

IN CITY AND COUNTY.

The Immense Republican Majority Nearly Wiped Out

The free silver president and state ticket were given a decided flattering vote in this county and city, and the normal republican majorities have dwindled to insignificance.

Up to the hour of going to press the returns by precincts for the head of the ticket are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Precinct Name and Candidate (Bryan/McKinley). Rows include First ward, Second ward, etc., up to City totals.

Table with 2 columns: Precinct Name and Candidate (Bryan/McKinley). Rows include Buda, Centerville, Denton, Elk, Grant, etc., up to Total.

Plurality for McKinley 722, with Oak, Olive Branch, Panama and Rock Creek precincts to hear from.

The above are the figures compiled at the headquarters of the democratic county committee.

Some Corporation Medicine.

The returns have not all been received on the legislative election, but enough information has been received to show that the legislature has been captured by the fusion ticket.

TO YOUR DUTIES.

All Patriotic Citizens Admonished to Preserve the Spirit and Letter of the Constitution.

To All Reform Organizations—The supreme and opportune moment in the development of reform principles for the state of Nebraska has now arrived.

This can only be done by concert of action of all the reform forces. Each and every club and organization must keep up and sustain regular meetings, advance, advocate and push the education of the people.

And this they did, walking over each other's dresses in a dull and spiritless way, while the little man in the red necktie took occasion to add that for his part he was fond of surprise parties as anybody in the world, he thought, but so far as his observation went—and he believed it extended a considerable distance—it seemed to him that in such cases it was apt to make something of a difference who was the party surprised.

But Mrs. Cuttle cried it out alone. How's this? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

is settled upon the eternal principles of natural law, and equal justice to all. Aside from the money question there are many other questions of vast importance pressing for solution and your organizations is the place for their development.

SOLID SOUTH AND WEST.

Chairman Jones, Claims the Following States.

Table with 2 columns: State Name and Percentage. Rows include Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, Utah, Indiana.

Total.....224

CUTTLE'S SURPRISE.

Why His Wife Cried It Out Alone—There Was a Nitch.

Thursday was the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle's marriage, and Mrs. Cuttle said to a neighbor that she thought it would be awfully cute to get up a surprise party for her husband and celebrate the event, says the New York Recorder.

"It would be just too lovely for anything," the neighbor declared, with an emphatic shake of the head.

So Mrs. Cuttle went about the neighborhood with great secrecy, and she also invited several of her husband's business friends, and the program she laid out for refreshments was one well calculated to please. Everybody was to meet at the house at 9 o'clock sharp and give Mr. Cuttle such a surprise when he arrived home from the store, at this, his invariable hour, as would stay in his recollection forever.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Cuttle to herself, noticing that it was 7 o'clock, and she went softly out into the shed to connect the cooling ice-cream.

It appears that the only headache Mr. Cuttle remembers indulging in for eighteen years visited him on this particular day, and this was the reason, he now says, that he left the store at 7 o'clock in defiance to all precedent and went heavily homeward. Entering the house and not finding his wife, Mr. Cuttle went directly upstairs, and, getting into bed, laid his splitting head on the pillow and presently was looked in sleep. Two hours later, when the guests arrived, he was scheduled for an all-night run, with no stops at way stations.

All innocently the merry, merry guests fled in. "Hush!" cried everybody in hoarse whispers, stepping on each other and letting off little, subdued screams, while Mrs. Cuttle ushered them into the darkened parlors, where they were to lie in ambush till Mr. Cuttle should appear.

And there they stayed and stayed and stayed for two never-ending hours, while Mrs. Cuttle kept wondering where her husband could be, and running frequently to the door and crying finally till a little gentleman in a red necktie, who was tired of having two ladies stand on his feet, wanted to know in a sarcastic voice if it wouldn't be a good idea, just by way of variety, to play something else.

"Oh, dear," wailed Mrs. Cuttle, wringing her hands, "you don't suppose there's an accident, do you?" Whereat the little man in the red necktie said that it seemed to him as though there was a hitch somewhere, but he supposed he could stand it if the others could, and at this Mrs. Cuttle broke out crying afresh and went up to the bedroom for a new handkerchief to weep into, and when she turned on the gas and saw her husband sleeping there so sweetly, with anything but an expression of surprise depicted on his countenance, she went softly back to where the guests were waiting and pointed out to them in a calm and dispassionate way how much better it would be for them to go quietly home at once and say nothing about it.

And this they did, walking over each other's dresses in a dull and spiritless way, while the little man in the red necktie took occasion to add that for his part he was fond of surprise parties as anybody in the world, he thought, but so far as his observation went—and he believed it extended a considerable distance—it seemed to him that in such cases it was apt to make something of a difference who was the party surprised.

