

**THE HERALD.**

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It is Governor Lorenzo Crouse of Nebraska now.

The robberies at Lincoln will now stop as we have a republican governor.

The people of this country are unanimous in the opinion that immigration should be suspended until the cholera germs in the old world have been entirely destroyed.

The New England tobacco growers demand the duty on tobacco be retained, and their argument is made forcible by the fact that the crop increased from \$1,400,000 in value in 1889 to \$6,000,000 in 1892.

CLEVELAND fought Edward Murphy for the N. Y. senatorship, and Murphy got every vote but five. Tammany evidently don't intend to be bossed by Cleveland, and we predict that before the year is half gone Cleveland will do just as Tammany says.

It is understood that the cabinets which are being formed by the students of the High school don't go until Cleveland's "O. K." is put on them, nevertheless they will be found to be as near correct as those being formed by the newspapers all over the country.

If White is made senator from California and Brown succeeds Carlisle in Kentucky and Gray already there, we won't quite have the national colors in the senate, but perhaps White, Brown and Gray will correspond with the politics better than the "Red White and Blue."

WEST VIRGINIA will have two senators to lose. One is a successor to Faulkner, whose term expires with the present congress, and the other is to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Kenn, whose term runs on to march, 1895. Faulkner will probably succeed himself.

The editor of the Louisville-Courier-Journal wants to bet the Star-Eyed Goddess and every shred of her new inauguration ball costume against a last year's Harrison and Reid election ticket that the next secretary of the treasury will be John G. Carlisle of Kentucky. This does seem to settle it. It will be Secretary Carlisle without a doubt.

A DISPATCH has been published from Springfield, Ill., to the effect that the victorious democrats now in office there, have ordered the removal of the portraits of Lincoln, Grant and Logan from the state house. It is probable a fake. Still it may be necessary to do something of the kind so as to give room for the real patriots of '61, like Adlai Stevenson and his brethren of the Golden Circle. The republicans have had things their own way so long in Illinois that the old copperheads have been crowded to the rear.

The plans for the newspaper exhibition at the World's Fair have been completed and it is announced that one morning and four evening papers will be printed on the big fast presses on exhibition in machinery hall. The evening papers will be duplications of those printed in the city. Each paper will send down its stereotype plates and print supplementary editions there in the presence of the wondering people. The morning issue will be a conglomeration, each of the six morning papers sending down a page of its own matter, and the remaining space being filled with official bulletins and programmes. The newspaper exhibit will be a striking feature of the exposition.

The democratic organs are annoyed because Mrs. Lease has not yet forgotten that little egg episode, that happened down in Georgia, persists in referring to it, when she makes a public address. The democrats are of the opinion that a little circumstance like that should have been forgotten long ago. It is characteristic of democrats to object to anything being brought up that has occurred in the past. The past is a perfect blank to the democrats, except that they still remember Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, who belong to a generation that is gone. Democrats wish to draw the veil of oblivion across the past, and the tenacity with which Mrs. Lease remembers the egg episode, vexes them sorely.—Beatrice Times.

**THE TWO STRIKES.**

The two governors of Pennsylvania and New York devote considerable space in their messages to the strikes which occurred in their states last year. They do not present any new facts of importance; but they emphasize those already known in an interesting and instructive way. The total cost of the Homestead affair to the state was about \$430,000, and that of the Buffalo outbreak was about \$200,000. It cost \$630,000, in other words, to enforce the laws in those two instances; and that was practically nothing in comparison with the vast losses that ensued, not only to those immediately concerned, but also to the general public. There was no profit in either case for anybody. The interests of labor were not in the least promoted, but, on the contrary, seriously retarded. Not one of the questions involved in the controversy was settled; and certainly the relations between employers were not improved. The strikers lost their places, and the corporations were compelled to hire such men as they could get. That was a final outcome of efforts to vindicate the rights of labor by compulsory and revolutionary processes. From every point of view there was more harm done than good accomplished. It does not matter what the merits of the dispute may have been on either side, so far as the practical effects were concerned. The great lesson remains that strikers do not pay; and if they do not pay, then men are foolish to engage in them and pay the price that attends them.

