The Frontier

Published by D. H. CRONIN. ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Assistant Editor and Manager.

75 Cents Six Months Official paper of O'Neill and Holt county.

ADVERTISING RATES Display advertisments on pages 4,5 and 8 re 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.

If your New Year's resolutions last a week its probably longer than you

The Fremont Tribune pulled off a New Year's stunt in the shape of a thirty-two pager.

The year 1908 promises to be a his tory making year. You should read The Frontier and keep posted.

Georgia became a prohibition state at midnight Tuesday. The forces which brought about the enactment of the law expect soon to advance on Milwaukee.

A district judge at Omaha holds that Nebraska's blue law is constitutional. It may reasonably be expected that some dozens legislators will go to the next session determined to repeal or amend the law.

There was no more truth in what the Independent said about Bob Chittick a year ago than what it said about Judge Barnes, but it hasn't ened into it by a libel suit.

The last Nebraska legislature attained some notice as an economical body in the matter of appropriations. Down in Missouri they have just discovered a deficit of \$1,250,000 because of the extravigance of their last legis

It seems that the state oil inspector once in awhile rejects a consignment From the way the kerosene refuses to make a light along about the first shipment of the winter some people have come to think that a state oil inspector is more of an ornament than a servant.

Business conditions are promising for the year 1908, though presidential to which the "dark horse" may have years are considered necessarily "off" a little in this respect. The resumption of business after a partial shutdown occasioned by shortage of cash in the banks indicates a good year

Is it not high honor to once or twice serve your countrymen in the exalted office of president? That's enough without pensioning them after retirement. If the pay while in office is inadequate, raise the salary, but any efforts to increase an already burdened pension roll should be dis couraged.

Bassett Leader: A Minnesota pure food inspector recently tied up a shipment of groceries from a Chicago mail order concern and out of eighty-two samples taken from one shipment only two complied with the law, the others being short in weight and in many instances adulterated. Coffee marked fifteen pounds weighed only thirteen ponnds, eight ounces, and the same of spices, rice, etc. The coffee was adulterated with roasted beans, the berry cordial contained forbidden and was fined \$50 and costs.

The list of speakers for the democratic dollar dinner at Lincoln, January 15, given in honor of William J. Bryan, includes such notables as Governor Charles N. Haskell of Oklahoma, Jerry B. Sullivan of Des Moines' Henry Warrum of Indianapolis, Governor N. B. Broward of Florida, former Senator Thomas M. Patterson of Colorada, M. F. Harrington of O'Neill, Neb., and William J. Bryan. Considerable interest attaches to the speech of Mr. Bryan, as outlining his views of the coming campaign and his idea of what should be some of the planks of the democratic national pirtform. Our friend Mike will probably elucidate the railroad ownership question, tell them how to get cars if they want to ship hay and possibly venture some tips on copper mine investments.

WHAT WILL McGINNIS DO?

J. B. Barnes of Norfolk, one of the judges of the supreme court, was a fake story manufactured for political purposes. The article got the Independent publisher into hot water he J. B. Barnes of Norfolk, one of the pendent publisher into hot water he wasn't looking for. Character assassin and slander has been the chief characteristic of the populist organ at O'Neill since it was founded and it had been carried on with impunity so long that the directors of the editorial policy regarded themselves as immune. Independent publisher face to face with a criminal libel suit, something that hadn't been anticipated because the slanderous course of the newspaper had continued unmolested since the day the paper was started.

Regarding the article published last summer the Independent now says in retraction, among other things:

We are now satisfied that the statement concerning the discharge of fire arms was not correct, we are further satisfied from a painstaking and thor-ough investigation of the matter that no improper relations were being sustained between Judge Barnes and his stenographer. We are thoroughly satisfied that the rumors and gossij which caused his wife's jealousy had no foundation in fact, and that an in-justice was done to both the stenographer and Judge Barnes in that

An open confession is admitted to be good for the soul. The Independtaken it back. It hasn't been fright- ent might further relieve itself by public apology to a few of the citizens of Holt county it has slandered.

> The Independendent says that in view of the retraction Judge Barnes has agreed to drop the matter and the cases against Miles will be dismissed. The charges and retraction were traced by one and the same hand. It is generally understood in this community that a former populist spellbinder, now masquerading as a democrat, is the real editor of the Independent and this is thought to have something to do with securing a settlement out of court, thus avoiding unpleasant publicity by having the authorship 1914. established in court, especially in view of the fact that the chief figure in the prosecution is a member of the court occasion to appeal a case now and then.

