

# THE FRONTIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
THE FRONTIER PRINTING COMPANY  
D. H. CRONIN, EDITOR.



## STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For judge of supreme court:  
**ALBERT M. POST**, of Platte.  
For regents state university:  
**C. W. KALEY**, of Webster.  
**JOHN N. DRYDEN**, of Buffalo.  
COUNTY TICKET.  
For county treasurer:  
**JOHN ALDERSON**, of Chambers.  
For county sheriff:  
**W. M. DICKERSON**, of Atkinson.  
For county clerk:  
**O. M. COLLINS**, of O'Neill.  
For county superintendent:  
**J. C. HARNISH**, of O'Neill.  
For county judge:  
**D. C. HARRISON**, of Emporia.  
For county surveyor:  
**R. E. BOWDEN**, of Paddock.

The only way to purge the court-house and clean out the gang is by electing the entire republican ticket.

The pops are on the run; their ranks are broken and the party is badly demoralized. Keep them going, boys!

The undertaker has released his option on the Holt County Independent and it will probably exist a few months longer.

If we were the Plain Dealer man we would not mention "drinking" or "whiskey slinging" with such an example of "thirstiness" making a stagger for office as is constantly before his eyes.

**EUGENE MOORE** has plead guilty of embezzlement of the money received from the insurance companies, but claims that it was not a crime to take it. Its surprising what queer ideas some people have.

**BIGLIN** saw the handwriting on the wall. It was printed in letters of gold (Palmer & Buckner kind) and read: "Populism is Doomed! Down With the Court-House Ring! Get From Under!" Odie took advantage of the warning as he did not want to be financially interested when the people downed the ring.

We regret to see Mr. Biglin leave the ranks of the quill pushers he joined about three months ago. But he can rest assured of the fact that he gave the populists of Holt county the best paper they ever had professing that faith. This is quite a distinction when you realize how hard it is to get up a "good" pop paper.

**GOVERNOR O'FERRELL** of Virginia is a democrat, but he says in a recent letter: "Free, unlimited and independent coinage is doomed and no strong political party of the present or future will ever put itself to death by declaring for it in national convention." The activity of the gold democrats shows that an increasing number of the party take the same view.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

This is the season of the year when the "doubtful voter" fares high and is right in his glory. He is, to all appearances, the most popular man in the country, at least he is the most sought after. And if his constitution is not utterly ruined by a surfeit of honeyed words, campaign cigars and sich truck, it is because he has become so used to them that they have no effect on him—especially the honeyed words.

If it isn't recorded here it didn't happen.—Independent.

Strange! It happened all right enough, but we looked the columns of the Independent through and through and could not find a single word about John Stewart, the populist candidate for sheriff, striking a fifteen year old boy in the mouth with his clenched fist and knocking him down. John tries to explain it away by saying that he was not responsible for his actions at the time. Well, that may satisfy the voters of Holt county and it may not. It strikes us as being a very poor excuse for a cowardly action.

The pop candidates are receiving the Klondike chill from Holt county taxpayers. It will be a hard freeze after election.

We understand the O'Neill Sun will set today and will never again shed its luminous (?) light upon Holt's metropolis, its editor and publisher, C. C. McHugh, having purchased the Independent. O'Neill has never been large enough to support three newspapers and, we understand, the pops have been figuring on this move for months. It will be gratifying (?) to Ham Kautzman to learn that his pet is being guided upon the turbulent journalistic seas by McHugh and the court house syndicate.

O. M. Collins is doing drinking and whiskey slinging this year by proxy. John Skirving acting as a willing substitute.—Atkinson Plain Dealer.

Talk about a clean campaign. Why some of these pop editors would be lost if they attempted it. But, Eddie boy, there will be no necessity for John Skirving or any other man to drink any whiskey while John M. Stewart is around and, judging from the reports that come from Atkinson, he has been "around" quite frequently the past few months.

