

THE FRONTIER.

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THE FRONTIER PRINTING COMPANY
D. H. CRONIN, EDITOR.



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At last the Beacon Light is in the hands of an undertaker.

The Beacon Light is dead. Undertaker Biglin had charge of the obsequies.

The editorial change on the Beacon Light has set several politicians to wondering where they are at.

REPUBLICAN judges will see that Bartley and Moore are punished for their crimes if the prosecuting attorneys do their duty.

CHICAGO had a judicial election last week and the republicans carried the city. This is poor consolation for the silverites.

SENATOR THURSTON is recognized and claimed by eastern newspaper correspondents to be the ablest orator in the senate. Good for Nebraska.

With the Short Line extended to the coast, O'Neill would easily take her place in the front rank of Nebraska cities. Let us hope that the road will be built.

The recent change of the Beacon Light, presenting as it does such varied and kaleidoscopic hues, causes us to give it the cognomen of "The Connundrum."

SENATOR McENERY, of Louisiana, created quite a sensation in the senate last Saturday among his democratic brethren by making a speech in support of the tariff bill.

NEWSPAPERS throughout the country, irrespective of political belief, are talking about the return of better times. Even the paper which one time claimed W. J. Bryan as its editor, the Omaha World-Herald, says so, and it must be true.

No REPUBLICAN who has the welfare of his party at heart, can palliate or condone the crimes of dishonest party officials. Men who betray the people and the party that honors them, should be made to pay the full penalty for their misdeeds.

The announcement in last week's issue of the Beacon Light that Ham Kautzman had sold his interest in the paper to O. F. Biglin, who would run it in accordance with the Omaha platform, was the greatest surprise ever experienced in the business circles of this city. No regrets were expressed that Kautzman had quit, but the idea of Biglin running a free silver populist paper was a stunner, and his salutatory will be eagerly looked for and perused with interest. We understand that Clyde King will be local editor, and we can assure Brother Biglin that he will have to produce some editorial gems if he wishes to keep his department ahead of that of the local editor. The FRONTIER welcomes Mr. Biglin to the journalistic field, and hopes that his editorial career will be as pleasant as he anticipates.

The FRONTIER feels a kind of sorrow for the poor Jew now that he is being besieged with enemies both from without and within. When he first settled in O'Neill the whirligig of time had so arranged circumstances that with the least little bit of tact he could have made his paper a power in the land and himself much beloved by the inhabitants thereof, but he shut his eyes to the opportunity, turned a deaf ear to the knock of fortune and today is one of the most despised of men,

and his publication without a subscriber so foolish as to place any confidence in its unintelligible ravings. Not content, or incapable of treating his opponents with courtesy and fairness, he libeled them like a fiend, contaminated them with his slimy tongue and swore at them like a fishwoman. Instead of helping his cause by employing such barbaric methods, he simply and effectually consolidated the forces of the foe and made them unalterably and forever enemies to him and his, and by the same practice drove many men from his own party. But his arrogance did not pause even there. He took home to himself the victory which he did not arrive in time to prevent, and would not grant even a line of praise or recognition to the generals who fought like trojans for the victory that he claimed as his own. But the scene is shifting and his friends are slipping from him fast and furiously. He will soon be compelled to take up his pilgrimage again, for to walk forever and aye is the fate of the Wandering Jew.—FRONTIER, Sept. 5, 1895.

EXIT, KAUTZMAN.

Last week's edition of the Beacon Light contained the glad intelligence that Kautzman had sold out to O. F. Biglin, of O'Neill, and would soon take his departure for other fields and more congenial environment. The people of O'Neill read his farewell wail with great complacency and satisfaction, heaved large sighs of joy and gave utterance to vigorous words of approval.

If our readers will just reflect for a moment they will remember that three years ago THE FRONTIER predicted that this same thing would take place. When the Jew was imported into this county to do the dirty work for the populists he was not unknown to us. We were familiar with his unenviable record. We knew how he had been driven, by the contempt of public sentiment, from Iowa to Idaho, and from Idaho to Nebraska, where he spent years wandering about like an outcast, staying in one place just long enough for the people to become thoroughly acquainted with him, which was not very long. We were satisfied that his stay in O'Neill would be but a repetition of his adventures in other parts and we made the prediction that he would be forced to leave here. The prophecy has been fulfilled even as it was written. He leaves no friends, not a tear will be shed, not a regret expressed.