We suppose Judge Barnes' agreement not to prosecute applies to the case started in Madison county, as it is not clear how he can take the in- money for political purposes. In self- lieving it would prevent me from elopitiative in dismissing the case started defense the republicans followed the by Stephen McGinnis here. Steve, you know, became very indignant about 10 o'clock one night and had Miles arrested for slandering and states, and the other revelations of libeling Judge Barnes. His case is the same sort in some subsequent now pending in the district court of Holt county and if the interest manifest by the complaining witness one night last summer has not died out in proportion to the wealth of the he will probably give us the next chapter.

What will McGinnis do?

The Lincoln Observer is devoting what space it can't sell to the brewery and harvester trusts to an assault on pay the rent of campaign headquartthe president. It prints a lot of stuff ers, pay the expenses of printing and from a corporate tool at Chicago about "Theodore Roosevelt-Destroper." In thing occurred down through the list view of the fact that the country has enjoyed the most phenominal pros- its use should be condemned. The perity in its history during President national law prohibiting contributions spices were adulterated, and black- Roosevelt's administration it's a query where the title "destroyer" is applicdrugs. The mail order pleaded guilty able, unless it is that some "buncco" games have not been allowed to flourish, spoilers of the public domain have been run down and outlawed trusts brought to time.

> The Lincoln Star notes a prosperity item at the beginning of the New Year. It says: "Isn't that cheering news from Havelock, to the effect that the shops are to re-open this week, with \$100,000 worth of machinery men employed in the various departments? Does that sound like 'hard

> A negro of Brownville fame has brought suit against the government for pay from the time the regiment was disbanded by order of the presi dent until the date of his enlistment expires.

> Norfolk passed the week without a

shooting scrape.

What Have We Done Today?

The Independent takes it back. In a double-column editorial, adorned with a "slug" head, it admits that the slanderous article printed about the slanderous article printed about But what did we speak today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer, But what did we speak today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by

-McCall's.

Democrats Began It. Leslie's Weekly: The democratic papers which have been raising a A slanderous attack on one of the clamor about the contributions which supreme court judges brought the they say were made to the republican campaign fund in 1904 are unwise. They are unwise because they are apt to provoke inquiries as to democratic practices in that connection. The inquirer will not proceed far in his investigation before he will discover that the democrats and not the republicans were the original sinners in this field. "We Fremonters in this town have not \$1 where the Fillmorears and the Buchaniers have \$10 each, and we have Pennsylvania and New Jersey both on our shoulders." These were Horace Greeley's words in the campaign of 1856, in a letter to James S. Pike, the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune.

Current report had it that the South put \$150,000 into the canvass in Pennsylvania that year in aid of Buchanan, Pennsylvania being a "pivotal" state at that time, and Pennsylvania was carried for him. Wall street contributed several hundreds of thousands of dollars to the democratic fund, to be used chiefly in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York. August Belmont, a prominent Wall street banker in those days, the American agent of the Rothschilds, and father of the present well known New York Belmonts (August, O. P. H. and Perry), is said to have contributed \$100,000 to help Buchanan. If the late John W. Forney, the chairman of the democrotic state committee of Pennsylvania in 1856, who disbursed the Buchanan campaign funds which had been sent to that state, had been free to tell the secrets of his prison house (he told some of them a few years later after he became a republican, but not all), he could have unforded a tale which would silence the assailants of Chairman Cortelyou, of the republican national committee of

The use of money in presidential campaigns on a large scale began in 1856, and the democrats began it. The next time when money was used in big sums in a presidential canvass was just twenty years later, in 1876, and the democrats-Tilden and his supporters-were the culprits again. Anybody who remembers the campaign of 1876 will recollect the exposures of democratic expenditures of bad example set for them by the democrats, and the "blocks of five" and other discreditable practices by the republicans in 1880 in the doubtful canvasses, matched the democratic contemporaneous doings in those campaigns. Mr. Barnum, for the democrats. disbursed as much money, country in his day of activity, as Mr. Hanna and Mr. Cortelyou did for the republicans.

We are not justifying the use of money in large amounts by either party in campaigns, although some money necessarily has to be put up to distributing campaign literature, and in putting spellbinders on the road. Aside from the money needed to pay the ligitimate expenses of campaigns, by corporations in elections, and in the state laws which have recently been passed on the subject, will eliminate much of this evil in 1908 and subsequent campaigns.

