

# THE FRONTIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
THE FRONTIER PRINTING COMPANY  
D. H. CRONIN, Editor.  
ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Associate.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF  
O'NEILL AND HOLT COUNTY.



The sultan has suddenly become friendly to Americans.

Lord Roberts says God has guided the English hand in South Africa. Blasphemy!

The churches throughout the country are uniting with the secular arm to wipe out vice in the big cities. Wiping out vice, like charity, begins at home.

Editor Rosewater and Assistant Secretary of War Micklejohn seem to be the most active candidates for the senate and if both get there Nebraska will have two of about as capable men as you generally run across to represent her in that great body.

Somebody is mean enough to intimate that some of the New York democrats wouldn't have sent telegrams of condolence had the surgeon's knife slipped when Richard Croker was having that carbuncle removed from his neck in London the other day.

Eastern railroads are abolishing the half fare permits heretofore granted ministers and the western roads are thinking seriously of following the example. This move, railroad officials say, is brought on because of abuses of the privileges. If the clergy won't be good, who will?

Norfolk News: Some of the fusionists of Holt complain because the people of that county have been compelled to pay about \$70,000 in war taxes on legal papers filed with the county clerk. This is an advertisement of which the people should be proud. It has quite generally been supposed that there was not much more than \$70,000 worth of property in Holt county. But this showing indicates that there is, and the people have been doing business of some kind in those parts. Uncle Sam has not been taxing people who are not doing business. It is worth the money in giving Holt its proper status in the eyes of the world. Anyway it is only the fusionists up there who are kicking and they are becoming beautifully less.

**At the State Capital.**  
Lincoln, Dec. 10.—(Special Correspondence.)—There is a general hope that the republican caucus will be held and the senatorial fight disposed of before the 15th of January, the time for the joint session, in order that necessary legislation may not be retarded.

So far as the state in general is concerned, there is no great demand for legislation at the hands of the coming session. The need of a new revenue law is recognized, but the difficulty of passing one is also recognized. Attempts along this line in the two last sessions failed.

Two years ago the fusionist officials, although all elected or appointed on a platform demanding small salaries, came before the legislature and asked for an increase. Under their strenuous representations many of the state house deputies received larger salaries than had ever before been paid. The incoming republicans will reap the benefit of this example, but no doubt they will be criticised by the fusionists for desiring to keep the salaries at their present figure.

It is conceded that this move is quite a proper one. They will feel at home. Nearly every one of the whole crowd of leaders lived south of the Mason and Dixon's line before they came here to "reform" Nebraska. Now they have concluded that the winters are too cold in this

latitude, and that it is too hard to manipulate elections.

The new attorney general will inherit a number of buncombe law suits against starch factories and other institutions, and it is not beyond the possibilities that the Smyths and Oldhams will ask to be allowed to nibble at the public crib until these suits are disposed of. A long-haired attorney general who has maintained a private office in Omaha and allowed the state to shift for itself except during political campaigns, may declare himself to be indispensable in the settlement of these campaign law suits. The new attorney general, however, may decide that an ex-official who uses hair oil externally and an ex-deputy who uses it internally will be of little assistance in these suits.

The pretended contest against Dietrich to prevent him from taking his seat has fizzled out. The fusionists knew that the case was a hopeless one and besides the disappearance of certain of their campaign funds has given them troubles of their own. There is a well-grounded suspicion that high moguls of the fusion crowd used up the funds to bet on the election. Now while they accuse each other, the legitimate campaign expenses remain unpaid. It is believed that this internal quarrel has only just begun, and that before the colony leaves for Oklahoma there may be some startling development. Under the circumstance the "reform leaders will go pretty slow about their contest, and will sing low the song of 'the use and abuse of campaign funds.'"

Governor Dietrich seems to be going about the making of his appointments in a business-like way. When he finds a man in every way qualified for a place, he announces the appointment. So far no criticism has been heard. At least two of the places at the disposal of the governor were given out by common consent. John Mallalieu as the head of the Kearney school was an unqualified success in the years gone by, and the desperate attempt of the Mutz sniffing committee to blacken his character three years ago was a dismal failure. It was conceded that Mallalieu was the proper man for the old place. Dr. Green of University Place for the head of the Lincoln asylum was another expert whose qualifications and claims were generally conceded. In regard to the other appointments so far made, qualifications seem to have been the best indorsement.

Adam Granger.

### Mother is the Only One.

Well, after all is said and done,  
Your mother is the only one—  
The only one in all th' land  
T' give a chap a helpin' hand,  
T' cheer him in the daily work  
That he's a-dyin' just t' shirk;  
Who says, whenever things go wrong:  
"Keep up, Si, 't will be done 'fore long."

Sometimes, when crops refuse to grow,  
No matter how I hoe 'n hoe,  
'N plow, 'n rake, 'n sow, 'n weed,  
Jest so's th' stock ken hev some feed,  
Well, pa comes roun' an' says, "Sav, Si,  
I reck' thet crop's 'bout goin' t' die;"  
An' brother Jim, who's civified,  
Says: "Really, has the fodder died?"  
An' Sue, who reads them romance things,  
Says: "Back to earth what old earth  
brings."