We know of no man who ever had such a fine opportunity to worm himself into the good graces of the people as did this Wandering Jew. He came here at a time when the political affairs of the county were full of "boil and bubble, toil and trouble." The people were amazed at the speculations of the county officials and the disaster that had overtaken them and the star of populism was nearing its zenith. They wanted a party organ that was capable of taking advantage of conditions and thereby build up an organization that would defy opposition for years to come. But they made a most grievously unfortunate selection when they chose this Weary Willie. Fresh from the four walls of a Keeley institute he at once launched on a career of disgraceful journalism that stands without a parallel. Obscene and degrading, with depravity of thought and heart-rending poverty of expression, he attacked personally all those who opposed him, until he had brought the party to the verge of moral and material ruin and the real leaders were forced to freeze him out and spike his scatter-gun of abuse, which had at last been turned upon men who had been his friends in adversity. It was just another case of the adder stinging the bosom that had warmed it into life. But retribution, swift, sure and unrelenting has been camping on his trail for some time and at last it has overtaken him. Well, old Jew, we have only to say, good day and better the luck that sees thy departure, my laddie buck.

BETTER TIMES.

Things are looking up. The most of us are glad to see it, and we do

not stop to debate whether the better times will help the republican party. We are more interested in the thing itself than we are in the agent or the cause. People may be unreasonable; but this is true: that the party that is in power during hard and pinching times has extreme difficulty to keep in kindly relation with the people. It follows that the party that is in power when things turn for the better, and when hopefulness takes the place of despondency, will be identified in the public mind with the happy transition. Therefore it is, as a mere matter of politics, that the republican party does not need to be concerned lest it will be denied credit. Moreover, it does not need to dispute the point with any other party, for the fact, even a small amount of fact, is confounding to theory by the column or by the hour.

It has been proven, over and over again, that people do not always know when they are well off, nor when they ought to let well enough alone, nor when, really, they have very little trouble of the kind they are justified in parading before the public, as if it were a public issue. An environment closes in upon the people very quickly, and they are unable, with distinctness, to see beyond it, or outside of it in any way. Contentment does not seem to be inherent in human nature, and what we call common sense does not, after all, seem to govern to any very great extent. People are constantly getting the notion that if they were doing this or that, if they were faced this way or that, or if they could just pry themselves out of this rut or that into some other, they could snap their fingers in gleeful mood and be saucy, if they just chose, to the universe. They will not let well enough alone. Their pictures of happiness are not about them, but they see them only in dreams; the prosperity for which they strive is not in their keeping now, but it is in somebody else's keeping. Their ambition is not to be like themselves, but it is to be like somebody, almost anybody, besides themselves. Therefore the general tendency among men is to make themselves as restless and as uncomfortable as they can. That they generally succeed goes without saying.

If we care to be philosophical about it we may admit that these periodicals of calling men down from their high horses are withal providential, and therefore of good to the human race. There are many thousands of people today who metaphorically kick themselves in the full knowledge of the fact that a few years ago they did not know enough to know when they were well off—that they did not know enough to distinguish between solid ground under their feet and very thin ice. In the absence of this information, and a sufficient degree of ordinary sense to control their action, they insisted upon crawling out further and further from shore on this very thin ice, until they went in up to their necks and over their heads. The active business since has been to get out. Meanwhile, what we call liquidation has been going on rapidly; and many who could only liquidate up to a certain point have cried out for a general bankruptcy bill, so that men hopelessly insolvent under the stress of the times might start in the world anew, presumably with a fresh stock of worldly wisdom that might stand them to some account during the remainder of their lives. At any rate, the people of the United States, having had a severe schooling, may be said now to be in fair condition to do business, and the signs are multiplying in a gratifying way that times are getting better and that the prospect is reasonably good for continued and substantial betterment.—Sioux City Times.

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