

THE FRONTIER.

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The jury, in the case of the State vs. Hill, failed to agree. They stood seven to five in favor of Hill.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD shouts for free silver, but his tenants are required to sign a lease agreeing to pay their rent in gold, if he demands it.

The Stanton Picket nominates Gene Moore for governor. There's no hurry about selecting a candidate: Rose-water will attend to that in ample time.

It is not surprising that Secretary Gresham should have trouble with his own liver and stomach. He has upset a great many other stomachs and livers by his conduct of our foreign affairs.

The Neigh Leader might just as well fill up that grave, as there is not the slightest probability that the Jew will go down and permit himself to be executed. He's kept altogether too busy up here dodging business men that he has libelled.

ED. HEATH, of the Rushville Standard, is no newspaper man. Two weeks ago his wife presented him a fine baby girl and he forgot to make a note of it until it was a week old. A thorough newspaper man would not have failed to get a "scoop" on a home-made item such as that.

DEMOCRATIC newspapers that desire it can now have their editorials written and set up and plates furnished free by the National Reform Club, of New York City, which is to boom the Cleveland gold standard movement. Since McHugh failed to secure the postoffice he will not be expected to avail himself of this privilege.

It is worse than nauseating to see a man like McHugh slobbering over Windy Allen in a column article, showing in every line that he worships the senatorial toga and not the worth of the man that it adorns. A good senator is as good as any other good man, but no better. Men of the McHugh stripe, though, perhaps will always fawn at the lower steps of the throne, regardless of the amount of corruption scattered around about.

A WESTERN Kansas newspaper tells the following terse story of how populism is viewed now in that country: "In the western part of this county is an old soldier who is in rather straightened circumstances. When a car load of aid arrived at the county seat he went and applied for relief. He was told that he must make an affidavit that he was a pauper in order to receive aid. The old man is a little hard of hearing and understood them to say he 'must make affidavit that he was a populist.' The old man's eyes flashed, his lips compressed and bringing his clenched fist down with force he exclaimed: 'I'll be hanged if I won't starve and freeze before I'll swear that I'm a populist.'"

The following sycophantic slush appeared last week in the Sun:

Although holding one of the highest honors in the gift of the people of the state, Senator Allen is as unassuming and unpretentious as when he was practicing law. His seat in the United States senate is directly in front of Senator Murphy's of New York, and when Senator Allen leans back his chair rests against the New York senator's desk. The two senators are warm personal friends. Senator Murphy is the owner of one of the finest ranches of blooded horses in York state, and while having a friendly chat with our senator one day at Washington, he informed Senator Allen that he would make him a present of one of his finest colts. A week or two later he handed the horse's pedigree to Senator Allen, and after the latter returned to his home at Madison, after the adjournment of the senate, Senator Murphy had a large crate made for the colt, and with plenty of feed to last him to the end of his journey, shipped the colt as promised. Senator Allen prizes the gift very highly, as the colt is a full pedigree standard-bred.

Published in the Lincoln Wealth Makers, the populist organ of the state of Nebraska, the same week, was the following, covering the same subject matter:

What makes the democrats spread their wings to defend Senator Allen before he is attacked? Is there a fluttering fear in their breasts that we know Senator Murphy, and know him to be a tool of Tammany, a boodie politician of the worst type, a man who perhaps can be trusted to get at least equal value for all he gives?

If we recollect aright his constituents in Troy at the last fall or the preceding spring election intimidated a great number of voters, and killed one man in cold blood for simply essaying to exercise his constitutional rights as a voter on election day. It drew general attention to Murphy and gave him national notoriety at the time. We happen to regularly read the New York papers, and so know something about "the senator's colleague," and special friend, Murphy.

But it should not be assumed that such a man as Senator Murphy has no right to make a \$2,000 present to his populist bosom friend. While it seems a marvel to populists in Nebraska that their senator should so win and draw upon the heart of a Tammany democratic colleague, we should remember that money comes to Murphy in great rolls and wads, and a little \$2,000 token of political affection is not felt by such a man.

PERKINS ON POLITICS.

