

THE FRONTIER.

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THE FRONTIER PRINTING COMPANY
D. H. CRONIN, Editor.
ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Associate.



RESORTS TO FALSEHOOD.

The current number of the esteemed Independent affords a charming picture of that very volatile character, its editor. The Independent's product wherein it says it has advocated a revision in the system of handling thieves and its charges upon The Frontier, is a lie from start to finish and The Frontier defies it to produce from its files one line in support of a system "wherein our petty thieves could be worked upon the streets." Says the befuddled sheet:

The Independent has been advocating a system wherein our petty thieves could be worked upon the streets for many moons while the fat job criterion has been as muzz as an oyster on the subject, and now when a move is to be made in conformity with the Independent's ideas on this subject our Rip van Winkle contemporary bobs up like a jack-in-the-box and says "our work is bearing fruit, the Independent to the contrary notwithstanding."

The Frontier brands the Independent as a liar.

The Frontier challenges the Independent to produce evidence that it has uttered a word in favor of such an ordinance as is now before the city council since Edwin S. Eves has been its editor.

The Frontier charges that the Independent willfully lies when it says The Frontier did not advocate the adopting of such an ordinance until it came before the council.

The Frontier repeatedly, for some months before any step was taken by the authorities in this direction, gave utterance to sentiments in favor of having such class of criminals work out their fines in place of lying in jail and the Independent repeatedly criticized it.

For rank, raw change of front on any proposition at any time the Independent is a full length in the lead of all competitors, but it lacks the least semblance of an artist.

Perhaps The Frontier takes it too seriously, and should recommend the Independent's case to the board of insanity.

KINKAID'S CANDIDACY.

Stuart Ledger: Of course it is early yet to begin to expend political thunder, but it is not too early to call attention to the fact that a republican candidate for congress from the south side of the district failed to receive a sufficiency of votes at the last election. The south side has no claim on the nomination this time. It should be conceded to the north side, which has, practically, already selected its candidate—Hon. M. P. Kinkaid, of O'Neill.

Butte Gazette: The Gazette is in receipt of positive information that Hon. M. P. Kinkaid is a candidate for congress from this district. The information gives us great pleasure as Judge Kinkaid is by far the strongest man in the district and will undoubtedly be elected by a large majority. His record, both as a private citizen and a public official is without blemish and it is a great relief to know that the Big Sixth will be represented by a gentleman and a statesman.

Kearney Hub: Judge Kinkaid has not only proven his strength as a vote getter in his own section of the district, but is well and favorably known throughout the entire district, and the Hub does not believe that a stronger candidate could be nominated. He has been considered a possibility since 1892 and there have been several times, both in 1892 and since, that he could have been nominated if he had made the unqualified declaration that now comes from O'Neill. It is perhaps not wise at this juncture to say that he is the only available candidate, or the only one with whom the republican party might succeed, or who ought to be nominated, but it must be admitted that he has ex-

ceptionally strong claims and should be shown the utmost consideration by the republicans of the district.

Valentine Republican: It is gratifying to the Republican, as well as to the people of the Sixth district, to learn that Hon. M. P. Kinkaid, one of the present judges of the Fifteenth judicial district, has consented to be a candidate for the office of congressman, after much earnest solicitation on the part of his many near friends. During the three terms he has presided as district judge he has proven himself to be a man of cool, level head, sound wisdom and established a character beyond reproach. His long years of experience in public affairs and familiarity with the needs of this district eminently qualifies him to be a safe and faithful representative in the halls of congress, and the Republican has no hesitancy in supporting his candidacy. When the opportunity is given people of the Sixth district, regardless of party affiliations, will be pleased to assist in the election of such a worthy man as M. P. Kinkaid, who has already endeared himself to their hearts by an honest, upright and manly course upon the bench, dealing out justice to friend and foe alike in a fearless manner. Such men are in demand.

Chadron Journal: Interest in the republican situation in the Sixth Nebraska district has reached the point where the men who are interested in the success of the party are considering the qualifications of the many strong and leading republicans who would creditably lead the republican hosts to certain victory this fall. It is a matter of gratification to the many friends of the Hon. M. P. Kinkaid, judge of the Fifteenth district, that he is looked upon with especial favor and the indication now point to his selection as the republican nominee for the seat in congress made vacant by the demise of Hon. W. L. Greene. This is especially true in the northwestern part of the state where Judge Kinkaid is personally known to a large majority of the voters but is by no means confined to this section as throughout the entire state Judge Kinkaid's reputation extends and he is looked upon as one of the stalwart leaders of Nebraska republicanism. Judge Kinkaid is without doubt the strongest man in the entire district at the present time and it is a matter of justice that the republican nomination should come to the northern end of the big district this year. For many years the republican workers in the northern and northwestern parts of the state have labored valiantly for the success of the candidates who have come from the southern and eastern boundaries of the district and now that this end of the district comes forward with a candidate it is a foregone conclusion that its claims will be recognized.

When Norris Brown, of Kearney, declined to be a candidate for a re-nomination this fall Judge Kinkaid was urged to become a candidate. His friends recognized him as being preeminently fitted for the position as representative of this district in congress. He is familiar with the needs of this part of Nebraska as any other man. He has come in close relation with the people during his long service on the district bench and is a loyal enthusiastic Nebraskan. He would be a credit to the state as the incumbent of a congressional position. He is an aggressive, energetic campaigner and his name on the congressional ticket this fall will materially help the cause of republicanism in every one of the thirty-four counties in this district. The Journal is pleased to know that Judge Kinkaid has decided to become a candidate for congress and predicts that his aspirations for the nomination will not only be gratified but that he will also be elected to the position which he is so well able to capably fill.

