

THE FRONTIER.

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With an annual liquor bill of over \$1,500,000,000, it would appear on the surface that the eighty odd years of temperance effort in the United States has not been a howling success.

Floods have reached the Mississippi since the fall of the Missouri and four lives are reported lost in around Saint Louis, with destruction of property amounting an estimated value of \$3,150,000.

After many months of bitter labor war, it is a matter of considerable satisfaction to know that the Union Pacific machinists' strike is at an end, and the plucky strikers again at work with a 7 per cent increase in wages.

The Frontier knows of no more sure or speedy method of democratic suicide than giving ex-President Cleveland the lead on their national ticket. Whatever he could stand before the American people upon and ask for votes is unimaginable.

At this late date W. F. Porter is called upon by the supreme court to deliver back to the state that brands and marks money. Better late than never, of course, but will Mr. Porter figure in interest—simple and compound—to date?

A clergyman up in Gregory county, South Dakota, by the name of Stevens should lose no time in starting a collection agency. Out-lauded and dust-buried accounts would come to him for collection thick and fast. He has just collected a bill amounting to \$30 of forty years standing against the United States government, for money advanced for clothing during the civil war.

So far as we have observed, Ira Lamb of Atkinson is the first to be publicly announced as candidate for county office this fall. Mr. Lamb solicits the republican nomination for superintendent of public instruction. At this early date The Frontier has no preferred candidates, but should Mr. Lamb receive the nomination and carry the election he has every qualification to make a good superintendent.

Lancaster county republicans have it out and dried that Judge Barnes of Norfolk will be the republican nominee for judge of the supreme court. While it is a matter of no little surprise that Lancaster county republicans should lead out for a north Nebraska man, it is entirely satisfactory to this section of the state. Judge Barnes is a member of the supreme court commission at present. He would make a strong and winning candidate.

When the strike was ordered at Chicago's Grand Beach hotel every man, woman and child employee walked out. Whereupon the fashionable and high bred dames who were guests at the hotel became indignant and laid aside their costly robes for garments suitable to the chamber maid, cooks, waiters, and dishwashers and plunged in. Be it said to these fashion god's credit that they did the work so well the landlord wanted to hire them.

The result of the hot county seat contest in Boyd county makes Spencer look like a ten cent piece for the time being. Butte simple had a walk-away with a majority of eighty-seven over all. The vote is: Butte, 1,078; Spencer, 490; Anoka, 74; Lynch, 124; Bristow, 303. The fight was between Butte and Spencer, and the victory very decided. Spencer need not feel discouraged at these adverse circumstances; it is a hustling town in a good country, and will get there just the same.

FAITH IN HIS COUNTRY

President Roosevelt said many good things during his western trip, but he seems to have reserved the best for Springfield, Ill. The whole speech is notable. The President expresses great faith in his country and yet is not blind to some serious problems and possible perils confronting our great republic. He reviews republics of former times in these words:

Hitherto republics have failed and republics of antiquity went down. The republics of the middle ages went down, although tried on a much smaller scale than ours, and though, in consequence, the experiment would have seemed less hazardous. Fundamentally the cause of the failure of these republics was to be found in the fact that ultimately each tended to become, not a government of the whole people, doing justice to each member of the people, but a government of a class. Sometimes they, in the control of the government, slipped into the hands of an oligarchy; sometimes it slipped into the hands of a mob; in either case the result was the same; it was as fatal to the abiding welfare of the republic if it was turned into a government in which the few oppressed the many, or if it was turned into a government in which the many plundered the few. Either form of perversion of the true government principles spelled death and ruin to the community. It was no use to have escaped one ruin if ruin came at the other end of the pole.

And then adds:
This government will succeed because it will, and must be, and it shall be, and must be kept, and will be kept true to the principles for which the men of Lincoln's generation fought. This is not, and never shall be, a government of a plutocracy. This is not, and never shall be, a government of a mob. It is a government of liberty by, under and through the law; a government in which no man is to be permitted either to dominate over the less well off or to plunder the better off. It is a government in which man is to be guaranteed his rights, and, in return, in which it is to be seen that he does not wrong his fellows. The supreme safety of our country is to be found in the fearless and honest administration of the law of the land. And it makes not the slightest difference whether the offense against the law takes the form of cunning and greed on the one hand or of physical violence on the other. In either case the lawbreaker must be held accountable and the lawbreaking stopped.