Do the people want to see Mullen's pets feast forever at the public crib? If not place the seal of disapproval upon the methods of the gang by voting the straight republican ticket and you will be happy in the thought that you have assisted in ridding Holt county of the most gigantic ring octopus that ever enthralled her politics; an octopus whose gourmandish greed is never satiated until it saps the life blood of its opponents. Turn them out and let the proud bird of liberty spread its wings above the dome of Holt's capitol.

One has only to go into the neighborhood of John Alderson at Chambers to discover the popularity of H. R. Henry as a candidate for county treasurer.—Plain Dealer.

Eves must be a very poor proof reader, for its patent to everyone that the syllable "un" should precede the word "popularity" in the above paragraph. As it reads now it is very amusing. Of course Eves may have meant it as a joke, he's such a joshier one never knows when to believe him, but we hope, now that we have called his attention to it, that he won't be so excruciatingly funny again. It tires us to laugh so hard.

It is amusing to read some of the idiotic mutterings of the populist editors. Men whose only art and whose sole weapon, during the time they have been in the newspaper business, is abuse, trying to convict this paper of vilifying and slandering their candidates. This paper has not been abusive. We do not believe in it, but we do not propose to sit idly by and see the populist papers teeming with articles reflecting upon the honor and integrity of the republican nominees without comparing the merits of the men for the different positions, and all fair minded men know that the republican candidates will profit by the comparison. The most of the mud-slinging has been done by the Plain Dealer, the personal organ of John M. Stewart. He will probably regret it before the campaign is over.

We wonder why it is that the pop papers of the county fill up their columns week after week with abuse directed toward the republican candidates, and never say a word of good for their own. Is it because there is nothing good to be said about their candidates? To read the pop papers one would think there was only one set of candidates in the field—the republican—and that they wereimps just turned loose from the lower regions, whereas a finer set of men was never placed in nomination by any party. The trouble with the pops is, they are so sore over their own ticket they don't know just what they are saying. Let 'em roar. Their ravings don't hurt the republican candidates, and it is a merciful act to allow their own candidates to drop quietly out of the race, without exposing further their well-known

unfitness to occupy the offices to which they aspire, in a fruitless attempt to find something praiseworthy to say of them.

Last fall, when wheat was away down to 30 cents per bushel and less, flour was correspondingly low, but it took pretty hard hustling on our part to get one sack a month, because the farmer, not being able to get anything out of his wheat could not pay his subscription; the merchant had no trade, because the farmer had no money wherewith to purchase his goods, therefore he could not afford to advertise; and between the two we were like to starve before spring. So we got out and hustled for McKinley prosperity and \$ wheat, and we got it. But what is the result? The farmer is so busy marketing his wheat and purchasing supplies for his family that he never thinks about the man who brought him all this prosperity—the editor, and Bill McKinley—and that little unpaid subscription bill; the merchant is so busy selling goods to the farmer that he hasn't time to stop and write an ad, and besides he isn't sure that he needs to advertise just now, he has more trade than he can handle; flour has gone up 50 cents per sack, and b' gosh the prospects for our starving this winter are fully as good as they were last. Such is the life of a printer.

**WILLIAM DICKERSON** was born in Ohio in 1852. From Ohio he moved with his parents to Wisconsin, where he resided until 1873, when he came to Holt county and homesteaded the quarter section of land about a mile southeast of O'Neill that was afterward purchased and used as a fair ground. In 1878 he moved to Atkinson, where he has since resided, an honored and respected citizen. He served as deputy sheriff under B. S. Gillespie at a time when that office was no sinecure, involving, as it did, the encounters with gangs of desperate men, men who placed so little value on human life that they would commit murder on the slightest provocation. He assisted in the arrest of that notorious horse thief, Doc Middleton, which was the first step made toward breaking up and driving out the organized band of horse thieves and outlaws that infested Holt county; and if elected sheriff of Holt county this fall, as he is sure to be, will make the county too hot a place for the petty thieves that again infest it, and when sent to serve a legal paper on a man will serve it, and not carry it around in his pocket for a week, after telling the man that he has it, just because the man happens to be quite a prominent member of the same political party as himself—as has been done in this county, and not very long ago either.

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