

# THE FRONTIER.

Published by D. H. CRONIN.

\$1.50 the Year. 75 Cents Six Months.  
Official paper of O'Neill and Holt county.

## ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements on pages 4, 5 and 8 are charged for on a basis of 50 cents an inch (one column width) per month; on page 1 the charge is \$1 an inch per month. Local advertisements, 5 cents per line each insertion. Address the office or the publisher.



It is now speaker Mockett.

The legislature has begun to grind.

What will the grist be?

The present legislature will have several interesting bills to consider.

This is one of the winters when stockmen need plenty of hay, and no place in the state is better, if so well supplied with hay, as Holt county.

The land grabbing Syndicate bemoans the late decision of the supreme court relative to tax sales. It gets too close to their business for comfort.

The death of the widow of General John C. Fremont is reported. She was a daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, who was a United States senator from that state, during a period of thirty years.

The press dispatches from Washington now indicate that the secretary of Interior is opposed to the proposed land leasing bill, that was agreed upon by the cattlemen at that city, looking after the passage of a leasing measure. It appears that while the draft of the bill has been agreed upon, no bill has as yet been introduced and we cannot at this time give an outline of the features of the proposed bill.

Congressman Neville of the big Sixth district has finally been heard from again. It is the first chirp for a long time. He has permitted himself to be interviewed in New York and thinks that so long as there are such prosperous conditions in Nebraska as there are, the chances for fusion are hopeless. Out of their own mouths we have the testimony that they thrive on calamity.—Grand Island Independent.

## THE BUSINESS YEAR.

The Business Age is the designation by which this present time seems likely to be known in history. It will be at least as fitting as such appellation of any preceding era—Stone Age, Bronze Age, Golden Age or what not. Never before in the history of the world was business of all kinds so widely practised, so fully developed, so highly specialized. Time was when the warrior was supreme and plundered the helpless tradesman at will; but today the military leader turns subserviently to the merchant and the financier for permission to engage in war, or receives from them his orders to go and fight for the promotion or protection of their superior interests. Time was when kings and nobles looked upon the business man with condescension, and the most scornful fling Napoleon could give at hated England was to plagiarize Samuel Adams's remark, that the English were a nation of shopkeepers; but today the successful merchant and the master of finance are greeted by royalty as honored guests, and nations pride themselves upon their shopkeeping more than upon their armies and their fleets.

In this significant development of the closing years of the nineteenth century and opening year of the twentieth century beyond question the United States has played the leading part. If Samuel Adams's description of England was true, then this New England of America is and has ever been more English than old England. The war for independence began as a tradesmen's revolt against financial oppression—against the tea tax and the stamp act. In the century and a quarter since the industrial and commercial growth of this nation has been the most striking feature of its history. Vast as has been our territorial expansion and our growth in population, the increase of business has been greater still. The development of

agriculture, of manufactures and of commerce has far surpassed our national development in any other direction. More than that, it has had a direct influence upon the industries and commerce of other lands, stimulating them, through competition and example; so that the United States is properly to be credited with much of the general business growth of the whole world.

At the present time we shall scarcely be charged with undue "spread-eagleism" if we claim for the United States the foremost place in industry, commerce and finance among the nations of the globe. We believe it is commonly thus regarded by intelligent observers in other lands. In some departments, no doubt, other countries still lead. But when the sum total of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, engineering and finance is taken into account the United States overtops them all. It was under the sound Republican policy of protection to American industry that our industrial independence and supremacy were attained. It has been under the sound Republican policy of honest money and a dollar always worth a hundred cents that in these last few years our financial primacy has been won and the monetary centre of the world has been transferred so largely from London to New York. It is no new thing that the United States is a "world power." It has been that for more than a hundred years. But now it has become in a peculiar sense the world power, primus inter pares, the typical business nation of this business age.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A man without hands can never feel well.

Never kick a live electric wire when it's down.

Honesty isn't the kind of policy found in policy shops.

It's a put-up job on a man when his wife orders a new stove.

Some brokers make it a point to see that their patrons go broke.

No man can be expected to foot his wife's bills without kicking.

It is easier to make a dollar than it is to avoid arrest for counterfeiting.

Wives fear burglars will break in and husbands fear the baby will break out.

The more checks a man receives in his business career the sooner he gets there.

Some lawyers prolong the outcome of a case in order to increase their income.

Hops are said to be a sedative, yet most frogs are troubled with chronic lisomania.

A bachelor who has been rejected by seven girls says that feminine beauty is on the decline.

It sometimes happens that a man agrees with you because your arguments make him tired.

All men have their troubles. Many a man who is seemingly happy is wearing a shirt made by his wife.

There is nothing an old woman likes better than to get hold of a sick man who is willing to try homemade remedies.

It is said that butter was unknown to the ancients, but it is hard to make patrons of cheap boarding houses believe it.