Gov. Flower states the matter fairly and soundly when he says that employes have the right to strike in the sense of refusing to work upon terms which are not satisfactory to them, and that public sympathy is always with them so long as they use peaceful and responsible means to better their condition; but the moment that they resort to riotous expedients they forfeit popular support and invite certain defeat. The authority of the law must be respected, no matter what the nature of the grievances may be. Society will not tolerate violent and criminal proceedings for the adjustment of any problem. In so far as the laws can be properly shaped to benefit the laboring population, it is entitled to such assistance; but it is not authorized under any circumstances to take the law into its own hands and destroy life or property to gain a desired advantage. The failure to comprehend and observe this important fact is the fatal weakness of the striking theory. When employes are not satisfied with the treatment they are receiving from employers, they have the liberty to quit and to persuade others to do so; but this does not include the privilege of intimidation and wanton spoliation. There is a limit beyond which they must not go in the assertion of their power. The law plainly fixes that limit, and provides for the severe punishment of those who disregard it. This is necessary for the protection of the interests of the whole community, which are superior to those of any class; and whenever strikes antagonize the general peace and welfare, as they usually do, they are certain to end in failure and mockery.—Globe Democrat.

The New Peterson for February is an advance on the January number, admirable as that was in every respect. The illustrations are still better and more numerous, and the stories and miscellaneous articles are as good as they are varied. "The Evolution of Comic Opera," by Edward Stephens, is a very clever record of that favorite amusement and gives capital portraits of the leading singers of the day. "La Perdida" is one of Gertrude Atherton's most dramatic stories of early California days and is effectively illustrated. "Art in Mikado Land," by Robert B. Graham, is an exceedingly well written paper, and the illustrations are capital. "One Clergyman and One Suburban Servant-Maid," by Joseph Kirkland, is in the popular Western author's happiest vein. "Agigail Jane Perkins, Her Skull," by Duffield Osborne, will add to its writer's already enviable reputation. The fireside department is rich in entertaining and instructive matter from the pens of Minot J. Savage, Mary E. Mumford, Ella Higginson, etc. There are poems by Clinton Scollard, Angie De Vere, Minna Irving, and various other singers. The New Peterson is meeting from the outset with a complete success which is certain to last, because it is thoroughly deserved. Terms, two dollars a year. Address Peterson Magazine Co., Philadelphia.

A HOTEL keeper at Huron, S. D., has written to a priest in New York to send him a car load of Irish girls and he will supply them with husbands.

**THE DIRECT TAX.**

The present legislature should indicate to the general government a willingness to accept the \$19,000 due the state in the return of the direct taxes. This money will probably be placed in the hands of the government as trustee for a number of years (as was the case in other states) to be held subject to the redemption of outstanding receipts, as many of these receipts are doubtless yet in existence, the balance to be appropriated as the legislature may direct. In Missouri the direct tax returned to the state amounted to \$640,000, and contrary to the instructions accompanying the return of the money, the governor recommended to the legislature in session, that the amount be transferred to the State University as a permanent endowment fund, and this disposition was made of it, says the Beatrice Times. This unwarranted appropriation of this money created much unfavorable comment and discussion throughout the state, the prevailing opinion being that it should have been held, as the act providing for its return to the states, required, for the redemption of outstanding receipts, before any final disposition was made of it. It was also urged that it should have been applied to the outstanding debt of the state, or of the state public school fund, rather than the state university, thus disturbing the benefits accruing from it more uniformly among the people. In July, 1861 congress passed an act authorizing the collection of \$20,000,000 from the citizens of the several states, based upon incomes and salaries, to be used by the government in defraying the expenses of the war. In all the states this law was enforced excepting those in rebellion. When the war ended the question was forced upon the government either to collect the pro rata amounts from citizens of the southern states or refund the respective amounts back to those who had paid; and as it would have been oppression on the former in their depressed condition the latter alternative seems to have been accepted. And after a long struggle in the fifty-first congress (1891) an act was passed accordingly, and received the president's signature, making it a law. This is the direct tax and Nebraska's quota, it appears, is \$19,000. Get the money and apply to the state indebtedness say we.

**ROAD LAW.**

A representative in the Missouri legislature has introduced a bill contemplating a road law that will repeal the "property road tax," which is now worked out, and make it payable in cash. Then the county court shall appoint a county supervisor whose duty it shall be to oversee all the roads of the county. The road districts are to be greatly enlarged and one supervisor appointed for each who shall devote his entire time to road work. The representative thinks the plan of working out the road tax is a mistake if we want good roads, and contends that the way to get good road work is to hire the work by contract under a supervisor who shall devote his whole time and attention to road work. He contends says the Beatrice Express, that if country roads are worked on, the same plan as railroads there is chance for competition in good road beds. This looks like a step in the right direction of good roads that our Nebraska solons might profitably consider.

**COMBINATION QUARANTINE.**

Philadelphia Ledger. The senate has passed the quarantine bill which provides for a combination of state and national quarantine and increases the powers and duties of the marine hospital service. Its most important provision, perhaps, is that which authorizes the president to prohibit in whole or in part the introduction of persons and property. A deal of responsibility is thus thrown upon the president, for he may, on the hand, cripple commerce to keep disease out, or admit disease rather than disturb commerce, but it seems to be necessary to have discretionary authority lodged somewhere, as a fixed rule would be sure to do injustice or work a hardship.