And then she hol's her hands 'n looks  
Jes like the girl in novel books.  
But ma! Ah, mother comes along  
Softly hummin' an' ol' sad song,  
I drop th' hoe, I mop my brow—  
Ain't got no use for sunshine now—  
An' life is filled with sudden bliss,  
Fer ma has asked me for a kiss—  
An' after that—well, I jest swear  
I wouldn't change with a millionaire!

Sometime ago, when Higgins' gal  
Was lookin' fer a lifetime pal,  
An' when I went to church, why she  
Waz there, too, an' she winked at me.  
An' at one meetin', by her side  
I says: "Liz, will yer be my bride?"  
'Fore I had time to make a guss  
She squeezed my hand an' whispered  
"Yes."

We talked 'bout flowers an' weddin' rings,  
'N how we'd live on honey drops  
On a farm that didn't need no crops—  
But—something 'neath my Sunday vest  
Told me I loved my mother best.

Ah, mother's gettin' old and gray;  
Some day, why, she'll be laid away  
Down in th' field by th' old mill stream,  
Where all the roses love to dream,  
And when that happens, like ez not,  
The old farm'll jest 'bout go to pot;  
We'd lose all hope of ma was gone,  
Fer she most runs the farm alone,  
Up with th' sparrers every morn,  
Callin' the chickens to their corn;

She cooks a meal I wouldn't trade  
Fer the finest farm house every made;  
She cleans th' house an, sets the hen,  
An' shoos the pigs back to their pen;  
She feeds the cow, an' then she goes  
Inter th' house, an' sews, an' sews,  
An' bakes a cake, an' runs th' churn,  
An' gathers in th' wood t' burn;  
An' ef you say, "Ma, rest a while!"  
She'll answer, with her old sweet smile:  
"Child, I ain't tired a bit. Are you?  
'We can't rest when there's work to do."  
An', supper o'er, the chores all done,  
She hears our lesson, one by one,  
An' then she sees th' cat is fed,  
An' puts the children all t' bed,  
An' when th' family's tucked away  
Then she, alone, kneels down to pray.

Yes, after all is said and done,  
Your mother is the only one.  
—Robert Mackay in Success.

In order to introduce The Semi-Weekly State Journal to a whole lot of new homes it will be sent free from now until January 1, 1902, to any person sending us One Dollar for a year's subscription. This gives you the paper from now until January 1, 1902, for only One Dollar. The State Journal is the recognized state paper and should be in every home in the state. Printed at the capital it gives more prompt and accurate reports of Nebraska doings than any other paper, and as it gives you two papers each week it furnishes you with the latest news several days ahead of other papers. You will not want to be without The Journal during the legislature and the great senatorial contest. The earlier you send the dollar the more papers you will get for your money. Address, The Journal at Lincoln, Neb.

The epidemic of small-pox in several Nebraska towns calls to mind the need of adopting measures to prevent contagion. Vaccination is a safeguard against the disease, but The Frontier medical editor is informed that the people of O'Neill have long neglected to erect this safeguard and are subject to the ravages of small-pox whenever opportunity offers for it to break out. As children are special object of attack the school-room is a place where contagion is especially favorable, and hence the child who is sent to school should first be subjected to the vaccinarian's lance by the parent.

A. C. Foster, one of Omaha's prominent citizens, and who had the supervision of the Transmississippi exposition, and Mr. Sears, manager of the clothing and dry goods department of Bennet & Co., recently visited the city, Mr. Foster being here to look up a place for a sheep ranch, and is now negotiating for a tract of land. Mr. Foster has extensive ranch interests in Colorado and does things on the business plan and should he invest money in ranch property in this section will no doubt reap good returns.

The Methodist society is preparing to make some improvements on their church property and among other things will put a new roof on the church. To raise the funds the Ladies Aid has evolved the plan of having a benefit sale. Jacob Pfund has given the women folks the proceeds of his store for one day and the sale will be held on December 15, when the profits of sale will go into the church treasury for the improvements stated.

See our new holiday goods.—Corrigan.

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**M**ANY people don't mind the expense of a Christmas present for a friend if they only know what to buy that would be acceptable and within their means. Much money is spent every Christmas for presents which convey the good wishes of the giver without being of any use or value to the recipient. Let us help you select presents that will do both, and besides being a token of friendship will be of use, either as a handsome ornament for the home or person, or something that will contribute to their comfort. Look over this list and if you don't find something that strikes you, come in and we will find it for you. . . . .

**FOR LADIES---**A stylish cloak, fur collarette or scarf; handsome dress or waist pattern, fine silk or flannel waist; gloves, slippers, ties, pins, cuff buttons; fine linen sets; curtains, rugs, art square, carpet sweepers; rich cut glass, beautiful China, lamps, pictures, bricabrac and toilet articles.

**FOR GENTLEMEN---**A stylish suit or overcoat, fur coat, dress shoes, slippers, hat, cap, gloves, mufflers, handkerchiefs, scarf pins, cuff buttons umbrellas, traveling cases.

Come early and get the best selections. There are many goods we do not carry in stock on account of being too expensive and we will be pleased to order them for our customers, give them to them as cheap and often cheaper than they can buy, saving them the trouble and responsibility.

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P. S.—Just received another car of Rushford wagons, complete stock of all sizes; they are the best wagons made.