

THE FRONTIER.

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D. H. CRONIN, Editor.



SUPERINTENDENT-ELECT BERKLEY, of Brown county, would do well to emulate the example set by county superintendent-elect of Bart.

A. A. LOGAN, editor of the Creighton Courier, has been appointed postmaster at that place. Art is an old Holt county boy and took his first lessons in the art preservative in the office of the Atkinson Graphic.

The Illinois farmer who sent Mr. Bryan sixteen small heads of white cabbage as a token of admiration no doubt did so upon the principle of the eternal fitness of things, but he failed to take into account the ruthless cynicism of mankind.—New York Advertiser.

The Independent in its last issue made a very virulent and vindictive assault upon Supervisor Coombs. It stated that Mr. Coombs was not competent to perform the duties of the office. If not, will the syndicate please inform us why the populist members of the present board, after serving one year with him, elected him chairman of the board?

It hasn't been but a few years since the pop party's chief campaign thunder was that salaries paid to county officers was too high, some of the most enthusiastic going so far as to say that they should be cut 50 per cent. They have held most of the county offices in the state for the last four years, but not an instance has occurred where they have proposed a cut.

If the pop newspaper editors of Holt county would devote less space to calamity howling they would do more good for the community in which they live. It only tends to keep the people in a state of unrest. They have won about all the offices in the county and their continual harping on soulless corporations, the heartless money power and grinding monopolies is only done to keep alive the spark of discontent which they have kindled in the hearts of the people so that when the next election rolls around it will be easier to fan it into a blaze.

EMBOLDENED by his success in boycotting a few weak-kneed republican business men of Atkinson into voting for him at the last election for sheriff, John Stewart is now threatening to boycott the balance of the republican business men of Atkinson because they refuse to subscribe for and advertise in his newspaper, the Atkinson Plain Dealer. Such tactics might prove effective in the dark ages but in days of modern civilization when every person is master of their own actions coercion of this kind will rebound to the detriment of the instigator.

LABORING men are getting sick and tired of hearing so much calamity talk from their head officers, as is evidenced by the reducing to the ranks last Friday of Grand Master Workman Sovereign six months before the expiration of his term. Such men as Sovereign and Debs are an injury to the laboring element. Their whole aim and object is to create discord and distrust among the people whom they represent. Now, if the masses of the pop party will muzzle their newspapers and relegate their leaders to the rear, more happiness would be felt among the people.

It doesn't seem to set well on Assistant Editor McHugh's stomach because Supervisor Moss' son came home to vote two years ago, thus electing his father. It was fortunate for the people of Holt county that he did, for he has proved to be an efficient and capable officer, and it will be a long time before the people of the Sixth district will be as well represented. Mr. Moss declined to run at the last election because he had held the office three terms. If he had made the race there would have been no Supervisor

Will Hayes for the next two years. The assistant editor of the Independent would command more respect from his readers if he exposed the disreputable methods employed by the pop ring in trying to defeat Mr. Moss two years ago. Men were sent into his district ten days before election, from districts where they were not needed, in order to defeat him. The same tactics have been pursued in all close supervisor districts, and it is about time to call a halt.

In the fall of 1890 the entire populist state ticket was defeated beyond a question of doubt, with one exception. The question of doubt was on governor. However, they commenced a contest which went against them. The pop legislature of last winter, six years later, allowed John H. Powers for expenses in contest for the office of governor, \$187.15; J. V. Wolfe, who is now the pop commissioner of public lands and buildings, \$400 for payment of expenses and counsel fees in his contest for the office of state treasurer; W. F. Wright, \$210, contest expenses for the office of commissioner of public lands and buildings, and C. M. Mabury \$500 for contest expenses for the office of secretary of state. With the possible exception of Powers, not one of the above was entitled to a cent, but if they were the legislature of six years ago should have allowed it. These reformers have simply robbed the taxpayers of \$1,207.15. Such is reform.

NEW ENGLANDISMS.

Some Curious Modes of Expression Common Among Downstate.

In one town at least "scour" was formerly used only in the sense of washing with soap, and a new resident was startled when a neighbor, mentioning the duties of a busy Saturday afternoon, ended, "and then I must scour Rebecca" (her adopted daughter). The stranger, associating the word with sand and scrubbing brush, timidly asked, "How?" and was greatly relieved by the explanation. A "slightly" room or house is one commanding a wide prospect—thence sometimes passing into the sense of pleasant or attractive.

To "sense" anything is to understand to be brought to a realizing sense of it. It is often said of one so crushed by affliction as to be seemingly stupefied. "He seemed not to sense it." There is a certain degree of modification, says the Chautauquan, a lack of self-assertion, in a common method of stating an opinion. "I presume to say," as seeming to imply a modest hesitation in the speaker. It ceases, however, to be graceful when it ceases to be grammatical and is degraded into "I presume likely."

"Likely" in common parlance often refers to looks and appearance denoting pleasing or estimable, a shade of its common meaning, "probable," appears in the phrase "a likely young man," applied to a promising youth, one in whom a shrewd eye discerns capacity, a likelihood of success.

A BUSY MAN.

The Tramp Who Was Looking for Something to Eat.

Just as a Cass avenue man turned into his gate he met a tramp coming out.

"Here," said the gentleman, "you're the very man I'm looking for."

"I ain't done nothing, sir," pleaded the tramp.