The Pure Food Law. Secretary Wilson says, "One of the objects of the law is to inform the consumer of the presence of certain harmful drugs in medicines." The law requires that the amount of chloroform, opium, morphine, and other habit forming drugs be stated on the label of each bottle. The manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have always claimed that their remadded to the equipment and with 685 edy did not contain any of these drugs and the truth of this claim is now fully proven, as no mention of them is made on the label. This remedy is not only one of the safest, but one of the best in use for coughs and colds. Its value has been proven beyond question during the many years it has been in general use. For sale by Gilligan & Stout.

> Notice-All accounts not settled by January 15, 1908, for blacksmithing at Emmet, Nebr., will be given to a lawyer for collection .- G. E. Bowen, O'Neill, Nebr. 27-2p

Millie's Strategy.

By W. Crawford Sherlock.

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"Millie, I have requested Mr. Mitchell not to come here any more." Mrs. Thompson purred rather than spoke the words, but her keen black eyes were fixed intently upon her niece as if expecting the news would provoke a storm. She was not mistaken.

"What do you mean, Aunt Hetty?" demanded Millie, her blue eyes flashing and her voice quivering with anger. "Why should you tell Jack not to call upon me again? I am not a child and can see no reason why you should object to his visits if I don't."

"You forget yourself, Millie," returned Mrs. Thompson in the same soft purring tone. "I am your aunt, your father's sister, and he requested in his will that you should make your home with me until you are either married or have reached the age of twenty-five. That makes me your guardian, morally if not legally, and I deem it my duty to break up your intimacy with Mr. Mitchell."

"Why did you not object to Jack when I first met him? Why did you permit him to call here time and again after we met? Why did you wait until we are engaged to be married before you offered any objections to his visiting me?"

Millie had arisen and faced Mrs. Thompson. Her voice was calm, but incisive, and each question was emphasized by a sharp rap on the ebony table beside her.

"I am not compelled to answer such questions, Millie Grav, especially when asked so disrespectfully," purred Mrs. Thompson, "but I will do so. I thought Mr. Mitchell was a very estimable young man when you first met him. This impression remained with me until lately, when I have had reason to believe him otherwise.'

"What is your reason?" demanded the girl sharply. "If any one has maligned Jack, I have the right to know, so I may give him the opportunity to defend himself. What have you heard

about him. I wish to know.' "I decline to tell you," replied Mrs. Thompson. Her voice was still soft and low, but her thin fingers twitched nervously as if she was imbued with a strong desire to scratch the girl so boldly confronting her. "Mr. Mitchell shall not come here again. That is all I have to say. Of course, as you are of age, I cannot prevent you from meeting him clandestinely, but so far as my own home is concerned I shall endeavor to do my duty." The suggestiveness of her aunt's

vords puzzled Millie, but their purport became clearer to her as she reflected. "I think I understand it all now. Aunt Hetty," she said slowly and scornfully. "You have deliberately planned this thing, knowing that my father, who hated the very mention of runaway marriages, provided that I must be married at your home if I am married before I am twenty-five. If I am married anywhere else, one-half of my fortune will go to you. My father made this strange provision, being with any one before I had reached years of discretion. You introduced me to Jack Mitchell and encouraged him to come to see me. Now when we are almost ready to be married you trump up some objection to him in the hope that I will run away and get married, thus allowing you to become possessed of half my fortune. Aunt Hetty, I have never loved you, but I did

scheme." "Believe what you please," retorted Mrs. Thompson, purring no longer, but speaking harshly and discordantly. "Mr. Mitchell shall not come here again. You may do as you please."

not think you were capable of such a

"I am going to marry Jack Mitchell," replied Millie quietly, "and I shall be married in your home. That is all l have to say." And, turning, the girl walked to her own room, leaving her aunt to reflect over the last words

Bolting her door to guard against any intrusion, Millie reflected over the situation. She was now twenty, and by waiting five years until she came into possession of her fortune it would be possible to prevent Mrs. Thompson from obtaining any of the property, but the girl's mind revolted at the idea of waiting so long. She had known Jack Mitchell for two years and been engaged to him six months. Five years seemed a lifetime, and she dismissed all thought of such a plan.

Aunt Hetty should not profit by her marriage to Jack-upon that at least Millie was resolved-but how could she possibly be married in her aunt's home? Aunt Hetty, having been discovered in her scheme to secure a part of the fortune, would spare no effort to prevent her niece's marriage in her home, and Aunt Hetty, small of stature and not overly strong, usually accomplished what she started out to do.