But Mrs. Cuttle cried it out alone.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

AN HISTORIC PLACE.

SPOT WHERE CORNWALLIS WAS SOUNDLY WHIPPED.

Flight of the British—They Left the Wounded and Dying and Found Safety Under the Guns at Wilmington—Fourth of July Celebration.

(Special Letter.)

THE sections of the South which have begun to feel in a marked degree the effects of the spirit of development and progress, yet linger a little reluctantly on the threshold of a new era, loth to give up old ways and old traditions,

remind one of the unfortunate Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," who had "jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day."

The Piedmont section of North Carolina is fast passing into the "jam to-day" period, and one need not ask the reason why, if he but looks for a moment at its natural advantages.

Lying to the south of and sheltered by the Blue Ridge and Sauratown ranges of mountains which divide Virginia and North Carolina, and to the east of the extension of the same Blue Ridge range which separate the state from Tennessee, the sunny Piedmont section seems to have received the most lavish kindness of nature.

The days of old plantation life are fast becoming a mere fascinating tale to the new generation, and the spirit of the times is manifesting itself in the building of new railroads, the opening of mines, the erection of manufactories of all sorts and the busy hum of industries in every direction.

The glamour of the old regime still lingers like the scent of the roses over some of the North Carolina towns, but it is fast fading. One could find no better illustration of this fact than Greensboro (named after General Greene of revolutionary fame) the county seat of Guilford county.

Within two or three hours' ride of matchless mountain scenery, and with a climate of unquestioned healthfulness, this little "city of flowers" forms an attractive gateway through which the tourist to the palmy tropic land of the far South passes and oftentimes lingers.

As one passes through the wide elm-covered streets of the town, he notices here and there noble specimens of the classic architecture of ante-bellum days. The simple, graceful columns gleam out with time-chastened beauty from the green foliage, and here and there are the remains of old slave quarters, weather-beaten and moss-covered, but made beautiful by a luxuriant growth of ivy.

One still sees a few specimens of the "real old Southern gentleman," and now and then comes across a venerable "uncle" or "mammy" who can tell those tales of "fo' de wah" which will never cease to play upon one's sympathy and imagination. The practical mind sees with pride the many evidences of Northern "push" in the town, but from a purely aesthetic standpoint one can but sigh for the days that are not and say with a certain old darkey who was found sunning himself on a street corner under a great elm that had on its shaggy bark the name of the street nailed upside down: "It cern'ly does beat me up like to see you all in sech a hurry all de time."

Just as all roads lead to Rome, however, all minor points of interest give way to the culminating point of attraction, Guilford battle-ground, five miles northwest of Greensboro, where in 1781 was fought the battle of Guilford Court House, in which the British army under Cornwallis received at the hands of the untrained troops of General Greene the blow under which it staggered until it fell at Yorktown.

The intervening years should not efface that tragic record from our minds. Cornwallis, eager to meet the American army, which he had been pursuing for ten months through mud and rain, had marched out with flying colors to accept the challenge of the American



TO THE UNKNOWN.

general, that "old cock, Nathaniel Greene." He looked with pride upon his trained soldiers; the half-clad and untrained militia of the opposing army were contemptible in his eyes. The scene at Camden was to be repeated; the militia would flee, the Continentals would be crushed, Tarleton would avenge the defeat of Cowpens by putting the retreating masses to the sword; Greene would be vanquished and the royal government would be restored in the old North State, but alas for the "best-laid plans of mice and men!"

He formed the militia "forty paces," with their rifles resting on the rails and aiming with nicest precision at his line. To the right he saw the Highlanders drop, in the valley his Guards were wailing in blood; O'Hara was bleeding at his side; General Howard wounded and carried to the rear; Tarleton was met by Greene and Washington and hurled back with disordered ranks, and the truth was forced upon the English commander that the victor of the

battle was not always the man who held the field, for he dared not tarry.

Greene had lost but 230 men and by the evening of the 17th of March he found still around him 1,350 Continental soldiers, 1,500 militia and 600 riflemen.

On the British side 570 were killed and wounded. Cornwallis made a hurried flight through the country, leaving dying and bleeding soldiers behind him, and only found safety under his guns at Wilmington. The proud hearts of the North State were never to be humbled before the British Throne.

The fatal wound to royal authority from which it lingered, and lingering died on the 19th of October, 1781, was given at Guilford Court House on the 15th day of March, 1781. On the 6th of May, 1837, a number of the patriotic citizens of North Carolina, headed by the Hon. David Schenk, of Greensboro, organized what is known as the Guilford Battle Ground Company.