"Oh, I don't suppose you have. I don't imagine you ever did, but I want you to now."

"What is it, sir?" trembled the tramp.

"Will you do some work for me out there in the back yard right away?"

The wanderer's face lost its lines of care for he felt that he was safe.

"I'd love to, sir," he said, "love to be the best in the world, but really I can't do it now, for I'm busy."

"Busy?" and the gentleman's surprise was manifest in his tone.

"Yes, sir; busy."

"Busy at what I'd like to know?"

"Busy tryin' to get a bite, sir. I haven't had anything to eat since last night, and I've been to fifty houses. Your cook refused me about five minutes ago, and I've got to hush e et go hungry. I'm dead sorry, sir, but you'll have to get somebody else to work. Bye, bye," and he shied around the corner and got away.—Detroit Free Press.

He Had Grown.

A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son.

"Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me."

"What's the matter, pa?"

"You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age."

"No, pa, but you have grown a heap since."—Texas Siftings.

A Relic of Nathan Hale.

The original autograph commission of Captain Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, the martyr spy of the revolution, was sold for \$1,775 at a recent auction in New London. The state of Connecticut sent a bid of \$250, but it was bought by a firm of autograph dealers who now hold it at \$5,000.

HE FELT LIKE CRUSOE.

A Naturalist Finds an Island in the Pacific Inhabited by Convicts.

George W. Dunn, the naturalist and collector for the world's fair and different educational institutions and museums, has been exploring the little-known and curious island of Guadalupe.

He tells a story in the San Francisco Examiner almost as strange as any by Defoe. The island lies out in the Pacific, eighty miles off the Lower California coast, and almost opposite Cape San Sebastian. It is thirteen miles long and four wide, and is made up of mountain and valley land, the mountains rising to a height of 4,500 feet.

"I went down there," said Mr. Dunn, "in a little seven-ton sloop from San Diego, and after a good deal of trouble got ashore by jumping on a piece of projecting rock. I was well rewarded by what I saw, for altogether it was about the strangest place I ever got into.

"The foliage was beautiful. The island is partly open and partly covered with trees, consisting of three kinds of palms, cypress, pines, oaks and others, every one different from those on the mainland. That to me was a curious thing. They were only eighty miles away, too.

"I had not been on the island long till I ran into beves of odd little brown wrens. They swarmed everywhere and were very inquisitive. When I sat down on rocks to rest the wrens would come and light on my boots and look into my face inquiringly, as if to ask what I was doing there. They were not afraid, for they knew extremely little about man.

"The only human beings on the island were about twenty refractory Mexicans, who were there to look after goats. Mexico uses it as a sort of penal colony, and that is principally why they were there. They were not allowed to fire a gun, and when they wanted any goats they had to run them down or lasso them.

"As these goats have been there many years, have increased to 30,000 and become as wild as deer, you can judge what a feat it is to get one of them. As I saw the fleet greasers after them over the rocks I was reminded strongly of the experience of Crusoe in Juan Fernandez. It was equally as strange, and it was true.

"The Mexicans ran with wonderful speed. Up a mountain or down a slope, it made no difference. And they almost always got their goat. I saw them run over piles of rocks and along the edges of precipices.

"They were just as sure-footed as the goats, and nothing is supposed to excel, if indeed to approach, a goat in speed and ability to climb safely over dangerous places.

"Sometimes they would get almost upon them and then throw their lassoes. At other times they would simply run a goat down. There was rarely ever more than one greaser after a goat. The horns and bones of the dead goats are piled in places many feet thick on the ground.

"There are a lot of wild cats down there, too. Years ago somebody let loose some domestic cats down there. You know how fast they increase. There are lots of them there now, and everywhere over the hills you may see both cats and goats. I suppose the cats live on both birds and fish. The climate is so advantageous, however, that there is always varied animal life there.

"One other strange thing I found in addition to the many I have alluded to, was that if I wanted any water I had to go up hill to get it. The springs are all on top of the mountains. You never find them down by the shore.

"While wandering about full of wonder at what I saw I found an old crater on top of the mountain chain, midway in the island. The dead crater was curious to behold. It was about 500 feet across and almost that deep. All about it was smooth and broken lava. Piles of basalt were scattered here and there. Earthquakes had shaken and half closed the crater.

"The captain of my sloop was having a hard time outside. The wind came up lively, and continued to blow steadily, so that I couldn't get aboard of her. The result was I had to stay on the island five days, during which I had to live about all the time on the edible palms."

Why Engineers Leave the Navy.

Chief Engineer Nathan P. Towns, who has been on duty for several years in the bureau of steam engineering in the navy department, has been granted two years' leave of absence. It is probable that Towns will not return to duty at the expiration of his leave. The lucrative position of chief designer with the firm of Cramp & Sons, the great ship-building establishment of Philadelphia, has been tendered to him, but he has taken no action on the offer. Apropos of Mr. Towns' offer, attention is called to the fact that a number of naval officers have resigned within the last few years to go with big naval and engineering firms. Nearly all of these have been members of the engineer corps. The causes that have led them to resign from the navy have been poor pay for the ability displayed, slow promotion, long service at sea, and the main reason—superior offers in salary and work by the private firms. One of the younger members of the engineering corps is now receiving a salary of \$10,000 a year from a private firm.—New York Tribune.

Something to Fall Back On.

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