

THE FRONTIER.

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



This stately bird of ours, that has done valuable service in many former campaigns, bobs up again and crows lustily for republicanism from New York to Colorado, but he crows in a whisper as yet when Nebraska's name is mentioned. He is informed that the situation is doubtful on governor, and that in all probability it will take an official count to settle the question.

World-Herald bulletins are conceding the election of Majors and a majority of the legislature on joint ballot, while the Bee claims the election of Holcomb.

While Holt is still populist, it is by greatly reduced majorities, and the pops can get no glory out of the result.

Crawford only carried the county by 138 as against 800 of two years ago, which is certainly a repudiation of old Honest John. Returns are not in yet from Boyd, Garfield and Wheeler, and Sample has a show of being elected state senator.

Trommershauser is defeated by about 40, while Griffith is defeated by about 100. Atkinson, as predicted by us some time ago, cut Griffith. They only gave him 66 votes as against 127 for Trommershauser.



This is Elsworth Mack's cock, proud thing, and he crows because he has a right to. Elsworth is the first republican supervisor elected from O'Neill for years, and he is entitled to a rooster.

New York gives Morton about 135,000 majority. It was a very chilly day for the democrats in the Empire state.

The burning of his residence has recalled the fact of the existence of one J. S. Coxy, at one time a widely advertised man.

Some of the men who have been in the habit of blackguarding the U. S. senate, do not seem free from the ambition of becoming senators.

ELLSWORTH MACK will look after the interests of the citizens of O'Neill as supervisor from this city during the next year, and he will make a good and efficient officer.

The city of O'Neill gave S. C. Sample a majority of seventy. This was forty votes ahead of his ticket, and was a splendid endorsement from the citizens of his former home.

J. W. WERTZ, the talented editor of the Stuart Ledger, was elected supervisor in Stuart township by a majority of seventy-four, defeating Jilloon, the present member, nearly two to one. It came nearly being unanimous. Brother Wertz, it is not often that a member of the profession secures an office, so allow us to congratulate you upon the vote received.

PERRY BELMONT, who, when a member of the house, made the serious mistake of attempting to monkey with the Blaine buzz saw, is ambitious of wearing a senatorial toga, believing that the wealth of himself and family gives him special qualifications therefor. It is not to be denied that Perry would be a decided improvement upon at least one of the senators from New York, but he has little show of succeeding him. His successor will be a republican.

LIGHTHOUSES.

Marvels of Contrivance and Science—
The Song of the Siren.

Did you ever see a lighthouse of the modern kind? Here in its narrow tower is a strong electric light; round the light all night long, revolves the cylinder of prisms artfully arranged. Flash of ten seconds; rest of ten seconds; flash again; rest of five seconds; third flash; darkness for the rest of the minute. And so on all night long. Out at sea the officer on watch counts the flashes and knows the lighthouse and where he is. Or there is a fog horn; in a chamber beside the lighthouse are the tanks or cisterns filled with compressed air; nothing short of compressed air will sound this terrible alarm; compressed air worked with a steam engine.

Then there is the voice of the siren. You have heard the modern form of the once enchanting and alluring voice of the siren; it is now the voice of torture and agony; the maiden, the water nymph, the ear piercer, is now provided with a throat which contains one cylinder within another. Both cylinders are provided with long, narrow apertures; the inner one is set to revolve at a thousand turns a minute. Then the compressed air is turned on; and the song of the siren begins. It is the shriek of the imprisoned air forcing its way out through these apertures; it passes at the velocity of 3,000 feet a minute. "Beware!" cries the modern siren. "Come not nearer; give me a wider berth! Stand off! Here is danger; here are rocks; here lurks death upon sharp and relentless rocks, hanging for sailors!" Safety before poetry. Let us not regret that we no longer wreck the ship and drown the crew for the sake of a sweet false face and a sweet false song.

AVANT FOUL BUTTER.

A Plan to Make the Rankest Smell Like a Fragrant Flower.

Boarding house inmates, whose nostrils are offended by the scent of rancid butter, can thank their stars that they will not have to suffer much longer. One of themselves—J. V. Bannister, of New York, whose sense of smell was long since blunted by boarding house butter, has discovered a cheap way to give foul smelling butter, butterine or oleomargarine the scent of the most fragrant flower. This discovery will at the same time be a priceless boon to boarding house keepers, who are pestered half to death by the plaints of their prisoners.