They purchased the ground, about eighty acres, on which the battle was fought, and have spent a great deal of money in reclaiming it. They have restored roads, planted trees, erected monuments (one of the finest being that of Major Joseph Winston, of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House fame, donated by the late ex-Gov. Thomas W. Holt. They have also erected a museum containing many valuable revolutionary relics. The government has not been called upon to contribute, all money having been given by private individuals. All honor is due to the Hon. David



THE WINSTON STATUE.

Schenk, who has been the head and front of the enterprise, and has persevered in it under difficulties which others would have deemed insurmountable. Each Fourth of July the patriotic citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding towns assemble at the battle ground with speeches and music appropriate to the occasion.

Not long ago when the Old Independence Bell was making its triumphal return trip from Atlanta there was a stop made at Greensboro, and the veteran bell, with cheers and song, was taken out to the spot where the heroes who had been inspired by its peals on that memorable day in 1776, had afterwards fought and died for the liberty men hold so dear. Appropriate, indeed, was this little journey, for it is a matter of history that the first Declaration of Independence was signed on North Carolina soil. What wonder if the dead, who had lain for so many years under the blood-stained soil should have "waked and wondered and understood." Greensboro, by the way, is where the scene of the "Fools Errand" was laid, Judge Tourgee having lived in the town during the reconstruction period, and the delightful drive to the battle-ground is the same that was supposed to have been taken by Lilly Servosse.

Not long ago, the writer, with a little party of ladies, after a pleasant drive through the pines, stood upon the place "where the battle was fought," undulating ground, mostly covered with forest. Guilford Court House is no more, having been moved to Greensboro in 1809, and the old town which once surrounded it has gone to decay. Nothing remains to mark the place where once lived the Lindseys, Whitingsons, Bevills and Hamiltons, though many traditions still linger, prominent among them that of "Uncle Moses," a curious old negro who worked in the cooper-smith shop and was allowed a quart of whisky a day to counteract the fumes of the heated cooper. Among the handsome monuments on the battle-ground are many rude headstones which mark the unknown graves. Not until the great roll call of Eternity will the names of the occupants of those graves be revealed.

As we stood listening to the stories of our negro guide a sudden storm came up, and Judge Schenk, who often seeks recreation in the keeper's lodge from his professional duties, came out and with true Southern hospitality offered us shelter. An old-time auntie made us some delicious coffee and waffles, so we had cause to thank the seemingly unkind elements for a delightful hour. We left with our hands full of roses, gathered for us by our genial host from the spot where the battle had once raged most fiercely—at emblems of war's great aftermath of peace.

Against Her Principles.

Mrs. Archer—What do you think of the new preacher? Mrs. Baywater—I like him very much. Mrs. Archer—So sorry I couldn't go to hear him. What did he preach about? Mrs. Baywater—I didn't catch the text, but it had something to do with the golden calf. Mr. Archer (just waking up)—That settles it! I shall withdraw from the church. I can't approve of this thing of carrying politics into the pulpit.—Cleveland Leader.

The Deadly Whisk.

He—How old are you, Miss Chaffee? She—I have seen 18 summers and about 140 falls.—From Texas Sifter.

WHY NOT?

Here is the story in a nutshell:—Either we can save you money or we can't. Either we misrepresent things or we don't. Either we are deserving of your trade or we are not, and how are you going to know unless you find out? One way is to send for our catalogue B, which will cost you a cent for a postal card, and another way is to ask somebody who knows us, which won't cost you anything at all. For eleven years we have been doing business right here in Omaha on the same principles, by the same methods and in the same place and selling goods to the same people year after year. There isn't a township in Nebraska where you can't find a dozen customers of ours. There isn't a state west of the Missouri river where we don't ship goods. During all the years we have been in business, and of all the thousands we have done business with we have yet to hear of one single solitary instance where a customer was dissatisfied with our dealings in any way or shape. That alone gives us a claim on your consideration. But we aren't doing business on our reputation alone. People want values before they want history, and values are what bind the people to this store. Why not? We give as good an Ulster for \$3.75 as you can buy at home for \$7 cash. Other articles the same way. Catalogue B tells.