It's usually easier for one father to support ten small children than it is for ten grown-up children to support one father.

The wise husband remembers that his wife would rather have kind words and some new clothes now than silver handles on her coffin a few years hence.—Chicago News.

## He Fears the Worst.

"The senior editor of the Saccharine (Colo.) Gazette went to Denver Tuesday," says the junior editor. "He is probably married! We do not know whether it was with 'malice aforethought,' but 'tis done. 'Blessed be the ties that bind.' We know nothing of this, but had grave suspicions when Monday evening he borrowed the only white shirt this office possessed."

## Monograms on Peaches.

The peaches placed on the table at a London dinner party bore the monogram of their owner traced distinctly in the velvety bloom. Letters had been cut from paper and pasted on the growing peaches. When the fruit was ripe on removing the paper letters the monograms were found picked out in most delicate green, the rest of the fruit being rosy and deep red.

## Just a Man and a Woman.

BY EDWARD E. WEBB.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
The small cabin of logs looked eerie enough high on the knoll, scarcely discernible amid the torrents of rain that enveloped it as with a mist. The fringe of trees between it and the river wept in sympathy with the mournful sighing of the wind through their tops. The patter on leaves, roof and river steadily increased in volume until the fall par-took of the nature of a deluge. The stream, swollen by heavy spring rains, flowed swiftly between its dripping banks and on the opposite shore a rude blockhouse and barracks were dimly outlined against a sky almost as black.

From out the gloom on the fort side a small boat emerged. Although pointed directly across it bore more down than over the stream. For a minute the solitary occupant permitted it to take its course, then, apparently becoming conscious of the aggression pointed the bark up stream at an angle of forty-five degrees. After much effort the prow stuck in the soft clay and a slight water-proof-enveloped and hooded form arose, and that the figure was feminine was evidenced as skirts were raised and a girl stepped to the shore. Tying the boat she passed quickly through the fringe of trees to the cabin.

Grasping a cudgel she shattered the solitary window and after an instant's hesitation and some difficulty, entered. Once inside she drew from the folds of an inner garment a small candle and matches. With these she made a light and pressed the waxen taper into the yielding earth.

A stalwart fellow of perhaps five-and-twenty years lay on a thin bed of straw, his hands and feet manacled to iron stakes. As the feeble light waxed penetrating it disclosed that he wore the fatigue uniform of a cavalryman of the United States army. Evidently it has been no easy task to thus spike him to mother earth, for his face showed an ugly gash and he appeared a man who loved not inactivity.

The girl's face was pale; her large blue eyes were dilated and her full red lips trembled. For an instant she stood as though forgetful of her errand, then sank to the straw and drew from the folds of her dress a large coarse file. Intense femininity showed in every action of her graceful, almost childish figure and she smiled apologetically, almost indistinguishably, as she pushed the dank, blonde hair, which moisture had robbed of its waves, back into the recesses of her hood and vigorously applied the edge of the file to the man's chains. Neither spoke. A slip of one of the tender hands brought blood to the tip of one of the white fingers and without a word the man took the stained digit into his mouth and dried it on the edge of his shirt. The chains severed, the man sat erect. Still mute she took his hand, assisted him to arise and drew him to the shattered window. As his cramped limbs trembled and he leaned against the rude wall, his companion, with a sob passed her arm about him and lent the support of her body. Reverently, fearfully, his arm stole around the little figure and after a minute the girl broke the long silence.

"Come," she said, withdrawing from the close contact.

"Where? Why?"

"Never mind, come."

In respectful, obedient silence he passed out and half drew, half lifted her through the aperture. Still holding his hand, she led him beneath the dripping boughs and down the slippery path now glittering in the rays of the moon. At the boat he hesitated.

"You are making a mistake, little girl"—and the great voice trembled.

She turned on him fiercely.

"If I did not believe you innocent, do you think I would release you?"

A storm of passion shook the soul



Applied the edge of the file to the man's chains.

"I am glad you believe me guiltless, Madge. I did not kill him."

"There! I knew you didn't! Come."

His feeble objections availed nothing and for half an hour the boat urged on by current and the swift strokes of the girl sped down the stream, while the man sat with bowed head.

"Why don't you talk to me, Jim?" asked the girl at length, resting her oars save for an occasional splash to keep the course clear of the shore.

"See, how fast we are drifting!"

"Yes, we are drifting fast," he replied sadly. Then with sudden energy, as though his powerful frame were forcing utterance against his will, he exclaimed:

"Madge, I killed Lieutenant Beverly!"

"Jim, I knew you did."

Both were white to the lips and the wide lustrous eyes of the girl were on him with an intensity that rivaled the brightest star above.

"I know what he said about me, and I love you for what you have done, Jim."

"But—you were to have married him."

"Yes."

"Then you can forgive me?"