It is reported that the Canadian government has concluded to abolish discriminating tolls on the Welland canal and against American routes to the seaboard. If such is the fact it is a vindication of the retaliatory policy of the United States, and at the same time is a gratifying evidence that the Canadian government is experiencing a wholesome change of feeling regarding its relations toward this country. It is to be hoped says the Bee that this is the case and that it springs from an honest desire to cultivate more intimate commercial acquaintance, which it is quite possible to make mutually beneficial.

FROM the dispatches about the inauguration of the democratic governor of Illinois we would judge the crowd was a thoroughly democratic one, for as the judge of the supreme court pushed through the throng, to administer the oath of the office to the democratic governor, he was relieved of his pocket-book, by one of the invited guests, and diamond pins and other valuables were stolen from members of the general assembly. This must be democratic reform.

There is a wrong idea afloat that the west wants more immigrants. The west has been covered by the poor hovels of homesteaders, whose only ambition is to get a farm and then sell it to a foreign syndicate for a good sum. We don't want any more of these. What we do need is more mechanics, and more of these, who are willing to undertake something and win success is what we must have.—Nebraska City Press.

THERE are no strings of any kind on Governor Crouse. He goes into his office unhampered and unpugged and it is safe to say the executive affairs will be administered solely at the dictation of the governor himself. It was different two years ago. Then the man who was unpledged and free to exercise his own choice and prerogative was not elected, and for that reason. We are progressing.—Fremont Tribune

THE silver issue is bothering the democrats just now more than the tariff is. If they are wise, however, or have any regard for their platform or their promises, they will pitch in and help Sherman and his fellow republicans repeal the silver law.

JAMES G. BLAINE is still alive his struggle with death seems like the struggle of a mighty ship on the tempest tossed ocean. Tossed and buffeted repeatedly by the angry gusts it rights itself each time for another fight with the waves.

**NOTES FROM EXCHANGES.**

From the Echo. W. W. Conn, father of Mrs. H. L. Clapp, is laying dangerously sick at his daughter's home three miles west of town.

Bert Hardy informs us that he intends establishing a cob pipe factory in Elmwood as soon as spring opens up. The pipes will be made from the cobs of the mammoth corn he raised on his farm last summer.

C. D. Kunz has decided to move his house in north part of town back several feet and build a good addition to it. A. Yoder has secured the rent of it for the ensuing year, and will also do the carpenter work on the addition.

A novel foot race was run on our streets Monday between Bart Hardy and John Kunz. Hardy carried a 14 foot board a foot wide, and run straight, while Kunz run free handed but had to turn round a man in the middle of the race. The distance was 100 feet and Hardy came out ahead.

M. D. Bailey feels happy, even though he has been a poor renter. He rented a farm last year and was in town Saturday to pay the rent which he did and had a little left. He sold \$300 worth of hogs, a lot of cattle which has paid his expenses and then has his entire crop to fall back on. He has bought a farm a few miles further west will move on it in the spring. Who says renters are oppressed?

We received a letter from Joseph Chapman which disclosed the fact that he and his family are in Winlock, Washington. He says "the grass and clover are up and that flowers are in bloom and never freezes enough to hurt the vegetables in the gardens."

From the Ledger. Section Foreman Weston became tired of drawing upon his salary every month to pay rent, and is erecting a snug little cottage in the "Y" north of town. He expects to be at home in his new house in a few days.

Mrs. Hastings arrived here Thursday afternoon for a visit of several days with her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Lynn. She came here from York where she has been visiting with the family of James Wiley, formerly of this county.

H. S. Upton, who for some months past has been connected with the Bedal Gold Cure Institute at Blair came down last Wednesday to attend to some business for the Institute and to visit his relatives and friends in and near Union.

We call attention of our readers to the continued story beginning in this issue on page six entitled Chattanooga written by F. A. Mitchell, late of the United States army. It is a thrilling story of an occurrence of the late war and should be read by everyone.

**OUR GREAT CITIES.**

**Interesting Facts About the Location of America's Business Centers.**

It is upon the business of transferring freight from one system to another, from external to internal, or from land to water, or vice versa, that the growth of commercial cities largely depends, and as the most advantageous location for such "break of bulk" is at the head of navigation, enabling freights to be carried as far as practicable by water, the cheapest known medium of transit, the locus of the city will be found at that point farthest inland which can be reached by ocean vessels of the deepest draft.