Nebraska Clothing Co

LARGEST BRANDY STILL. California boasts an Establishment Turning Out 15,000 Gallons Daily. The largest brandy still in the world is at El Final vineyard in San Joaquin county, not far from Stockton, says the San Francisco Call. Part of it has been built about four years and the other part was finished only a short time ago. As is well known, the El Final vineyard has always made a specialty of brandy and sweet wine. It was the intention of the proprietors to do this when they went into business, and for that reason they had the largest still built that was ever put up. That was, as has been stated, about four years ago, and even then it was ahead of anything in existence. It could produce more brandy in twenty-four hours than any other still in the world, and it has not been surpassed since. But even that was not enough to supply all the alcohol needed in their business, so another still was built and made to work in connection with the original one. The two are really one still as they are used and have about three times the capacity of any other still in the world. This enormous machine is located in a building by itself and part of the year is kept running day and night. It is very complicated in its workings, so that a description of that part of it cannot be attempted here. It will be sufficient to state that the grape juice or wine is pumped from vats to a tank on top of the hill. From there it simply passes through a series of heated chambers in the form of a vapor and comes out in the shape of brandy. It can be tested in the different chambers and the change noted. In the first chamber it is little more than warm wine, and it gradually gets stronger and stronger until it is sharp to taste. From the time the wine leaves the tank until it comes out as grape brandy only ten minutes is occupied. In the old method of distilling it used to take about three hours. In appearance the largest brandy still in the world is simply a conglomeration of tanks, pipes and boilers. The capacity of this still is enough to make a person wonder what becomes of all its products. When running full time it can convert 15,000 gallons of wine into brandy in a day. This will make about 4,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, or enough to keep about 40,000 men in a state of intoxication during that time. In a month there would be enough of brandy on hand to intoxicate 1,700,000 men, or about the entire population of New York. But, as it happens, very little of this brandy is sold as brandy. It is used to fortify sweet wines so that they will be in a condition to keep until ready to send to market. The alcohol acts as preservative of the grape juice the same as it would of anything else. It keeps it from turning sour.

Change of the Times. "Yes, indeed," said the old man thoughtfully, after his wife had delivered a dissertation upon the progress of the sex, "the new woman is vastly different from the old." "I thought you would realize that in time," she returned rather sharply. "I have just been reading," he went on, "how girls used to be sold by their parents, and some of them brought fancy prices." "But there is none of that now, thank heaven! Woman has asserted herself, and—" "No, there's none of that now," interrupted the old man. "A man does not buy his wife in these days. Now he has to be paid to take her, and her poor old father has to wreck his bank account to provide the dowry."—St. Louis Republic.

At Red Creek the stage stopped for half an hour for the passengers to get dinner and the driver to change horses. As we drove up in front of the shabby hotel from the west an army paymaster in an ambulance drove up from the south. With him was a guard of six cavalrymen, and while the paymaster entered the inn with us to take dinner the soldiers ate their bacon andhardtack in the shade of the stables. We had been eating for about ten minutes when there was a sudden hurrah outdoors, followed by a dozen rifle shots. Five men on horseback and a sixth in a buckboard drawn by a mule dashed out of the thicket a quarter of a mile away, and, sweeping down on the paymaster's rig, had transferred the safe to the buckboard before one of us reached the door. One outlaw had been killed by the fire of the soldiers and two soldiers had been wounded by the fire of the outlaws. The fellows were off at full gallop and the score of shot fired after them only hastened their speed. The paymaster was the last one to leave the table, and as he came out an excited stage passenger called to him: "There they go, major!" "Yes, I see 'em!" quietly replied the officer. "And they've got your safe?" "Yes, I expect so." "Great Scott, man, but are you going to let 'em git away with all that money?" shouted the half frantic passenger. "All of what money?" "Why, in the safe!" "There isn't a shilling in it!" said the major as he returned to the dinner table. "One of the door hinges was out of order and so I was carrying the money in this carpet bag." He reached down and lifted up the bag and opened it to show us \$10,000 in crisp greenbacks, and as he snapped the lock he sighed and said: "Sorry for the fellow out there and his gang, but perhaps they'll have better luck next time!"

Horseless Carriage for a Locomotive. The gentleman who has amused himself of late by using a motor car in Westminster has been a little "too previous," as he found to his cost at Bow street, although we notice that he stated that he had driven his vehicle for five years. It came upon him with a shock of painful surprise that his harmless vehicle could be called a locomotive, but the law, though possibly a "haas," is clear. So the motor carman found he had committed three offences: (1) in allowing a locomotive out between the prohibited hours of 10 and 8; (2) in not being preceded by a man with a red flag, and (3) in driving the locomotive at a greater speed than two miles an hour. A promise, however, not to offend again, but patiently to await the promised legislation, got him off with quite a small fine.—Westminster Gazette.

City ticket office Elkhorn-Northwestern line, 117 So. 10th St.

The Dear Old Fellow. "What do you admire most in my new dress?" she asked of those who were praising it. "Just what's in it now," answered the veteran beau of forty gay seasons, as he blew her a kiss.

A Baseball Town. "This is a great base ball town, isn't it?" "I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grandfather's funeral without showing a doctor's certificate."—Buffalo News.

The Usual Way. Nell—"Do you like the girl your brother Tom is engaged to?" Amy—"No, but Tom likes her well enough for the whole family, so what earthly difference does it make?"—New York Weekly.

Most of the canal barges in the south of England are worked by women. Ripans Tablets cure constipation.