

THE FRONTIER.

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There is no question but the administration is doing right to protect the public land for actual settlers. That was the intent of the homestead law, and laws are made to be enforced.

There never was a time when times were better in Nebraska than at this time, therefore it is a good time to lay something up for a rainy day. It is expecting too much to expect such abundant crops and good prices for ever.

Nebraska has made such gigantic strides forward in athletics the past year that the eastern colleges were afraid to allow her to enter the charmed circle to compete with them for the western championship. Stand up for Nebraska.

Just now the widows of Soldiers are prominently before the public in the light of being accused of unlawfully using their homestead rights. It does not appear to be the policy of the government to prosecute the widows, who have generally acted upon the advice of supposed friends; but the government desires to put a stop to the practice of the solicitors, who hunt up the soldier's widows, and induce them to file on lands for other persons, which is clearly a violation of the homestead law.

In order to effect a complete fusion in the last campaign the populist leaders promised the democrats that they would allow them to have two candidates upon the county ticket next fall. The democrats, if the populist leaders will be able to deliver the goods, and there seems to be no question about that part of the program, will be given the nominee for clerk of the district court and either county clerk or sheriff. As these were the only two nominations the democrats were to receive Judge Morgan will probably be pushed out and a populist nominated for county judge. The latter arrangement is highly gratifying to O'Neill democrats who severely censured the judge for the manner in which the nomination was received a year ago and it is reported that perfect fusion was only made possible when the populist leaders agreed to drop him at the end of his term. Several democrats are now actively engaged in a preliminary skirmish securing support for the three offices mentioned in the agreement and the indications are that the ante-convention campaign will be quite interesting among the bourbonites of the county.

Many of the leading democrats of the state now confidently assert that there will be no populist party in the state next fall. They argue, and rightly too, that populism is dead; that many populists have gone and will go to the republican ranks while the others will drift into the democrats fold. The Frontier predicts that when this disintegration takes place that M. F. Harrington will be found occupying a seat close to the head of the democrats banquet board, as Mike can take to democracy as naturally as a duck to water. The men in this county who have been staunch and true democrats and who have upheld the banner of democracy through sunshine and rain; through the years of drought, Grover, and the panic, will find themselves relegated to the rear. There will be no room for them at the head of the banquet board. This place will be taken by men who have enjoyed the fruits of populist victories and who by their manipulation have been successful in landing the populist party bag and baggage in the democratic camp. This is the condition of affairs today and The Frontier falls to discern a ray of hope for the old-time democrats in the new democracy of Nebraska. As Nebraska is a staunch republican state the question of leadership is of little

moment, but should democracy succeed, during the next ten years, in capturing sufficient electoral votes to place their candidate in the white house, would it not be humiliating to such democrats as G. W. Smith, Ed. Purdy, John McNichols, Will Purdy, John Harmon, Frank Campbell, Joe Cowperthwaite, William Fallon, John Brady and a dozen others to have to stand back and see Harrington parcel out the offices to the faithful of his selection. He would be the sole judge as to the worthiness of the applicants and it is safe to assume that the members of the "old guard" would not stand inspection, when scrutinized through glasses tainted with populism. No wonder democrats wander around the city in a dazed condition each asking the other: Where are we at?

THOSE FENCES.

Of course, there is no excuse that holds water for the cattlemen who have gone upon Uncle Sam's land and erected wire fences around great tracts, from twenty thousand acres to a patch upward within which to herd and pasture their cattle. It is the old Anglo-Saxon grievance against the rich and powerful for fencing up the common just because they were able to build the fence and relied on the pull they had in parliament to defend them from punishment. Of course it is a good thing for the fencers and it doesn't injure us, so far away, if we do not happen to want a big lot of the same land ourselves and perhaps give us cheaper beef, but that does not argue that the act is not pure and simple brigandage. Uncle Sam isn't using the land and it belongs to all of us, and if all of us should turn our cattle into it, doubtless it would be overstocked and the cattle would starve. But at the same time we do not propose that the land be fenced up in fields eighty miles long by sixty miles wide by one man or corporation for exclusive use. It is not so much to keep the cattle in, as it is to keep the cattle of the rest of us common owners out, that these fences are built.

They have herders all the same and the herders can keep the cattle safely enough without the fence. The president did not make the anti-fencing law. That is on the statute books and, through all sorts of collusions, has been openly and definitely violated for years notwithstanding the efforts of private citizens, who want to use some of the pasture themselves, to have the fences taken down. The president is merely seeing the laws executed and he has sent out in the person of Colonel Moseby, a determined old gentleman who knows a fence when he runs against it, to execute the law. There is no privilege class in this republic. The common is a common and must not be fenced by anybody who has not acquired a lawful right to exclude the general public from it or some portion of it.