"That question is answered."

"I couldn't tolerate the things he said about you, Madge. He boasted and talked of the time you were in St. Louis at school and he went there on a furlough. I wouldn't speak of this but to justify myself in your sight—but he said—"

"Don't tell me, Jim. I know what he said."

"He lied! He lied! and I'm glad I killed him!"

Never for an instant did the girl's eyes leave his as she crept to where



"I'm not going back home, Jim."

he sat and put her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me, Jim."

After a moment she said sorrowfully: "I was engaged to him when I was but sixteen—before I knew you, Jim. But I love you too much to lie to you. What he said was true!"

The man smiled tenderly as he caressed the wind blown tresses and kissed the white lips.

"That was why I killed him, Madge," he said.

The girl sobbed and her arms tightened around his neck.

"I'm not going back home, Jim. I'm going with you!"

## NEW STATUE OF RUBINSTEIN.

Made in Paris and to Be Set Up in St. Petersburg.

The Russian sculptor, Leopold Bernstamm, who has lived and worked all his life in Paris, and has made statues and busts of a great number of French and Russian celebrities, has just finished a fine life-sized marble statue of Antoine Rubinstein, to be placed in the conservatory of St. Petersburg, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Bernstamm personally knew the great pianist; he had made a bust of him about twenty-five years ago, and having afterward repeatedly seen him, he was able to study the model, and the statue has, therefore, turned out to be one of the most striking ones of contemporary celebrities, so far as likeness and demeanor are concerned. Rubinstein stands with head slightly bent downward, as was his mood when about to perform at one of his concerts. He has one hand resting on a music stand; his attitude is one of great ease; it is the same as I saw him take many years ago, standing near the mantel piece of Mme. Marchesi's classroom, when he refused to give his autograph to the young woman of the opera class, whom he had just heard sing, and when he said: "I am sorry, but I never pay for having heard voices, however good they are, and however well they have sung."

## German Forestry the Best.

In the preservation, development and economical management of forests, the Germans, perhaps, excel any other nation. The government, as well as the people, recognize that forests have not only a commercial worth but a national economic value of utmost importance. The German forests, as a rule, are free from weeds, undergrowth, washouts and dead and decayed woods. High stumps are a rarity; the trees are sawed about six to twelve inches from the ground, thereby adding to every log (of the first cut) one to three feet in length, compared with what the same tree would yield if cut on the American style.

## Snatched Bald-Headed.

"The feelings of women are far deeper and finer than those of men," cried the lady orator, in a fiery tone. "We are told by those who style themselves the stronger sex that we are much inferior. Is it so?"

A loud chorus of "No!" from the ladies greeted this question, and the orator went on.

"I say that woman feels where man thinks."

"Is that the reason your husband is bald?" inquired one of the few male members of the audience.

It was lucky for him that he got two seconds' start in the race for the door.

## The Time For Gifts

Elgin  
American  
Waltham  
or  
Spring-  
field  
WATCH  
\$6 00

Has arrived and in order to properly commemorate the occasion we have decided to give a present to each customer purchasing goods to the value of \$10.00. To each purchaser of the above amount we will make them a present of ONE SILVER DOLLAR. That our prices have not been advanced to make this gift is evident from the price list.

1847  
ROGERS  
Brothers  
Silver  
Knives  
and Forks  
per set of  
six, each,  
\$4 50

All other goods in our immense jewelry stock in the same proportion. Call and investigate.

COLE & SON.

Storz  
Brewing  
Company's

Gold Medal Beer

on draft, and  
the renowned

BLUE RIBBON

In quarts and pints  
for sale by.....

WM. LAVIOLLETTE  
O'CONNOR & STANTON  
O'NEILL, - - - NEB.

## Fresh Groceries - - -

Are what the cook needs to prepare a first-class meal. We have them and handle no other. No shelf worn or mouldy goods to work off and say they are just as good. Give us a trial. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

J. C. HARRISKEY.

## BUY THE BEST IT IS THE CHEAPEST

If you want to buy the BEST Farm Wagon, Spring Wagon, Road Wagon, the BEST Cart, Buggy, Carriage, Sulky or Phaeton, BEST Wind mill, Corn sheller of any size or kind, Plow, Disc Cultivator, Hay Sweep, the BEST Stacker, Rake, Mower, Binder, BEST Steam or Horse Power Thresher, BEST Machinery of any sort. The BEST Place is at warehouses of

EMIL SNIGGS Proprietor of the Elkhorn Valley Blacksmith and Wagon Shop.

The best of Repair Work in Wood or Iron.  
Horse Shoeing a Specialty and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Chicago Lumber Yard

Headquarters for .

LUMBER AND

COAL

O. O. SNYDER & CO.

O'NEILL © ALLEN

SALE BILLS } THE BEST AT THE FRONTIER