But although water is nonproductive of freight, it is a very convenient medium of transportation, and hence, wherever there exists a large body of productive land surrounding or contiguous to a navigable channel, there will be found the elements of a great emporium. Thus London, the metropolis of Great Britain, is not at Land's End, the point of England nearest to the foreign commerce of the world, but at the head of navigation of the River Thames; Paris is not on the sea, but on the Seine, and so situated as to place it in the center of the most highly developed system of interior waterways in the world. Canton, Constantinople, Liverpool, Glasgow, Antwerp and many other foreign cities might be cited in illustration of this principle. In our own country the same conditions prevail. Baltimore and Philadelphia are at the head of navigation—New York and Chicago are wedded to gether by a thousand miles of waterway, at each extremity of which there must of necessity be a break of bulk.

Situated at the re-entrant angle of the coast, and having the great water artery draining the heart of the country flowing into her magnificent bays, New York has exceptional facilities for controlling inland, coastwise and foreign commerce. There is one link, however, which needs to be opened to render the southwestern commerce more fully accessible, and that is the ship canal across New Jersey from Raritan bay to the Delaware river, and thence across the Delaware peninsula to Chesapeake bay.

A review of the returns of the eleventh census shows that the twenty-eight cities in which the population exceeds 100,000 are located at the strategic points of transportation systems, and that with few exceptions they are commercial cities, situated upon navigable waters. It will also be observed that as a general rule these great centers of trade follow in the wake of immigration and are on the western side of the great waterways, as well as at the points of transshipment between water and land carriage.

Viewing the United States as a whole, it will be found to consist of four great transportation areas, namely, the regions tributary to the Atlantic, to the Pacific, to the lakes and to the gulf, and the strategic points of these four systems are those where the lines of least resistance to traffic are most numerous.

In the center of the transmississippi region, and equally distant from lake, gulf and ocean lies Denver, the hub of this great territory, from which ramify more than a dozen lines of railway reaching to all parts of the continent, and in its center there is to be seen a depressed basin forming a natural site, where the streams of commerce can be readily commingled in the great transfer yards and stations which are being rapidly developed in this enterprising city of Colorado.—Cosmopolitan.

**Early Rising.**

The excellence of early rising and its inspiring influence on both body and mind have been themes for the poet's song and the sage's sermon. Early rising promotes cheerfulness of temper, opens up new capacities of enjoyment and channels of delight to which the sluggard must be insensible.

It increases the sum of human existence by stealing from indolence hours that would else be utterly wasted, and, better still, unquestionably conduces to longevity. All long lives have been early risers.

Now the habit of retiring to bed at late hours will hardly admit of early rising; therefore the necessity of refraining from the one in order to secure the advantage of the other. From six to eight hours are generally held to be sufficient, and no doubt on the average are so.

Our sleep is regulated much by the season. In winter people lie longer on account, as they say, of its being too dark to get up early. There is some plausibility in the reason, but the system in cold and dark weather is more prone to sleep than in light and sunny times. Invalids need generally plenty of bed rest, and they should procure it by going early to bed.

There are more health and strength to be found in the practice of seeing the sun rise than in looking at it in any other part of the day.—St. Louis Republic.

**One of Charles Dickens' Pranks.**

While I am writing of my father's fondness for dancing, a characteristic anecdote occurs to me. While he was courting my mother he went one summer evening to call upon her. The Hogarths were living a little way out of London, in a residence which had a drawing room opening with French windows onto a lawn. In this room my mother and her family were seated quietly after dinner on this particular evening when suddenly a young sailor jumped through one of the open windows into the apartment, whistled and danced a hornpipe, and before they could recover from their amazement jumped out again.

A few minutes later my father walked in at the door as sedately as though quite innocent of the prank, and shook hands with every one; but the sight of their amazed faces proving too much for his attempted sobriety, his hearty laugh was the signal for the rest of the party to join his merriment. But, judging from his slight ability in later years, I fancy that he must have taken many lessons to secure his perfection in that hornpipe.—Mamie Dickens in Ladies' Home Journal.

**Speaking Frankly.**

Hypochondriac Patient (detailing real and imaginary ailments to sympathetic physician)—And then, doctor, there's my head.

Doctor—Oh, don't alarm yourself about that; believe me, there's nothing in it.—Exchange.

**Beyond Her Jurisdiction.**

Little Johnnie—When Miss Nixdoor got married, her mother threw an old slipper after her. What was that for?

Little Ethel—Oh, they always do that. That means that her mamma isn't never going to spank her any more.—Good News.

**An Interest in the Game.**

"Do you enjoy football?" he asked of the man who sat next him at the game. "Somewhat."