The President then brings his stirring speech to a climate with the declaration that "we can never make this government a good government save on the basis of a fine type of individual citizenship." All that the American republic has ever accomplished for the rights and liberties of mankind has been accomplished on this same basis—it has been the good citizens who have made good law-makers. The principle of self government hinted at by the president is the principle upon which must rest the past and upon which must rest the future history of the country. And it is forever and eternally true that "this government will succeed" whatever the problems and perils it may face if self government—self control, justice instead of oppression, generosity instead of greed, peaceableness instead of plundering—controls the individual.

Mark wants it distinctly understood that he is not now, never has been nor never will be anything but a senatorial candidate from Ohio.

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES.

Dewitt has reached a stage in growth and prosperity that it needs another bank. The Home State bank opened Monday.

Robbers entered a hardware store at Johnston Thursday night, securing \$80 and some merchandise and making their escape.

G. Tenhulsen was arrested, pleaded guilty and fined twenty-five dollars for illegal voting at the late republican primary at Firth.

The body of an unknown man was found near the Union Pacific tracks near Kearney. On the same day the dead body of an unknown man was also found near the track of the same road near Amers.

Frank Vrovos and John Mekrs were instantly killed and W. Steel fatally injured in a railroad accident at Genoa Sunday morning. They were on a hand car when it was struck by a stock extra on the Cedar Rapids-Spalding branch of the Union Pacific.

The playing of base ball on Sunday in the state of Nebraska is a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. So holds the supreme court in a case brought before it from Nebraska City, where Sunday ball playing became offensive to the law and order league and arrests of players followed.

Last Saturday 15,000 circular letters, asking for financial help for the Omaha unions now on strike or locked out were mailed to every union in the United States. All unions are asked to assess a per capita tax of 5 cents a week for the strikers. The letters state in full the details of the Omaha situation, declaring that the business men are making an organiza-

ed effort against the unions. Attention is called to the fact that the Omaha unions have been contributing for nearly a year to the support of the Union Pacific strikers, so that they are somewhat weakened financially. Arrangements were also made to send committee to all of the principal cities of the east and west to make a personal appeal for financial aid.

By a decision of the supreme court at its last sitting, former Secretary of State William F. Porter will have to return to the state some \$900 and over collected by him as secretary of the committee of brands and marks created by act of the legislature in 1899. His bondsmen are released from obligation and S. E. Starrett is allowed to retain \$595.05 paid to him as recording clerk.

The sale at auction of the three million dollar Omaha railroad bridge over the Missouri river at Sioux City was knocked out Saturday by a temporary injunction issued by Judge Munger of the federal court of Omaha on the Dakota county officials. The hearing is set for July 6, at Omaha. The South Sioux City school district claims the bridge company owes it \$3,111 school taxes and ordered the bridge sold. The bridge company raises the question of jurisdiction.

Ainsworth Star-Journal: George A. Farman is the luckiest man in seven-teen states. Some time since, the National Tribune offered a prize of \$10,000 to the person given the closest guess as to the revenue receipts of the government for a certain day. George was the fortunate man, guessing within four of the correct amount and has been notified by the manager of the Tribune of his winning the prize. Mr. Farman has been busy of late receiving the congratulations of his many friends over his good fortune.

While boring a well on the farm of Mr. Brandhoeffer, near Waco, York county, oil was struck at a depth of 160 feet in such quantities that was impossible to use the water from the well. The well filled up to a depth of forty-five feet and the odor of petroleum is very strong. Along the three streams of water traversing York county are places where coal oil oozes out of the banks and covers the surface of the water for a number of yards. Many believe that coal oil could be found in quantities in York county and hope that some expert may investigate.

An Omaha special of June 6 says: "The report of the anthracite coal strike commission received judicial recognition today in an injunction issued by the district court against the waters union of Omaha. The injunction was made to replace that issued a month ago by the same court. The former order became inoperative owing to a technicality in service on the waters. It is identical with the former order except that it does not permit of picketing within 300 feet of the business places which it is sought to protect. In announcing the opinion of the court Judge Dickinson said: 'Upon the petition duly verified we must take the matters of fact alleged as true, and accepting these facts we have, after considering the authorities cited, concluded unanimously that the temporary restraining order should be granted, but the chief authority by which we are moved to grant the temporary order regarding the congregating of persons at or around the places of business of the plaintiffs for the purpose of interfering with patrons of the houses is the report of the anthracite coal strike commission, which was the unanimous report of a number of persons from different walks of life, including members of labor organizations.'"

For Sale Cheap.
SE, 17, 32, 16, and W. J. NW, 31, 30, 16, Holt county Neb. Too far away, will sacrifice. Terms easy. Open to all agents. Miss Leona L. Lingle, owner, 1531 Cambria St., Los Angeles, California. 44-1f

What Uncle Reuben Says.
Most of us believe in a hereafter but at the same time most of us am willin' to beat de odder man in a hoss trade and take a few chances.—Detroit Free Press.

