointment is not of a character that one democrat should extend to a successful brother democrat, but is more like the death wail of a discovered imposter, and is, therefore, not out of place in this particular case.

AGAIN are the villainous methods of the independents and the wanton extravagance of their tool, the board of supervisors, forcibly brought home to us by the result of the Skirving trial. \$550 gone glimmering in supervisors' salaries alone, to say nothing of witness fees and incidentals. It is outrageous, but the time is coming when the people now groaning under excessive taxation, will arise bright and early some election day and swipe these peasant politicians from the face of the earth. It has been sufficiently demonstrated that Harrington's theory of the board's "political and administrative rights" is a dangerous thing.

WALT MASON in the Sunday Journal gives quite an extended list of probable gubernatorial candidates, and among the number we find the following mention of Doc Mathews:

Doc Mathews is also being boomed for the office, and it stands to reason that no man could stand against him for a moment. As the lord high everything else of O'Neill he has brought that town to a stage of prosperity seldom achieved in this world and it is natural to suppose that he would do as much good for the state at large, as governor. It is due to him that the chicory industry has been brought to such a successful height that the farmers of Holt county have quit raising coffee and Oolong tea. It is due to him that hard working farmers can take wagon loads of scalps to town and get their royalty on them; it is due to him that the snakes have been driven from that and adjoining counties, although he has never tried to impersonate St. Patrick. So many things are due to his untiring industry that it would be tedious to enumerate them.

It is true that Doc has been a good man for O'Neill, better in fact than O'Neill gives him credit with, but he can never be governor. He has fallen from grace with a dull, sickening thud and the high places that knew him once will know him no more forever. It happened in this way: There was a vacancy in the registership of the O'Neill land office; Doc wanted the position and with that end in view summoned faithful friends to his bedside, where he lay suffering with divers and sundry pains, and bade them buckle on their armor and go forth and capture the appointment dead or alive. And they went forth and followed the elusive phantom for many weary weeks and finally treed it in President Harrison's private office where it was bound and gagged and brought back to Doc, who straightway arose from his bed and took possession of the office. Then came men grown old in the service of the party and begged leave to toil as servants in the vineyard, and newspaper men, who had cried good Lord and good devil to suit any and all occasions, came and on their bended knees asked permission to publish land notices, but Doc kicked them out, said he didn't know them, had never seen them before, and at once distributed his plums among the democrats, saying "to the victors belong the spoils." By these and various other methods he sought to heel himself with the powers to the detriment of those who had been his friends in adversity; but the end has come, and the downfall of an ungrateful man is hailed with delight by the republicans whom he betrayed and the democrats whom he sought to placate. Sic semper tyrannis.

WE WERE CORRECT.

Our expose of Judge Roberts of two weeks ago, modified by the correction of last week, we still maintain is correct, notwithstanding the Sun and Independent, both pop organs, rush to the old man's rescue and accuse us of falsifying.

Let us look over his defense for just a moment. The Sun says: Now, let us see if THE FRONTIER has been fair with Mr. Roberts. Beginning with January 23, 1884, we find that Mr. Roberts charged himself on that date with taking three final proofs, amounting to the sum of \$7.50. During 1884 we further find that Mr. Roberts charged himself with taking fees in final proof cases just sixty-four times, the amounts ranging from 30 cents, for one affidavit, to \$4.20. During 1885 Mr. Roberts charged himself with collecting fees fifty-three times in similar cases. Instead of not being able to find a scratch of a pen Mr. Roberts' fee book shows that he collected fees on 117 different dates.

We cannot understand how a man must be made who will sit down and willfully lie about a small matter of this kind. McHugh must have known better because elsewhere in his article he says he looked over the fee book. Mr. Roberts charged himself with fees for taking final proofs not to exceed six times, instead of 117 as the Sun states. That this is true there is no doubt and we invite inspection of the records.

The Sun says further: Owing to Mr. Roberts' poor health he made an arrangement with M. D. Long that the latter should take the proof and collect the fee, and that Long

should pay Mr. Roberts seventy cents for each final proof so taken. All that Mr. Roberts had to do was to administer the oaths.

While it was lamentable that Mr. Roberts' health was not the best, we would like to enquire by what authority he made arrangements with an outsider to divide up the proceeds of the county judge's office in any such manner. And how do we know that he did this? We are now dealing with the records and we fail to find a note of any such agreement. But the land office records do show that for about six months of Roberts' term he took 100 final proofs, while the judge's records show that he took but six. These are the facts and there is no way getting around them unless you go back of the returns, but it will be remembered we started this investigation upon the records as kept in the judges office, and propose to stand upon them.

Under the Sun's line of reasoning the county clerk and treasurer could lawfully employ anyone to make out sheriff certificates and pay them \$1.75 in each case, themselves entering upon their fee books 25 cents for the use of their seal. If the man who received the \$1.75 subsequently chose to whack up with the officer who gave him the work we suppose it would be all right.

In Robert's case it may be the same for aught the records disclose.