"What a jolly row there would be if Jack and the minister would come here and try to go ahead with the ceremony," laughed Millie as the ludicrous side of such a possibility appealed to her sense of humor. "I can imagine Aunt Hetty taking Jack by the coat collar and putting him out, despite his six feet of length and 200 pounds weight. Aunt Hetty would do it some how, so I must be married here with out her knowledge, but how is that to

be done?" There seemed no way to solve the problem, and Millie arose to take a walk, thinking the fresh air might bring some relief to her troubled mind. As she stood before the mirror arranging her hat she noticed the reflection | News.

or men moving about the adjoining house, and she turned to investigate. Men were taking up the carpet and moving the furniture out of the room opposite hers, while others were on the floor below, similarly engaged. Could it be possible that the Jacksons were going to move? If they were the adjoining house would probably be for rent, and- Millie raised her window quickly and reached out her hand. It almost touched the window of the adjoining house. The houses were joined together in front, but in the rear a small space less than three feet wide separated them to admit light and air. A solution of the problem flashed across the girl's mind as she lowered and fastened the window. It might be possible to frustrate Aunt Hetty and not wait five years either.

During the next week Millie spent much of the time at home. Aunt Hetty, always on the alert, viewed this unusual proceeding with suspicion and remained indoors herself to guard against any possible invasion by Jack Mitchell. Instructions were issued to the servant to admit no one, and Mrs. Thompson felt confident of being able to frustrate any attempt on Millie's part to marry according to the provision of her father's will,

Millie smiled complacently, but said nothing, as she noted her aunt's actions. Things were progressing finely, and at last the plan was ready for execution.

Locking and bolting her door, she spent two hours in putting on her prettiest gown. When this task was completed to her satisfaction she raised the curtain and opened the window.

A moment later Jack Mitchell's handsome face peered out of the window of the adjoining house.

"All ready, Millie?" he asked, restraining a strong desire to spring across the intervening space and take her in his arms. "Here's the Rev. Mr. Walker, an old friend of mine, and two witnesses, Bert Latimer and Frank

Long. We are all ready if you are." Millie nodded, and the minister directed them to join hands across the space of separation. The marriage service was read in slow, measured tones, and they were pronounced man and wife. Jack would have come over to join his wife, but she prevented him.

'No, no, Jack; this is Aunt Hetty's house, and she has forbidden you to come here. Just wait for me at the door.'

Mrs. Thompson, listening, as was her wont, at the keyhole, had heard the sound of voices and felt that something was wrong. Vigorously and viciously she had pounded on the door of Millie's room, demanding admittance during the ceremony, but the Rev. Mr. Walker, previously apprised of the situation, had not heeded the interruption. As Millie unfastened the door Mrs. Thompson's angry face confronted her.

"Who is in your room, Millie?" demanded the aunt, glancing around in Hollow cheeks and the dark pallor of quest of the intruder. She found no one in the room, but caught sight of ance. He was a strange and almost Jack's face across the way. The bridegroom had waited to see what developed when the door was unfastened.

What is that man doing in the Jackson house?" continued Mrs. Thompson angrily. "I shall request Mrs. Jackson to forbid him coming there."

Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Thompson were excellent neighbors, and the ing they were talking on the downs tothreat seemed sufficient to prevent any gether, and Allingham said that he felt the adjoining house. "Mrs. Jackson has moved, Aunt Het-

ty," said Millie calmly. "But you have been so busy watching me that you failed to notice it. I, or, rather, we. have taken the house. "We! What do you mean?" inquired

Mrs. Thompson excitedly. "I have nothing to do with that house."

"I mean Jack and myself, aunt. We have just been married. I stood in my room and Jack stood in the room of the house next door. I was married in your home and have complied with inexpressible! I have never been able the condition of my father's will. Goodby, Aunt Hetty. Come over and see us. We will be at home on Tuesdays of next month."

But Mrs. Thompson was too much discomfited by the defeat of her well laid plan to make a reply.

Flats Harm Book Trade.

"Flats and apartments damage my business dreadfully," said a publisher. "The minute a family gives up its house and takes to a flat that same minute it stops buying books. In the first place, flat dwellers are cramped for room. Having little enough space for their furniture, let alone for books. they naturally buy no books. In the second place, flat dwellers are nomads; they move often, and your nomad hesitates to buy a book because he knows it will be a nuisance to pack at the next moving.

"We are all taking to flats and apartments, housekeeping in them is so much easier and pleasanter. We are all freeing ourselves of needless things in order to have more space in our cramped quarters. Books we free ourselves of first, taking in their place a subscription to a public library.

"Indeed, thanks to the flat, private libraries in the future will be as rare as private theaters or private chaplains."-New York Press.