Congress may, if it sees fit, pass a law for the leasing of these lands in large tracts at a fair rental but when it does, it should give every man a chance to bid on a tract and should not insist on its being so very big a piece of the public domain that none but millionaires or wealthy syndicates can become bidders. Each tract should however have water privileges connected with it, so that it would be really open to any bidder who wants to hire land for grazing purposes. The proposition to lease the lands at a level rate of two cents an acre is hardly fair or business-like. The grazing ranches should bring the rent that the market will bear. Considering the fact that the land would be untaxable, the rent ought to be not less than six per cent of the appraised value of the land as a pasture. It is not difficult to estimate the value. But no fences until the leases are made out.

And the legislation should be framed as to withdraw these non-tillable lands from the market so that they shall not be subject to homestead entry. They are wholly unfit for homestead and the homesteaders who enter them do it for no legitimate purpose. They simply go there to be bought off or to have a good base for deprecating on the cattle ranges. An ordinary homestead of 160 acres in the arid regions will not subsist enough cattle or sheep to support the homesteader.—State Journal.

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Engraving and Repairing of all kinds done promptly and in a first-class manner.

Every purchaser secures the opportunity to receive the wonderful 400 day clock now on exhibition in my show window. Ask for particulars.

MAJOR F. DUE.

How John O'Dell Became a Tramp.

BY MARY STANDING.



The sun never shone brighter to John O'Dell than it did this twenty-first day of April, the grass never looked half so green, the cows never gave down their milk so easy as they did this memorable morning.

John was a good boy, obedient and hopeful and had always worked on his father's farm. Still he was never contented with the daily routine of farm life and had often told his father that he would like to go to town and look around among the various shops to see if there was some trade that he would like to learn. His father needed him for the spring work which was just beginning, but after some persuasion on the part of his good wife, Mary, he consented to let John go.

The time of parting came at last; with an old fashioned hand-bag full of clothes, a pocket full of good advice and a farewell look at the old homestead where he was born, fifteen years ago, he sallied forth to seek his fortune among the high buildings. Arriving at the village inn the good landlord took his baggage and assigned him to a dingy little room on the third floor, which did not suit John, as he was used to a large airy room in the country, but hopeful as he always was, he said nothing. After brushing the dust from his homespun clothes, he started to make the rounds of the few shops in the village. The first was a blacksmith shop, he stopped, looked in the door at the blacksmith, who was working in his shirt sleeves, his face was black with coal dust from the forge and the perspiration was dripping from his manly brow. Surely this was not what he was looking for, he wanted something easy. After looking the town over for a few days without success, he wound up in front of a printing office. Shading his eyes with his hand, to look through the dusty window pane, he saw, seated at a desk, a gray haired man with a long white beard, writing as though the lives of all the people in the village depended upon the point of his pen. This was not all, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the room, he saw in one corner an old Washington hand press, which looked as though it had seen better days. An old rusty looking job press stood near the center of the room, and a few cases of type near the back window. Dimly the objects became visible. The editor was not alone, for there seated at a case, was an old lady setting type, which afterwards proved to be the editor's wife. A rack stood in one corner which held the dusty files of the paper for more than twenty years back. At the rear end of the room stood a box on which sat a wash basin, a towel hung on a nail near by, which did not look as clean as the ones used on the O'Dell farm. All of these things made an impression on John's mind. Taking

his hand from above his eyes, he turned and looked, first up the street and then down, as if to see that no one was watching him, he entered the office.

The editor, a kind but firm old gentleman, lowered his eye glasses to the tip of his nose, looked up, with a pleasant smile, thinking that some one had come in to pay up a back subscription. Upon seeing the boy he adjusted his glasses, took up his pen and renewed his work, thinking it was one of the boys of the village. John walked up to the desk, gazed at the white locks of the editor and told him of his wish to become a printer.

The editor, lowering his eye glasses once more, looked at the boy and wondered where he came from. After putting a dozen or more questions to the boy, receiving partly satisfactory answers, he arose from his desk, straightening out his long, lanky limbs he towered above John some two or three feet, his enormous height with his skeleton like appearance almost frightened John, he proceeded to show him through the different departments of the office. The first was the composing department, which consisted of a few dirty looking cases partly filled with type. The make-up department consisted of one imposing stone, on which lay two forms partly filled with patent medicine ads. The press department was what interested John, and how the editor explained to him the workings of the wonderful machine, and how he, (the editor) had run off his weekly addition for more than twenty years and never missed an issue.

John worked in the office for five long weary years, as faithfully as he worked on his father's farm. One hot summer day, a shabby looking individual sauntered into the office, and announced, to the editor's astonishment, that he was a printer looking for work. Having an unusual run of job work the tramp was put to work. All that day he told John glowing accounts of his travels and how he, John, was foolish to stay in that dingy little office, "come with me, we will travel together," he said. The pictures and the way they were painted looked good to John, and a few glowing accounts of "life in the jungles," done the rest.

That night two forms were seen walking along a dusty road, leading in the direction the sun sets. They came to the old homestead, John stopped, he felt as though he could go no further, he looked at the old home he loved so well, standing there so black in the pale moon light, while tears came to his eyes as he thought of the loved ones inside. The tramp gently took him by the arm and with a few more versions of "life on the road," led him on. Now John is a tramp printer.

Coughs And Colds In Children.

Recommendation of a Well Known Chicago Physician.

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