Mike Harrington, whose opinion no populist will question, not more than two weeks ago emphatically declared that a county judge should account for all of the fees taken by virtue of his office, were they final proofs or anything else. He was after Judge Lowe then.

We do not care what the judge says, or what his editors say, as the records are the best evidence and to them we appeal in support of our position.

EGOTISM, THY NAME IS KAUTZMAN!

Who builds a church to God and not to fame will never mark the marble with his name.—Pope.

The entire first page of the last issue of the Beacon Light was devoted to a photograph and biographical sketch of the life of its editor, the notorious Ham Kautzman. The vanity, gall and lack of sense that prompted the production could only be equalled by the untruthful and misleading statements of the narrative.

While his article would tend to prove that he had led a roving life for the benefit of his fellows, the fact is that he has been chased from pillar to post and kicked from Dan to Bersheba by indignant communities in which he sprang those newspaper ventures, until we find him here in O'Neill plying his old disreputable tactics to the disgust of decent people.

His effusion is nothing but a bid for sympathy. He has been exposed and re-exposed by the republican press until at times "it was an effort of moral suasion over desperation that prevented him from taking a winchester and killing the unprincipled scavengers like dogs." It is well for his old hide that his cowardice got the better of his desire.

It was not necessary for him to inflict his history upon the public. His record is so unsavory that the breezes waft us nauseating whiffs of it from Iowa, Idaho and Nebraska, while the stench he is producing here in O'Neill is a serious problem for the board of moral health and it is thought expedient to fumigate the city when spring opens up.

He has led the people out of the bondage of tax slavery, never to again be permitted.

Was that when he stole a couple of thousand from the county on the tax list deal? We have ignored threats and spurned bribery, believing that it were better to fall in battle for the rights of humanity than to seek temporary gain through the influence of money illegally wrung from the toiling masses in whose interest we have spent twenty years of constant labor.

Was that a "battle for humanity" when he jumped a board bill in Stuart and defrauded a widow lady out of a laundry bill? Was it a "battle for humanity" when he, at the same place, ran a shooting gallery by day and drank whiskey and played poker by night? Was it a "battle for humanity" that caused him to be starved out of Oakdale? Are these fair samples of his "twenty years of constant labor"?

We have no desire to follow his article in its tiresome entirety and rebuke his many egotistical assertions, but as we glance over the columns of his braggadocio the thought occurs to us: If he has for twenty years been a public benefactor and exposed legions of venal vampires as he roamed to the east and roamed to the west and to the north and the south roamed he, why is it necessary for him to build a monument to his own fame? Why not leave that to be performed as an act of gratitude by a grateful people? If he has done all that he proclaims with such a great display of capital I's his name would now be a household word in the mouth of thousands instead of the good housewives using it to frighten their children.

The quotation at the head of this article covers the case exactly. A man who has devoted his life to philanthropic deeds and ignited a bonfire wherever he chanced to touch the earth has little need to sing his praise in public print.

But it may be all right. No doubt such characters are necessary to create an

harmonious whole, and we, whose sense of reasoning is so minute, are apt to ask why such spirits are created, forgetting that we are in our scale of sense weighing our opinion against Providence. If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design, why then a Borgias, or a Cataline or a Gutzman?

His vice is of such a frightful mien as to be hated, needs but to be seen: but then you know "what happier natures shrink at with affright, the hard incontinent contends is right."

INDEPENDENT STEALS.

At every meeting of the board of supervisors they steal from the county \$186, by charging for the day before the board meets and the day after it adjourns.

By awarding the printing of the tax list to the Independent they have stolen over \$1,500 from the people of the county. The supervisors who by their votes perpetrated this outrage are:

Conger, Crawford, Dennis, Donohoe, Eckley, Greg, Hodge, Jilison, Kelly, H. B., Kennedy, Miller, Phelps, Schindler, Slaymaker, White and Waring.

By employing more help in the treasurer's office than is necessary and more than was employed under a republican administration, they are wrongfully spending the people's money.

By employing more help in the clerk's office than is necessary and more than was employed under a republican administration, they are robbing the tax payers.

By allowing the sheriff two deputies when he should do all of the work himself, they are heaping additional burdens upon the public.

By recklessly plunging the county into ill-advised and losing litigation that are increasing taxes.

Employing John Morrow for a year at \$2.50 per day as assistant expert, which was clearly a violation of our statute.

By calling a grand jury last fall they heaped thousands of dollars of additional debt upon the county, and the benefits derived were absolutely nothing.

Being the plurality party they are responsible for the continuance of the supervisor system, which costs the county over \$50,000 more every year than that of the commissioner.

Before election Joss Mullen promised that all the help he would ask would be one deputy and one clerk. Therefore, all the help he employs above that number is a steal, according to the words of his own mouth.

Awarding the contract for publishing the proceedings to both the Sun and the Independent is a steal that will amount to considerable.

By consuming six days in the Skirving trial without requiring the plaintiff to give a bond for costs the county has lost at the least calculation \$550.

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