Then She Left Him. "Ah," said the young husband, "it is hard to part!"

"Are you going to leave me?" shriek ed the young wife. "No, indeed!" replied he. "I was re-

ferring to this biscuit."-Houston Post. Retribution.

Mrs. Peckhem-Henry, do you believe that people are punished right here on earth for their sins? Peckhem -I certainly do-that is, if marriages are really made in heaven.-Chicago LYDIA DARRACH.

Loxley House, Philadelphia, Where She Played Eavesdropper.

One of the favorite stories connected with the Revolution is the tale of Lydia Darrach's patriotism, which story, like others of similar import, has been discredited by the discriminating historian. Notwithstanding the cold douche thrown upon the tradition it remains popular with all who know it. The house where the famous eavesdropping on the part of the Quakeress took place is not so well known.

Those who have heard or read the story of Mrs. Darrach hardly need to be informed that she and her husband lived in what was called the Loxley house, once at the southeast corner of Little Dock and Second streets. Little Dock was the thoroughfare which runs in a southwestern direction from Dock street to Second street. The ground upon which the Loxley house stood was acquired by Benjamin Loxley, a well to do carpenter, who owned practically a whole square in this vicinity, from George Clymer in April, 1759, and the queer little house was erected immediately. It was a speculation, for there is nothing to show that the owner ever lived there.

The house gained its fame from its peculiar facade, which was unlike anything in the city, and from the anecwhich connects Mrs. Darrach with the place. The great preacher Whitefield is said to have addressed the multitudes from the balcony on either his sixth or seventh visit to this

country-1763 or 1769. The Revolution had long since been over and most of the patriots in their graves before the tale of Mrs. Darrach's bold adventure, which is believed to have saved Washington and his army from capture by the British, became known. In the first number of the first volume of the American Quarterly Review, issued in March, 1827. the tale was told for the first time. There it is credited to "Garden's Anecdotes of the American Revolution." The author of the story in the American Quarterly Review, however, must have had access to Major Garden's manuscript, for the story was not published in his book until the second series was issued in the latter part of the year 1828.-Philadelphia Ledger.

STORIES OF TENNYSON.

Showing Some of the Odd Ways of the Famous Poet.

In the memoirs of the late William Allingham, the English poet, appear some interesting reminiscences of Tennyson. Allingham's first sight of him was at Twickenham, where Tennyson was then living. He says: "Soon came in a tall, broad shouldered, swarthy man, slightly stooping, with loose dark hair and beard. He wore spectacles and was obviously very nearsighted. his skin gave him an unhealthy appearspectral figure. The great man peered close at me and then shook hands cordially, yet with a profound quietude of manner. He was then about fortyone, but looked much older."

In 1886 Allingham visited Tennyson at the latter's home, Farringford, in Freshwater, Isle of Wight. One mornappy. Tennyson said gloor not at all happy-very unhappy." reason, as Tennyson afterward explained, for his particular unhappiness was his uncertainty regarding the condition and destiny of man. Allingham was very anxious to photograph him on this visit, but Tennyson positively refused. "You make bags under my eyes," he said.

At another time during this visit, as Allingham writes, they talked of dreams. "Tennyson said: 'In my boyhood I had intuitions of immortalityto express them. I shall try some day.' I said that I, too, had felt something of that kind, whereat Tennyson, being in one of his less amiable moods, growled: 'I don't believe you have. You say it out of rivalry."

Allingham describes Tennyson's fondness for strange antics, such as jumping round and round like a pigeon, and adds, "He is the only person I ever saw who can do the most ludicrous things without any loss of dignity."

Feet of the Ancient Greeks. A walk through the British museum

and a close examination of the pedal extremities of ancient art there show they are all bad about the feet. "The Disk Thrower," a celebrated specimen, has particularly bad examples of incipient bunion joints. If the foot of the Farnese Apollo, used as a model in most art schools, represents the foot of the average Greek corns and bunions must have been common in that classical country.-British Shoemaker.

The Earnest Word. "You never can tell," observed Uncle

Allen Sparks, "what lasting results may be accomplished by an earnest word spoken at the right time. Many a man has had the shape of his nose changed for life by calling another man a liar."-Chicago Tribune.

Clever Retort.

"Yes, I am going to marry Mr. Bul-

"Why, he is old enough to be your father!

"I know he is, but unfortunately he doesn't seem to care for mother."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Black Eyes.

Miffkins-It is said that aggressive, impulsive people usually have black eyes. Biffkins-That's right. If they haven't got them at first they get them later.-Exchange.