So, if Mr. Bannister succeeds in bringing his discovery into general use in boarding houses the inmates thereof are likely to hail him as a Newton, a Davy and a Franklin rolled into one. His plan is to treat rancid butter with essential oils. By this means, he says, he can give the most offensive butter any scent that may be desired.

Violet, lily of the valley, rose, verbena, heliotrope, magnolia and jessamine are among the sweet perfumes butter buyers may choose from. Still, he confesses that experience has taught him that there is a brand of so-called creamery butter used in theatrical boarding houses in summer time the rankness of which musk alone can overcome.

KEEPING THE DEVIL AT BAY.

How the Chinese Circumvent the Enemy of Mankind at a Funeral.

A Chinese funeral is a constant succession of efforts to cheat the devil, who is supposed to be lying in wait to capture the soul of the departed. So long as the body remains in the house the soul is safe, for the devil cannot come in; the risk begins when the funeral procession starts. When ready to march great quantities of firecrackers and pyrotechnics that emit much smoke are set off in front of the door, and under cover of the smoke the pallbearers start at a lively trot, run to the nearest corner, turn it as quickly as they can and stop short. This is done for the purpose of throwing the devil off the track, since it is well known that he cannot easily turn a corner, and, to aid in the deception, whenever a corner is turned more fireworks are burned. By dint of turning quickly and trotting as fast as they can the bearers finally arrive at the cemetery, but do not enter the gates, but go through a hole in the surrounding inclosure, for they know that the baffled devil will be waiting for them at the entrance. In the cemetery the soul is comparatively safe, though to make the matter perfectly secure the discharge of firecrackers is kept up until all the rites are ended.

Left Handedness.

A French physician mentions a curious case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed, and a second appeared at the age of one year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry her child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right-handed.

Charon's Error.

Satan ordered the windows opened at once. "Christopher," he exclaimed, "what an awful odor!" Lucifer nodded. "Your majesty," he explained, "Charon must have got mixed with his passenger list and sent that indiarubber man up here by mistake." It seemed a very plausible theory.

The Scapgoat.

"Everything that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffed the small boy, "an' I'm jest gittin' tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Doggone if I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."

"One of the greatest amusements for the children of Japan is catching the 'dragon fly,'" said Dr. W. F. Taylor of Boston who has spent several years in Japan. "Japan is a land of children, and thousands of them literally put in several weeks every autumn in capturing dragon flies, and tying kites to them for the fun of seeing them fly. Soon after the turn of the sun in the afternoon hundreds and thousands of huge dragon flies busy themselves flying here and there over the rice fields and gardens, catching insects and gnats.

"The Japanese boys carefully saturate the end of a bamboo with tar, and start out for the fun. They first hold the bamboo up to attract the unsuspecting dragons to take a rest. In a moment the boy gives the bamboo a twist and puts the tar end into so many motions that it is almost impossible for the creature to avoid it. The boys are so expert at the business that I have seen them chase a fly that had got much ahead of them and succeed in sticking the dragon fly to the reed. When once on the tar end of the pole there is a miserable future for the captive. They are tied together and carried around in the chase. Then a string is tied to each one, and a small piece of paper serving as a kite, which the poor flies are required to sail. They fly away, but, of course, soon get into a tree or bush, and die of starvation."

King Humbert of Italy was walking in one of the back streets of Rome recently. It was Sunday, and his majesty wished to see for himself how his subjects in the poor quarters of the Eternal City kept the Lord's day. As he neared a corner a drunken fellow came rolling along up street, describing all kinds of geometrical figures in his progress. On one of his tangents he almost struck the king. Turning around to see who was in his way the workman recognized his majesty. He fell upon his knees before him, trembling with fear, but so intoxicated that he could hardly speak straight.

King Humbert tried to quiet him, but the man mumbled prayer after prayer for forgiveness. Humbert, who himself never touches intoxicating drinks except when necessary at public dinners, thinking he had a chance to make a convert to temperance, upbraided the man severely. As the poor fellow seemed penitent, the king asked him what he could do for him.

At first no reply came, but the king insisted upon an answer. Thus encouraged the fellow blubbered out:

"Will your majesty then accord to me the permission to—drink gratis pro Deo in all the liquor shops of Rome?"

The king of course declined to grant the sincere request, and left the man on his knees in the street.

"Everything else," cried the drunkard, as the king started away, "is immaterial to me."

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