Inventor Loses His Mind.
M. Goubet, inventor of the submarine boat the patents of which were purchased by an English company, has been removed to an asylum.

Anyone who desires to have paper-pering, painting, calceining and frescoing done, it will be to their advantage to see me. I have had over forty years experience and will guarantee work to be first-class. Leave orders for work at Corrigan's drug store or address me at Agee, Neb. 35-2 N. S. Thompson.

I have a very fine buggy that I will sell cheap for cash or any kind of old time. They must go some way to make room for a carload of new goods just coming. Call first and get your choice. Remember the above goods must go before July 4.—Neil Brennan. 481f

FOR SALE—A few full blooded Hereford bulls.
tf. Cowperthwaite & Son.

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 insomnia.

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.

Severe Attack of Grip
Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"When I had an attack of the grip last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the Enterprise, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu." For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

Names Brought Recollections.
Two congressmen elect from Illinois—Charles E. Fuller of Belvidere and H. M. Snapp of Aurora—were being introduced around the capitol in Washington a few days ago. Someone happened to refer to them as "Messrs. Fuller and Snapp" and a Southern Democrat remarked reflectively: "Fuller and Snapp? Reminds me of a law firm in one of Dickens' novels." Perhaps the Southerner was thinking of Kulrk, Gammon & Snap in Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year."

Danger of Colds and Grip.
The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

Great Northern Railway
W. & S. F. RY.
Through daily service to Minneapolis and St. Paul with direct connections for all points in Minnesota, North Dakota and west to Pacific Coast. Through sleeping car service. Apply to any agent for rates, folders and descriptive matter.

FRED ROGERS,
Genl. Pass. Agt.

Mountain Threatens Disaster.
Great Altels, a mountain near the Gemml, in the Bernese Oberland, is threatening to split asunder and overwhelm the neighboring valley. In September, 1895, a great fall of ice from the Altels covered hundreds of acres of meadow land in the neighborhood of Spitalmatten.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
407-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Fishing.

Loafing with a hook and line
Where the waters swirl about,
Whipping up the stream—It's fine
When the speckled trout are out.
Working up the sparkling shallows
Where the sun the water hallows—
Laughing when the fish begin
Rolling, tumbling, falling in;
Loafing with a hook and line—
Ain't it fine!

Leaving all our care behind,
Leaving all the daily toll—
Going out to feel the wind
And to hear the shallows boll.
Going where the sun is gleaming,
Nature with her joys is teeming—
Whipping up and down the stream
In a piscatorial dream;
Loafing with a hook and line—
Ain't it fine!

Loafing with a hook and line
Where the waters whirl about,
Whipping up the stream—It's fine
When the speckled trout are out.
Reeking naught of business trouble
While the happy waters bubble,
When the speckled trout begin
Rolling, tumbling, falling in;
Loafing with a hook and line—
Ain't it fine!

—Baltimore News.

The Sacrifice of Little Jack

Sometimes I imagine that heaven must be a place of surprises. We will go there, if we are fortunate enough to go at all, with many preconceived notions concerning what we shall see and experience, and just as likely as not the decided majority of them will be shattered. Browne of our set certainly must be here, we will say, for he was such a good and proper man in life; then we will look about us, and will be greatly astonished to find no Browne. Muggins of no set in particular cannot be here, we again will remark to ourselves, for he was so coarse and crude, or even worse; then we will see the obnoxious Muggins sitting pretty well forward in a rather nice pew, and again we will be astonished. Occasionally I even fear that the society in heaven may be somewhat mixed and common, but of course I trust and believe that this is a quite unnecessary fear on my part.

However, these reflections are quite apart from the story, and it really is time that it were begun.

At the time of which I write the "enterprising City of Sotdown," as the advertisements of enthusiastic real estate promoters termed it, was wild and Western and of the frontier.

On the whole, we juveniles partook largely of the character of our surroundings; we were as uncultured as we were good-hearted, and as rough as we were care-free. This statement applies to all of us, but if you had set carefully to work to select the wildest young cub—human, you understand—among us all, you certainly would have selected Little Jack without a moment's hesitation.

Probably Little Jack had another name. Arguing from the analogies of the case, I consider it likely that he had, but, if so, nobody in Sotdown had heard it or knew what it was. His mother had died long before the child could remember, and his father was known merely as big Jack, a gentleman who followed the more or less lucrative profession of cowboy. So little Jack grew without any hampering circumstances worthy of mention.