"Are you a player?" "No, I'm a surgeon."—Exchange.

**Welcome Rain.**

The author of "Round the Compass in Australia" had put up for the night with the manager of a stock farm. It was a time of drought, and the evening passed amid stories of frightful suffering and losses. The manager thought it would be hardly possible to hold out a week longer. "Shady Jack's well is done," he said, "and the Frenchman's tank is empty." His wife tried to encourage him.

"Hope for the best," she said. "My oath!" answered the manager, "but the best things never come off."

"Yes, Dick," responded his wife, "but the worst things never come off."

Night after night this man had walked the room, alternating between prayers and curses, as each day's record was another thousand sheep dead, another empty well, until at last he had come to this grim courage of despair.

"I shouldn't care so much," he said to the traveler, "but then my wife, my girls in there!"

He drew his sleeves across his eyes and bowed his head on the table. For ten minutes he sat there so. Then the visitor saw him raise his head, start, spring to his feet and listen with strained attention. What was that? Something pinged on the corrugated roof overhead.

"Rain, rain, rain!" he shouted as he rushed outside and fell on his knees with his hands stretched out toward the clouded sky.

"Thank God! Thank God! Wife! Girls! Mary! Rain!"

Even so. The flood gates of the sky were opened, and before morning the visitor was helping to put up a dyke on one side of the house. The march of destruction was stayed.

**Hunting Zebras.**

After crossing the usual heated yellow plains, looking for all the world like an expanse of overarched hayfields and dotted here and there with droves of springbok, we outspanned two and so rode back again across the hot, weary plain for camp. We had not long quitted the forest before we sighted a good troop of Burchell's zebra, feeding quietly. We spread out in line and rode up to them.

The troop, which consisted mostly of mares with a yearling foal or two, was guarded by an old stallion, who stood sentinel nearest to us with his head up. Presently, turning half round, he gave some sort of signal and the rest of the band galloped briskly off, curvetting and capering as they ran. After moving a few hundred yards the troop suddenly wheeled round in line to have a good look at us again.

These tactics of the zebras were displayed in a retreat of some miles, the old stallion always covering the rear, until the troop, outflanked by Dove, shot off to the right and my chance came. I galloped hard to intercept them, and as they stood for a minute on seeing me in the line of flight, got a steady shot at 200 yards. The bullet clapped as if on a barn door, and as the troop continued their flight I saw one zebra turn away alone. Presently she stood again. I was soon within sixty yards, and with another bullet finished her. She proved to be a fine mare in beautiful coat, and her head and skin now decorate a room at home.—Longman's Magazine.

**A Story of Millionaire Lick.**

James Lick, of San Francisco, was an unlovable millionaire, of whom a curious story is told. When a poor youth in Pennsylvania he was rejected by the daughter of a wealthy miller on account of his poverty. He vowed at that time that he would some day build a mill that would far surpass that of his sweetheart's father. Many years later he kept his vow and constructed at San Jose a mill of highly polished California wood valued at \$300,000. During his lifetime Mr. Lick had few friends and apparently cared for none. He lived plainly and was seen very little in public. The larger part of his fortune was left to charities and public institutions, one notable bequest being the sum of \$50,000 for the erection of a statue to Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

While many institutions profited by Mr. Lick's posthumous gifts, his most famous achievement was the establishment of the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton, under the management of the University of California. Mr. Lick's body was placed in 1887 under the base of the pier sustaining the great telescope. —New York World.

**The Value of Thought.**

It is hardly necessary to say that all men need to "swing" the moral compass from time to time and to take their bearings in the sea of life. The advice is as true as it is conventional. Upon the use of thinking for such purposes we shall not, then, dwell. We may, however, point out, as a means of strengthening and invigorating the mind in a secular and worldly sense, the habit of thinking is of the greatest possible value.

The minds of those who dread thinking, as if it were a penance, become like the bodies of those fed solely on spoon meat—soft and unable to stand the slightest strain. Reading, as one ordinarily reads, is like swallowing pap; thinking, like eating solid food. The man who trains his mental powers by meditation and by following outlines of thought obtains an intellectual instrument a hundred times more powerful than he who is content never to think seriously and consecutively.—London Spectator.

**Not a Remedy.**

Mother (returned from a call)—Why, you have taken cold. You are feverish. Don't you feel hot?

Little Ethel—Yes'm. I've been havin' Johnnie tell me some ghost stories, so's to make cold chills run down my back, but it doesn't do a bit of good.—Good News.

**He Was Willing.**

"Do you think you can support me, George?" she asked an hour after he had proposed.

"Yes, if you'll get on the other knee," he said.—Exchange.