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A CINDER WAS IN HIS EYE.

But It Came Out After a Shaking Up in a Car.

In the very center of a crowded cable car stood a short but heavy man, with a cinder in his eye, says the New York Tribune. Although the cinder evidently gave him serious annoyance, he was good-natured about it and in spite of the fact that his fellow-passengers manifested the utmost indifference to his personal affairs, he bubbled over with information about that cinder. His monologue was carried on in spasmodic paragraphs and each paragraph terminated with the sentence: "I'll get it out when I get home." Wedged in next to the man with the cinder were two women, each with more bundles than she could gracefully manage. Some of the bundles were long ones, and with the sudden starts and stoppages of the car those long bundles poked about with much freedom among the hats and bonnets worn by the occupants of the seats. An aristocratic-looking woman, while clinging to a strap on the other side of the man with the cinder, dropped her eyeglasses on the floor and frantically endeavored to make an open space in the closely packed car in order that she might rescue them before they were trampled on. The gallantry of the man with the cinder in his eye was awakened on the instant. He, too, had been grasping a strap, but he let go of it and stooped to pick up the glasses. Just then the car, with a suddenness born of pure malevolence, stopped short. The heavy body of the stooping man was hurled violently against the two women with the bundles, knocking one into the laps of the passengers on one side of the car and dragging the other down upon his own prostrate form. Bundles flew in every direction, mingling with three or four hats which the general mix-up sent spinning into the air. The struggling women screamed and caught eagerly at anything within reach, whether it was a man's necktie or a woman's ostrich plumes, and in consequence there was quite an exciting disturbance for a few seconds. The aristocratic woman's glasses were trampled on and broken, and the crackle and crunching of the glass elicited from her some remarks more incisive than soothing. One of the female passengers into whose lap the heaviest bundle-carrier landed bumped her head against the side of the car with so much force that she almost went into hysterics. While a companion was endeavoring to calm the injured woman the owners of the bundles raised their voices in loud lamentation over their inability to find the products of their shopping. Meanwhile the car had started with a jerk and given its occupants another vigorous shaking-up. Passengers who had been tumbled upon, handled and crumpled, were beginning to show signs of temper. There was a lack of geniality in the car for a moment. The short, heavy man had managed to scramble to his feet and get hold of a strap. Just as the atmosphere of the car was beginning to get heavy with ugliness he beamed joyously upon his fellow-passengers and exclaimed: "Blamed if that cinder ain't out of my eye."

CIVILIZED CROW INDIANS.

The Tribe Really Seems to Be Making Progress.

William C. Evans, a retired farmer and stockman and prominent citizen of West Liberty, Iowa, found time the other day between trains to call on a few former citizens of West Liberty, who now live in Lincoln, says the Nebraska State Journal. He was returning from a visit to a son who is storekeeper at the Crow agency in Wyoming. Mr. Evans went all through the Big Horn region in 1884 and he was much interested this trip in observing the progress the Crow Indians had made toward civilization since that time. The Crows, he said, were always a dull race, almost non-resistant, and so had not so much warlike-ness to get rid of as some other tribes. A number of them have taken land in severalty and till it quite successfully. It is, of course, with the younger generation that most has been attempted and accomplished. Mr. Evans attended Sunday school there, and found the children bright and well instructed. The day schools have had about 120 pupils and should have about 200 if all attended who are the proper age. The families get off hunting, however, and it is hard to get some of the children back. Just at present the schools are dismissed on account of an epidemic of measles. The teacher is thoroughly qualified and doing much good. A number of Crow men wear the civilized costume in its entirety and others partially. The women, however, cling to their tribal dress. The children at the school must all wear clothes like the white people, but when they return to their wigwams they often go back to the more primitive styles. A few women who are graduates of Carlisle set an example of civilized dress. The Crows are a fine race physically. Many of the men are more than six feet high and straight as the traditional redman. The women, through burden bearing and hard work, are less attractive in appearance. On the whole, Mr. Evans thought that the tribe was really moving forward and that after awhile they might become really self-supporting and civilized enough for all practical purposes.

A Hopeless Case.

He—"Miss Dimples is rather vain, is she not?" She—"Vain! Well, I should remark! Why, that girl actually wears out a mirror every three weeks looking at herself!"

Ample Grounds.

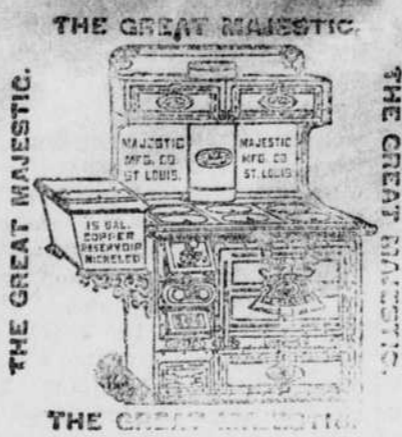
"Yes," said DeAuber, "I am firmly wedded to my art." "Well," replied his friend, "art might get a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility."

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