A representative of the Statesman, Salem, Oregon, called on Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins), and the result is given in the following:

"What are your politics?" asked Eli, looking over his glasses.

"Straight republican," replied the reporter modestly.

"Republican," replied Eli savagely; "well you have got gall—to come here to interview a rock-ribbed democrat—a Randall democrat. What do you want me to say?"

"We want to enquire if you are altogether pleased with the work of your party?"

"Well—no—I'm not," said Eli, scratching his head. "I'm not altogether pleased."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"I'll tell you my son," said Eli, slowly wiping his glasses, "I'm afraid the party has gone back on us Randall democrats. I'm afraid they've lied to us. They said 'tariff for revenue' in the platform and then they let a lot of one horse rebels from Tennessee and West Virginia knock tariff for revenue into fitthereens. Why, instead of getting the revenue, we are running in debt \$150,000,000 a year. They told us they would not lower wages. Then they cut the tariff 30 per cent. and down went wages 30 per cent. and the boys are mad. The free trade democrats got us Randall democrats by the throat. They wasn't honest. We were led into a trap—a free trade trap."

"What other lies did the free trade democrats tell you?"

"They said protection didn't protect wages nor create new industries, and they made us believe that tin couldn't be made in this country. Why, up in Portland yesterday Joseph S. Megier, the great Washington salmon canner, told me he had bought his tin from an American manufacturer for \$4.85 a box when he always paid \$6.50 for Welsh tin."

"Then," continued Eli, "when the crash came and our mills stopped and wages went down, what did those free trade democrats tell us? Why, they lied again and said it was the silver bill. The silver bill! Why, the republicans bought \$419,000,000 worth of silver in thirty years and coined it and the country was prosperous. We put Cleveland in and he bought \$7,000,000 worth of silver at the market price, 47 cents for a dollar, coined it and put it out for \$14,000,000, and we went all the pieces. The silver bill! It was that undemocratic free trade tariff, and we Randall democrats know it now."

"Well, what do you Randall democrats propose to do?" asked the reporter.

"We can't do anything," said Eli. "If we were in power we'd put that tariff back again. We'd stop selling gold bonds for 4 per cent. interest to Rothchild, but sell them to American democrats at 3 per cent. We'd help struggling Hawaii. We wouldn't sink a republic and put a negress on a throne. We wouldn't make wool free, kill our own sheep and buy \$30,000,000 worth of wool in Asia. We'd keep our dollars at home. We'd put that bounty back on sugar and run sugar all over Texas, Louisiana, Nebraska and California and take out cotton. We'd put a tariff on fine linen that is costing us \$20,000,000 a year in Germany and Ireland, make the factories come here as did the tin factories and send flax all over Minnesota and Oregon and—by the way I met one of those free trade democrats yesterday," said Eli, "up at Portland. He used to be a Randall democrat. I said to him:

"George what did you change for?"

"Well, I've got a reason," he said.

"What was it?"

"I'll tell you, I did it to disgrace an uncle of mine."

"What had your uncle done?" I asked.

"He swindled me out of my inheritance and separated me from my family, and I just made up my mind that I'd become a free trade democrat and disgrace him."

"What is your uncle doing?" I asked.

"He's pounding iron in the Salem penitentiary."

"Well," I said, "you've disgraced him."

FOR some time now the Beacon Light has been running an article under the heading, "A Republican Lie Nailed." It makes comparison of the fees collected in '93 by Scott, and those collected in '94 by Mullen, which shows that the fees collected by Scott aggregate a thousand dollars more than those collected by Mullen. With the comparison as evidence the Smudge attempts to say that because Scott collected more money than Mullen that his administration cost the county more. The man who understands that the treasurer's salary depends upon the amount he collects will not be misled by the Jew's transparent fraud.

The Chadron Signal, which is a pop paper, says that Tom Golden, of O'Neill, will probably be a candidate, on the independent ticket, for district judge. Fact is, Tom is about the only available statesman the pops have in the east end. The same paper is authority for the statement that the west end candidate may be W. H. Westover, of Rushville.



Tired, Weak, Nervous Could Not Sleep.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep, I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking

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