What would you expect of a child of such lineage and environment? But what you would expect really does not matter greatly. As a matter of fact, the experiment of raising figs from thistles never has been much of a success, and, equally as a matter of fact, little Jack early developed a moral toughness that was phenomenal, even in Sotdown. At 11 or 12 years of age he fought, swore, lied and stole. I was going to say, but the fact had not been absolutely proved, and perhaps it is mere justice to give him the benefit of any possible doubt.

Withal, little Jack was a small athlete, and so we boys treated him with the respect that is due to physical strength and prowess. We knew that he would fight though his opponent were twice his size, and so we did not cross his path except we very strongly felt that the god of battles and justice was on our side.

The snow lay deep on the ground till late in the spring of 1881, as residents of Dakota at that time will remember. Then the sun's rays, which so long had seemed to lack vigor, of a sudden became potent, and the snow moved off in raging floods of water. The "Jim" river, ordinarily little more than a creek, became a resistless torrent, in some places three or four miles wide, and the cabin homes of the settlers scattered along the valley generally were swept away. To walk

along its banks then was to look upon a gray desolation of waters, only broken here or there by floating cabins or barns or the white glitter of great cakes of ice.

Some of us boys were so walking one afternoon when a shanty floated past us. Tossed here and there by the flood, ground among ice-floes and beaten by trees set afloat by the waters, it was a question of but short time until it must go to pieces.

"Fellers," suddenly shouted one of the boys, "ain't dat a kid cryin'?"

We listened a moment. Then over that waste of waters floated a little wailing voice that came from the floating cabin. We looked into one another's eyes, while the tiny voice still wailed, and I hope that God will preserve me from ever again hearing a sound so pitiful. What should be done? What could be done? I think the answer of my despairing heart to the latter question was the answer of every boy there—nothing.

Of every boy save one. While we still stood in awful silence—a silence on which that thin cry yet beat—little Jack spoke.

"Youse fellers," he said, "stan' ready to pull me in w'en me an' de kid gits back."

And, before we fully realized what he was about to do, his coat and shoes were off, and he was battling with the cold, cruel waters.

We watched the little black head as

it made its devious way onward, here dodging a cake of ice, there skirting a floating tree, until at last—Hurrah! He had gained the shanty!

A moment he disappeared from view; then he appeared at a window with a wee brown bundle in his arms. "De ole folks is both drowned," we heard him shout, as we ran along the shore by the side of the whirling cabin. Then he again was in the water, and we hardly breathed as he battled shoreward. It was a life or death struggle for every foot of advancement, but his life had given him hardihood, if nothing else, and slowly—oh, so slowly—he made his way with the burden, whence came no cry now. As he neared the shore we joined hands, making a life-line to draw him from the water.

Thank God, he is almost to us now! He is safe at—No! Yes! A great cake of ice, striking an obstruction, whirled as it were on a pivot and almost caught him, but we snatched him away, and now at last he was safe.

Not quite, oh, little Jack; not quite safe, unless, indeed, there be perfect safety on a bosom of infinite love and comprehension after the heroic heart has ceased to beat and the eyes are closed in the long sleep.

The great cake of ice, whirling by him, had touched little Jack, and its touch was death. Even as we lifted him from the water, some of its coldness had entered the brave little heart, and on his head was a great, jagged, cruel wound, whence the stream of life flowed unceasingly.

We held him, and knew not what to do. One of us sobbed brokenly, but the rest were very silent. Then Jack opened his eyes and feebly whispered: "Is de—kid—safe?"

Yes, oh, yes, little Jack; we told you that you had saved the babe, and our whisper was almost as low as yours as we assured you that this was so.

The little black head sank down. Then, very slowly, the eyes again opened, and in a faint whisper was heard: "I'm—damn—glad."

Then, while the flood flowed on, the neglected soul of little Jack went out on a deeper and darker flood which no more shall beat earthward for him.

And this is why I say that I sometimes think heaven must be a place of surprises. But greatest of all its surprises to me, if ever I should reach the beautiful city of love, would be to find no little Jack there, a pupil in such a wonderful school as his life never knew.—Alfred J. Waterhouse in New York Times.



"Is de—kid—safe?"

An Apt Pupil.
"The great trouble with you," said Mrs. Jaggsby to her husband the next morning, "is your inability to say 'no.' Learn to say it at the proper time and you will have fewer headaches."

"I can see where you are right, my dear," replied he of the throbbing temples.

"By the way," continued Mrs. J., "I want to do a little shopping today. Can you let me have \$10?"

"No," answered the wily Jaggsby without a moment's hesitation.

Judgment Suspended.
Mrs. Homer—"What did your husband say about your new tailor-made gown?"

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Not a word. He hasn't seen the bill yet."

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